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True Story Magazine

February 25 cents

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

Suzanne of the Studios

Begins on page 8

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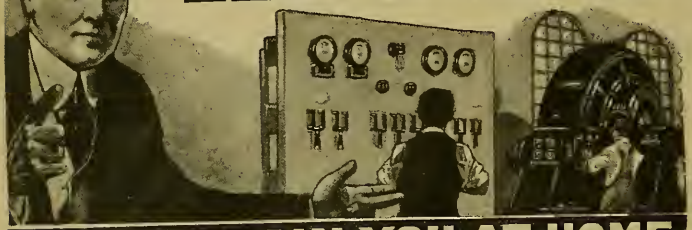
BE A CERTIFICATED ELECTRICIAN



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

"Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a Day

What's YOUR Future

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions—

Be an "Electrical Expert"

Today even the ordinary Electrician — the "Screw driver" kind is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"— who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss the Big Jobs—the jobs that pay

$3,500 to $10,000 a Year

Get in line for one of these "Big Jobs" by enrolling now for my easily-learned, quickly-grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home-Study Course in Practical Electricity.

Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education or previous experience the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,000 to $10,000. Many are now successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS. (Read my students' letters.)

Your Success Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my Course you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

Free—Electrical Working Outfits—Free

I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish.

You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME. You start right in the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

Get Started Now—Write Me

I want to send you my Electrical Book and Proof Lessons—both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

USE THIS "FREE OUTFIT" COUPON

L. L. COOKE, Chief Eng. Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 492, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

Chicago Engineering Works

Dept. 492, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

READ WHAT MY STUDENTS SAY:

"When I started to study with you I was working as a machine boss, at $150 a month, and seemingly was unable to do better.

"Five months after starting your Course I was made Mine-Electrician, at $250 a month, and now I have just had another $75 advance, making my present salary $325 a month, an increase of $175 a month in 10 months.

"And it's all due to you.

"You started me on the right track, you kept me there by your encouraging letters, and you surely have helped me to make good.

"I can't thank you enough."—Robt. C. Dawson, Mine Electrician, The Consolidated Coal Co., Berryberg, W. Va.

"Since I started to study with you a year ago I have, doing electrical work in my spare time, made the price of 2 Courses, and have increased my earning power just 100 per cent." —Samuel Albright, Riverside, Wash.

"During May I made about $85.00 in my spare time. I can hand you the credit because when I started I knew NOTHING about Electricity."—L. Randell, Ironton, Minn.

"You will be pleased to learn of my promotion to Chief Electrician. It was your course put me where I am. Although only a little over half through your lessons I have had my wages raised from $75.00 to $275.00 a month and expect to do better before I am through." —H. E. Wolf, Columbus, Ohio.

"When I enrolled with you I was only able to make $75.00 a month. Today, thanks to your splendid lessons, I am in business for myself, making over $400.00 a month." — A. Schreck, Phoenix, Arizona.

"Electrical men here speak very highly of your course. One—the Fresno Manager of the General Electric Company—says your course is equal to the three year training courses at their Schnectady shops."—E. Linville, Fresno, Calif.

"I want to speak a good word in regard to your Course and methods. It has helped me wonderfully. I passed a Journeyman's examination with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and am now carrying a first-class card."—J. R. Overton, Mayville, Tenn.

"When I enrolled I knew nothing about Electricity. Today I am the highest paid workman for the Massena Light & Power Co."—C. C. Burkhart, Massena, New York.

"You don't know how glad I am that my son has found such a man as you. I only wish other mothers knew of the interest you take in your students—their boys."—Mrs. S. Williams, Huntington Beach, Calif.

"I am still holding that position with the Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company, secured on your recommendation."—A. Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn.

"In 18 months since I started to study with you I have increased my salary from $6 a day to $4,000 a year."—A. F. Klemz, State Supt. of Const. Miller-York Co., Saginaw, Mich.

"The outfit is wonderful, so much better than I expected, and I must say I am more than pleased with same."—F. X. Droege, Covington, Ky.

"Before I started to study with you I was only able to make $50 every two weeks. Now I am making $300 a month, and going up all the time. Your Course has put me where I am."—J. E. Stallinger, Mine Electrician, New River & Pocahontas Con. Coal Co., Layland, W. Va.

"I would not take 1,000 dollars and be without your course. If I did the years ahead would only be like the few that have passed." —H. Swiger, Wallace, West Virginia.

Complete Letters Sent When You Write Me

YOU CAN DO IT

A finer typewriter at a fair price

Over 900,000 sold

Was $100 — Before the War

Now $64 — You save $36

Newest and finest Oliver

This is *not* a rebuilt or second-hand machine we offer. It is a new Oliver, latest model, and absolutely the finest product of our factory. It is the famous Oliver No. 9, the model that sold for $100 before the war. And you have the guarantee of a $2,000,000 company that it is the identical typewriter.

The Oliver is noted for its simplified and sturdy construction—for its freedom from trouble—for its year-in-and-year-out service and durability. It is distinguished for its handsome appearance, being richly furnished in nickel and olive green enamel.

Easy payments

Over a year to pay—Only $4 a month

If you decide to keep the Oliver after free trial, pay us at the easy rate of $4 a month.

This gives you over a year to pay, and you have the use of the typewriter while paying for it.

Think of it—payments so small as to average only about 13c a day! Our liberal payment plan makes it easy practically for everybody to own the Oliver typewriter.

Don't think of renting or buying a second-hand machine of doubtful quality when it is so easy for you to own the superb Oliver!

MAIL THE COUPON

The coupon brings you an Oliver for free trial. Mail it today.

If you wish further information before ordering, mark the coupon for our catalog and copy of our amazing booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—the Reason and the Remedy."

Avoid disappointment—order now to secure immediate delivery.

Canadian Price, $82

The OLIVER Typewriter Company

1992 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

What great concerns think of the Oliver

National Suit & Cloak Co., New York: "In our business, typewriters are kept busy eight hours of every day. It is necessary that we use machines that are not alone speedy, but those that will stand up under such conditions. It was for these reasons that we installed the Oliver, and are now using over 500 of these machines, having standardized in them."

Nau, Rusk & Sevearingen Co., Cleveland: "Our typing is of great importance in our work as public accountants. It is highly necessary that we get clean-cut figures, a perfect register, and the best possible copies. That's why we use Oliver Typewriters. The Olivers are 'on the go' constantly in our office. The operators have no trouble with them and find them very simple to operate."

Tropical Paint & Oil Co., Cleveland: "We find that the Oliver Machines stand up for years—and during their life they give us complete satisfaction. The downward striking type-bar—a distinctive feature of the Oliver—insures perfect alignment, which is always a great advantage with a typewriter."

Among other prominent users of the Oliver are: Morris & Co.; New York Central Lines; Boston Elevated Railway; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; U. S. Steel Corporation, and others of great rank.

Don't Send One Cent

Our amazing free trial offer

Try the Oliver free before you buy. Send no money. Make no deposit. Mail only the coupon to get the Oliver for free trial.

Use the Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Put it to every test, to every comparison. Satisfy yourself that if any typewriter is worth $100 it is this superb Oliver with all its modern improvements.

If for any reason you decide that you don't want to keep the Oliver, just send it back at our expense (express collect). We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So you can't lose a cent on the free trial. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter regardless of price, and want to keep it, take over a year to pay at the easy rate of only $4 a month.

You save $36 because you buy direct from the factory

A new Oliver nine, our latest and finest model, now only $64. The identical typewriter that sold for $100 before the war. Only our selling plan has changed, not the Oliver.

We now sell direct from factory to you. A sensible method, an economical method. We inaugurated this plan during the war, when economy was urged upon all of us as a patriotic duty. And we were glad to break away from the old system of selling typewriters. It was too complicated, too costly, too wasteful. It made the price too high.

We no longer have over 50 branch houses and sub-offices throughout the country. We save for you money that was going for high rents, employes' salaries, etc. We also save on traveling salesmen, whose salaries, commissions and road expenses had to be paid for in the price of the typewriter. Our new plan dispenses with these superfluous sales methods. The saving is $36, and it goes to you.

Other prices went up with the war—the Oliver came down

Note how other commodities have soared in price since the first days of the war. Nearly everything has doubled or trebled in price. But the Oliver sells for $36 less than before the war! That shows the economy of our maker-to-user plan.

Let others think that costly sales methods are necessary. As for us we are very well pleased with the Oliver plan. Our business has increased fourfold in the past three years. And today we are again adding to our manufacturing facilities.

Commodity Prices July, 1914 compared with year of 1920	
Breadstuffs—Increased	119%
Provisions—Increased	92%
Coal—Increased	241%
Textiles—Increased	103%
Fruits—Increased	142%
Oliver Typewriter—DECREASED	36%

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1992 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $64 at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Occupation or Business .....

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True Story Magazine for February

Volume IV

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The February cover is a Geisler & Andrews photograph of Justine Johnstone of Realart Pictures

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Chas. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TRUE STORY is different. Why?

"THE things that struck me about the first issue of your magazine—I came across it in a railroad caboose while taking my rest between runs—were the intense interest of its stories, their humanness and their oftimes pathetic outcome, which seemed so different from the usual story ending—'they lived happily forever after'—that I had come to scorn as untrue to life."

In this fashion a railroad man begins a letter bristling with just the sort of criticisms TRUE STORY's editors seek. For in it, the shortcomings as well as the appeal of the magazine are discussed. And yet the writer proves that the underlying purpose of the magazine cannot be overlooked.

TRUE STORY's life stories *do* at the end sometimes fall short of solving all the problems of the persons involved.

So did O. Henry's stories and for the same reason—they ring true to life.

TRUE STORY's life-stories *do* in many cases deal with man's inhumanity to woman, or with the reverse condition.

So do Rudyard Kipling's stories—again for a similar reason: he has observed and written of life as it really is, not as he would have it ordered.

TRUE STORY's stories touch, in many instances, on topics that are ordinarily avoided in the printed page: yet are contrived to bring home even to the thoughtless and heedless the lessons they bear.

All of which tends to make TRUE STORY really a different kind of magazine, and if we may judge by what our readers say of it, an interesting and absorbing one.

Tell us what *you* think about it.

"We Must Fly Tonight!"

Out of a deep sleep he woke her. She thought she knew him so well. Yet now, at two in the morning, he burst on her with this terror—this mystery—this what?

It's the beginning of one of the best mysteries ever solved by the great detective

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BLESSED INTERVALS

President Wilson is quoted as saying:—"There are blessed intervals when I forget, by one means or another, that I am the President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over."

Col. Roosevelt said:—"I did a lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by **Arthur B. Reeve**—some of them were corkers."

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes

ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly 10 years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety, the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE 10 VOLUMES POE

To those who send the coupon promptly we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

When the police of New York had failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

Get for yourself a thousand nights of pleasure and forgetfulness, of thrills and excitement — by reading ARTHUR B. REEVE.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve in 12 volumes at a remarkably low price, and Poe, 10 volumes, over 200 stories, FREE.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

HARPER & BROTHERS *Established 1817* **NEW YORK**

TWO SHELVES OF BOOKS

Cut Off and Mail This Coupon Today

Tr. St. 2-21

HARPER & BROTHERS
121 Franklin Sq., New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $3.50 within 5 days, and $3.00 a month for 12 months.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

Wilke Reveals His $100,000 Secret

In Response to Hundreds of Inquiries Col. A. W. Wilke Discloses How in Three Years He Increased His Earnings from $1,800 to $100,000 a Year

"It's Easy," he says, "Once You Know the Secret—And You Can Learn It Almost Overnight"

By Col. A. W. Wilke

UNTIL now I hesitated about writing this article. In spite of scores of requests for my story I never gave it out—not because I wanted to keep my secret, but simply because I didn't want to be accused of talking about myself.

But my secret is so simple, and there are so many thousands of people who could be benefited by it, that I now feel it my duty to disclose it, even at the risk of seeming to "blow my own horn."

This simple secret put me in the $100,000-a-year class. It brought my intimate friends more money than they ever dreamed of earning. And what it has done for me and for my friends, it can do for others. So let me start at the beginning.

An Amazing Revelation

Three years ago I was a flat failure—no ifs and ands about it. I was discouraged—practically down and out—sick of my job.

Then one day I had a good long talk with myself. What was the matter with me? Why wasn't I getting ahead? I had average intelligence. I had a thorough knowledge of my business. What was the trouble? What was lacking in my make-up that was keeping me back?

For a long time I pondered. I thought over my past life and tried to analyze the whys and wherefores of my many failures. What was the "something" that was keeping me poor?

Then like a flash the answer came!

The simplicity of it almost bowled me over. I rose triumphant. I had discovered my secret—the secret which afterwards made such an amazing change in my life.

Three weeks later I decided to put my secret to test—the stiffest test I could find. At that time I was a real estate agent, so I decided that the test would be along the lines of my business.

Now it so happened that in our town was a merchant whose fame was state-wide.

A. W. Wilke

And he was known to be an "unholy terror" when it came to business deals. He had every one in town afraid of him.

I knew that this merchant—I'll call him Sargent—wanted to build a home in a new section of the city. I also knew that he had been approached by nearly every real estate man in town—and that those who managed to get in to see him considered themselves lucky when they were let out without suffering any casualty!

I Put My Discovery to a Test

Now I had a piece of land in this section of the town that I had been trying to sell for some time. I never went near Sargent, for I felt that any effort on my part to "sell him" on it would be useless. But right there and then I determined to sell this land to Sargent if I never did another thing in all my life! Here was a test for my newly found secret.

I called him up to make an appointment. Ten minutes later I walked into his office.

"Well, sir, you've got just three minutes to tell me what you want." Such was his greeting!

"Mr. Sargent," I began, "I came to see you in regard to your new home."

"Well, what about it?"

"I've got just the site for you," I said, pointing out the location on my rough map.

"How much?" he asked.

I named the price.

"Good day, Wilke," he answered, rising, "and the next time you plan a hold-up take a gun along."

This was just what I was waiting for. Here was my chance. Now for it! Would my secret work? The next few minutes would tell.

Exactly 15 minutes later I rose from my chair. In my hand was Sargent's signed agreement—and we were the best of friends. My secret had worked.

My $100,000 Secret

In analyzing the reasons for my failure in life I found that one thing—and that alone—was holding me back. This was lack of *Will Power*. Right then and there I determined to find a way to strengthen my will—and I succeeded.

The joy I felt at the discovery of my new power knew no bounds. New hope, new confidence, new courage entered my life. Results were instantaneous. Money seemed to flow in on me from all sides.

I had Will Power—and nothing could resist me. I had an influence over people that amazed me. By exercising and using my will I had developed a driving energy that I had never before dreamed possible. Success now came as easily as failure had come before.

If you have not been successful—if you have gotten into a rut, I believe I can tell you why. It is because you are only using about *one-tenth* of your brain! Through Will Power—*and Will Power alone*—can you throw the other nine-tenths of your brain into action. Accomplish this and you will be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

What I have done anyone else can do. I claim no great credit for rising from $1,800 to $100,000 a year, for others have done just as well, and even better. Through this secret success is bound to come if you really want it.

And to those who want it I now reveal the secret of my success—that wonderful book by Dr. Frank Channing Haddock—the book that has brought thousands of people more wealth than they ever hoped for—"POWER OF WILL."
—Col. A. W. WILKE (The Master Salesman).

What This Secret Has Done for Others

Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; E. T. Meredith, Sec'y of Agriculture, and many other of equal prominence.

From $100 to $3,000 a Month

"One of our boys who read Power of Will before he came over here jumped from $100 a month to $3,000 the first month, and won a $250 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

Worth $15,000 and More

"The book has been worth more than $15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

Would Be Worth $100,000

"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth $100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milan, Tex.

Salary Jumped from $150 to $800

"Since I read Power of Will my salary has jumped from $150 to $800 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

Free Proof That You Can Raise YOUR Pay

Send no money—merely clip the coupon and mail it. By return mail you will receive the complete "Secret" told in "Power of Will."

Keep it five days. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—simply mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

If, however, you decide to keep "*Power of Will*" send only $4 within five days and this wonderful book is yours for good.

Mail the coupon—or write a letter—now—you may never read this offer again.

Pelton Publishing Company
144-B Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.
FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
144-B Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $4 or remail the book to you in five days.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

It's Just One Step from the Small Pay Job to $10,000 a year in Selling

Let Me Show You How Free

HOW could a man who had worked for years in a railroad job at small pay, suddenly become a Star Salesman and earn $1,562.00 in thirty days?

How could a man who had been employed on the Capitol Police Force in Washington, step into a Selling position and earn $1,800.00 in six weeks?

How could a man who had never earned more than $60 a month at routine work transform himself into a Salesman and clear $524.00 in two weeks?

Do you doubt that these instances actually occurred? Then read the proof in the words of some of these men themselves—their original letters are on file and ready to be shown to anyone interested. The following are reproductions, word for word, of these letters from the men whose amazing jumps to quick and big success as Star Salesmen are cited above:

Here is what C. W. Campbell, of Greensburg, Pa., writes:

"My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562.00, and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month."

This is an extract from the letter written by J. P. Overstreet, of Dallas, Texas, formerly of the Capitol Police Force, of Washington, D. C.:

"My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

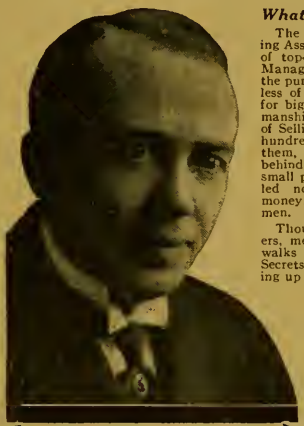
"The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success."

And this what George W. Kearns, of 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, writes:

"I had never earned more than $60.00 a month. Last week I cleared $306.00 and this week $218.00. You have done wondess for me."

And these are only a few of such letters that have been received from men in all parts of the country.

What is the secret of their amazing, quick success? What is the mysterious force that has lifted them out of the rut of small pay, routine work and placed them in the ranks of the Star Salesmen, with greater earnings than they had ever hoped to attain? Ask them the secret of their success. They will answer: "The N. S. T. A."



Just Send Me Your Name

I have shown hundreds of men how to step from small-pay jobs into the big money class in one quick jump. $10,000 a year—yes, and more—has come to men as a result of writing to me. Just let me send you the whole amazing proof—entirely free of cost or obligation.

—J. E. GREENSLADE,
President, N. S. T. A.

What Is the N. S. T. A.?

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed expressly for the purpose of fitting men, regardless of their previous experience, for big jobs in the field of Salesmanship. The amazing Secrets of Selling that it has imparted to hundreds of men have enabled them, almost overnight, to leave behind forever the drudgery and small pay of blind alley jobs that led nowhere, and realize real money, big money, as Star Salesmen.

Thousands of clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics and men from all walks of life have learned these Secrets of Selling and are now earning up to $10,000 a year and more.

Yet if you had told these men that such magnificent success awaited them in the field of Selling, they would have laughed at you—they would have told you that it was absurd to think of their becoming Salesmen, for they had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their life.

And so it would have been if it had not been for the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service. This organization has fitted hundreds of men for big Selling positions—has taken them from obscure places in the world and made Star Salesmen of them — has made it amazingly easy for them to earn bigger money than they had ever dreamed possible. How?

The Turning Point in Their Lives

Listen, you men who Sell, and you men who have never had a day's Selling experience! There are certain fundamental rules and principles of Selling that every Star Salesman knows and uses. There is a way of doing everything that makes success easy and certain. There is a *Science* of Salesmanship.

Once you know these fundamental rules and principles, you are qualified to take *your* place in the ranks of the Star Salesmen. If you are earning less than $10,000 a year, then read the following carefully.

The success of the men whose letters are quoted above—and the success of hundreds of others like them—dates from the day they mailed the coupon—a coupon just like the one shown at the bottom of this page.

This coupon brought them, just as it will bring to you, an amazing story of the way to quick success in Salesmanship. It brought them complete and irrefutable proof that they, too, no matter what they were doing or what their past experience had been, could quickly become Star Salesmen.

Some Amazing Jumps to Big Earnings

I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me. Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Earns as High as $100 a Day

I took your course two years ago. Was earning $15 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than $100 a day. You secured my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours. J. L. DeBonis, 4615 Warwick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Earns $1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562.00 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

When I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms to whom you had recommended me, I sold my services to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner, in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success. L. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

Let Me Send You Free Proof

Just as soon as I receive the coupon I will send you my Book on Salesmanship—I will tell you all about the big opportunities that I can open to you—I will show you the amazing stories of the wonderful quick success others have won through my help—I will explain how the Free Employment Service of the N. S. T. A. has placed others in splendid Selling positions and how it will do the same for you, as soon as you are qualified and ready.

For your own sake you should tear out the coupon NOW—before you turn this page—and mail it TODAY. Address:

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 60-B Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 60-B Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

With no obligation on my part, please send me "A Knight of the Grip" and full information about the N. S. T. A. System, also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

QUICK SUCCESS
at home—under an
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

I am a Graduate Electrical Engineer. I have the legal right to sign *E. E.* after my name. *E. E.* means Degree of Electrical Engineer and is awarded by Universities and Schools of Science only after years of study and research.

My practical experience is extensive. I was formerly with the General Electric Co.; former General Manager of company manufacturing Jenney Electric Motors; also formerly with Fairbanks, Morse & Co.; and now President and Director of the Wicks Electric Institute.

Albert Wood Wicks, E.E.

Be a GRADUATE Electrician

Wicks Men Fill High Paying Positions

Graduate Electricians are needed by the thousands—at once. Look through any electrical magazine and see the opportunities for ambitious men with thorough training. That is the big thing—thorough training. That is the reason Wicks men are getting big pay to START—they are trained right. The big men in the electrical field know my reputation as an Electrical Engineer. They know that my thorough, practical, scientific course will fit men to hold the best kind of positions in this great industry. They know that Wicks men are *good* men.

Foremost and Leading School

Wicks Electrical Institute is known nationally and is highly endorsed by the largest electrical concerns in the country. It has always been recognized as the largest and foremost home training school in electricity.

New Copyrighted Method Brings Quick Results

I guarantee to make you a graduate electrician quickly—or your money back. My method is a new step in quick training for big jobs. It is very easy, thorough and full of interest. You need only a common school education.

Spare Time—Earn While You Learn

My method requires only a part of your spare time. It will not interfere with the job you are now holding. Don't worry about cost; it is low—the terms are easy. What is more I teach you to earn as you learn. Most of my students make several times the cost of the course by the time they finish.

Splendid Opportunities All Over the World

The whole world regards America as the great leader in the Electrical Field. Foreign lands come to us for trained men. This offers unlimited opportunities to Wicks Graduate Electricians. These positions pay big salaries and give you the chance to see distant lands.

Qualify to Fill One of These Big Paying Positions

Chief Electrician
$300 per month and up
Sub-Station Operator
$200 per month and up
Electrical Contractor
Unlimited
Maintenance Electrician
$250 per month and up
Power Plant Supt.
$200 to $1000 per month
Electrical Wireman
$150 to $200 per month
Meter Tester
$150 to $200 per month
Electrical Sales Engineer
Unlimited
Supt. Elec. Installation
$250 to $500 per month
Traveling Elec. Inspector
$200 per month and up

Splendid Electrical Outfit and Tools Free

As an aid to rapid progress I will give you a very complete and valuable set of electrical instruments and equipment absolutely FREE. *With them you can make money long before completing course.*

Wicks Life Employment Service

Wicks men do not have to worry about jobs. As a rule by the time the student has finished I have the special kind of a position he wants waiting for him. That is not all; I offer my students the free use of my employment service for life. My motto is "Big Jobs for Wicks Men" and I do all I can to secure the best positions for them.

Coupon Gets Big FREE Book—NOW

If you return the coupon *at once* I will send you prepaid and absolutely free my splendid new book, "Opportunities in the Electrical Field." It is interesting and instructive. It will show you many things you never knew about Electricity. Due to the paper shortage I could get only a limited supply of these books. Send the coupon before they are all gone.

I will also send full information about my copyrighted home study course—also what Wicks students are doing everywhere. That is not all—at the present time I am making a special offer to ambitious men; I will tell you about this in a letter if you act at once.

Mail this coupon now—get in under the wire.

Albert Wood Wicks, E.E.

President and Director, Wicks Electrical Institute,
Dept. 1481, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail This Coupon—TODAY

A. W. Wicks, President, Wicks Electrical Institute.
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1481, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, send at once full information of your special offer, your course in Electricity; what your students are doing and your splendid big book Free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

DEC 29 1920

True Story Magazine

Capitalize Your Cheerfulness

A Talk On the Making of Your Life-Story by Dr. George Wharton James

PESSIMISM is not a working theory of life. It is the substitution of gloomy, deep-blue spectacles for the beautiful, luminous ones. As Dr. Gulick once said:

"Pessimism is negative, denial, believing that the evil is more than the good, that life is not worth while; it is a dampening down of life. Pessimism tends to its own annihilation, because it takes away life's motives, life's vigor, life's power."

On the other hand, optimism cheers, encourages, brightens, beautifies, glorifies, blesses, helps. And I long ago learned that that man, that woman, who succeeds in helping and benefiting and blessing mankind, is essentially an optimist.

MARK TWAIN was full of this spirit of radiating cheerfulness. In one of his darkest hours in San Francisco, before he had gained name or fame, things had gone wrong and a lady friend passing along a street saw him standing beside a lamp-post with a cigar-box under his arm.

"Cigars?" she asked. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm m-o-o-v-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time displaying the contents of the box, which consisted of a pair of socks, a pipe, and two paper collars.

Even in his darkest hours he was able to look out upon the bright side, and from out of those hours of gloom came some of the brightest pieces of wit and cheerful philosophy to bless the entire world.

IF I were an employer of labor and could get the right men and women to do the work, I would employ a half-dozen for my factory or workshop to teach my employees to be cheerful, to laugh and sing at their work. It would be a good paying investment. I would get a great deal more work out of my employees and of a great deal better quality. A hearty laugh is better than a bottle of medicine; a volume of Mark Twain or Marshall Wilder better than a library of pessimistic philosophy.

Cheerfulness takes up the jolts upon the rutty road of life. It is an extra pair of springs to the wagon.

Suzanne of the Studios

Her Own Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

I SUPPOSE every life story has a moral, but I don't believe one knows at the time what that moral is. Of course, my life isn't lived yet, but I hope the stormy part of it is, anyhow. And yet, looking back over it, I'm puzzled to know what moral one would draw from it, unless it might be that if one started life with sufficient wisdom there would be fewer mistakes to record.

Quite recently I heard someone say that conventions, like proverbs, represented the accumulated wisdom of ages. There is undoubtedly truth in that, and I am ready to admit it now. But no one could have convinced me of it when I was a girl, even if I had heard anyone say such a thing. Mamma often said I had to learn everything by experience; also, she often said that I was such a venturesome child that I would have some terrible experience before I got through. I wonder if I was much different from other girls?

I asked Barry if he didn't think Wally handsome. "He's a pup," he growled. "I could break him in two"

WE lived in a good-sized factory town, and my father was foreman in one of the mills, where he earned wages good enough to keep us all very comfortably. And I had as good an education as the grammar school and afterward the high school could give to a fairly bright but wilful girl. At any rate, Mamma said I was wilful and punished me for it in the good old-fashioned way of not sparing the rod. Whether or not I was better for that sort of treatment, I don't know.

I think Mamma was more severe with me than she otherwise would have been, certainly more severe than she was with my brothers and sisters, because of my good looks. Not that I was so very pretty, but at least I was the prettiest of the family, and was quite aware of my looks.

But I don't hold Mamma's severity against her. She was a dear, good mother and did everything for the best; and if she failed with me I'm sure it was mainly my fault. She worked very hard and was always tired. Although my brothers and sisters gave her far less trouble than I did, I think we were all an ungrateful lot and took all her care and sacrifices too much for granted. I can see that now, but I couldn't see it then.

I suppose I might easily make a story of my childhood, but after all I had about the same experiences that other children in my circumstances have. And it was not until I was sixteen that anything unusual happened to me.

I OUGHT to say, to begin with, that I always got along well with the boys. When I was little, they let me play with them. When I grew older, at about fourteen, I found almost suddenly that I had outgrown the boys I had played with, and was beginning to think of boys older than I. And they were trying to make my acquaintance.

I wasn't a tall girl, much to my chagrin, but was rather under medium height. But what I lacked in height I made up in roundness. In fact, at that time, I was plump and well-developed and looked older than I was; and if I didn't act older than fourteen it was through no fault of mine, for seeing that I attracted attention I put on all the airs and graces that I thought belonged to young ladyhood.

It so happened, luckily or unluckily for me, that the boy I was most attracted to and who was attracted to me, was Barry Morton. He was eighteen, good-looking, not handsome, though robust and strong, steady and reliable. He was a machinist in the repair shop of one of the mills, and everybody said confidently that he would be a foreman some day, because he was so steady and so clever at his work.

I say it was lucky for me, because being so infatuated and so ignorant I might easily have come to harm if he had not been just the high-principled boy he was. And I

'Did they send you to take dictation, Miss Lester?" Wally asked as if he had not dreamed of such a thing

say it may have been unlucky for me, because being what he was my parents smiled at our youthful love affair, and so I was permitted to go my premature way and get some very foolish notions into my silly head.

THIS boy and girl love affair went on till I was sixteen. Barry not only told me hundreds of times how much he loved me, but he gave me even more pleasure by assuring me that I was the prettiest girl in the world. I won't say I was of his opinion, but I know I didn't think he was far wrong.

Purling Center, like most such towns, was made up of the very poor and the very rich, with a goodly number of the comfortably-off in between. We were of the comfortably-off, and looked down on the very poor; the very rich looked down on us and totally ignored the very poor.

Like most other girls of my class I went into one of the mills when I was graduated from high school. Having studied shorthand and typewriting in my last year I went into the office, which was considered from the social point of view a step higher than working in the mill. I was to begin on ten dollars a week. And you may believe me when I say I was pretty well set up in my own estimation at that.

WHEN I took my place in the big office I had no other thought but to work hard and earn my wages. Of course, I took great pains with my personal appearanc the office girls all did that, as a matter of course. An even if my clothes were of chea stuff, I think I may say tha they were well-made and in th fashion.

Up to this time there had been n serious break in my tender relatio with Barry. I loved him as well a a girl might be expected to love a that age, and moreover I was very proud of him. Wasn't he the greatest catch in my set?

Then came that first day in the office, and I saw Wally Prince. Wally Prince was the son of the largest stock-holder in the mill, who was the richest man in Purling Center; which meant that he was a multi-millionaire.

OF course I had seen Wally often enough before that day. I had seen him driving through the streets in his car, usually accompanied by some young lady of his own set. And I had thought him handsome. I had envied the girls who rode with him because it had seemed to me that to ride in a car like his, all dolled up like those girls, was simply the acme of things desirable.

I had admired Wally, too; but as he was of a world many degrees above mine, I hadn't allowed my thoughts to dwell on him. I always studied the girls to see if they were prettier than I, but without ever finding them so. And Barry always confirmed my verdict when he was with me.

"Listen, Kid!" was his way of putting it, "you've got that one beat a mile. They've got the glad rags, an' welcome, but you've got the looks. Some day I'm going to have a car like that, an' I'm goin' to get you the glad rags. An' say! when we go shootin down the street, folks'll line up on the sidewalk to see you go by."

That was like Barry, and I loved him for it. There was simply no limit to his confidence in himself and what the future held for him. And it wasn't conceit; it was just that he believed in himself. He never bragged, and to most people he was very reticent, but with me he said things like that in a quiet way that made me feel that what he said was certain to come true.

However, Barry was only a machinist in the repair shop of the mill that Wally's father practically owned, while the hardest work Wally had ever done was to go through college; and it was reported that he had only just made it, at that.

AND that very first day I was in the office, Wally smiled at me. He was learning the business it was said, and had a desk in one of the inner offices. The first time he passed through the big office he was looking about rather languidly as if tired. Then he saw me and gave a start. I blushed furiously, an annoying habit of mine, and looked down at my typewriter. Soon afterward he passed through the room again; and this time he came down an aisle nearer to my desk, looking furtively at me. Before night came he had smiled at me and I had blushed

id half-smiled at him When I went home my head as very full of Wally. I had ot realized before how handome he was. Oh, a great deal andsomer than Barry. He ad dark-brown hair, big, ind brown eyes, white teeth, nd red lips. He was slender nd graceful. Not in the least ike Barry, who had a huge hest and powerful arms and couldn't be called graceful. Not that Barry was clumsy by any means; but all you could think of when you looked at Barry was just trength. Then, Barry never lressed very well, while Wally always wore the best; he didn't have to save his money. When I thought of Wally, there was just one word that fitted him; I had got it out of one of the novels I was fond of reading. That word was "debonair." What it really meant I didn't know at that time, but I knew that it was always the last word for the perfect hero.

He had a pocket-flashlight that he turned on. . . "Do I really look all right?" I asked. I knew perfectly well I did, but I wanted to hear what he would say

WHEN Barry came around that evening to take me to a movie, he asked me how I liked working, and I foolishly talked more about Wally than my work. I asked Barry if he didn't think Wally handsome.

"He's a pup," he growled. "I could break him in two."

Then we had a quarrel, in which I succeeded in making Barry see how wrong and brutal he'd been; which ended by his apologizing to me and asking me humbly to forgive him, which I graciously did. But I was careful after that never to speak to him of Wally.

Naturally, Wally didn't stop at smiling at me once; he smiled several times. I smiled at him, too. How could I help it? I wasn't going to be rude to him. Both of us were very careful not to attract much notice, although some of the girls did see what was going on. The older ones warned me, and the younger ones giggled and practically congratulated me.

One day the head stenographer beckoned to me, and when I went to her, smiled in a peculiar way.

"You're to go to Mr. Walter Prince to take dictation," she said.

Of course I blushed, according to my custom when I was flustered, but I stammered, "Yes ma'am," and went for my book and pencils.

I knew it was considered a great honor to be sent to the inner offices, and one seldom accorded to newcomers. I had taken dictation from some of the underlings in the big office and knew I was entirely competent. Nevertheless, I was very much disturbed, though not a little elated.

WALLY had a little private office of his own. He was seated at his desk apparently working busily when I went in. He looked up with a well-simulated air of surprise when I entered.

"Did they send you to take dictation, Miss Lester?" Wally asked as if he had not dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes, sir," I answered timidly, the inevitable blush coloring my cheeks. "Miss Mead sent me."

"Miss Mead! Oh, then you must be competent, of course. Sit down, please. Perhaps you would like me to dictate slowly?"

"It doesn't matter," I answered, not in the least deceived by his pretended surprise, but pleased too with his kind way of making my task easy for me. I ought to have been alarmed instead of pleased.

"Doesn't it, really?" he murmured in a tone that implied it was wonderful. "I didn't know. You see—" he smiled in an adorable way—"one doesn't expect the ornamental things to be useful always."

I thought that was an exquisite way to pay a compliment. So unlike Barry's blunt way of telling me I was a peach, or a great, big, beautiful doll, or something like that. And he was so tactful. Instead of giving me time for confusion over the compliment he went right at the dictation in a very business-like way.

HE gave me a dozen easy letters.

"That's all," he said, leaning back in his chair. "Please type them as soon as possible and bring them to me for signature."

"Barry," I said, "I care a great deal for you, but I don't want to marry you. . ." It was terribly pathetic and I did like him. . .better than I did Wally

I stood up and gathered my things together. I was a little disappointed, I must confess, that there was to be nothing further by way of conversation. My disappointment was pre[illegible]ture.

"By the way, Miss Lester," he said, as I was turning away, "didn't I see you on the Glen Road last Sunday?"

"Yes, sir. I was out walking." I had, in fact, been out with Barry when Wally and Miss Bristow passed us in his car.

"It's a beautiful country for walking, isn't it? So many lovely places to see."

I laughed shyly. "I shouldn't think you'd know much about the walks," I said.

HE laughed good-naturedly. "You mean I always ride. But I don't. When I want to have a real good time I go out for a walk, generally alone. I don't suppose you ever get a chance to be alone. They swarm around you like bees around honey, don't they?"

Something told me where his talk was leading; and I knew very well that I ought to get away at once. Instead of that I looked at him as I had seen coquettes do in the movies, and tossed my head as I said: "Oh, I get away alone sometimes."

He laughed very merrily at that as if I had said something clever.

"Do you? I'll bet you have to st[illegible] away then. Well, take a tip from m[illegible] Miss Lester, and the next time you wa[illegible] alone go up to Spy Rock. Nobody ev[illegible] goes there; and it's a fine place to enj[illegible] your own thoughts in. Try it ne[illegible] Sunday."

WELL, I did get away alone the nex[illegible] Sunday. I had had a quarrel wit[illegible] Barry on Saturday night after the movie and instead of making up with him as [illegible] usually did after he had apologized, [illegible] flung away with my head up and told hi[illegible] he needn't come to see me the next day.

I knew it was awfully mean o[illegible] me, for the quarrel was of my ow[illegible] making; but I was determined t[illegible] go alone to Spy Rock. And I did. I put on my prettiest clothes which were not at all suited for a tramp in the woods, and left the house right after dinner so tha[illegible] Barry could not get there in time to see me.

I reached Spy Rock and sat down to wait. It was a lonely spot and I had time to think. I was honest enough with myself t[illegible] admit that I expected Wally to come; and I had sense enough t[illegible] be a little frightened over meeting him there in that way. I wouldn't allow myself to wonder what I thought would happen, but I did tell myself over and over that I knew how to take care of myself. I was determined to do nothing foolish, but I was painfully conscious that I was playing with fire.

Wally Prince was rich and I we[illegible] poor, and I knew that that mad[illegible] all the difference in the world; bu[illegible] I had read stories in which pretty factory girls had married the son[illegible] of rich men. And I know tha[illegible] these stories were floating about in the back of m[illegible] brain.

OF course Wally came. He pretended to be surprise[illegible] to see me, and I played the surprised part as well a[illegible] he did.

"To think of meeting you here!" he exclaimed. "This is a piece of luck."

"You said no one ever came here," I said reproachfully. "I wanted to be alone; that's why I came."

"And I came because after speaking to you about the place I just longed to be here. But I'll go away again if I disturb you." He turned as if to go at once.

"You needn't," I told him; "I'll go myself in a few minutes. I ought not be away long."

He sat down beside me and we fell to talking; and, of course, he didn't go, nor did I. He knew how to talk and how to make me talk, and I grew to like him very much, particularly as he didn't do or say a thing that wasn't gentlemanly and nice.

BEFORE we separated we were calling each other Sue and Wally, and had agreed to be friends. We agreed to say nothing to anybody that would betray our friendship, because it was plain to both of us that it would'nt be understood and might be put a stop to. And finally

I softly kissed little Kitty as she lay in the bed sound asleep. . . and said good-by under my breath

before separating we fixed upon next Sunday for another meeting in the same place.

I had thought he might try to kiss me, as lots of the fellows I knew had tried to do, but he didn't. And if I was a little piqued at it, I was yet pleased because it proved his respect for me.

We met this way for several Sundays, I growing to like him better all the time, and he plainly falling in love with me. And when the weather became too cold to sit out of doors, I would meet him of an evening on the road outside of the town and he would take me in his car for a ride. And at such times he brought along a beautiful fur coat, which he said was mine, and I would sit there by his side and try to feel as I supposed the young ladies he took out in the daytime felt.

I KNEW he was in love with me from the way he talked and treated me. One beautiful moonlit night when we had stopped in a lonely spot, he told me he loved me. I was all in a flutter over it, though I had seen it coming and knew it was bound to happen.

Before this I had broken with poor Barry on some pretext, and had begun to treat Wally in the imperious way I had accustomed Barry to, telling him what I wanted him to wear and where he was to take me when we went out, and in fact making him my slave. And he seemed to like it, and never made the resistance Barry did. But then he wasn't the strong character Barry was.

So when he said he loved me and tried to put his arm about me, I was quite ready.

"No, Wally," I said, pushing his arm away, "you mustn't. I'm very fond of you and we can be good friends, but you know your father would never consent."

"FATHER!" he stammered. Then after a pause, "I have money of my own. It's none of his business. Besides, we can keep it secret till father comes around."

"Will that ever happen, Wally? You know I'm only a poor girl."

"What does it matter how poor you are? You are a lady and you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and I love you. Oh, Sue! if you only knew how I love you! I think of you all the time and live only for these moments we have together. Say you love me, dear. You do love me, don't you?"

Barry, honest, strong Barry came leaping into my mind, but I put him out. Wally was rich and handsome and he would be more my slave than ever Barry would. I wanted the things Wally could give me and that Barry never could.

"Yes, I love you," I said in a low tone. "But your father?"

"Father will consent when he knows he can't help himself. We will keep our engagement secret from everybody, and I can tell him when I see the right opportunity. Sue, darling!"

I let him put his arm about me and kiss me.

I WAS a very proud girl after that night and dreamed many dreams of what the future held for me in the way of social triumphs and of the luxuries I had always craved. I can't say I was happy for long, however, for try as I would to keep him out of my mind, Barry would creep in.

Barry was very unhappy and was ready to make up with me at any time, at any cost to his pride. And mother was furious with me for breaking with him, telling me frankly that he was much too good for me, and that I would live to regret my treatment of him.

I wanted to tell mother about Wally, and I think I would have done so in spite of my (*Continued on page* 70)

My Brazilian Romance

Through Which My Partner Nearly Lost His Jewels, While I Found One

SOMETIME, somehow, Romance will seek out every one of us, and for once, at least, turn the grayest landscape into a paradise.

It came to me one night in Brazil far from my home-place, in a wilderness in the shadow of the Corde Mountains.

I had been sent there to examine a manganese lode for an eccentric American who had a genius for developing raw resources. My partner, Chandos, was a most unusual character, shrewd, straight as a string, and vividly interested in all phases of human life. And without being narrow or dogmatic he was nevertheless inexorably stern toward men of slack moral fiber. Although he was not a companionable man, I liked him more than any man I had ever known.

I HAD a cabin in the Ponto Coulee, an isolated valley about eighteen miles from the nearest railway, and although I had started work with two native diggers and a passable cook, I was really alone the best part of the time, as my help had the usual native habit of taking extended holidays at any old time when it happened to suit them. They stayed away till their money was gone, and meanwhile I looked out for my own comfort.

I learned to cook fairly well after awhile, so that the cook's absences didn't matter so much to me as the frequent outings of the two laborers. Still, I worked along fairly well in spite of the drawbacks and the intense loneliness. Chandos wasn't the kind of a man that one willingly disappoints, you see.

THE second time Chandos paid me a visit he rode in long after dark, quite unexpectedly, with three splendid Canary diamonds which he had collected in lieu of a long over-due money debt from a notorious Brazilian sport who had gone into voluntary bankruptcy. As the diamonds were well-known in all of the big South American cities, Chandos had intended to deposit them in a bank safe in Sao Paulo.

But he had been followed on the first lap of his journey in that direction by a suspicious-looking person of whom he had caught a glimpse in the home of the bankrupt man, so he had thrown the shadower completely off his trail and ridden down to my cabin in Ponto Coulee with the diamonds in his pocket. He was certain not a soul had seen him leave Santos.

"I'm going to leave the stones here where they will be

"I'm going to leave the stones here where they will be as safe as in a bank vault," he told me

s safe as in a bank vault," he told me, and when I want them I'll either come after them or send you word to fetch them to me. I may make a flying trip to New York within a couple of months, if I decide to close a business deal that is now pending."

He put the diamonds in a little tin box and tucked the box far back in a chimney crevice, shoved a stone in after it and went his way perfectly satisfied about the safety of his treasure. Nor did its presence worry me in the least, for my cabin quarters were so poor and bare no one would dream of searching them for anything valuable.

TWO days later, when a broken tool sent me to the railway station, I learned that Chandos had been overcome by thugs on his way to Sao Paulo and very badly beaten up. My first impulse was to go straight to Sao Paulo to see how badly he was hurt, but the thought of the diamonds restrained me, so I merely sent a telegraphic inquiry to the chief of the Sao Paulo police and waited for the answer —which came late that night. They informed me that while Chandos' injuries were very severe he would very likely pull through. I would be notified in case of any unfavorable change in his condition.

No further word came for four days. Then, at the end of a sultry, lowering day, a debonair young stranger rode up to my cabin door and stated that he was the bearer of a message from Mr. Chandos to Dick Barrows.

"Chandos isn't dead, surely!" I cried.

"Far from it," was the smiling answer. "He has passed the danger point and is decidedly on the mend though he'll probably not be on his feet for a couple of weeks. I am Dal Burton. You may have heard Chandos speak of the chap who went with him on the Peruvian trip that he made so successfully."

The note . . . was a simple request that the diamonds be given to the bearer . . . and was signed with Chandos' familiar, bold signature

INDEED I had heard of Dal Burton, for he had saved Chandos' very life—as well as turned an exceedingly doubtful situation into a decided success and thereby averted certain disaster. He was the only man whom Chandos had ever enthused over in my presence, so I was quite prepared to approve of him; but I was not prepared for his youth, his charm and his general air of buoyancy that looked so oddly out of place out here in the raw wilderness. He must have read my thoughts for he laughed whimsically as he tossed aside his riding-cap and whip.

"There was no heavy-weight play about my work for Chandos," he explained, "but only some mental *jiu-jitsu.* The right chance came along at the right time, and I happened to be on hand, you see. We skimpily-built chaps have to make our wits do double duty in times of stress."

He could hardly be called "skimpily" built, I thought, though he surely was unusually delicate both in physique and manner for the rough life that he had led.

"I am gladder than I can say that Chandos got off so well," I said from the depths of my heart, "for the first news of his accident fairly sickened me. There are not enough men of his kind to go around. Straight as a string and just—Lord how just he is! He would risk his very life to save any poor wretch from unjust punishment, and he'd hang his own brother if he deserved it."

"YOU are quite right," Dal agreed. "Now about Chandos' message. He wants to send his diamonds to Pernambuco by his partner who is going to run up to New York to conclude a business deal in Chandos' place. I asked him to send a written demand just to ease your mind of responsibility. Here it is."

The note that he handed me was a simple request that the diamonds be given to the bearer, Dal Burton, whom I knew by reputation, and it was signed with Chandos' familiar, bold signature. While I was reading it a furious gust of wind slammed the cabin door in my face, and a few big spatters of rain struck the roof with the violence of bullets.

"It's going to storm hard in just a minute," I said, "so I'll stable your mount right away."

"No, no, don't do that, for I must get back to the station in time to catch the midnight train," Dal said

"... I am a woman," wailed the slender visitor in abject terror

with a sudden high note in his crisp boyish voice. "I mustn't disappoint Chandos on account of a mere storm."

I OPENED the door to a storm-maddened world. The roaring wind seemed to have swept the night along with it, for the air was so dark I could hardly see Dal's mount, though it was only a few feet from the doorstep. While I hesitated, a wild, savage scream pierced the rumble and rush of the storm.

"What was that?" Dal cried in a strangely startled voice.

"A leopard. The hunters have driven them down this way lately, and they bother me more than a little. Every now and then I have to go out and kill one in order to keep the rest at their distance. But surely you are not afraid of leopards, after your hair-raising experiences in perilous Peru?"

"There's something about a leopard's scream that gets on my nerves more than any other sound," he confessed.

BY the time I had lighted the lamp the storm was upon us. It was all I could do to fight my way to the stable against the fury of wind and rain that assailed me—which I knew would detain Dal for several hours if not over-night, as I ardently hoped, for I actually ached for congenial company.

My guest continued to be worried by the screams of the leopard. It surprised me that one who had braved such great perils as Dal should feel so uneasy about a thing that troubled me so little. But the strongest of us must have some weakness, I thought, so I accepted his explanation of his nervousness.

FOR two hours the storm raged with tropical fury. Suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a heavy knock at the cabin door; then a deep, full-throated voice boomed through the roar of the tempest:

"Hello in there, Dick Barrows!"

I sprang up and wrenched the door open, whereupon Chandos stalked across the threshold drenched to the skin and tired to the point of exhaustion.

He gripped my hand and before I had time to exclaim about his unexpected appearance, he caught sight of Dal and gave him a piercing look. Fear was written all over the other's handsome face; he seemed to shrink back into the shadows.

"Good Lord, Chandos," I cried with a sudden flash of penetration, "Isn't this man Dal Burton—the chap you sent down for your diamonds?" Then I snatched the note of demand from my pocket and thrust it into Chandos' hand.

He read it in silence. When he looked up he turned to Dal with a gesture of icy contempt.

"What have you to say for yourself, you young blackguard?" His voice was hard as iron.

"I am merely trying to collect a debt that you have unjustly repudiated," Dal answered after a terribly difficult moment.

"You are a poor liar as well as a general bungler," said Chandos, "for I owe no living man a cent. Dick, I am too fagged out to deal with this scoundrel tonight. Lock him up in the stable till morning, will you?"

CAME a long-drawn scream from outside that made Dal shiver violently. "For God's sake, let me stay in here till morning," he begged of me.

But Chandos, who hated a coward above all other creatures, caught him by the shoulder and would have shoved him out of the cabin had not Dal clung to the door jamb with wild-cat strength and tenacity. Chandos raised a threatening arm, and then Dal sprang to my side.

"The leopards—save me from them! I am a woman," wailed the slender visitor in abject terror, and crumpled down at my feet in a dead faint.

CHANDOS' only love affair had ended so unfortunately that it made him distrustful of all women, especially young and pretty ones. So he was for turning our strange guest over to the police authorities at once. But he finally yielded to my plea in her behalf and gave her a grudging hearing.

True Story Magazine

Fay Trenyon was her name. She was an American, daughter of a fine but unappreciated actor who had been the victim of hard luck ever since he had ventured into the South American field. Fay, who had traveled with her father, since her mother had died, had played odd parts off and on just to make ends meet, though she had no love for the profession.

WHEN the Trenyons had been stranded in Sao Paulo, a few weeks back, Trenyon had turned his attention to cards. He had unfortunately dropped into the clutches of a professional gambler who had won from him a note for five thousand dollars—which he didn't have. The crook, who was a Shylock as well as a card expert, had given Trenyon his choice between paying his debt within ten days or going to prison, which is usually a very bad procedure in South America.

It was then that Trenyon had told Fay of the investment that Chandos had coolly taken out of his hands by driving him to the wall as he claimed. Chandos' disabling accident had then given Trenyon the idea that he would use this chance to collect his dues *sub rosa*, by taking possession of the yellow diamonds during the owner's helplessness. He had asked Fay to undertake this ticklish job because he, himself, was too closely shadowed by the gambler to get out of Sao Paulo at all.

FAY admitted that she had hated that tricky way of collecting debts, but her father's great need drove her to attempt it; besides, he had promised her to settle down for good, if she got him safely out of that hole.

At the sight of Chandos' honest, frank face she had, however, been convinced that her father must have been mistaken somehow.

Chandos refused to believe Fay's story, but because he had promised to give her the benefit of every doubt he went straight to Sao Paulo to investigate matters.

In a day or two he returned bringing Trenyon back with him. He then told him he could have his choice between going to work on the raw mine project or spending the rest of his life in a Brazilian jail. And Trenyon buckled down to grubby, back-wrenching toil with an awkward zealousness that was good to see. Fay, meanwhile, took over the housekeeping régime of the place, to my immense satisfaction and comfort.

Chandos loafed for a week or two, while his wounds healed satisfactorily, then he gathered together a squad of likely workmen and took the mine project in hand himself. He gave Trenyon a raise every time he possibly could.

WELL, Trenyon toiled on without complaint week in and week out, in his dogged determination to make good for Fay's sake. And, meanwhile, my first impression of Fay strengthened steadily. The more I saw of her the more determined I grew never to let her go out of my life again.

When I finally told her how it was with me she gave me an answer that made me about as happy as any man can expect to be in this life. Chandos, when I told him, pretended to disapprove of this golden turn of affairs.

"You are taking a big chance in marrying a show-girl," he declared with a grim smile, "but since you are determined to court danger, go ahead. I'll have to give you a little send-off."

The first thing I knew, Chandos had secured a film try-out for Trenyon—to rid me of a father-in-law's presence—he explained. And this landed the ex-actor in the very niche where he belonged. He possessed the requisites that spelled certain success.

And as for the Canary diamonds, Chandos gave Fay the largest as a wedding gift.

And as for the Canary diamonds, Chandos gave Fay the largest as a wedding gift

Clothes do Count

Here's Pearl White proving that according to one's uniform one may appear either as the angels in heaven above or the demons down under the sea. A Fox Film Photo.

Mary Miles Minter here convinces us that the wrong kind of dress not only makes one look bad, but most unhappy also
A Realart Picture Photo

Bebe Daniels also seems to find happiness more readily when decked out à la mode from top to toe than when in working dress

A Realart Pictures Photo

So far as Elsie Ferguson is concerned when poverty comes in at the door it drives all the joy out of life—or out of the window.

—A Paramount Picture Photo.

Some Service

omas Meighan knows how
win his way to the American
omans heart, and this picture
dicates that he believes
at the way to the same organ
the American man is through
is stomach. A Paramount Picture Photo

"Twould be hard to name a vocation at which Dorothy Gish has not played at working during her screen career — from cook to queen — or at least a princess"

A Paramount Picture Photo

Heres a picture in which Marguerite Clark proves that good fairies are very handy things to have about the house, even when they doff their Fairyland's costume

A Paramount Picture Photo

Speaking of simplicity in dress Edith Roberts here proves that some folks can exchange jewelled gown for gingham and get credit for a sacrifice hit.

A Universal Film Photo

When it comes to serving food Wanda Hawley seems to believe that the best way is to "send it away with a smile"

A Paramount Picture Photo

One way to make the man about-town look more tolerantly at his ever-present enemy, the cloak-room boy, is to turn the aforesaid boy into a girl—one like Bebe Daniels for instance.

A Realart Picture Photo

Applying the "Some Service" bromide to Bryant Washburns essay at Service in this picture, would be likely to invite the loud pedal on the word "some"

A Paramount Picture Photo.

Beauty and the Beast Again

Here's how Priscilla Dean does the Bunny Hug—A bit different from the dance that scandalized us a few years ago isn't it? A Universal Film Photo

Hope Hampton presents an entirely new version of the "Lady or the Tiger" with herself as star and a friendly Lioness as leading lady

A Paramount Picture Photo

Marie Walcamp's picture is hardly complete without some animal. This time she's chosen one of unusually tender years and disposition

A Universal Film Photo

Here's where Lila Lee and her Eskimo dog friends are found in a sort of little Arctic Circle all of their own

A Paramount Picture Photo

The little barn yard drama staged in the southwest corner of this page shows Pearl White in the role of Gentleman Farmer

A Fox Film Photo

Pauline Starke knows how to handle 'em regardless of size—You may have three guesses as to just what she's giving the bear in this picture

A Vitagraph Film Photo

When Jean Went Home

She Found Yet Lost the Man Who Had Won Her Heart

CITY folks say that country papers don't print any romance or human interest stuff. It's true. But, you see, the romance being right at his elbow, so to speak, the country editor dare not write it up for fear of embarrassing consequences. The most interesting stories are the most intensely personal ones, and so cannot be printed. For, in a small community, the people are all neighbors and acquaintances.

There's the story of Jean Maxwell and Dave Channing, for instance. It would have been almost a sacrilege to have printed it in our home paper at the time everybody was talking and wondering so much about it. But time has left it with only a kindly memory and there's no harm in telling it here.

When Jean spoke her little graduation piece at the Opera House, she was by all odds the prettiest girl in the line-up. She was dressed in white, fluffy material, with a cunning lace collar around her neck, and her wavy hair outshone fine-spun gold. Deep violet eyes under arched brows made her as charming and dainty as a little princess.

Dave Channing, a lawyer and a member of the school board, presented the diplomas. He began at the head of the line, making a few pleasant words to each. All the graduates looked alike to him until he reached Jean. There, two violet eyes looked out of the face of a young Grecian goddess, and for a moment her beauty staggered him. The owner of the eyes, entirely unembarrassed, regarded him with pleased interest, and Dave found himself making a great long speech to her, so much more than he had said to the others that the audience began to titter and Dave hurried on to the next.

TWO or three days later Jean stopped at the *Reporter's* office, and, with dancing eyes, told us she was going to the Kensington Business College to learn stenography and shorthand, and that when she had finished the course she was coming back to town and work for Mr. Channing as his private stenographer! She was so excited and happy over it that we all gathered around and shook hands with her, and the local reporter wrote a nice little item about her for the paper. Of course that was what Jean wanted.

Jean was the daughter of Bill Maxwell, a small farmer living just outside of town. I knew Maxwell couldn't afford to send her off to a business college, but it would be just like Dave Channing to do it. Dave was one of the most generous-hearted men in town. He was the goat for all the enterprises that somebody wanted worked up in the name of civic progress. Whenever he found time to study law and try his cases I couldn't figure out.

IN due time, Jean was back from her business college and installed in Dave's office as his private stenographer, the proudest and happiest little maiden in town.

Dave occupied a suite of rooms on the second floor of the National Bank building. He had had the offices thoroughly cleaned up and put a new carpet on the floor of the room that was to be Jean's. In a little room off from Jean's was a washstand, towel-rack, dresser and mirror, with supports for hat and cloak. Of course these were all inexpensive, but Jean was delighted with them, and went at her new job with tremendous energy.

Now, Jean wasn't an intellectual prodigy. She had never read much, and newspapers and magazines didn't interest her. But she worked faithfully and finally developed into what might be called a fairly good mechanical stenographer and typewriter. For a long while she made all kinds of blunders, due to her faulty English, but Dave generously overlooked that in her loyalty and evident desire to please.

Nearly every morning Jean brought something down for Dave—some pansies, roses or some product of the farm. Sometimes she would stay up late at night to make fudge, or pop-corn balls, or to stuff dates, and would bring them down in a box tied with pink or blue ribbon. And old hard-boiled Dave would be as happy as a schoolboy to get them.

Now and then when Dave had a big case to argue in Circuit Court he would take Jean and one of her girl friends over to hear the trial. Jean liked this and she thought Dave the finest plender there ever was.

THINGS went along. Jean's salary was steadily raised until she was getting twelve dollars a week, a pretty good salary for our town then. It was as much as Mrs. Reading got, who had been the forewoman in our big department store for over ten years.

With this increase in salary there was a change in Jean's ambitions, hardly discernible at first. She had always taken more pains than the average girl with her costumes, and looked stylish and well dressed. And now she felt able to afford better things to wear. She bought high-priced stockings and undergarments, and nearly every day she had a date with the dressmaker or the milliner. Before going out on the street she would spend twenty minutes or more before the mirror, getting her hair just right. Instead of magazines, newspapers or books, there were scattered about Jean's room fashion-plates and catalogues of women's goods. Jean had gone crazy on dress, but Dave never saw it. Jean's folks never got a penny of her wages.

Now, I don't want to be too hard on her. Jean was a good girl, with as pure a mind as the best of women have, and if her mother had only taken her in hand about this time all might have been well. But Jean knew she was pretty. She could tell that by the way the traveling men stared when she passed the Grand Central hotel on her way to work, and she knew she was dressed becomingly—more so than any other girl in town. But the fashion-plates and women's pages had told her there were other worlds she had not conquered yet, and she was dreaming of those worlds when *the* man came.

HE was a representative of a big Chicago concern. Jean was quick to see that his clothes and manners differed widely from Dave's, and also that he frequently glanced toward her while he presumably was closely occupied with Dave. The man wanted Dave to look into some land titles for his concern, and after awhile Dave put on his hat and went to the court-house to look over the records.

The man remained in the office. He noticed that Jean was regarding him with frank interest, and that she did not seem at all embarrassed by his evident expression of admiration. So he walked over and took a seat near her and before long was telling her the story of the fairyland—all about the lights and music, the gorgeous theaters, beautiful parks, luxurious hotels and stores of the big city. He was quick to discover Jean's weakness, and laid especial stress on the exclusive women's shops with their dainty and ultra-stylish things from Paris.

Ah! He knew how to talk, this handsome, perfectly dressed man from the great city!

When Dave got back the mischief had been done, but he suspected nothing, as his client was in the main office apparently absorbed in the morning paper, and Jean was busy with her typewriting.

For the next week Jean was absent-minded and restless. Then a letter came—from Chicago! This made her deliriously happy. She went to Dave and prettily asked him for a ten-days' vacation, explaining she wanted to visit some friends. She didn't say where. Dave promptly gave her the required permission, because he had never refused her anything. He went to the depot to see her off, and in parting she clung to him as though she couldn't bear to let him go.

"That's all right, Jean," he smiled. "It's only for ten days—you'll soon be back with us."

THE ten days were almost up and Dave was looking eagerly for Jean's return. But instead, a long letter came; it was in a large tinted and perfumed envelope, with her initials on it in old-English letters. In enthusiastic terms Jean told him of the wonders of the big city, the places she had visited, her delight at the life and activity there and how fast she was making friends with "such nice, refined people."

Then in a more subdued manner she told Dave she had been offered a position with a large firm in a big building, and that she was "secretary to the boss." She had already been working two days, and her employer had said he "was entirely satisfied." He was a "perfectly lovely man, so distinguished in appearance and so easy to get along with." The day she went to work, there was a beautiful bouquet of cut-flowers in a tall vase on her desk, and if she needed anything for her typewriter or about her desk all she had to do was to push a button and a man would bring what she wanted. There were heavy Oriental rugs on the polished floors and all the furniture was solid mahogany and "just grand!"

In closing Jean said she knew Dave would feel proud to know she had such a fine position in the big city and that "your little country girl will show her appreciation for your training and many kindnesses by making good."

DAVE sat for an hour without moving after he had finished the letter. Then he called up Josie Deever, a girl who had once asked him for a job, and told her to come and take the vacancy. Miss Josie was a large, sunny-natured girl, with a profusion of freckles and a wide mouth, but she was as capable as she was homely and that was something.

There would be no danger of Miss Josie wearing out the looking-glass, or going mad on dress. A three-dollar hat and a fifty-cent pair of cotton stockings looked good to the new stenographer, who came in and took hold as if she had always been there. The first thing she did was to burn up the fashion magazines and toss Jean's beautifiers into the waste-basket. Then she dusted things off, rolled up her sleeves and went to work. Jean never touched the feather duster.

ONLY those intimate with Dave could have noticed anything different at first. He didn't come around to the printshop with his cheery bits of court gossip like he used to, and I never heard him mention Jean's name. When they would come after him to boost things about town, like their habit was, he would beg off on the excuse of pressing business. He handled his cases in court all right, but he was not the same old Dave.

His sunny smile dropped, and sometimes he would speak in a short, irritated way. Dave was only a little better than forty, but there were certainly curious marks on his strong face that I had not noticed before.

In about a year Jean came home on a little visit to her folks. She called at the office to see us and tell all about her fine job in the city. She wore a swagger suit that encased her like a shell and had a hat with a big plume on it that must have cost—well, I don't know what. But I never saw the like of it in our town.

JEAN talked eloquently of her home in the big city, and of her work there, which she said was to see that the typewriter girls did their duty, she being sort of a head-secretary and overlord of the institution, as we gathered. Most of our young people who go to the city are afflicted that way and we didn't hold it against her. The thing that riled some of us was her new manner of speech. She would say "*eye*-ther" and "*ni*-ther," which to a Missourian is worse than swearing. But as we knew she was reared amongst us, and would eventually get straightened out, we let it go.

Most of the women in town were jealous of her clothes; and everyone was a little disgusted with her airs. But no one could really dislike Jean.

In the morning Johnnie Estes, our reporter, came rushing in with a "crackerjack story," as he said. Dave had punched Harold McClinty's head right in front of a crowd in the post office lobby, and Dave had paid a fine. It was a big story and entirely "safe," Johnnie declared enthusiastically. I asked him if he knew what made Dave put on his war-paint.

"Nothing at all," replied Johnnie. "Harold was just talking with some fellows about Jean Maxwell, that swell girl who used to live here, and said he guessed she must have hooked up with a millionaire to get all that fine toggery."

"Johnnie," I said, "your story's all right and you'll get credit for it. But forget it!"

AFTER that Jean's visits back home were few and far between. It was reported at one time she was engaged to be married to a very wealthy man, and Mary Jane wanted to use the rumor, but I had a sort of intuition the story wasn't true, and events bore it out.

Things ran along for seven years and then Jean returned—to stay! That was a sensation, and there were all sorts of speculations, as is natural in a small town where one's most private affairs are known to all, and if not known a report is built on them.

Josie Deever, one of the few girls in our town who had stoutly stood up for Jean, because that was Josie's way, went out to see the girl from Chicago. She declared sympathetically that Jean was very frail and there was an unnatural pallor on her face, but that she was "the same sweet little girl she always has been." It was like Josie to say that. She was still the efficient secretary for Dave, with whom she got along well. If anybody didn't get along with her it wasn't Miss Josie's fault.

BUT when fall came and the leaves were turning to scarlet and gold, word came that Jean was still getting worse. I don't know where the report came from, but there were whispers that at times she was delirious and called in a pleading way for a man whose name was strange to us. Then we understood the real trouble was mental, worry rather than physical. Our little butterfly was paying the price of her beautiful wings.

It was close to Christmas, the time Jean used to love so well. I remember how pleased Dave used to be showing the confections and things she made for him in those happier days, and I wondered if he was thinking of them now.

Christmas morning dawned with an earth clad in white, and snow still falling. The bells from some of the churches holding early morning service tinkled over the white town like chimes. In the windows of the (*Continued on page* 89

The Curse of Bruce McGivern

The Chair and "A Bit of Juice" Did Not Save His Betrayers

PESTY LARKIN left the Tombs yesterday. During the trial I heard intimations that Dr. Sumner was a little queer.

Now I happen to be Dr. Sumner; and I feel that I should give the story to the public as it happened. The testimony was badly garbled by the time it reached the papers. Perhaps Pesty Larkin *is* guilty of murder. Maybe he is insane. Decide for yourselves.

The story begins logically with Bruce McGivern. Bruce and I stole fruit from the same wizened old push-cart-Italian, made a playground of Orange Street and the Bowery, and proudly boasted that the missions would never get *us*.

Then we went up in the world—by different routes.

It may seem inconsistent that, twenty years after old Antonio hurled threats of the police into Pedro's basement shoe store where we were making short work of stolen bananas, Bruce and I had a custom of lunching together once or twice a year at Shanley's. Inconsistent when you reflect that I had become a surgeon, Bruce a master crook, with the reputation of a respectable citizen up somewhere on Morningside Heights.

SO it happened I went to see Bruce the night before the State sent him over into Nowhere-Land by way of the electric chair. When I reached the death-house, I found Bruce's wife, Mona, and we waited together until Pesty Larkin arrived. Then the guard escorted us three into the prison. From what Mona had said I gathered that Bruce had sent for her and Pesty to come together.

I remember the half-dark chill of the great halls, the opening and shutting of heavy doors, the apprehensive wordlessness of us all as we passed along—then Bruce McGivern with the bars making a sinister shadow across his face.

Mona whimpered and ran toward her husband even though, I noticed, she hung her head away from his direct gaze. Pesty, whose shoulders were eternally hunched against some contemplated blow, mumbled something. Bruce did not look at either of them. He looked at me.

"Glad you came, Doc!" he said, and half held out his hand as though he had forgotten the interposing bars.

"Bruce!" cried Mona, "Bruce! I can't bear it!"

IT was then he looked at her. I had never noticed before how thin his lips were. I had never believed they could curl so cruelly.

"Bear it!" he repeated. "Bear it!" Then he lapsed from Morningside Heights to the East Side. "Aw, cut your drivel! You bearin' it! What *you* got to bear?"

"Bruce!" moaned the woman. "You're not like yourself. You wouldn't let me see you during the trial! You wouldn't even look at me! What have I done? Haven't I always——"

"Cut it, I say! You know well enough why I wouldn't look at you. If you don't know—well, listen!" He came closer to her and grasped the bars with his hands. I saw their evil shadow again across his face. His dilated eyes enveloped the woman in a malignant stare.

"Would I want to see you when you sent me here?" he asked. "Maybe you thought I'd like to—kiss you after you'd showed me the way to the chair. Maybe. . . ."

"Bruce, I didn't!" Mona was cowering away from him.

"YOU did," he said firmly, "you made me croak the old girl just as surely as though you'd been there when I did it. D'ye think I'd a lost my head and beaned her if my brain hadn't been all twisted with the thing I'd just heard about you? D'ye think I'd a been fool enough to croak anybody except that my eyes was seein murder knowin' *he* was with you?" he snarled. "And where is he now? I hear he's throwed off on you since they put your husband in the Tombs.

"D'you think I wanted to do that job at the Lamont's after I heard he was with you. Don't you suppose my

". . . You can't get rid of Bruce McGivern just by running a bit of juice through him . . . I'll do both of you as sure as you did me "

fingers was itchin' to come home instead and tend to him? But Beany was waitin' for me and *I* never lay down on *my* pals. Listen! D'you hear me? I ain't no welsher! I may be East Side and you from Wisconsin and once a stenographer, but I stick to them that sticks by me and you—" his mouth twisted wolfishly at her.

"Bruce! Bruce!" she screamed. "I didn't do any harm! He was a friend! A friend! I. . ." her voice weakened beneath her husband's eyes.

"A friend!" he said. "Better than your East Side husband, eh? I notice you never minded the glad rags I dolled you up in or the sparklers I bought for you. You never asked me to change my profession either, did you? You can't bear it? Aw, you make me sick!"

"Aren't you a bit hard on her, Bruce?" I asked. "Perhaps he——"

"Hard, Doc! Let her look you square in the face and tell you 'twas all right between them. See! She can't do it. I tell you she's sending me to the chair tomorrow. You know me, Doc! You know I've pulled off dozens of jobs twice as hard as that at the Lamont's. But with Mona getting in my way—and him—I made a mess of things. You know I never believed in croakin' 'em! You know I've always said I'd go to the cooler first! Why, I could have made my getaway even after she came alive, but I lost my head.

"YOU can't bear it, can you?" he turned again to his wife. I saw his hands grip the bars as though he would rend them apart. "You can't bear it? Well, you'll have to bear-more, you and—" he looked suddenly about as though in search of someone and his eyes rested on Pesty against the stone wall. Pesty, shrinking coward of the underworld who had done the petty, easy things for Bruce in the old days. Pesty, chiefly valuable because he had no prison record and was thoroughly innocuous-looking.

"Ah you!" said Bruce, "you're the other one that's sending me where I'm going tomorrow—you with your blabbing mouth and your whipped-cur soul!"

"Bruce!" pleaded Pesty. "I didn't tell 'em. Honest I didn't! How could I? You never let on to me where you was goin'. How'd I know you did that croakin'?"

"Stop crawling, you little sneak. They'd never have fixed on me if you hadn't unloaded when they put the screws on you. Don't I know you told 'em I met Beany at O'Halloran's?"

"I can't stay!" said Mona turning away. "I can't! I got to go!"

"You will stay," said Bruce, "I'm not through with you yet. I've got something to say to you and then you can go for all time, both of you. Listen! You're sending me where—I'm going tomorrow, one of you in one way, one in another. You're going to croak me as right as I croaked the old girl a month ago. But you can't get rid of Bruce McGivern just by running a bit of juice through him. *I'll* do you. I'll do both of you as sure as you did me. And then—then—" his hands worked on the bars, there was a sort of leer on his face. "And when it happens, remember Bruce McGivern."

THE next day the State did its duty. I thought my last connection with the East Side had been broken. But it hadn't. I think it was fully a year later that I read in the papers of the murder of Mrs. Lila Sands somewhere in the Bronx. I rather followed the case because it reminded me of poor Bruce's fiasco. Just like his victim Mrs. Sands had apparently wakened too soon. She had been discovered choked in her bed, her jewels missing.

I was coming home on the subway a week after the murder when I read that the police were closing in on the guilty man and he would probably be in the Tombs by morning. It was a bitter cold night, I remember. As I hurried toward my apartments the sleet cut my face with sharp little splinters of ice. I found myself hoping that the heat would be running good and strong when I reached home and that my man had left a fire laid in the grate as well.

I was hanging my overcoat in the hall when a voice came from behind me.

"That you, Doc?" it whined. And I turned to see Pesty Larkin.

SUCH a Pesty! During Bruce McGivern's trial, when I had seen him often, I had thought him the very personification of cowardice. But that Pesty was a hero compared to the miserable wretch that faced me now.

"Well! Well!" I said, "you look done for! Come in here. Let's light up this fireplace and see what I can do for you. Just find a chair."

I kept my face turned from his as I set the fire free, hoping to give him an opportunity to pull himself into the semblance of a human being. When I turned to him again, he was a huddled mass in a chair by my library table

"Why should I have wanted to see her face? Why should I care who I'd robbed? But I did. I had to look at her. . . ."

"Come to the fire, man!" I said. "You're shivering! Take this chair. Mighty cold night!"

"It ain't the cold, Doc," he chattered. "It's worse'n cold. Seems like my very bones is petrified, but I don't feel a fire any more'n 'sif it was Japanese fireworks. Doc, I come to tell you something."

"All right, all right," I said, handing him a glass of liquor to brace him up.

"Doc!" the glass clattered down upon the table from his unsteady hand, "Doc! They're after me. They're goin' to get me. I seen 'em shadowin' the house and beat it. But they'll follow. They got the hooks on me. I didn't do it! I swear I didn't do it! You'll know I ain't a lyin' when I tell you. You'll help me, Doc! Say you'll help me! You was there! You'll tell the judge what he said when——"

"What who said, Pesty? Tell me slowly. Ease up now and let's get this straight. Who said it?"

"He did, Doc, Bruce—in the cell. You was there—you remember." His hands worked before him as he leaned toward me. For the moment I had almost the illusion that they gripped prison bars. " 'You can't get rid of Bruce McGivern just by running a bit of juice through him. I'll do you. I'll do you both!' You heard him, Doc!" Pesty Larkin dropped his hands to the table. I felt a queer tremor somewhere. His hoarse voice was so uncannily like Bruce McGivern's.

"You'll save me, Doc!" he was half sobbing. "You know I didn't do it. You'll——"

"Easy there!" I said putting my hand on his shaking shoulder. "Now, begin at the first and tell me slowly. If you didn't do—whatever the police want you for—I'll try to square you. Slowly, remember."

HE raised his head which had been dropped almost to the table. The shaded light between us brought out the unhealthy terror of his face. His nostrils were pinched like those of a dope fiend. The only live thing about him was his darting, restless eyes.

"I ain't been with the old gang lately," he said. "It queered me, Bruce's sayin' I squealed on him that time. I moved down on Canal Street. I got a job, waitin' in the 'Good Eats.' You see, I ain't been leadin' the old life. You see, don't you, Doc?"

"Yes, yes, Pesty! Go on."

" 'Twas a week ago tonight, Doc. I come out of de feedin' place at one. I always go right home after that, but—Doc, what do you figure made me take that sub?"

"I don't know, Pesty."

"I felt like I had to take it, Doc. I felt like I had to go where it would take me. All the time I was sittin' there I kept askin' myself why I didn't get off and go back, but all the time I knowed I had to stay. Then when we got to that station, Doc, I felt it was mine and off I hops. What made me do it, Doc? Way out in the Bronx it was. What made me do it?

" 'You better go home, Pesty,' I says to myself. 'You ain't got no call rollin' around out here.' And all the time, Doc, I was walkin' up a street with big apartment houses each side of me. 'If a cop lamps you, he'll give you a night in the cooler,' I says to myself. But I didn't stop. And, Doc, I didn't want to go but I could'nt turn back.

"*Me*—I didn't—croak her—Doc. You can—see he—done it. I ain't got—the guts . . . Doc!—the chair!"

Do you know what made me do it, Doc—what made me?"

"No, Pesty. Not yet. Tell me."

"WHEN I come to that house, I stopped flat. I stood on the corner wit' one of me lamps trimmed for a cop and looked at a second-story window that opened on a fire-escape. 'You could slip in there easy,' something says to me. 'The window's open. Don't you see it's open?' 'No! No!' says I, 'I ain't got guts enough for anything like that. How'd I know I'd make a haul anyway? I'm goin' home.'

"Doc, I turned around. I walked halfway to the sub. What was it made me come back? What was it drawed me up that fire-escape and in the window? Why was the window open anyway? Don't you remember what a bitter night it was? Why, I'll wager there wasn't another window on the block open that night! And hers—why did she do it?" His shrinking eyes questioned me as though they feared my answer.

"I don't know, Pesty," I said. "Go on."

"Doc, it was moonlight. Don't that show *I* didn't do it? Would any crook pick a moonlight night to make his haul? I was scared all the time. I was so trembly I most tumbled over when the curtain blew against my leg. I was thinkin' all the time of Canal Street and I couldn't go back. That shows I didn't go to rob. Don't it, Doc? Even after I found it I couldn't leave the room."

"After you found what, Pesky?"

"THE sparklers. In a box they was. I carried them to the window-sill, but there I stopped. I thought the box would queer me so I took 'em out and put 'em in my pocket. See, here they are, Doc!" He drew from his pocket a motley assortment of jewelry. I think it was novelty stuff mostly. I remember the platinum and diamond pendant the papers spoke of, but the rest seemed trash.

"That's all of it, Pesty?" I asked.

"All—I couldn't hock it, Doc. They'd use that to get the hooks on me."

"Yes, Pesty. What did you do after you put the jewels in your pocket?"

"Do?" he looked dazedly at me for a moment. Then a shudder convulsed him. He put his face into his shaking hands and sat for several seconds. Finally, a piece of coal in the fireplace fell apart. At the slight noise he started, glancing toward it, then turned to me.

"What'd I do after I put the sparklers in my pocket?" he questioned. "I laid the box on a stand near the window. Then I—I looked toward the bed. 'Twas the first time I'd seen it, Doc. I was—scared before. Now I saw the moonlight—I told you 'twas moonlight, Doc? Well it shone across her bed, not clear up to her face. I could see there was just one person lyin' there.

"WHY should I have wanted to see her face? Why should I care who I'd robbed? But I did. I had to look at her. All the time I was shakin' and tryin' to make myself go out the window and all the time I was creepin'—creepin' to the bed.

"I leaned over but I couldn't see. And then—she raised up sudden and says, 'Who's there?' I could a went out the window then, but I didn't. I don't know why." Again his fingers plucked at the table-cover. His eyes darted more and more wildly over the objects near him.

"Tell me what you did, Pesty," I said.

"I—Doc—her throat!" he brought his eyes to his plucking hands and looked at them (*Continued on page* 92)

Confessions of an Unconvicted Criminal

Who Finds That They Can Come Back

"AW hell, a crook's a crook just because he is one. This heredity and environment stuff don't explain nothin'."

The speaker was my neighbor, a hard-boiled old detective sergeant of our city police, with thirty years of service behind his words. He went on:

"Why, one of a pair of twins 'll be the salt of the earth and the other so crooked that he dassent trust himself with a jitney around the corner. No sir! a crook's a crook just because he is one, and that's all there is to it."

His words set me to thinking a bit as I sat there in the smoker that morning. I wanted to see if I could determine how I myself became a rascal, and I found it a difficult task. You see, a crook is always a liar. And when a man is a liar it's mighty hard for him to tell the truth to himself.

Nevertheless, I am going to try to account for myself. It may help me to set myself a bit more firmly on the straight road.

MY father is a Presbyterian clergyman, as fine a man as ever lived. He has always been absolutely fearless in his convictions, and has never turned aside from what he has regarded his duty because of any enmity its performance might arouse. A lie he has always hated as only an absolutely truthful man can hate one. He was stern with his children, but loved us and we loved him as much as we feared him. Now, at seventy-five, he is still morally as uncompromising as ever, but he has softened in other ways and is today a wonderful companion.

I sometimes wonder if perhaps I might not have grown up to be a better man had he been less strict with me in childhood. I do not know, but am sure he did his best as he saw it.

My mother was and is today the most keen-minded woman I have ever known. I have always admired her intellect, but have never loved her and have only in recent years recognized the fact that she has always loved me. She was ambitious for money and position, while my father's ideal was service.

I was a healthy child, but physically exceedingly lazy. I learned to read at four, and I preferred to spend my time at that and thinking up wonderful experiences, which I would narrate as having happened to me. For these stories my parents usually whipped me, but even this did not cure me. In fact it only made me more cautious, and taught me to seek an audience away from home. Also, when cornered in a lie, I became more expert in fabricating a way out.

AT school I usually did fairly well; in subjects that I liked, my work was well above the average. My companions were largely the sons of foreign-born mill hands. They were a rough and ready set, and I was always a physical coward. As I could not fight well I resorted to my yarns to attract them.

One thing that I think was bad for me was that I never had any pennies to spend. Later on when I was twelve or thirteen years old, I occasionally managed to pick up a few cents by running an errand for some neighbor, and I was mighty careful to get this money spent before my mother had a chance to preach to me the gospel of saving.

High school days were not particularly happy for me, for I craved popularity without knowing how to obtain it. However, although I did but little real work, I managed to graduate about fifth or sixth among a class of about fifty. This was due partly to a facile memory and partly to the fact that my extensive miscellaneous reading often furnished me with the information sought in class. And partly to a smooth glibness which often deceived teachers into thinking I was better informed than I was.

At seventeen I finished my high school course, and after a summer of work in the glass works, I entered the university.

I had to earn my own way as I went along, although, because I lived at home, my only expenses were books, tuition, street-car fare and clothes. The university was co-educational, but I cannot at this day name one of the girls among the hundreds that I saw on the campus each day for four years. During my entire course I never attended a single dance, party or other social function.

MY mother, with her well-established contempt for my financial ability, took as complete charge of my money affairs as though I were a child of four. Each morning she handed me a paper package of luncheon and a dime for car-fare.

This parsimony may have been necessary, but it was poor financial training. I learned that if I wished any spending money for a football game or for any of the other things that boys want, my only resource was trickery. I would sell one of my text books and pretend that I had lost it; or occasionally I would take books out of the cases at home and dispose of them.

Sometimes I picked up a loose piece of personal property and sold it. But whatever I did I always played a lone hand, and to that more than to anything else I ascribe the fact that I have never yet been arrested for dishonesty.

Vacations, I worked first at one kind of manual labor and then another. I was a section hand, a grocery-cart driver, a motorman, and an ore shoveler. Each pay day I turned over my envelope intact to my mother. Mind you, not a cent was ever used by her for anything except my own expenses, but nevertheless my experience taught me that what I earned was spent for me as she saw fit, while what I got by my wits I could dispose of accordingly. I realize that this is the language of an ingrate, but I cannot help it. That is the way it worked out. Whether I would have been honest under any other system, it is not in my power to state.

IN my senior year, I met the girl I afterwards married. She was pretty, modest, demure and a wonderful audience. It was puppy-love but it has lasted to this day. Today I admire her as much as she then admired me. She is a fine housekeeper and a wonderful mother. Our five children adore her, and I would sooner die than live disgraced in her eyes.

We were married one year after I graduated, while I was employed as a teacher in a Southwestern mining town. Neither of us knew a thing about financial management, and when a year and a half later I lost my position, our furniture had to be sold in order that we might get back East.

When we got back to my home city, I got a job as a solicitor for a subscription book house, which made a specialty of a small encyclopedic work for young teachers. I made a fairly good income at times, but at other times things were pretty slow. My old weakness in the matter

of dishonesty got the better of me and I turned in fictitious orders upon each of which I was advanced five dollars and was supposed to receive another five when the customer paid for the books, in three months' time. The books which I was supposed to deliver on these orders I put into my attic.

Of course, detection for this crime, which involved both forgery and the obtaining of money under false pretenses, was only a matter of time. But I worked hard enough, so that by the time I was caught my good orders with the company almost covered my shortage and the publishing house let it go. In fact, they employed me again the four succeeding summers.

OUR family was increasing rapidly at this time, and my teacher's salary of fourteen hundred dollars a year, even supplemented by my earnings as tutor and book salesman, was not sufficient to let us live very well. However, we got along reasonably well, until my wife's health broke and the doctor began to talk of an operation. I was desperate, but I knew that I must somehow meet the issue.

At this time I began to write insurance in my spare time. I did so well in this from the start that I soon gave up all other work and devoted my entire energies to this business.

No agent ever worked harder to sell insurance than I did, and those of my readers who know anything about that line of business will know that I was reasonably successful when I say that my first year's work resulted in the placing of a little over two hundred thousand dollars of life insurance paid for. But so heavy were my expenses because of the illness of my wife that I found myself at the end of the year nearly fifteen hundred dollars in debt.

But my writings of life insurance increased steadily. And then I was offered the general agency of a smaller company for a city nearby. It was a straight commission proposition, but the contract was liberal and I accepted it.

MY new position called for my producing three-quarters of a million per year of new business, and this meant, of course, that I had to associate other agents with me, as I could not hope to do so much unassisted. I had informed my new employers that I was able to get men and hold them, but I found that most of them had to have some sort of guaranty of a certain amount each week. Lest I fail to get the quota of business upon which I depended for my renewals and the continuance of my contract, I entered into a scheme for getting the money for the purpose of making these advances.

I told the agents whom I hired that the company would not allow me to enter into any contracts guaranteeing any specific weekly or monthly payments, but that I would make a separate agreement by the exchange of notes with them. I would get the agent to give me his note for an odd amount such as four hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty cents, due in five or six months, and I would give him my note for the same amount due in twelve or fifteen weekly installments. The notes I thus received I took to three well-to-do policy holders who had bought large amounts of insurance. I was sufficiently in the confidence of these men, so that upon my representations that I was receiving a liberal commission on such business, they discounted this paper and left its collection in my hands.

Had my men uniformly made good I would by my own writing have produced enough to make up the discount losses, but as I now know all too well, only a small number of men out of a hundred are qualified to sell life insurance.

I became deeply involved and in order to avoid discovery I began to forge notes, going from one to another of my backers, with this spurious paper.

BY this time, I, of course, realized that I never would be able to work myself out of my predicament, and I began seriously to consider committing suicide, being deterred only by physical cowardice.

Were I able to state that my conscience bothered me, it would be to my credit, but in my case, at least, conscience was represented only by fear. However, I was beginning to get my punishment, for I almost became a nervous wreck.

At last I called on a famous criminal lawyer, with the intention of telling him my story, and getting advice. I sent in my card and was informed that he was at leisure and would see me. I advanced to meet him, but at the last moment my courage failed me and I sold him life insurance instead. I thanked him and went out, but at the elevator I turned and went back.

"MR. CARROL," I said, "I didn't intend, when I came in a few moments ago, to solicit your business, I came to consult you professionally. I have been a fool and I want to escape the consequences of my folly if possible." I then told him my story. He listened carefully, and, when I had finished, said:

"No power can prevent your imprisonment for a long term if you are brought to trial for your offenses. What possibility is there of your raising the money to pay these people?"

"None whatever at the present time," I replied, "but if I can get out of this horrible business of compounding discounts and interests, and can continue in business I can pay out. Can you not get these three backers of mine together and present matters to them so that I may have a chance? If they insist on punishing me they will not get a cent, for all I have is my life insurance, and that irrevocably belongs to my wife. I will not see her suffer want, when for fifteen cents I can procure the means of avoiding it." Of course, I was bluffing in this last statement, for I knew that I did not have the nerve to carry out my threat.

This interview took place on Saturday and the following Wednesday I received a letter from Mr. Carrol asking me to be in his office two days later for a conference with my victims. I went, fearing to do so and fearing even worse to stay away. To my surprise, my creditors were not even unpleasant about the matter, although they made it very clear that any leniency that they might show me would endure only while I was making progress in the reduction of the amount due them and that the entire amount must be cleared up within the time set by the statute of limitations, which in our state was three years.

The three years were up a few months ago. I was paid out and my creditors gave me back all the forged papers. No gift has ever seemed as beautiful as that handful of worthless notes did to me, and you may be sure that I carefully destroyed them before I slept that night.

I AM safe from prosecution. My business is in a wonderfully prosperous condition, and I shall in a few years be a rich man from money now honestly earned. But I have not altogether escaped atonement.

I was unable to avoid jury duty last month and it was my misfortune to sit in the case of a young man who had forged and embezzled to the extent of about a thousand dollars. The case was so clear that I did not dare suggest acquittal to the other jurors. The judge sentenced the poor boy to ten years at hard labor; and I, who had done much worse than that, had been one of the twelve who convicted him!

But have I really reformed?

I cannot tell. Affairs in general are moving my way. But suppose what I have accumulated were swept away, and suppose I were confronted with necessity and a dishonest opportunity. Have I developed sufficient character to do right, when the wrong is more comfortable and seems safe?

I do not know. Perhaps I am fundamentally still a crook just because I am.

Who Laughs Last

One Eternal Triangle in Which a Man Turned the Tables

IT was long past midnight, yet every table in the Red Lantern Café, just off Broadway, was filled with a crowd of mocking humanity—mocking is the one word in the whole dictionary that could accurately describe the crowd.

I had gone in more for curiosity's sake than anything else, with a friend whom I had known for years, and who seemed to take a great delight in showing me the quaint and sometimes questionable places of the great metropolis.

Scarcely, however, on this memorable evening, had we taken our seats before I noticed a man sitting diagonally across the room from me. Somehow, he seemed to be out of place with the crowd, so wholly uninterested was he in all that was taking place. I couldn't help noticing him.

On the opposite side of the table sat a beautiful woman, to whom he frequently nodded and occasionally handed a cigarette. She, too, seemed just a bit out of place, although she puffed away at the gold-tipped cigarette as carelessly as any other woman in the room. But through the rings of smoke I frequently saw a shadow pass over her lovely flower-like face.

But John Hawes ... told him not to hesitate to take his wife along ... that he would trust them both to the end of the earth

FINALLY I turned to my friend who seemed to know everybody and his dog in New York City, and asked if he happened to know that particular couple.

"Oh, certainly," he answered in an off-hand way. "I know them very well."

"Anything particularly interesting about them?" I questioned.

"Decidedly so."

"Please tell me, Phil," I begged eagerly. "Tell me what it is—you know my mind is always ready to run away with anything that resembles a story."

"You wouldn't have to strain your imagination for a story were I to tell you just the facts about that couple."

I looked them over again and remarked that I could readily believe it.

A peculiar expression passed over my old friend's face.

"You know I've known a great deal of trouble," he said as though he were going to change the conversation.

"Yes," I responded, "I understand you have, but what has your trouble got to do with this particular couple?"

"You never saw my wife, did you?" he asked presently.

"No; you know I was away in the South when you brought your wife home, and so I missed meeting her, and the next time I was in New York I found you laughing over ever having been married."

"I know you did," Phil replied thoughtfully, "but when a man is once married there's something about the woman that he promised to protect that makes her dear to him in spite of everything."

"Probably so," I returned lightly, "but I don't want to play father-confessor tonight—I want to hear the story of that interesting couple across the room."

"All right," he said presently, "I'll tell you the story; nobody could tell

it better than I unless the man over there could."

THERE was a pause of several minutes and then my old friend leaned forward in his chair, and placing his elbows on the table, began in a voice that was entirely new to me.

"His name is Hawes—John Hawes—he is manager in the Creighton publishing house, and incidentally one of the biggest salaried men in this city. I knew him when he was a struggling bookkeeper——"

"You've known him for several years?" I interrupted.

"*Several*—" he answered with decided emphasis on the word—"as I said, I have known him since he was a struggling bookkeeper. It happened like this," he went on, more to himself than to me. "Hawes and a young fellow—we'll call him Jimmy—were boarding in the same house; Jimmy was a student in the University. He and Hawes were great friends.

"Hawes was the most ambitious fellow you ever saw. His one aim in life was to make a financial success and make it square. He planned and labored uncomplainingly from morn till night, day after day and year after year—always obliging, always courteous, always busy. Then, one day he surprised the boarders of the house by bringing in a bride."

"YOU were a boarder at the same house?" I asked.

"Yes—" he answered slowly, "I saw her when they came in; she was a beautiful creature—a woman that any man might be proud to call his wife. But her coming was just part of life to Hawes, and soon afterwards he resumed his business of making a fortune, and to all eyes apparently neglected the woman.

"Not that she was unhappy. Louise Hawes was one of those rare creatures whom it took very little to satisfy. But at times she was lonely—she was young and wanted, like all young creatures when they first arrive in New York, to see the bright lights and wonders. Consequently, it wasn't long until big-hearted and wholly unsuspecting John was sending her out with his friend Jimmy and Jimmy's best girl—who was a school teacher, and of whom Louise was very fond.

"Between these three a great friendship sprang up; they made the movies together, the best shows—John often paying for the tickets.

"It sort of became a habit for the three to go and come together, and for four months they had a wonderful time. Then, one spring day—" Phil paused for a minute, "the school duties being over for a time, Jimmy's girl, Miss Ross, left town, and for a few days it seemed as though the pleasant little parties that the three had enjoyed so much were to come to a sudden end.

"But John Hawes, broad-minded and honest as he was, called in his friend Jimmy and told him not to hesitate to take his wife along in the absence of his own fiancée, that he would trust them both to the end of the earth. Being the veritable bookworm that he was, he much preferred spending the evenings quietly to chasing around the streets, but he didn't want his wife to miss anything she cared to take in. He was always more than generous with her—she never lacked for money, or clothes or anything that most women crave—but she loved flattery and praise, and her husband was too busy making a fortune for her, to give her what she would have been happy with just from him.

Quickly he stepped inside the door and took her in his arms . . . She wanted sympathy—and was a rag in his hands after that day

"NATURALLY," Phil continued after a stiff drink, "after awhile the people at the boarding-house began to suspect that Mrs. John Hawes was a little too fond of Jimmy. She was quick to see how things were going, and one day when Jimmy came in with a couple of matinée tickets, she told him she thought perhaps their friendship had best be severed. She couldn't afford to have her husband's name mixed in a scandal, even though he were a bookworm.

"Jimmy was terribly upset at the thought of losing her company. He, it seems, had never thought about having to give up her delightful friendship, and it peeved his vanity to have her speak of leaving him off just as she would speak of leaving off a worn pair of stockings or gloves.

"She had always been in his eyes the wife of his best friend, and as such he had held her reverently. He had never

Then, one day, while he and Mrs. Hawes were having a little dinner party in the privacy of his own room, the genial John walked in

given a thought to the possibility that she might sometime walk out of his life.

"And when he did think about it, he realized as he had never realized before, that she was the one woman in the world that he thought he wanted—not for his wife, particularly—but for his own personal pleasure. And when Jimmy set his head on anything he was just about sure to have it.

"JIMMY began to use cunning. He didn't go boldly forward and tell the woman that he had made up his mind to take her away from her husband—but he went about it quietly. When he happened to find her alone in the parlor he made it a point to tell her how lonely he had been without her, how the days dragged by when fate separated him from her for a whole day. She was young—like Jimmy—loved life like he did, and above all, she was lonely.

"Her husband was working harder than ever. He saw a chance to work himself way up the ladder of success, and he went after the opportunity, never stopping to question that he might lose his wife in his effort to succeed. And strange as it may seem, she never seemed to grasp the idea that she could free herself from the man she had married. In fact, Jimmy didn't want her to separate from her husband; she appealed to his passion—his physical side—and every day he resolved over and over that he would have her.

"Finally, one day when he knew his friend was away from home, he passed by her room; to his surprise, he found the woman in tears. Quickly he stepped inside the door and took her in his arms.

"That was the beginning of their downfall. She wanted sympathy—and was a rag in his hands after that day.

"There were no more shows together, no more delightful evenings in her room with her husband. To the public, Mrs. John Hawes and Jimmy were mere speaking acquaintances. To each other they were the world; she came to his office, which happened to be located in a rather secluded old house, any time he said come; she went with him to the parks and places where both knew her husband would never suspect finding them. To the world she was John Hawes' wife; in her heart she belonged to Jimmy."

PHIL suddenly stopped and filled his glass again. I was tempted to remonstrate, but I wanted so much to hear the rest of the story that I didn't. Meantime, the man and woman across the room were joined by another couple, and they were laughing as merrily as anybody else.

"Fate hands out some queer deals sometimes," Phil began again, "and in this particular case, especially. For one morning John Hawes announced to his old friend Jimmy that he was being transferred to Detroit as head of the new house the company was opening there.

When Jimmy . . . finally discovered *his* wife in *Hawes'* apartment . . . it almost killed him .

"Jimmy realized in a flash that serious trouble might arise, and knowing he didn't want a divorced woman on his hands, he made a quick getaway himself, leaving a line of farewell to the woman."

"Of course, she went with her husband?" I interrupted. "A woman like that always goes with the man who provides for her—she can always find another 'Jimmy.' "

"Do you think so?" Phil asked hoarsely.

"Why, of course, a woman who lived with a man just for his protection can easily find the flattery from other men that her heart desires—and a man like Jimmy—well, sooner or later he always gets his dose."

"RIGHT you are," Phil answered, "and in this case he got all that was coming to him. Had he only let the matter drop then and there he might have gotten off easier."

"You don't mean he followed her up, do you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Not exactly," he responded hesitatingly. "But a couple of years later it happened that business took young Jimmy to Detroit also."

"And naturally he hunted up the woman and resumed his former relations," I retorted disgustedly, for personally I have no place in my heart for such men and women.

"Yes," Phil said slowly, "he hunted her up and soon they were living as they had lived in New York—except that there was even a bit more spice about it. John Hawes had not been living with his wife for two years alone for nothing; he had read beneath the calm waters of her soul, and in his heart he knew that she had been untrue to him. And Jimmy, when he came on the scene the second time, was quick to sense that he was under suspicion.

"But John's genial manner at times threw him off his guard. Then, one day, while he and Mrs. Hawes were having a little dinner party in the privacy of his own room, the genial John walked in. You know, of course, what followed. John, declaring that his faith in humanity was destroyed, and throwing the woman from him, rushed from the room.

"Of course, Jimmy saw to it right away that she got a divorce and married her," I said sneeringly.

"Like hell, he did!" Phil answered gruffly. "Jimmy hiked back to New York and left what the other man didn't want, in Detroit."

"Promptly forgetting all about it," I added.

"No," Phil replied thoughtfully, "he has never been able to do that, for John Hawes had suddenly changed from a quiet, gentle man into a demon, and Jimmy's track was his favorite playground.

"SOON after that," Phil went on in a dreamy sort of fashion, "Jimmy met Louise Hawes again—and then he realized with a pang how deeply he loved her and what a rotter he had been. Louise was so numbed with the shock of recent events, so bitter and full of remorse at the way she had spoiled Hawes' and her own life, that she did not respond to Jimmy's devotion at all.

"But she was the kind of woman who must have someone to take care of her. And now that Jimmy was begging her to let him do it, and she knew she had lost Hawes irretrievably, she finally gave in (*Continued on page* 90)

Under Sentence of Marriage

What Came of a Girl's Trip to New York "For a Lark"

I AM a respectable woman, wife of a respectable man. I have four children. We live in a comfortable home, on that middle-line between poverty and riches which is supposed to be so happy and wholesome a state. My neighbors accept me as their equal. No one reproaches me.

I think I am the most miserable sinner alive. I have blighted four innocent lives, killed my husband's youth, and quenched my own hope of happiness forever. How did it all come about? It was all for the sake of respectability.

I was a happy girl. I had the good fortune to be born with perfect health, and of working people whose constantly increasing prosperity kept them in rare good humor with life. My father was at first a bricklayer, then a small contractor—finally, a considerable one; and as I grew up, what were to us riches constantly accumulated, and our comforts and our prospects were on a constantly rising scale.

My mother determined that I should have "advantages." When I was small, we were still relatively poor, but my ambitious mother pushed me always a little ahead of them, as it were, as we rose in the world.

I WAS quite happy playing with the children of a neighboring plumber; but my mother had no rest until, through school and Sunday school, I had found associates on a higher social plane. In a democratic society like that of our small city, a little girl who is bright and pretty and always exceedingly well-dressed, without ever being overdressed, is accepted almost everywhere, and I was soon playing with children of the "best families" in the town.

I was invited to the rectory parties, and in my high school years had an intimate friendship with the daughter of the local magnate—the banker of our community.

She had a brother who liked me well enough, in an offhand, boyish fashion, and several other boys of "good family" came to be attracted in varying degree to the pretty child who never had to do a "stroke" of work, had always plenty of money to join generously in all proposed amusements and activities, and was kept as dainty as any man could wish.

AS I grew up, my mother's ambition for me took on a new, an anxious quality, and, young as I was, the idea was gradually borne in my mind that, while it was all very well to be one of a group of young people of excellent background, the real test of my success in life was in attracting the "right" sort of young men.

I lent myself eagerly to her scheming. It was all in line with the natural development of my young life. In any case, boys would have been of overwhelming interest at that period, and if the parental anxiety to have me calculate the social effectiveness of my conquests made me something of a little snob on the surface, it did no real violence to my heart. I had always enjoyed the people who spoke with clear, crisp enunciation, who were bold and free in their attitude toward life, sure of themselves, confident and happy, better than the worried or timid, or the coarse and don't-care sort. It really came naturally to me.

As time went on, the banker's boy singled himself out from the crowd for me. I was escorted by him almost exclusively. It was the social tradition of the American town, so did not commit him in any way, and it gave a girl a tremendously good time. Some spooning went on, but it was all rather open, clean and harmless.

ONE summer, when I was eighteen, a good deal of talk about New York suddenly cropped out among us. Jack, the banker's son, had a visit from a cousin who lived there, and we heard much confident patter about night life, and a Great White Way, with which he probably had nearly as little contact as we.

But we all got to feeling that life would not be worth living if we did not see some of the gay, fascinating sights of the metropolis. Jack knew something of it, and was great among us after his cousin had gone. He had been one year at a famous eastern college, and, as if that were not enough, he had actually been to Luna Park!

He described the delightful, foolish whirl that it was, with great gusto, and depreciatingly explained that though "the best people" went there for a "lark" sometimes, it was frequented mostly by the great common masses.

Nevertheless, the idea fascinated us. We, too, would just look in on it "for a lark." A large party planned to go and take in all its wonders.

One warm summer day, about a week before the planned excursion, Jack and I were sitting in a hideous iron swing that added elegance to our lawn. He had been queer, jumpy, not himself, for several days. Tonight he was moody, and not good company.

"What's the matter, Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he mumbled. Then he burst out: "But I hate the idea of making a show of ourselves, like a blamed lot of hayseeds in a rubberneck wagon. You don't want to go with that 'push,' do you?"

Now I did, awfully, and it had never occurred to me that there was anything in the merry crowd of boys and girls to be ashamed of. But my training had made me very receptive to hints as to what was "good form."

"Of course, I'd rather see it all with just you," I replied a little haltingly, "but I do want to go."

"Well—I tell you—let's put one over on them. Let's slip off and take in the whole show by ourselves, and come home and crow over them," he suggested with sudden fervor.

THIS was a noble scheme! I assented eagerly, and soon we were deep in plans. I was for slipping away, telling no one. But he was almost priggishly insistent upon my mother's permission, so I promised him I would obtain it, and swear her to secrecy.

This was easy to do. She was always glad to have me singled out by him in marked ways, and this appealed to her as a sort of triumph. There was a difficulty about the trains; the Island was far out, and it would be impossible to get an early one home.

"Well," said my mother, finally, "see that you catch that twelve o'clock one. I won't say anything to your father about it until you're gone."

The day was a sparkling one, and by exercising great diplomacy we succeeded in boarding the train separately without attracting any attention. All seemed a splendid, golden, "lark."

THE journey, the glimpse of the great city, the crowds, the new and marvelous conveyances, the speed, the glitter—finally, the great, luring, shining miracle of grown-up play, were like a strange, bright fairy-tale to me.

I was excited, stimulated, glowing, and Jack was very tender.

It was also my first sight of the sea, and it awed and stunned me. I longed for leisure to realize this new feeling, almost for solitude, but was allowed no time for such poetic fancies.

The glitter and dash, the crowding throngs, the breath-taking glides and weird jokes of the place—even the novelty of eating at restaurants—tired me out.

It was a wearied pair that hurried madly through Grand Central, gave a desperate glance at the fat-faced clock, and raced to the shut doors of the track.

Gone!

The moment before.

And, yes, indubitably, the last train to stop at S—— for the night.

JACK'S consternation and concern for me seemed to me excessive. It was serious enough. We should be roundly scolded, but after all . . .

"We can go to a hotel," I said, loudly enough for the ticket agent at the window near which we were standing to hear me. Jack's worried expression deepened to horror.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, as he drew me away. We walked along a few paces until we were deep in the crowd. Jack's appearance of baffled gloom puzzled me and made me uneasy. He walked on, saying nothing further until we were out on Forty-second Street, moving along aimlessly, it seemed to me.

"Jack," I asked, "why did you tell me to hush? We can go to a hotel, can't we?" I added timidly.

"My dear! No." He put his other hand over mine which lay on his arm. "I am thinking only of you," he added hurriedly. "Let's go somewhere and sit down."

I GLANCED at a great hotel lobby we were passing, where plenty of people, I thought protestingly, were passing in and out as if there were nothing remarkable about going to a hotel.

But he drew me along until we were in the little park that is back of the great library on Fifth Avenue. He had showed it to me that morning. We sat down on one of the benches. I sighed as I sank down.

"Tired, little girl?" he asked, tenderly. "It is too bad. *Too bad* . . ." he muttered, knitting his brows. "Here, lean your head on my shoulder; it will rest you a little."

We sat there for what seemed to me a long time. I was really almost exhausted, and was growing sleepy. I could not see the sense of sitting around on a park bench.

"Jack," I begged him, "tell me what we are going to do. We can't stay here all night."

"No," he said, with anything but cheer in his tone, "we'd be asked to 'move on' by some policeman. All I can see is, we'll have to keep moving around, and sit down once in a while. After it gets very late, we'll take a subway that goes a long distance, and then when it gets to the end of the line, take another train back."

I was silent. As a method of taking care of a girl, it didn't appeal to me. But I was too tired to argue. And I had just thought: perhaps he has spent more than he expected, and hasn't enough money to go to a hotel.

"You see," he went on, slowly, as if reluctant to tell me things a nice girl oughtn't to have to hear, "it's like this—the New York police won't stand for two people who aren't married going to a hotel together. Especially without baggage or anything. The hotel people wouldn't dare to take us in . . ."

"If we took separate rooms?" I cried, indignantly.

"Honey, you don't know much about New York," he remarked, with such an immensity of pity for my ignorance that I could not even protest.

AFTER that, I kept still. He was silent a long time, too. I was getting sleepier and sleepier. He put an arm around my waist, and as I drooped against him he softly kissed me. It was so gentle that it comforted me. I felt less resentful. I felt reassured that he did know more than I, and that he wouldn't let me be so uncomfortable if he could help it.

It seemed to me very late—later than I had been up in all my life, and that we had been there a long time. A policeman slowly approached. I thought he was looking at us. I rose in a panic.

"O, Jack! Let's go!" I shivered, and we hurried out of the park to Forty-second Street.

"Look, the buses are running. We'll take one and go down to Washington Square. There's a nice park, and we can sit there for awhile," he said. I shivered still more.

"I'm cold," I half wailed.

"Poor dear—poor little dear!" he murmured, and clasped my hand in his.

We jolted sleepily and uncomfortably down to the pretty square, and there Jack drew me to a shaded bench.

"No one will notice us here for awhile, I expect," he remarked cheerily.

I was now thoroughly chilled, and mad for sleep. The summer night had a loathsomely penetrating dampness. Never in all my life had I been so uncomfortable. I made comparisons with the time I had had scarlet fever—hitherto my worst trial—and decided it was nothing to this: then, I had lain in a bed: A bed . . . O-o, I almost moaned aloud—a *bed!*

Suddenly Jack began to speak again, and at first his voice sounded a long way off. "Of course, there is one thing we could do—and no one would be the wiser. If we just went to a hotel and registered as man and wife, it would never be noticed—no one knows us here."

"OH! Let's do that," I cried, feverishly, starting to rise.

"We'd have to take a room together, naturally," Jack added, patiently. I sat down again. The minutes lagged by, and neither of us said a word.

"Of course, not a soul knows us," Jack repeated, at length. "And no one in the world would ever find out from me. . . . It isn't as if we were children," he added, grandly. I was not thinking. My brain had gone numb with discomfort. I felt as if his talk came from somewhere a long way off. Nevertheless, my thoughts were really following him closely.

Suddenly he stood up.

"Come along, Marta. We can't stand this. I know a very comfortable place not far away, where we can get a good rest—and not a soul will ever know who we are. My poor, tired darling," he added, bending over me.

WHY did I not resist? I cannot think why some warning did not penetrate my stupor. I knew well enough it was not a thing one did. I knew that, if news of it were to go ringing through our small town, I should be ostracised.

But I had only the vaguest idea of the reason why. I had been taught the outside of social conventions, but not the real reason there is at the heart of them. It had never occurred to me that they were founded on genuine human need of protection from its own frailties. And—as he said—no one need ever know. I shuddered as I thought that if we stayed much longer, even in that misery of discomfort, a policeman might order us to "move along."

We went only a few blocks to a fine-looking, brightly lighted place, and were quickly given a room without any comment whatever. The hall-boy instinctively put out his hand for a bag, but, receiving none, said nothing. One more fear was quieted, for I remembered what Jack had said about "especially with no baggage."

"We have no baggage—missed (*Continued on page 93*)

The Woman He Forgot

In Which the Man in the Case Meets a Ghost of His Past

"IT'S the deuce of a fix I tell you, Buck—with the Old Man ready to put me in next month as manager of the Daytona branch."

"You owe me a hundred already," reminded Starbuck coolly. "Haven't I told you not to plunge so heavily? Why don't you sit steady on your stakes?"

"Can't," confessed Markham with that boyish frankness which was his greatest charm. "Buck, ten years I've worked for this—from an eighteen-year-old office roustabout. And there's Marie."

It was a cleverly concealed curse with which the gods had endowed Markham, this genius for appealing to the innate, sentimental weak spot in the one whom he teased for credit. But this time Starbuck was unyielding.

"I'm getting married myself," he dismissed shortly.

"WHAT a hole!" Markham admitted to himself when the interview was thus summarily concluded. "I've tried everywhere—and Buck was the last chance. The Bank will turn up those notes tomorrow, and the Old Man will do just one thing—fire me. Then it's out with Old Lady Luck, Marie, and everything."

Markham's was the gambler's passion, unsupported by the gambler's courage. His repeated losses, following immediately on the heels of his repeated winnings, had taught him no philosophy, no fortitude.

And this was the worst of all! Markham's was the soft, shrinking flesh of large cities. The past five years had granted him the Epicurean pleasures in which his soul delighted. It was with a loathing closely related to horror that he visioned a return to the sordid years of denial that he had known in the past. And that was what a discharge now must mean. For the bigger positions of the business world were indeed scarce, and he could not consent to lower himself to inferior openings.

IT was characteristic of Markham that he gave very little consideration to possible grief for Marie. Marie had been waiting patiently for two years now, for Markham heartily disapproved of marriage on a skimpy income. And, of course, Markham had nothing saved.

But Marie . . . with her incredible French thrift . . . . had almost a thousand dollars saved

But Marie had. With her incredible French thrift, and marvelous ingenuity for dressing modishly on nothing a month with something left over, Marie had almost a thousand dollars saved.

That was enough to "put him right" with the Bank.

THE thought came suddenly and it amused him. Why had he allowed himself all this vexation, and wandered from one acquaintance to another, pleading for a loan, like a stray cur hunting a bone, when he might have had it from Marie in the beginning?

Something as nearly wonder as he ever permitted himself came over him now. It was the same feeling of incredulity that had smitten him in the initial moments of their engagement.

"Queer thing. Level-headed little girl like Marie—able to make her own way in the world—willing to give up everything and trust everything because a man says, 'I love you.'

"Mr. Markham? He beat it to Japan two weeks ago, Lady"

"Doesn't know a darn thing about me, either. But—all women are like that." He shrugged his well-tailored shoulders with an air of complete satisfaction.

"Oh, I'll make it all right with Marie," he told that shadow of something that would still occasionally persist in annoying him. "First thing when I'm manager I'll buy the little place and she'll never be the wiser. It'll be easy enough to pay her back out of four hundred a month."

THAT night, with a splendid enthusiasm of success, he told Marie, "The Old Man's sending me to Daytona next month. Then we'll get married, Baby."

He drew her up to him, and held her against his breast; and her vibrant lips, that trembled a little with her joy, were against his own. And her eyes shone like stars in a clear winter sky.

"Kruer writes me from Daytona that those woodsy lots at the end of Carrabelle Avenue, the ones snuggled up in the curve of Bay Cove, are for sale—only two thousand apiece."

"O-oh, Mark!"

"But I haven't the thousand dollars for a first payment." There was unaffected regret in his voice, and apologetic contrition.

"Foolish boy! But a manager with a wife shall save something," she cried.

"YES, with a little wife like you," he agreed.

"But we must have a lot," she said, dancing with excitement. "I'll give you the money. Oh, one facing the water, with a little slope toward the beach. And when you're manager we can build a weeny cream bungalow, with a glassed-in porch, and cretonned chairs."

There was a rapture in her face that made Markham uncomfortable.

"But the first payment is a thousand dollars. And they're closing them right out. It's an estate."

"Never mind, dear. This next trip carries you there. And I'll give you the money tomorrow."

THE following morning Markham settled with the bank—every note.

Immediately after lunch his employer called him into the private office. He regarded Markham across the desk's lustrous surface with the same quizzical, half-stern glance with which, during ten years, Markham had grown familiar.

"I wish you to leave for Daytona on the night train, Markham. Caldwell's collapsed utterly. Doctor orders him to the country indefinitely.

"We expect you to take things over with as little hitch as possible. And, there's one thing, Markham, I'm glad to see you clear with your bank. This borrowing must be stopped. It hurts our business reputation, having our managers all covered up with paper, and it's bad for our managers, too. Robs them of their nerve force. Don't repeat your program there."

THEN Markham was walking out, possessed of the success for which he had slaved ten years.

"But the Old Man's got his blinkers on me," he reflected nervously. "It'll take longer now to get square with Marie."

When he arrived in Daytona, Markham wrote Marie a

letter of much length and little meaning. Somehow, he began to find the thought of Marie irritating. And he fancied there was a reproach in her letters. Besides, the life of a manager could be a very gay one, and filled to the brim socially. Then, since Marie's gentle letters gave him a feeling of guilt, he ceased reading them. He dispatched brief notes to her at infrequent intervals.

THE girls in Marie's office began whispering to one another that she was growing "kind of funny."

Markham "tried out" a portion of his first month's salary—hoping to "make a killing and square things up with Marie." The second month he gambled again, and again luck failed. Then, in a paroxysm of self-reproach, he wrote Marie a full confession.

Marie's reply was a masterpiece of heartbreak and appeal. Didn't he know she loved him, anyway? Didn't he know she would rather die than have her dollars come between them? Why was he breaking both their hearts for this?

But when her letter came Markham's wave of reproach had broken and receded. He imagined Marie's communication would be upbraiding and bitter. He was preparing for a gay little party that evening, and so postponed the perusal of her letter. He did not want to have the evening spoiled.

Then his firm apparently decided that, after all, he was a better salesman than executive, and ordered him off to the Orient.

HE made a neat little pile of Marie's letters in the left-hand, upper drawer of his chiffonier, forgot them, and left them there. The maid who cleaned his room found them, read them, and destroyed them, that her mistress might not know what she had done.

Marie grew more and more anxious as slow, dreary days brought her nothing from Markham. Had he forgotten her? Was he growing tired of her? Or had he committed some rash act in his own remorse for having deceived her? She humbled her pride to write inquiries to Kruer. But Kruer was away. Then Marie went to Daytona.

The office boy met her at the outer railing of the office.

"Mr. Markham? He beat it for Japan two weeks ago, Lady."

"I—I—do you know just where in Japan?"

He did not want to touch her. Seizing the heavy glass inkwell . . . he hurled it toward her

"Tokio, I think," he answered.

THE girl turned abruptly, and then walked away in a slow, stumbling fashion.

A policeman found her, weeping and incoherent, in the park. Her relatives were located; and she was consigned to an insane asylum on the outskirts of her home city.

As for Markham, ten years passed prosperously enough for him. Vanishing youth had given him something of sobriety and caution. He had a life contract now as manager of a prominent branch office.

Tonight he was waiting, here at his old desk in the Home Office, for a personal talk with his first employer of a decade ago. He wanted to thank "The Old Man," and also to receive his congratulations—which he felt he merited. He was conscious of a glow of pride in the beautiful young wife, and the little daughter that he would present to his former manager.

"Hot as the dickens! I was a fool to wait in this stuffy hole for old times sake," he complained, opening the door. Then he sat back indifferently.

A dragging step in the next room brought his head erect. A strange, bowed figure clad in coarse blue, the masses of her hair straggling about a white, drawn face, came as one walking in sleep through the door. Her staring eyes, fixed ahead, caught his own.

"Mark!" The tones were high and strained. "They've been keeping me away from you, Mark dear!"

"Don't make a scene here, Marie," nervously. "My wife——"

"Your wife—" Her wide eyes glittered. A strange smile played about her mouth. Then, tardily, understanding came to Markham.

HE knew what must follow. His soft, Epicurean flesh, his nice sensitiveness shrank from a struggle with this woman. He did not want to touch her. Seizing the heavy glass inkwell from the polished desk, with all his force he hurled it toward her. With all the uncanny intuition of the deranged she leaped aside, and avoided it. Her face twitching, she flung herself toward him. He sprang backward. The glass of the window behind him crashed and splintered.

On the sidewalk, far below her, lay a misshapen, grotesque heap. Through the window the woman thrust her white, white face. And she laughed—laughed a harsh, unbridled laugh that rang eerily through the empty, shadowed rooms.

He sprang backward. The glass of the window behind him crashed and splintered

Little Stories of Today's Big Plays

John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln

With White Studio Photographs of Frank McGlynn as Abraham Lincoln and Winifred Hanley as Mrs. Lincoln

FEW are the men whose boyhood stories are as well known to their fellows as is that of Abraham Lincoln. His early privations, his self-education despite great odds, the physical strength and firmness of character that contrasted so strongly with his sentiment and sense of humor, serve as a well-known though unwritten prologue of John Drinkwater's dramatic version of Lincoln's life.

The first of the six episodes of the most momentous life-story in American history takes place at Lincoln's home in Springfield early in 1861. Tendered the nomination for the presidency, Lincoln first questions whether his shortcomings as well as his qualifications have been considered. Then, with his acceptance settled and the delegation dismissed, he turns toward a great map of the United States. His face softens as he spreads his arms as though to embrace the country that is to tender him such honor and responsibilities, and the scene comes to a close as he kneels with bowed head and face buried in hands in an attitude of prayer.

The next episode finds Lincoln in the White House declaring that the stamp of national approval cannot be placed on slavery and urging Southern statesmen to modify the stand they have taken—for seven states have threatened to secede from the Union, and open hostility has been shown toward the Federal troops at Fort Sumter. The close of the episode finds Lincoln arranging for the relief of Fort Sumter.

IN the next episode, after two years of war, Lincoln is besieged by those begging that the North desist in the conflict, as well as by those whose vindictiveness or desire for personal profit demand that no mercy be shown the South.

The fourth episode follows a few weeks later. In it Lincoln faces opposition within his own cabinet upon his signing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

AS the fifth episode opens, Lincoln is found at the very front line of battle on the April evening of 1865 ending the war, thanking Grant for Lee's surrender.

Comes then the tragic sixth episode, within a few weeks, when the toil-worn Lincoln seeks relaxation at the theatre. The curtain falls upon his own all-too-real tragedy as John Wilkes Booth's pistol ends the life story of the martyr-president.

East Is West

With Photographs of Fay Bainter as Ming Toy, Forrest Winant as Billy Benson and Hassard Short as Jimmy Potter

THE heart of America became the property of Little Ming Toy for a song—with her smile and the pitter-patter of her little footsteps by way of a good measure. Yet her acquaintance with America really began on the auction-block of a Chinese love boat.

There she had been brought by her foster-father as the most marketable of his crowded houseful of children, and dainty, winsome Ming Toy is destined to become the property of a repulsive and brutal old Chinaman and to spend the rest of her life within the walls of his home when Billy Benson, a friend of the American Ambassador, happens along.

Ming Toy's new-found friend, though of another race, quickly develops a feeling much stronger than friendship toward the little Chinese girl, yet it is Ming Toy's own quick wit and resourcefulness that enables him to avert the fate confronting her. Her plan succeeds and Lo Sang Kee, a kind old Chinese merchant, buys the tiny human chattel ostensibly for himself, and carries her off with him to America as Billy Benson has secretly planned.

EVEN in her new home, in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, Ming Toy is not free from the same sort of dangers, for a Chinatown habitue, Charlie Yang, determines to make her his wife by fair means or foul. With the help of the friend of Billy Benson, Ming Toy escapes him and is brought to the Benson home to serve as lady's maid to his sister.

Ming Toy charms all the household by her quaint and winning personality but when they discover that Benson means to marry her, his family turns against her because of her race. Then, on the very night of Ming Toy's bitter awakening to the prejudice of the white folk who have seemed so wonderfully kind to her, the person on earth whom she least expected to see, her foster-father, comes in repentance to free her.

He explains that she is really not at all Chinese but the daughter of a rich New York merchant and his Spanish wife, confessing that she had been kidnapped from her parents when a baby. So the little maid from the Orient is really not an Oriental at all, although the stamp of the East remains upon her long, long after she becomes bride of that most Occidental of Occidentals, Billy Benson.

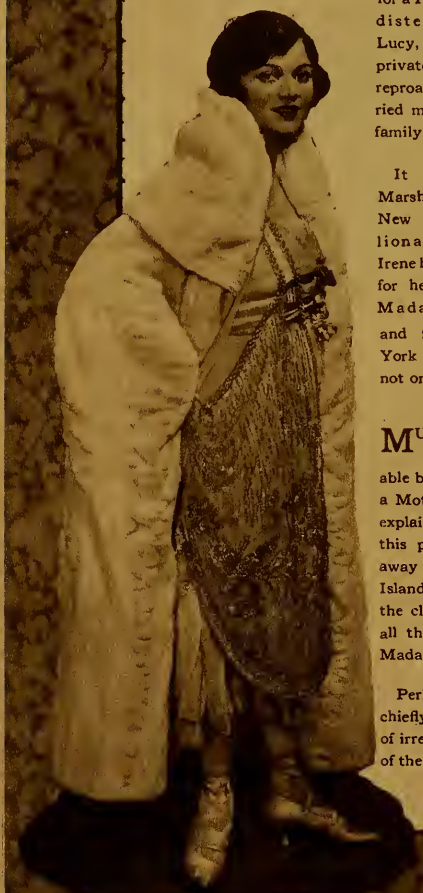
Ming Toy, in the person of Fay Bainter, first came to American playgoers as a sort of Christmas present—she was introduced to them on December 25, 1918 They liked her so well that she still appears nightly.

Irene

With White Studio Photographs
of Edith Day as Irene O'Dare

IRENE came to Broadway over a year ago and has been there or thereabouts ever since. As the story goes, Miss O'Dare came there originally from a down-town tenement to which she returns night-after-night after mingling with the younger circle of New York's idle rich in a maze of dances and dinners.

Her entree to these circles, likewise the biggest problem of a woman's life under these and other circumstances—clothes—is solved for Irene by her vocation: none other than that of model for a Parisian modiste, Madame Lucy, who is in private life an irreproachable married man with a family.



It is Donald Marshall, a young New York millionaire, whom Irene has to thank for her place at Madame Lucy's and for her introduction into the homes of matrons of New York society that are so very far removed from her own, and not only in the matter of geographical distance.

MUCH as her lot may be envied by other girls of Irene's years and tastes, she has yet to reckon with that immovable body that so often confronts the irresistible force of Youth—a Mother. For this modern Cinderella finds it difficult indeed to explain her absences to her ever-questioning parent. Yet even this problem is solved when Donald Marshall is so much carried away by Irene's putting all the members of the great Long Island house party in the shade by her singing and dancing and the clothes she wears, that he asks her to become his wife. And all this after he has put her on the first rung of the ladder at Madame Lucy's!

Perhaps—who knows?—the talisman of her Alice-Blue Gown is chiefly responsible for Irene's good fortune, also for the procession of irrepressible musical-comedy lovers who nightly throng that part of the White Way in which she has become a fixed star.

Lightnin'

With White Studio Photographs of Frank Bacon as Lightnin' Bill Jones and Miss Jessie Pringle as Mrs. Bill Jones

LIGHTNIN' BILL JONES won his title by what he lacked rather than by what he possessed. Except for one rapid-fire feature in his make-up, his wit, he is really such a placid, come-day, go-day character that his bustling wife finally decides it is easier to run the southwestern hotel that brought them their livelihood alone than with such a partner.

A young sharper encourages Lightnin's wife to part from her husband and finally persuades her to sue for divorce. He wishes to get hold of the hotel-property, and as old Bill Jones will not have anything to do with him, and clearly shows his distrust of the man, is determined to get him out of the way.

Even when set adrift from his family, Lightnin' does not find life's duties pressing or disturbing. For every man, woman and child in the section between Nevada and California in which he has lived knows the old Civil War pensioner as full-as-a-nut of humor and philosophy, however lacking in business sense.

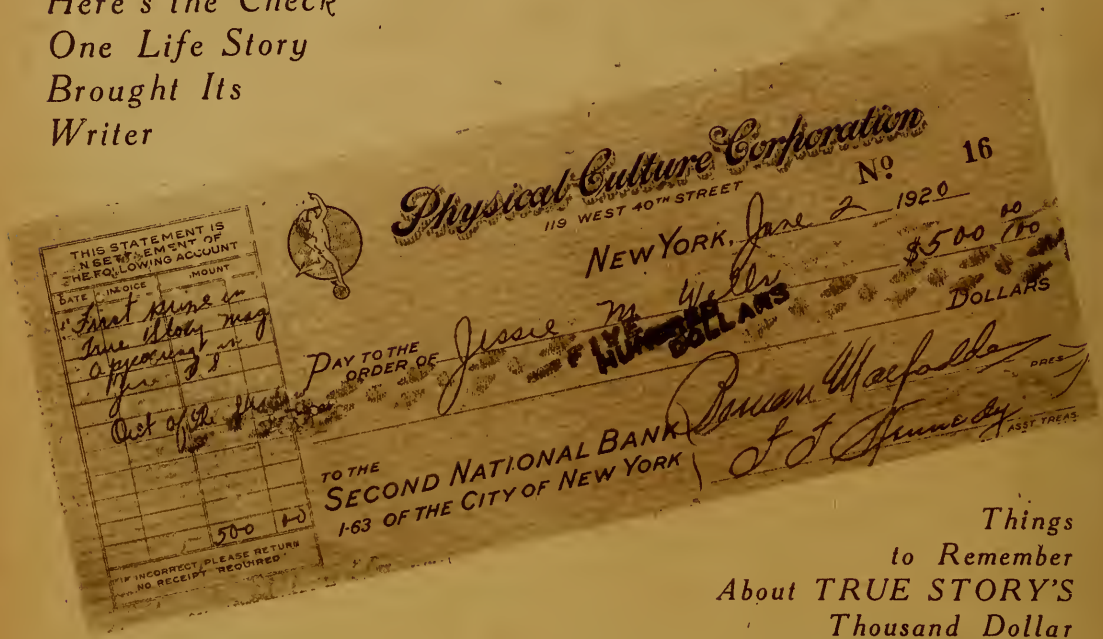
AMONG these friends, none are closer to Lightnin' than John Marvin, whom he first knew in happier days as the suitor of his daughter. So it seems a stroke of good luck for Lightnin' to find Marvin at his side when he one day walks into a Reno courtroom to find that the "land-sharks" are attempting to despoil "Mother" of her property, and worse still, that Lightnin' is really being sued for divorce. Although he has been groomed for the law, John Marvin is disqualified when he attempts to plead for his friend's case—which gives Lightnin' himself a chance to display his own homely eloquence and his skill in cross-examination even with himself as witness.

In the end virtue triumphs over all, quite properly, and Lightnin' and his good lady are once more united, likewise, John Marvin and the girl of his heart—but not until Lightnin' and some of the characters he encounters in the courtroom and elsewhere have brought forth many a laugh and the suspicion of a tear or two.

A simple enough story, Lightnin', and one perhaps effective solely through the art of Frank Bacon and the perfection of his masterpiece of characterization; but one that, withal, is of a sort to please New York playgoers—for it has broken all records since it began its run on Broadway, in August, 1918.

Is Your Life Story Worth $500?

Here's the Check One Life Story Brought Its Writer



Things to Remember About TRUE STORY'S Thousand Dollar Life Story Contest

FIRST, and most important:

The contest closes on February 1st.

The first prize of Five Hundred Dollars will be awarded at the close of the contest. There remain also three One-Hundred-Dollar prizes to be awarded.

Two prizes of One Hundred Dollars each have been paid for stories that have already appeared—one of these a two-part story concluded in the present issue.

None of the stories submitted up to the time of making up this number have been decided eligible for any of the remaining prizes.

So *your* chance still remains open to you.

THE story adjudged most interesting and helpful by TRUE STORY'S editors will be awarded the first prize of Five Hundred Dollars. The five next best stories are to receive One Hundred Dollars each.

Stories from three thousand to six thousand words are preferred—although longer stories may have an even better chance for prizes if they hold interest from start to finish.

Whether based on romance, business or adventure, its theme does not affect your story's chance for a prize. It need not be a story of your own life. Nor is it imperative that it be written in the first person. It *should* be a *believable* narrative of human effort to attain success or happiness—or both.

No story of human experience is barred. The story of your growth and development from girlhood or boyhood to manhood or womanhood, the tale of your failure or success in the business world, the details of your courtship or marriage—or any of these phases of the life of other men and women—all these provide the sort of material that may win a prize for you.

TRUE STORY'S editors are not governed by the past success or even by the literary skill of the writers of stories submitted to the Magazine. In truth, the greater proportion of stories appearing in these pages are the maiden efforts in authorship of those who tell them. Your manuscript need not be even typewritten—though this is unquestionably advantageous.

Remember the last day:

February 1, 1921.

One Woman's Way

She Could Forgive, If Not Forget

I HEARD it at a Red Cross meeting. It came like a lightning stroke on a clear day.

I had known Jimmie Brown since we were children. I had been married to him for six months; six months of as perfect a happiness as ever comes to human beings, I think.

I felt so safe in marrying Jimmie, because I had known everything that ever happened to him since he was a little fellow. He was just my schoolmate grown up, and a bit gray about the temples, too, for he was thirty-five and I thirty the day we were married.

I was at the sewing-machine that day in the Red Cross rooms, and had caught only the general drift of the talk going on among the women present. Most of them were strangers to me, as I was a homebody and Jimmie and my little flat had occupied most of my time since my marriage. I did not care for society, and only since the war had come upon us and the help of all patriotic women was needed, had I crept from my domestic shell.

SUDDENLY one woman's voice reached me above the others.

"I heard of a case that happened right here in this town." I listened with particular appreciation of her dramatic use of hushed tones.

"The man was a young lawyer" (Jimmie practices law). "He came here and began practicing about two years before he married. Well, everything seemed all right until about six months before he was to be married, when people began to whisper. You know how such things will come out. The hired girl talks maybe, or somebody happens in at the wrong time. Anyhow, the news went around that he was entirely too intimate with his landlady."

Did I imagine it, or was the room strangely quiet?

"The intimacy became very marked," went on the clear voice. "It was evident that she was just crazy about him; and all the time he went on preparing a home for his bride. The old man who was his law partner ventured to speak to him about it." (Jimmie's partner is a dear old man too.) "And, well, they say he's traveled straight since he's married. He has the sweetest wife, my friends say, so domestic. And he seems just all wrapped up in her too. But my friend says it's really tragic to watch Sam Crozier's wife when she's out where they are."

The voice went on for a little while but I heard no more. I felt I had known it from the beginning. Of course it was my Jimmie. Sam Crozier's wife! She had a prior claim to him then.

I WENT on sewing mechanically. I could not think, only the words: "It is my Jimmie. It is my Jimmie," went singing over and over in my head.

I had to pass Jimmie's office on the way to our flat. He and old Mr. Lowell, his partner, were waiting for me.

"How late you are, Mary," Jim cried. "Mr. Lowell is going to drive us home in his runabout."

I smiled at Mr. Lowell. Then, when Jimmie's arms went around me as I seated myself on his lap, for the car was small, I felt with a shudder that he was Sam Crozier's wife's Jimmie, not mine.

I got dinner as usual that night, for, though Jimmie's practice was good enough to allow us to keep a maid, we preferred to be alone. I had loved to do the work, but tonight my feet dragged and familiar objects were strange to me. It was not home, but a cold, bare place.

When I came into the living-room after finishing the dishes Jim turned from his work, and opened his arms with the smile that had always brought me flying to him. Now I couldn't go. My heart was leaden. I wondered with a feeling almost like nausea, if he had smiled so at Sam Crozier's wife.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he said. "Come on, give us a kiss, honey-child."

WITH a sudden pang I realized how dreadful it would be to have to hurt him. I was not angry, just tired and sick. I felt that nothing would ever give me pleasure again. From far-off I seemed to hear my voice.

"Jim, I heard about you and Sam Crozier's wife, today."

He started up from his chair. Then, after a long time he said:

"Well, Mary, I don't need to tell you I'm sorry, do I?"

"Sorry I heard?" I offered my poor little bit of obvious sarcasm with a twisted smile.

"What are you going to do about it?" he said. "It all happened before we were married. I swear I've been straight ever since."

I shrank as if he had struck me.

"I don't know what I am going to do," I said. "But Jim, I went straight always, and I feel I have been cheated. I gave myself to you clean, body and mind, and I thought you were that too." I saw him wince, so I finished quickly, before the tightness in my throat would break into a sob. "I must have time to think, I shall occupy the spare-room until I come to some conclusion."

I laid my work down and moved quietly to the door. Jimmie stared after me with a white face.

ONCE in the guest-room, with the door locked, I threw myself on the bed and tried to think. I did not see how I could go on living without loving Jim, but I knew that I couldn't keep my self-respect if I did. For hours I battled mentally, and then I came to a conclusion at last. I would bury myself in work, and then I would be able to live on with Jim somehow. I would go out and make my own living and be independent and self-supporting. I had been a stenographer, and a good one, before my marriage. Then an idea suddenly flashed into my mind. During our drive home that night, Mr. Lowell and Jim had been talking of getting a young man who understood stenography to help in the office. Why shouldn't I fill this position?

At last I fell asleep, numb with exhaustion.

When I told my plan to Jim the next day, he fought it, of course. But he soon gave in for, on the whole, he was getting off better than he had expected. Poor boy, by the look of his eyes I saw that he had suffered too.

I HAVE been in the law office a year now. I like my work, I am not sorry I began it. And I think my husband respects me more than he ever did.

Jimmie has changed greatly in this year. He is a little more earnest, much more conscious of his responsibility for the good of other people and society as a whole.

Last night he came up to me and taking my face between his hands said:

"Mary, if God and you ever give me a son," his voice broke a bit, "I pledge myself to see that he asks no good girl to marry him unless he keeps himself clean."

After all he is still my Jimmie. And sometimes I believe I love him more than ever now—for there is understanding between us.

My Year in Movies

A Girl's Story of Her Career and the Man

A LITTLE more than a year ago, I left my home and parents and set out to make my own way in the world. At that time I was only nineteen years old. My home was in a little town on the coast of California and my parents gave me all that a young girl could desire. I was considered very beautiful and was naturally quite popular among both the boys and the girls of the town. But I wanted to go out into the world in search of a career.

A moving picture man of some fame had been in our town for a short time the past winter and we had become quite good friends. I found him to be a perfect gentleman. He seemed to like me and told me that I had a very wonderful face and figure for the movies. Before he left to return to his studio, he gave me his card and told me that if I ever decided to enter into the moving picture world, he would give me all the aid in his power. I thanked him gratefully and at once began to dream.

I told my mother of my friendship with the stranger, his departure, and his promise to me. My parents were somewhat old-fashioned; they enjoyed moving pictures as an entertainment, yet were certain it was no career for one of my age and circumstances. But I assured them that I had no intention of seeking fame in the pictures; I was merely excited.

ABOUT three months after the departure of my friend for the studios, my dreams got the better of me, and I made up my mind to leave for Los Angeles. I did not tell my family of my resolve, for I knew they would try every possible way to prevent my going.

I had saved about one hundred dollars, and with this amount and what clothes I could manage to get out of the house, I left. On my table I put a note, telling my mother of my departure, and assuring her of my safety. As I cast a few last longing looks at my old home, I could not help but cry a little. But I was not so very sorry to leave, for I believed I had fame and fortune before me. I had been brought up in a world where sin was unknown, and I did not suspect men of any wrongdoing, and although I had been taught by my mother to know sin when it showed, I had had no experience with the wrong kind of men and was really only an innocent little country girl.

ON my arrival in the city, I at once looked around for a place to live and was very lucky to find a room with a good, honest old Irish lady, who immediately loved me as a daughter and whom I at once adopted as a sort of a foster-mother. My board with her was small, and I knew that I had enough money to last me for some time. Moreover, I expected to see my friend and get work at once—and at a salary which I had heard was paid in the movies. In fact, I felt as good as rich already. How much I was to be undeceived, I knew little at that time.

I called a taxi and went out to the address he had given me; but found that he had gone abroad and no one knew when he would return.

And still I was not frightened although his absence did shock me somewhat. I went back to the taxi, which I had kept waiting, and returned to the city. My taxi bill was six dollars. At the time I paid thoughtlessly, but later I regretted my foolish ride, when a street-car would have done as well. Many a time later I thought of the good meals I could have gotten with those six dollars.

It was his first chance in the pictures, too—so we were starting out together

IN the next week came the rude awakening. I learned many things that I had not known before. I learned that it took more than beauty for a girl to enter the movies. It took clothes, and the more complete the wardrobe, the sooner the chance. I had brought few clothes and feared to write home, believing they would at once insist that I return. I also needed money, for a girl must live while waiting for her chance. Before long, I moved out to a girls' club to be near the studios. There I could meet other girls who were in the pictures and who might help me—and, besides, it was cheaper. My supply of money was getting low, and for the first time I began to know what it meant to save and to count pennies. I saved and prayed. I never went anywhere and knew few pleasures other than my associations with the other girls at the club. Many a night, after a fruitless day walking around to the various studios, I would return to my room and throw myself weeping across the bed.

But to the other girls I put up a brave front and smiled and played with them. I believe I was the only one in the house who had no men friends; I was still a stranger, and did not have the clothes or the money to go around to dances and entertainments to meet men. I was a lonely girl indeed.

AND then came my first call. I was to play a part in an audience. A small part, to be sure, but I thanked God for it. I had come to denying myself food in order to save, and the five dollars I knew I would get for the day's work would seem like a fortune to me. The day came and I dressed and made up for the part. There were about forty others in the set, but I was lucky enough to catch the director's eye and he placed me in a box with a young man. It was really a conspicuous place and, of course, I was very pleased.

The young man was introduced to me as James Munroe (I am using a false name) and I found him to be a very attractive companion. He was remarkably good-looking; he was from the South and like all southerners seemed every inch a gentleman. Later events proved him to be as clean and fine as my first impression of him was.

FROM the very first we were attracted to one another. It was his first chance in the pictures, too—so we were starting out together. He said also that he was not in the pictures to become an actor, but merely to learn the atmosphere and photoplay structure, as he intended to become a writer.

The day ended, and we prepared to depart. I believe we almost had a case of love at first sight. But my heart gave a bound when he asked permission to call or telephone. I gave him my 'phone number, trying not to show how affected I was by the request. We shook hands and wished each other luck to the top, and promised to help one another as much as possible.

At that moment, the assistant-director of the scene came up and inquired my name and address, and, believing it to be business, I gave it to him. He seemed very nice and was handsome, and when he asked permission to call next evening, I granted it willingly enough, although not with the heart-jump with which I had given Jim (yes, I secretly called him that already) the same permission.

And before I could escape, the director had me in his arms. I fought like a wild-cat, but it was nothing to him

I RECEIVED my pay for the day's work and went home in happier spirits than I had been since arriving in the city. The next night I met the director and went out with him. He first took me to dinner at a big hotel; and then to a show. After the theater we had a midnight luncheon, and left the roof garden about twelve o'clock.

But later in his car he dropped the rôle of a gentleman. Suddenly he put his arm around me. I was terribly frightened. He became more daring, and drawing away I reprimanded him gently. But he was not so easily disposed of. I became more and more frightened, although even then I did not realize the seriousness of my position. We had now reached a quiet road. He stopped the car and turned to me with a look [illegible] eye which I had [illegible] before, and which [illegible] as I would fear t[illegible] gla[illegible]

a monster. He suddenly drew me to him and kissed me.

"Don't you see, dearie," he said, "that I can make or break you? Can't you see that I can give you fame and riches and make you what every woman in the country would give her all to be, a moving picture star? I wanted you from the moment I first saw you and, by God, I'll have you."

HE turned to seize me, but I had opened the door of the car and jumped out. He was after me in a flash. And before I could escape, the director had me in his arms. I fought like a wild-cat, but it was nothing to him. Despite my biting, scratching and kicking, he pulled me to him and rained kisses on my eyes, ears and neck. My waist was torn from my body in the fight. I was almost exhausted. Suddenly I saw the lights of a car coming toward us, but he did not see them. He grasped me around the waist and flung me to the ground. I screamed and then fainted.

When I came to, I was in a strange room, and near me were a strange man and woman. I was lying on a couch and she was bathing my face with cool water. By this time I felt quite all right and I wished to go home. I thanked God for saving me and determined to be more careful in the future. I had, in a single night, lost interest in all men, and even doubted Jim — but was ashamed of myself in a moment.

A FEW days later, I had the chance to be in another scene, and again Jim was there. He was a gentleman, indeed, and I read in his face that I could trust him. I invited him to a dance at the club for the coming Friday night, and he accepted. We talked for awhile, and then he was called to a set, and I saw him no more until Friday. Then came the night of the dance.

Well, he came to the dance and brought me a box [illegible] candy. I knew [illegible] in funds [illegible]ed him for buying the candy, but he laughed [illegible]later on he told me that the candy had taken [illegible] of his last five dollars.) But my heart sang and I knew that night that I loved Jim and that his eyes answered mine.

But he proved himself by mentioning no word of love to me. After the ugly experience of a few nights before, I was only grateful for that. He knew he had nothing, no prospects, and merely a future—and could not take advantage of my love for him. He was a real man. We understood each other, and in my heart of hearts I promised myself I would wait for him alone. If he ever came, he would find me ready.

I CLOSED my eyes as we parted, and prayed to God to let him return to me sometime and take me as his own. I believe he must have read my thoughts for he held my hand a moment on parting. In my eyes he must have read his answer, for he went away satisfied. I watched him as long as he was in sight.

When he was lost to view I raised the hand he had held and kissed it reverently. A tear dropped upon it, and I cried softly from pure joy. All the world seemed lovely to me and I could not think of sorrow. His last words rang clearly in my mind:

"Lois I am going to make good, and then I am going to claim that which I want most in all the world."

I prayed for his success that night.

It is not necessary to go over all that followed. He started on his road to success shortly after. His first story was a huge success, and he soon came into demand. His kind will always succeed. He then started calling on me more regularly. He was not rich yet, but he was making a name for himself already.

ONE incident I will never forget. I loved him all the more for it; and at the same time he gained the respect, and I might almost say love, of my room-mate.

I had been getting along rather slowly, for it takes time to make good in the movies. Besides, I had not that vital necessity for a lead—a wardrobe. I had been offered clothes by many men, but I had always refused for I knew now that there was always a price to be paid. It was my

In my eyes he must have read his answer, for he went away satisfied

"Did you," he asked my room-mate, "say it was all right if the couple were engaged?" I dared not breathe. My room-mate nodded

need of a wardrobe which brought about the following incident.

Jim called one night in a very serious frame of mind.

"Lois," was his first greeting, "I want you to call your room-mate down, as I have something to say which I believe would be better said with a third party."

Wonderingly, I agreed to call her. My room-mate was just a slip of a girl who had made good in the movies with a rush. She had a wonderful wardrobe and plenty of money, in addition to great natural charm and beauty. When we were all three seated, Jim turned to her.

"Miss Woods, I asked you to come down because I have something to say which may sound very much out of place. But it is meant with the best of intentions. It is to protect Lois that I ask you to listen."

He drew in a deep breath, and hesitated as though a little bit afraid to go on. Then looking my room-mate straight in the eyes, he continued:

"A girl, in order to succeed in the movies, must have clothes. I know this and you both know it. And certainly Lois has everything else except the necessary wardrobe."

HERE I began to see the trend of his talk and attempted to interrupt; but he silenced me. I started to leave but he told me to remain as he wanted me to hear it all. So I remained, although I was very embarrassed and blushing hotly.

"For a long time," he continued, "I have taken an interest in Lois and I want her to succeed. I have been taking her to shows and dinners and bringing her candy and flowers. Now I want your honest opinion, Miss Woods. Would it be wrong for (*Continued on page* 88)

A Couple of Runaways

A Real Success Story—Though One Might Doubt It at the Beginning

SUDDENLY in a desire to get out of that atmosphere, I decided to go out for cigarettes. I asked the blond companion of our night's revels if she would go with me, and she answered by jumping up and putting on her hat. Then with a promise to return in a few minutes, we stole quietly down the stairs and out into the night—and never returned.

A block away she came to her senses with a sudden remembrance of her home, her father and mother, and what they would say when she returned, and against that thought, the sanest thought I had heard that night, I fought and coaxed. I begged her to be a sport, and in another moment of weakness she chose to let me lead.

I took stock of what money I had, twenty dollars I think it was—all that I had in the world. Many times since then, when I have recalled that night, I wondered how little I cared about anything. It seemed as if I were determined to go to the very end of the rope—and hang.

AS we walked along the streets of that college town in the dead of night, I suggested that we go to New York, and this pretty, frivolous thing at my side seemed even excited at the thought. We walked across the bridge that spanned the river, walked into another town and another state to a railroad station that served both cities; and there we learned a train would leave at five o'clock.

With three hours to wait, we nestled together on a stiff, uncomfortable bench in the station, her head on my shoulder, all unconscious and unmindful of the frequent glances of the ticket agent as he looked in our direction. Now and then we stood for a few minutes to stretch and straighten out the kinks in our tired bodies. We saw the first signs of dawn, the vanguard of the workmen scurrying past to the mills. There was warmth in the sun and it seemed to strengthen our determination to see to the end this adventure we had begun. What the end would be, we did not know.

ONCE I felt that I should offer her the opportunity to retrace her steps, but it was after we saw the train thundering toward us from the curve that I asked her if she wished to go back home again, and there came another of those answers that burned deep into my conscience.

"I don't dare," she said quietly, and after that I helped her up the steps into the vestibule of a coach. We chose a seat well to the rear and there we ate our breakfast together, a cake of chocolate I had bought at a news-stand.

Outside was the shout of "all aboard," a noisy exhaust as brakes were released, and we moved, slowly at first, then faster and faster until we were speeding on through bright green fields, past little red farmhouses and barns that breathed of happiness and goodness and brought me to wonder again about the future we were speeding into.

Reminiscences of former days flooded my mind at the sight of familiar towns and hardly was there an important station but I could recall someone there that I knew. But these old friends now seemed ghosts of bygone days.

THE train slowed up in the dark sheds of Jersey City. We crossed the river in the ferry and then went strolling up Liberty Street toward Broadway.

Once during the walk I turned around to gaze full into the face of a girl I had known for years, one of the true-blue type which men admire but seldom love. I bowed quickly and hastened our steps. I could feel the gaze of the girl who followed. I wondered what she thought upon seeing me in New York so early in the morning with a strange girl. Somehow, I felt I had confessed my guilt in my cool recognition, and that she surmised all. But still I wasn't sure.

AT Broadway we went with the north-bound throng, walking aimlessly, turning into a restaurant for pancakes and coffee, leaving there to carry out the indefinite plans we had made over the shiny, porcelain top of the breakfast-table.

A short time later, from one of those slowly creeping Broadway cars, we were turned out into the maelstrom of traffic at Thirty-fourth Street, where we walked a few steps into the coolness of a big hotel lobby, straight to the desk. I knew the clerk from former visits and, with never a thought of what might follow, I wrote on the register "Mr. and Mrs." before my name, and then the town where my people lived.

"Just for the day," I answered, when asked about baggage. We were led by a bell-boy to our room which was handsomely appointed in its furnishings, with thick carpet, spotless bath—the nearest thing to home I had seen since my people went away.

When we were left to ourselves, I turned the lock and dropped into a chair while the girl unpinned her hat and turned to the mirror to adjust her hair. Strange, uncomfortable thoughts came to me those first few minutes we were alone. Then came a delightful feeling of intimacy which never before had thrilled me, in spite of my wild and exciting life of recent weeks.

I STUDIED her as she stood there chatting about the pretty things in the room. Her hair was thick and abundant, a beautiful shade, and her face still fresh and pretty in spite of the lack of rest, the drinking, and the dissipation of the night before. Her dress was blue silk and becoming, with its fringe of white at the collar, and her feet were dainty in patent-leather pumps and lustrous black silk stockings.

Neither of us seemed then to care nor question what our

The Best Part of This Story

you'll find on its last page. There's no better method of holding the reader's interest, you know, provided the rest of the story is up to the mark.

The "runaways" of this tale began their flight at the end of a night of revelry in the amusement parks and cafes fringing the town of iron and steel plants to which the Boy had been sent by his millionaire father to begin life at the bottom of the steel industry. The Girl is the daughter of a chauffeur in the same small city.

future might be. Both of us felt, I think, that all of time was ours, and we made no plans.

The first thought that came clearly was that I wanted a bath; and when I announced the thought, this girl, I shall call her Kathryn now, came over and placed her hands on my shoulders and decided for me just how it would be done.

"Certainly—why didn't I think of it. Go right in there and close the door."

I DIDN'T question. I kissed her and went. I undressed and bathed and dressed, and came out smiling and freshened, to find her gazing from the window, down through the canyon of the buildings to the busy street, ten stories below.

"Now it is my turn," she said, "and I need more room than you do, so you can go downstairs, you good boy, and come back in half an hour."

I did not argue, but kissed her again, and again, and then once more at the door before I went outside. I heard the lock snap into place, called back to her to hurry, and started out to get a clean collar and a shave. A few minutes before my half-hour was up, I returned to find her polishing her nails on the palm of her hand. She looked as if she had stepped out of a band-box, her cheeks glowing with a healthy, natural pink, a bundle of human enthusiasm. We talked and made believe at deciding what we should do, but out of it all Kathryn was sure of only one thing—that she would not dare return home and that her father would not forgive.

THERE was but one alternative now. It meant she must work. It meant, also, that it would be my duty to see that she was able to stand upon her own feet before I left her; but it was puzzling just how I would accomplish these things. With few clothes and very little money, I worried a bit, but it wasn't hard to dismiss these thoughts from my mind, as I relaxed into the habit of letting the future take care of itself, a habit I had formed many, many years before.

We rode up and down Fifth Avenue that afternoon, on the top of one of the big green buses. We ate our supper together in a very ordinary little restaurant where a tremendous table d'hote dinner was served for a dollar. With never a care for the morrow, I squandered a great slice of my diminishing funds on tickets for a midsummer Broadway musical success, where everything was gaiety, music, smiles and laughter. And after the theater we gathered our nerves together and braved the doorman of one of those high-priced cafés that dot the cross-streets of the theatrical district between Sixth Avenue and the gay White Way of New York.

THE scorn in the waiter's eye when we ordered the very cheapest sandwiches on a most expensive menu, with only beer to wash down the little we ate, did not deter us. We didn't care. We were in a foolish, thoughtless, carefree little world of our own just then. We knew it could not last, but we dismissed the thought. We danced as long as two glasses of beer would let us stay, and then we left and joined in the tide of early-morning Broadway, swinging in with the current toward the Thirties and to our hotel and our room.

"May I have a little bar of chocolate, honey?" she asked me when I had switched on the lights.

"You certainly may," I told her and took my hat again to go and accomplish her wish.

Hardly five minutes had passed when I returned, and tapping on the door, I heard her ask if it were me.

"Come in," she called.

I turned the knob carefully, slowly, a little fearfully, I think, for without warning my heart began to thump unmercifully.

BURIED like a cunning little kitten in the fluffy white bed-covering, far to one side, was the girl, her face and wealth of wavy hair all that was visible above the spread which was tucked tightly about her neck. I offered the bar of chocolate and out from the covers came a little hand and a forearm. And then I suddenly realized the reason she had sent me out—which was not for the chocolate, but because she wanted to get me out of the room for the brief few minutes she needed to undress and bury herself in the bedclothes.

I looked about the room in an effort to collect my thoughts after the shock of this new and inevitable situation that thrust itself suddenly upon my consciousness. Her blue silk dress was folded carefully over a big, tall armchair. Below, on the floor, were the little patent-leather pumps, the silk stockings draped around them in a heap. Half-hidden beneath the folds of the dress was a suggestion of delicate silk and lace. I turned to look back at my little companion, huddled away in her corner.

I REMOVED my coat and drew a chair near the bedside, sitting there to wait for some hint, some suggestion whether I should go away or remain, but none seemed to come. For an hour we talked of everything but the future ahead of us, and finally, tired and sleepy after the strenuous day and still more strenuous night before, I arose and stretched, pulled the knot from my tie and looked about to see her turn her face to the wall. The bedclothes seemed to tighten about her neck, clinging, and outlining her form like a white statue.

When undressed, I turned off the lights, walked to the window and raised the shade. The reflection from a bright moon flooded the room with a weird, subdued light. Only Kathryn's breathing and mine, quick as it was just then, broke the absolute silence of the room.

Small wonder that she was soon deep in slumber. It seemed days since I had slept. I sank down into a great tufted chair beside the window and went over all that happened since we had met the evening before. I had intended to draw the shade again but I must have fallen fast asleep before I knew what was happening.

THE humming of a chambermaid, cleaning outside our door, awakened us next morning.

"Hungry, lamb?" I asked, and over the telephone I ordered a generous breakfast for us both. It was like a tea-party, the feast of a honeymoon, as she drew a hand from the folds of the kimona she had improvised from the bed-clothing, and poured the steaming coffee into my cup. We ordered morning papers and scanned the "want ad" columns for a possible opening (*Continued on page 76*)

This Story Won $100.00

because first of all, it rings with truth—the sort of truth we are accustomed to find in life rather than on the printed page. Next, because it carries a lesson not only to those who marry in haste but to those who repent without leisure.

As explained elsewhere, it proves impracticable to begin a new Success Story in this number. You will find that the last and best half of this story from life will compensate for this omission.

The Wife Who Changed Her Mind

She Thought It Was All Play, But at the End—

A FEW of her friends found excuses for her at first. She had come from the city, they said charitably, and must have found the quiet village a bit dull at times. But by far the greater number of Lucille Boynton's neighbors whispered rather unpleasant things.

"Where are Ted Boynton's eyes?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Morton was the wife of the town's most popular physician, and, like Caesar's wife, was above reproach. It was her voice that, at the Friday Social Club, was first raised against Lucille, and since she was unquestionably the court of the last appeal in the town's society affairs, it would have been social suicide for any lady to have been seen hobnobbing with the indiscreet Mrs. Boynton. It was whispered that Mrs. Morton's greatest grievance—and one that she never discussed—was that Lucille had actually tried to seduce Dr. Morton. That she very nearly succeeded was the private opinion of more than one person.

TED BOYNTON'S eyes, however, appeared to be hermetically sealed as far as the behavior of his wife was concerned. Blindly adoring, he seemed to actually take pride in the number of friends she had made among the opposite sex. He apparently did not notice that she no longer received invitations to the small affairs that made up the social life of the little town.

He himself found no time for "philandering," as he called it. The details of his little real estate business absorbed him completely, and he seemed greatly relieved that he was not required to leave his comfortable chair in the evening. Lucille never lacked an escort, and he never questioned her as to her destination when she left the house.

There is safety in numbers, it is said. If that is so, then Lucille must have wearied of the monotony of the safety zone, for slowly the number of her admirers dwindled until there was but one. Tom Preston had a meek little wife and two sturdy youngsters, but that did not prevent his spending the greater part of his spare time in the company of silly little Lucille Boynton. Perhaps Kate Preston knew it, perhaps she did not. She never spoke of it, least of all to him. But it was quite noticeable that she was daily growing whiter and thinner.

JUNE, with her roses and midsummer nights' moons, was almost over and Lucille began to refer petulantly to the heat.

"I have never stayed in town during the summer, Ted," she remarked one day. "Couldn't we manage a little cottage at the shore?"

Ted looked at her in amazement.

"But, Lucille," he said, "I couldn't leave the office!"

"You think you couldn't," pouted Lucille. Be it said in her defense that she had slept poorly the preceding night. Many dispositions have been temporarily distorted through lack of sleep. "Don't you think I am entitled to a little consideration? I cannot stand this stifling little place all summer."

"I am sorry, dear," said poor Ted. "I really can't get away. Summer is my busiest time, and if I could leave, why, Lucille, you know we can't afford a cottage at the beach!"

"EXPENSE, expense—always expense," flared his wife. "I never go anywhere, nor have anything, because we can never afford it. I don't believe we need

He drew from the bank a generous amount of money . . . and presented it to Lucille

economize so. I don't believe it, and if you can't get away for the summer, there's no reason why I can't, is there?"

Defiantly she faced him, and then for a moment she softened at the hurt-child look on his face. "Ted, dear," she said, more gently, "my head aches wretchedly. I didn't mean quite all I said, but the heat has always made me ill. I couldn't stand a summer here." Deep in her heart she loved this man who trusted her so implicitly—and so unwisely. But, spoiled child that she was, she intended to have her own way, intended always to consider herself and her own amusement first. It must be admitted that Ted was so dependable that he was not particularly exciting.

Always over-conscientious and self-sacrificing, he at once began to chide himself. Of course Lucille couldn't be expected to stay at home during the summer, he told himself. Of course the child needed the sea air. He drew from the bank a generous amount of money, which greatly depleted his rainy-day fund, and presented it to Lucille. With Lucille's soft arms about his neck, and her soft voice repeating, "Ted, you darling! You darling!" he felt amply repaid.

EARLY next morning, while the dew was still glistening on the Boynton's front lawn, Tom Preston's little roadster came humming along and drew up at the gate.

"I'm going out into the country on an errand," he called as Lucille appeared on the little vine-covered veranda. "Want to come along?"

Unfortunately, Lucille had been extremely interested in the perusal of the pamphlets sent out by various summer hotels, and was not at all pleased at the interruption. Even the breakfast dishes remained on the table, so eager was she to plan for her vacation.

"Guess not this morning, Tom," she replied, turning back toward the door.

Tom frowned. When had Lucille refused to go out with him?

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" repeated Lucille. "Why, nothing is the matter, except that I am busy," and she went into the house.

Tom shut off his engine and walked rapidly up the walk, across the veranda, and into the little hall where Lucille stood looking at him from under slightly raised brows.

"What's the particular rush this morning?" he demanded.

Lucille's fickle little mind was filled with plans for a gay summer, and quite suddenly Tom appeared very uninteresting.

"Why, since you ask," she answered crisply, "I am getting ready for my vacation."

"Vacation?" echoed Tom.

"Certainly! I am going to the shore for the summer. And if you don't mind, Tom, I am really busy. You must excuse me."

"As it happens, I do mind," said Tom grimly. "So you are going away for the summer! And what am I going to do without you?"

"Do? Why, how should I know?" smoothly answered Lucille, her eyes widening in their familiar innocent stare. "Perhaps Kate would like a little of your company."

AN angry red suffused his face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded roughly. "Have you only been playing with me?"

"Well, really, Tom, you are getting melodramatic," replied the girl coolly. "I don't think that we ever took each other seriously, did we? I thought you understood!" She looked almost grieved as she faced him.

"By heaven, I was serious!" he cried, "and you were, too. But you are tired of me—tired of me! Lucille, you shan't go away! You shan't throw me aside like this! Please, dear," his voice changed to a desperate, pleading tone, "you know I love you more than anything on earth. Let's go away—now—together."

"You don't know what you are saying, Tom," Lucille shook her head slowly. "Think of Kate, think of Ted. It is fortunate that I am going away now, I guess. It will be better not to see you any more."

In two steps Tom was beside her, his hand grasped her arm in a vise-like grip, his blood-shot eyes were close to hers. To the depths of her narrow little soul Lucille was frightened. In vain she attempted to draw away from him—he only held her the more firmly.

"We're going away—together—I say," he rasped, and, without another word, strode out.

LUCILLE heard the door slam, heard his heavy footsteps falter for a moment on the lower step, but not until the sound of his machine died away in the distance did she draw a full breath. She felt the trembling of her limbs, and pulled herself together angrily.

. . . Lucille was frightened. In vain she attempted to draw away . . he only held her more firmly

"He can't scare me," she muttered defiantly. "Thank goodness, I'm through with him."

And yet, an unpleasant foreboding persisted in following her. Her mind would not focus upon the previously fascinating little booklets. Quite out of patience with herself, she caught up a little basket and a pointed knife.

"I'll go dig some dandelions for dinner," she thought, and ran out through the backyard, across the meadow and up over the hill where the many little flecks of gold among the grasses betokened the presence of more than one dish of dandelions.

HALF an hour later, Tom Preston walked nervously into the office of Constable Burroughs.

"Hear they found a woman with her throat cut up on Kelty's hill," he said easily, but with his eyes fixed beyond the constable's head.

"You don't say!" ejaculated the little man, upsetting his chair in his excitement. "Who was it?"

Tom shook his head indifferently.

"Why, I don't think I heard anyone say," then, turning towards the door, "s'long! I'm on my way home."

"Well, I'll be hornswiggled!" gasped the constable, as Tom disappeared down the walk. "Ain't he cold-blooded, though! You'd think 'twas something that happened every day," and he rushed off in the direction of Kelty's hill.

He was somewhat surprised that there seemed to be no excitement along the street. In fact, when he reached the hill, not a soul was to be seen. Much mystified, he hastened up to the brow of the hill—and stopped abruptly, with an exclamation of horror. Directly before him was the limp form of Lucille Boynton, an overturned basket of dandelions beside her. A quick examination showed that she was still breathing, and, gathering her in his arms, the little man stumbled down the hill and straight to Dr. Morton's office. To the excited group of townsfolk who followed him he gave no information. The thought that was running through his head was, "How did Tom Preston know?"

SOMEONE carried the news to Ted, and in an incredibly short time he was pushing savagely, blindly through the crowd and into the office.

"Control yourself, Ted," entreated Dr. Morton, as Ted attempted to take his unconscious wife in his arms. "She is still alive. We may save her, but we must get her to a hospital at once. It's a case for transfusion—and mighty quick, too, if it's to do any good," he added in a lower tone to himself.

"Who did it—who did it?" raged Ted. But no one answered. The doctor was hurriedly putting instruments into a bag, and the constable, with eyes like a bloodhound's, had disappeared. But before he could prove his

"When I am well, take me away, Ted," she choked . . . "where no one knows me: where I can be alone with you. . "

ability as a detective, the whole town was shaken by a new horror.

Truly, Tom Preston had been in deadly earnest when he had said that they should go together, but his hand had been steadier with a revolver than it had been with the knife.

Lucille, serious though her injuries were, had a fighting chance for life, while her victim—yes, her victim, the unfortunate victim of her selfish love of masculine attention—was beyond the help of human hands when he was found down by the swamp south of the town.

AFTER the operation, when Ted gave freely of his own rich blood, and during all the days of agonizing hope and anxiety, Lucille's husband reiterated his staunch belief in her. When he was strong enough to leave his own bed, he sat beside Lucille's, her limp hand in his, watching for some sign of returning consciousness, praying for her strength to return.

At last, with a violent shudder, as though waking from a terrible dream, she opened her eyes slowly, and raised them until they rested on his face. Suffering had wrought a great change in her.

For a long time neither moved, then he whispered:

"Lucille, Lucille." And the nurse tiptoed from the room.

"I—know—why I—am here," breathed the girl. "I've lived—through it—a hundred times—and couldn't wake up. And you still love me." She did not ask a question, she made a statement, incredulously.

"As long as the world goes round, dear girl of mine," said Ted, quietly. Men like Ted always do things quietly.

When, next day, she fearfully asked about Tom, he gently told her the closing chapter in the tragedy.

"When I am well, take me away, Ted," she choked. "I don't deserve it, but I want to go where no one knows me; where I can be alone with you, always just you—and where I will never have to face Kate Preston. Promise me!"

Quite suddenly Ted, whose eyes had been much less closed than his neighbors had thought, realized that he had always held fast to the belief that Lucille's heart was his alone—that some day her butterfly spirit would find him all-sufficient. It had been this hope that had kept him going.

So, his face shining with happiness, he promised.

His Mother's Profession

The Boy Was of Quite Another Sort—and One Day Learned Why

ROBERT DUNCAN, the scoutmaster, was first struck by the boy's clean-limbed strength and his air of sullen resentment against the world in general. The two did not go well together and it aroused the curiosity of the man whose business was boys. He noticed also that he did not have anything to do with other boys but was always alone, silent and brooding.

Duncan made it a point to get into conversation with him. It started naturally enough on the depot platform. The boy bent over to look at a motorcycle which had just been unloaded from a freight car and Duncan became interested in the same thing.

"Some boat, isn't it," he said, reaching over and touching the shining new machine. The sullen eyes of the lad met those of the scout master.

"Yes," he answered, "wish it was mine. I'd sure take it and spin out of this old burg."

"What's the matter with the burg?" asked Duncan. "Looks pretty good to me."

"Oh, I hate it," returned the boy. "Hate everything in it."

"It's plain to see you're not a scout," returned Duncan. "If you were you'd feel different about it."

"No, I'm not anything," said the boy. "Just not anything."

"Say, old man," rejoined the scout master, putting a hand on the other's shoulder, "you've sure got the purple-blues, haven't you? What's wrong with life anyway?"

"Guess you don't know me, do you?" asked the boy. "Well, I'm Lilly Rosse's son. Now guy me about it like all the fellows do."

DUNCAN tried to look unconcerned. He had heard altogether too much about Lilly Rosse. He was surprised to learn that this fine young fellow was her son.

"I'm not in the habit of guying," he said quietly. "Suppose we be friends. Come over to the club-room with me."

The boy swung into step beside him even while he spoke moodily.

"A long time you'll be a friend to me. They all are when they know my mother."

"We'll leave your mother out of this," returned Duncan. "I said let us be friends."

They found the club-room deserted and the man showed the boy the scout decorations and trophies while he watched the awakening interest in his face.

"Come on and join us," he said. "The boys will give you a square deal and you'll like it."

"Well—" the boy hesitated, "I'd like to try it out but I can't stand being guyed. If they start throwing it up to me about my mother I'll quit. It isn't as if she was worth fighting for, you know."

THE man's heart contracted with pain. The pity of it, he thought, that a boy must be ashamed of his mother. His voice trembled.

"You've my permission to lick the first boy who tries to kid you about that," he said. "Now I want some information so that I can fill in this card. First, your mother's name."

"Lilly Rosse," answered the boy.

"Father's name," went on the scout master.

"God only knows," returned the boy in a voice that was more bitter than a curse.

Duncan left the line blank and went on with his questions as if it were quite the usual thing for a boy to respond that way.

"Now sign your name here at the end," he said, and the boy wrote—"Jack Rosse."

"Ever play ball, Jack?" asked Duncan. The boy's face lighted up again.

"You bet," he answered. "Have played first base quite a bit."

"Just the man I'm looking for," returned Duncan, giving him a slap on the back. "We have a practice game staged for this afternoon."

Just then a group of jostling, laughing boys came into the room.

"Hey, fellows," called Duncan, "I've got a new member for you. Come over and give him the glad hand. Name is Jack Rosse. Look him over and tack a nickname on to him quick."

The boys tumbled around him and pumped both hands.

"Slim's the only name for him," said one fellow as he felt of Jack's ribs. "What you think, Dunc?"

"Fine," said Duncan. "Now christen him."

The boy suddenly found himself gasping as a dipper of water was dumped over his head. It was the happiest moment of his life.

After a few more preliminaries and good-natured arguments the bunch all gathered outside to play ball. The boy was quick and accurate and kept up with the other players easily.

WHEN the happy afternoon was over he dreaded to go home. He knew Meyers would be there and he hated Meyers. He always breezed in and took possession of the place. His mother was clearly in awe of the man and Jack thought he was beginning to understand why she tolerated him, for he had seen her present the monthly bills to him and Meyers had given her generous checks. Clearly he was master there. He had seen his mother smuggle another of her male friends out of the back door when she had heard Meyers' voice in the front hall. Then she had gone in and kissed him and made much of him.

Jack was glad the man only stayed for a few days once a month when he came in off the road. He always tried to keep out of his way and never spoke to him if he could help it. When the man was at home the house was quiet. Everything moved about him and worked out for his pleasure, but when he had gone again the boy often lay awake until the small hours of the morning listening to the sounds below. The piano was always going, coarse laughter and rough talk drifted up to him. He was never allowed to stay down there in the evening, but he never wanted to. He was beginning to understand too well what it all meant; and the clean boy-heart of him revolted against it.

He often thought of going away but he couldn't think of leaving Esther. The little girl was a child of his mother's sister and had been taken into their home after the death of both parents. She was a fair, dainty little girl of an inquiring mind, and the boy did his best to stand between her and her environment, to ward off the questions she was already beginning to ask him. He would not go and leave her and he could not care for her alone until she was a little older. So he had decided to wait a little longer—until he was through high school. Then he could find work somewhere in another town and make a home for her.

As the days went on he spent more and more time at the club-rooms with the boys. The company was good for him. He forgot himself and his troubles when he was with them. One day it was decided that the scouts should give a party and each boy invite a girl. Jack protested; he wasn't going. But the boys sent an invitation to a girl, Hazel, for him, so he had to go.

The party was a big success. Hazel helped to make it so. She could say and do more funny things in a minute than most girls could in an hour. When he took her home there was a warm feeling in his heart for her.

The next day most of the pleasure was driven away. He sat in the school library and heard two girls talking in the hall. He paid no attention until he heard his name mentioned.

"Hazel," one of them said, "what did you go with him for? Lilly Rosse's boy! You *will* get yourself talked about now."

"I don't care," came Hazel's voice. "He's a nice fellow if he is her boy."

"Well," returned the other, "if you are going to stand up for him you can just count me off your list of friends." Then haughty steps echoed down the hallway and after a while there were sobs in the hall. He got up and went out there. Hazel stood with her head on the window-sill, crying as if her heart were broken.

"Hazel," he stammered, going up to her, "Hazel—I heard what she said and I want to thank you for standing up for me." He reached out and laid his hand on hers awkwardly and the sobs became quieter. "I won't humiliate you again." Then he got his cap and pulling it far over his eyes went out.

He hated to accept even the necessities of life from his mother now. He got work to do after school and earned enough to buy his clothes. His evenings he tried to give to little Esther. His mother's guests were attracted to the child and gave her gifts of money and candy and petted her. She liked this and couldn't understand why Jack tried to keep her away from them.

The next spring he finished school. He resolved to go away at once, get some work and then send for Esther. He had a long talk with the scout master that night and told him many things that he had hidden away in his own heart before. Duncan could not advise him to stay but asked him to wait until he wrote to a friend in another city. He did so that night, telling the boy's story and urging his friend to find a place for him and a good environment.

In a few days Jack received a letter from a wholesale firm offering him a position as packer, to start, with a good chance for advancement if he made good.

He reached the city the next day and presented himself for work. Jack had every chance to prove his mettle and he made good. Away from his old surroundings, the old looks and sneers, the sullenness left his face and he began to grow popular with his fellow-workers. He was always ready to help others and soon learned to do his own work well.

When he had been three months at the business, a chance for promotion came and he was chosen to fill the new place with a considerable raise in salary. Then he began to make plans to send for Esther. He rented two small furnished rooms where they could get their meals.

The boy knew his mother would have no objections to sending the little girl to him. He had never seen her show any special affection for either of them. She had clothed and fed them and sent them to school and there her duty had ended. He knew she might even give them a good allowance to stay there out of her way but he was resolved to accept nothing more from her. So he wrote for the child and could hardly wait for the day when she was to come. He could have cried for joy when he met the train and Duncan stepped off with her.

"We're all going out to supper and a show," said Duncan after the first greetings were over. "And the treat's on me. We've got to show this little lady the sights."

Esther danced up and down with joy. It seemed too good to be true that she should be with Jack again, and that they should be celebrating the occasion. The boy took them up to the little home he had prepared and showed them everything. A corner was curtained off to make a tiny room for the girl and the little kitchen was a joy to her.

"You'll have to be my little housekeeper now," said Jack, "and keep the rooms neat in your spare time after school." After everything had been thoroughly inspected they set out on their evening's quest of adventure, with three of the happiest hearts in the whole city.

The next day Duncan went home and the two were left to shift for themselves. At first the little girl was satisfied to come home from school and care for their rooms and cook their evening meal. But as time went on and she acquired other interests she began to grow tired of the monotony of it and began to cause the boy considerable worry.

He applied himself diligently to his work and was steadily advancing. He had been with the firm two years and was past twenty, and then—he fell in love. He ached with it and made himself unhappy over it. The girl worked for the same firm and she showed him plainly that she liked him. But the boy resolved that never by word or act would he let her see that he cared. Never, he said to himself, would he ask any woman to share the disgrace of his name. He needed a woman's advice too. Esther was growing up fast and was inclined to be wild. Every day there were so many situations arising that he did not know how to handle.

One day, during the noon hour, as he sat on an upturned case eating his lunch, the girl, his girl, he called her, came over and sat beside him.

"What's the matter with you, Jack," she asked. "You look as mournful as a tombstone. Worrying?"

"Say, do you know anything about bringing up girls?" he asked her, and then before the questioning look in her honest eyes he found himself telling all about his little cousin and how troubled he was about her.

"But, haven't you any mother?" asked the girl.

Jack flushed and parried.

"There's just us two alone."

The girl, seeing he wished to avoid the subject, changed it suddenly.

"Oh Jack," she exclaimed, "won't you bring her to see me tonight? I love little girls. What does she look like? Is she pretty?"

"Too pretty," replied the boy. "She's finding it out too soon. Yes, I'll bring her tonight if you like. She will be pleased. Then I'll expect your advice when I need it."

"Advice is my middle name," laughed Grace. "Just you try me out."

Esther was delighted that night when she found they were invited out. When they reached the Dyer home, Grace herself came down the walk to meet them. She greeted the little girl impulsively, and made them feel at home at once.

"We're going in and meet my mother," she said, "and then I'm going to take you out and teach you both how to play tennis. My brother, Robert, is about your age, Esther, and you and he can play partners."

[illegible]med to the boy he had never spent such a delightful [illegible] evening. At last Robert took Esther out to see his pony, and the two were left alone in the porch-swing away back in the duskiest corner. The boy did not intend to

do it, he never knew how it happened, but suddenly his arm was around her and she was snuggled up close to him.

"Jack," she said softly, "don't you want to tell me all about it." And then he found himself telling her about his mother, how he despised the things she did, the years of torture he had gone through, how hard he was trying to make a new home for himself and Esther, and how worried he was about the child.

"And Grace," he went on, "it's worse now because I love you and never, never will I ask a girl like you to bear my name." He saw the face of the girl turned up to his in the faint light.

"Dear, kiss me," she said softly, "and then let me tell mother all about it. She'll know what's best if anyone does."

All the young hot passion of the boy was in his lips as he pressed them to hers. His arms held her tightly against his pounding heart and then, suddenly, he pushed her away.

"Oh God!" he gasped as he got up and walked away from her.

Just then the children came around the house laughing and chattering.

"Come, Esther, we must go now," his voice sounded strangely harsh. Grace went into the house with them while they got their wraps. She brushed the tears from her eyes as she came out into the light.

LATE that night the boy was awakened from a troubled sleep by a knocking at the door. There was a telegram from his mother. It read:

"I must see you at once. Important. Come Sunday."

The boy wondered what new trouble was in store for him. He talked it over with Grace at work next day, and she offered to take care of Esther while he was away.

So it was decided. It was early Sunday morning when he reached the old home town again. He was not glad to be back. The place held no happy memories for him—except Duncan. He hated to go back to his mother's home even for one day. He got his breakfast at a restaurant and then went up. The woman met him at the door. She looked older than when he had last seen her, older and harder. He shook hands with her, but in his heart there was no love or pity for her. Though he still called her mother the name meant nothing to him.

"Jack," she said, when they were seated in the living-room, "I'm going to give you the surprise of your life. You have never loved me any more than I love you and I'll tell you why. You are not my child." She paused a moment to let that thought sink in. Jack straightened up, too surprised to speak, and the woman went on.

"YOUR own mother and I were school-mates. I was always jealous of her. She had so much more than I. When she married the man I loved I swore I would get even with her in some way. She made me what I am. When I lost him I went to the dogs. I waited and always pretended to be her friend. Then I learned she was to have a baby, and right away I planned how I would get even. I would take the thing she loved best just as she had taken what I loved. So I waited and waited. At last you came. After awhile I told people I was going away to be married soon. I made all my preparations. Your mother once asked me the name of the man I was to marry and I made one up.

"Then one afternoon I said goodby to them and took the train. I got off at the next crossing and walked back. Then I stole to their home that night and took you out of the nursery as you slept. I was afraid you would cry and waken them but you never stirred. I walked five miles across country to a small station on another railroad and took the train there for the West. I crossed three states and then settled down here and changed my name. No one ever suspected me and your mother died shortly afterwards. No one should ever have known that you were not my child if I had not seen this."

SHE held in her hand an advertisement inquiring for the lost boy. The father had just died, leaving a will. Anyone who could produce the boy unharmed and could prove his identity should be paid five thousand dollars and no questions asked. A large fortune went to the heir. If after one more year of persistent search he was not found the entire sum was to go to a children's home.

She had proofs sufficient she said, and was going to claim the reward. She wanted him to go East with her at once.

The boy was breathing hard.

"Oh, I can never forgive you! Never!" he said through clenched teeth. "To think that my mother should have been made to suffer so."

"Cut that stuff," said the woman sharply. "Your mother wasn't the only one who suffered. Now go and get ready to start tonight."

THE boy went out. He was torn between conflicting emotions, joy because he was now free to love the girl of his choice, sorrow for what his mother must have suffered. He hunted up Duncan to tell him about it. It seemed like a dream. He thought of wiring the news to Grace. Then a desire came over him to wait and test her, to see if she cared for him, thinking of him even as the son of Lilly Rosse. So he started East next day without sending her a message.

There was little difficulty in proving his identity. The woman had kept the little clothes he had worn when she had taken him and there was a small birthmark on his arm which gave positive proof. He was given some photographs, and as he looked at the fine clean-cut features of his father and the beautiful face of his mother he began to comprehend why he had always borne an inward hatred for Lilly Rosse and her kind. In a few days he was able to return home with unbounded credit at his command and the assurance that as soon as the wheels of the law were put into action he would be a rich man. A rich man and the shame cleared from his name! His own name, George Graham, sounded strange to his ears, but he could carry it with pride. It was a name which had never been sullied. Thank God, he too had kept clean.

WHEN he reached home again the girls met him at the station. Grace seemed more lovely than ever. She made him come home with her to dinner that evening, and he was only too glad to go with her. It seemed as if the time would never come when he could speak to her alone. At last they were alone in the porch-swing and he drew her to him.

"Now tell me all about it," she commanded playfully. "I've wondered and wondered."

"Well," he began, "I've had a good proposition put up to me. But first I want to ask you a question. Will you marry me after what I've told you about myself? I'll be good to you and God knows I love you."

The girl lifted her face to his, and her sweetness made his heart thump.

"I've been thinking a lot about it," she said, "and I've decided if a person is fine and clean himself it doesn't make much difference what his family is. I love you, Jack—and—and I want to be yours."

Tears sprang to the boy's eyes. He had not realized how much he had been depending on that answer. He drew her close and kissed her again and again.

At last, when they had become coherent again he told her all about it. Even yet, it sounded like a fairy story to him. And to her? Well, when he had finished they both sat very quietly in each other's arms, trying to believe it, and wondering how it could be possible for two mere human beings to be so limitless'y happy.

Broken Bonds

The Story of a Woman Who Re-made Her Life

WHEN I look back over the thirty years of my life it seems to me they were crowded with more than the usual happenings of a lifetime.

I was born in New Orleans of parents in very good circumstances—an only child, except for one half-brother fifteen years older than myself whom I never saw until I was nearly grown. As is generally the case with only children, I was petted and spoiled and allowed to have my own way far more than was good for me. This had a marked influence over my life, and even now I find it hard to brook interference from anyone, or to curb my will. My mother was particularly indulgent, and at an early age I developed extravagant tastes, especially in dress and surroundings, which I have never been able to eradicate, and which caused me much suffering during a certain period of life.

When I was fifteen I was called home from boarding-school on account of my mother's illness, which unfortunately resulted in her untimely death. That summer I traveled with my father and I always look back upon that vacation as the last tranquil time of my life.

In the fall I returned to school and in June finished my course.

The next year, when I was seventeen, my father died suddenly of heart failure and I was left an orphan.

I know now that my relatives were surprised that my father did not leave a fortune, but he left me all he had with the exception of a few thousand to my brother. I knew little of the value of money then, and thought little about it and continued to live with my aunt, spending whatever I wanted as I had always done.

ABOUT six months after father's death I fell in love with a lawyer ten years older than I. I had known of him all my life and had gone to school with his younger brother. He was attractive, and marked by a magnetic and winning personality. He had the reputation of being intellectual with the possibility of a career ahead of him—if he would not drink so hard.

As almost all of the men I knew at that time drank, I thought very little of this. I did not know there are men who drink and stop—and men who drink and do not stop—apparently cannot stop until it is too late, and that this man belonged to the latter class. His family was one of the best and oldest in the city. My aunt warned me, telling me of this habit of his and of gossip she had heard—but it was too late, I had fallen in love, or fancied I had. I imagined that I could reform him—that he needed me. Her warnings, therefore, fell on deaf ears, and in January we were married.

AS I think of it now, I suppose I must have been in love—if eighteen can love. I was proud of my distinguished-looking husband and had great faith in his intellectual ability. I expected great things of him and wanted to have a hand in the making. In my imagination I already saw him a famous lawyer, or in some high political position. My ambitions knew no bounds. Certainly I was a born optimist, for it took much to disillusion me.

When we returned to New Orleans after our wedding trip we started life together under very favorable circumstances. Tom was a partner in a promising law firm, and a member of the legislature. In a few years he expected to run for District Attorney. We rented a charming little house on St. Charles Street, and entertained our friends and went out a great deal.

I SOON found that my husband was a periodical drinker. He would sometimes go six months at a time without so much as a glass of wine, but as soon as he took the first drink he would increase the amount daily until he was never sober; and would finally reach such a state that he would collapse—and would have to be nursed back to health.

During these times he was in a dreadful nervous condition, and night after night would lie awake racked with pain and suffering. At such times he was very repentant and always declared he would never touch another drink as long as he lived. For a long time I believed these promises. As I spent night after night reading to him and trying to help his shattered nerves back to a normal state, I began each time to hope anew, and to believe that this, indeed, would be the last time. But again and again the same thing occurred.

ALL this was most humiliating to me. I was very proud, and as we were living a more or less public life, it could not be hidden from gossiping, curious people.

Whenever Tom drank he also gambled, and needless to say he always lost. His finances became involved, and naturally after several years of periodical sprees, following one upon the other, he began to lose his clients and his political chances as well.

During the second year of my marriage I loaned my half-brother most of the money left me by my father to invest in oil in Mexico. About ten months later I learned that the scheme was a failure and that my half-brother had gone to South America. This was a terrible blow, especially since my husband's affairs were in such a bad condition.

WE had been married three years when Tom began a period of drinking which lasted four or five months. He disappeared for weeks at a time during this period, finally turning up haggard and worn-out, a wreck mentally and physically. At last my hope broke down and all the love I had ever had for him died. I had a feeling of contempt for such weakness, and I began to show it.

We quarreled bitterly several times, and for months continued to live under one roof scarcely speaking to each other. Finally, one evening, he was brought home by some friends in a drunken stupor. Delirium set in and for weeks he remained in this state. As soon as he was able to be moved, he was taken to a sanitarium where he remained under treatment for several months.

I went away with my aunt for a much needed change, and for the first time since the day I told her I was engaged to him, I mentioned Tom's name, telling her I intended getting a divorce as soon as he recovered. She was not astonished.

When we returned to New Orleans to make arrangements for my departure, I learned that Tom had sufficiently recovered to leave the sanitarium, and was at his mother's. I sent for him and when he came, had I not been expecting him, I would hardly have recognized him. He looked twenty years older, his face was shrunken and drawn, and his hair almost white. The pity of it all! I fought back the tears and told him I was going to get a

divorce. He straightened up, and smiling bitterly, cynically said:

"That will complete the wreck—I had expected it."

He left shortly afterwards and I never saw him again. Two years later, some time after the divorce had been granted, I heard he was dead.

WHEN I left New Orleans I went to Birmingham, Alabama, where an uncle of mine lived. This uncle was a brother of my mother's, and had recently married the second time. I had been at the house only a few days before I knew this woman to be a veritable shrew. After a few weeks of life here, I decided I could not stand any more of it. I packed my belongings and moved into a boarding-house. My finances were getting rather low now, and after paying my lawyer for my divorce, I saw there would be little money left. The general education which I had was all very well for social life, but when it came to making my own living, I did not know which way to turn. There was not one thing I could do to earn a livelihood; so I decided to take a course in stenography.

Unfortunately I made a poor selection as to the business college. And I had to leave school and take a position before I had mastered any system thoroughly.

My resources were so meager that when I saw a position advertised I went straight out to apply for it. I found the manager a pleasant-mannered man of about fifty. I know now that he employed me because he liked my looks, paying little attention to recommendations—or the lack of them.

I HAD been with Mr. Blake about a month and was helping him post the books one day. It was getting late and the office was deserted. We were seated on a high bench busy over our task, when suddenly I felt an arm go around me, and before I realized what was happening I was crushed in a hot embrace and fairly smothered with kisses. I managed to tear myself away and put the desk between us, although Mr. Blake was twice my size. His eyes were blazing and his face was torn with emotion. My hat happened to be on the rack by the door, and as the door itself was open I seized the hat and tore out of the room and down eight flights of stairs—not daring to wait for the elevator.

As I look back now from the wisdom of experience, I smile at the crudity of the part I played—the extreme youthfulness of the handling of Mr. Blake. I should act differently now. But eight years have passed since then and I have met many Mr. Blakes.

That night, however, I was miserably crushed. I could not go back to the office, and I had less than twenty-five dollars to my name. Fortunately, Mr. Blake mailed me a check for the salary that was due me a few days later.

NOW came desperate weeks again. I was reduced to a state where I had to pawn the ring my father had given me at my graduation. Then, at last, I found a position in a Pittsburg concern. The local manager was a Canadian and a gentleman. I found the work at first a little difficult, but with Mr. Doyle's help and patient instruction I soon began to like it. All of my associations with this office during the eighteen months Mr. Doyle was manager were pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Doyle himself was a man among men. And I found him a most loyal friend. He gave me fatherly advice, especially regarding my extravagance; and he helped me a great deal.

About this time I met a man who changed the current of my whole life. Even now, although I have not seen him for years he still has power to influence me. He had frequently seen me on the streets with an old acquaintance of his and asked for an introduction. This girl told me about him, saying that he was married—that it was rumored he and his wife were about to separate. She advised against my meeting him. This was about six weeks before I finally did meet him. He was a splendid-looking fellow and attracted me at once, although I refused him an engagement at the time we met.

SEVERAL weeks later I saw him on the street one day, and he asked me to let him talk to me just an hour. We dropped into a nearby picture show—and he made good use of his hour. When we came out I had promised to dine with him the following evening, and for a month not a day passed that I did not see him. He was one of those wonderful lovers, who understand just how to win a woman—never letting her forget for a moment that he is thinking of her—that he loves her. My imagination was taken by storm and captured. In a month's time I was madly, recklessly in love. He was the only thing in the world that mattered to me—and the only thing that did matter for many years to come.

For a time I was supremely happy, and gave myself up to the joy of loving and being loved, and forgot the fact that the man I loved was already married—and that I could not belong to him.

About this time England declared war on Germany, and Mr. Doyle resigned his position at once and returned to Canada—and I lost one of the best friends I ever had. Under the new manager I immediately lost my position. It was really no wonder, for my mind was entirely taken up with my love affair.

I tried one thing after another after that, with little success.

WHEN I had been in love with Fred Morrison about a year, his business affairs reached such a precarious state that he was forced to close his office in Birmingham and take advantage of a proposition offered him in the Northwest.

I was heartbroken at the thought of his going. We were always together. I could not imagine life without him, or the many attentions with which he surrounded me. Before he left he was wonderfully tender, doing everything he could to make things easy for me while he was away, and consoling me by saying he was going to get a divorce—that he would send for me and we would be married.

Six months went by before we met again. Six of the longest months of my life, in which I lived only for the mail. Every day I wrote a letter and every day I received one. I scarcely went anywhere. I lived only for his return.

Business affairs went wrong with him again in Minneapolis, and also, he was not able to get a divorce as soon as he expected. The long, lonely months that followed were bitter for me indeed. Fred came to see me once more and then two years went by before I saw him again—years of disillusionment and discontent—and when our eyes met again a shadow lay between us.

ALL this time I had been living from hand to mouth, so to speak. But at last I got desperate. I could not go on like this always. I decided to try moving pictures, and so went to Jacksonville where I heard many of the Northern companies came in winter.

Trials and disappointments too sordid to relate awaited me there. Part of the time I worked as an extra at the studios—part of the time I did clerical work.

I pawned everything I had left in the way of jewelry, and finally one day wrote Fred as much about my affairs as my pride would allow—leaving him to guess the worst. To this letter I never received a reply, nor did I hear again from him for some time. Long afterwards I learned that he never received this letter. Naturally I drew my own conclusions, and no one can know the bitterness of my despair. I felt very humiliated and grew more and more resentful. This, coupled with my increasing financial difficulties, wrecked my health and I became ill.

After a long spell of illness, which left me more hopelessly in debt than ever, I met a man on the street one morning who had once offered me an office position in Atlanta. He was an aristocratic-looking man of about fifty, with a courteous, refined manner. He evidently saw something of my distress in my face and asked me to dine with him that evening. I accepted his invitation, and while dining he asked me to tell him what was troubling me. I told him of some of my difficulties and also something about my life. In return he told me he was married—but that he was very unhappy—that he and his wife saw very little of each other, although they kept the home together on account of their daughters.

When he left that evening he said he expected to be in Jacksonville several days and wanted to see me again; that he had something to propose.

THE inevitable happened. For four years I had fought alone trying to make a living, and had failed. Whether this was due to my early training—or lack of it—I do not know, but I am afraid so. At every turn I encountered women who did succeed because of the help of some man, either by marriage or otherwise. I did not want marriage unless it could be with the man I loved, and as this seemed an impossibility, I accepted Mr. Carlton's proposition, and a few days later joined him in Atlanta.

No one who has not been born to luxury and then denied it can know the relief I felt when I was once more relieved of the worry and fear of poverty. In a few days I was regenerated. I felt as if I had a new lease on life. But there were times when there was nothing to do but to think, and that was just what I did not want to do. The nights especially were hard for me at this time. I could not always sleep and my heart ached for the man I loved. But, as I believed that he no longer cared for me, I strangled these longings, as well as my conscience, and resolved to carry out the bargain I had made.

IN February I returned to Atlanta, and a few weeks later left with Mr. Carlton for New York and other places of interest. I found him a tactful, agreeable companion. I had told him at the beginning that my heart was elsewhere—that I had little to give. He understood, and in his generosity asked for little—leaving me much to myself. That he loved me I have not a doubt, and surely there is something noble in a love that seeks to make it easy for the loved one and expects little in return.

I had several friends in St. Louis and often stopped there for some time. One day when I was entering the parlor of one of the downtown hotels where I was to meet a girl, I almost ran into Fred Morrison. I forgot everything and my pulse raced at the sight of him. It seemed to be the same way with him, and we greeted each other as in the old days. That night I dined with him at a quiet place and we had a long talk. It was then I learned that he had never gotten my letter telling him of my troubles. And I found that he knew how I was living now.

IT was a bitter moment when he asked me about Mr. Carlton, and although he did not utter a word of reproach it came between us and would not be ignored. I tried to abandon myself to the old gaiety I had always felt when in his company—but something was lacking—though it was not love. For people do not get over a love like ours so quickly. They may have misunderstandings—serious ones—they may be hurt and estranged for a long time—but they do not cease to care. That night I was very unhappy, and although I smiled when I said goodby, my heart was heavy.

A few weeks later I went to Atlanta, restless and unsatisfied. One day I had a talk with Mr. Carlton and told him how I felt—that I must find something to do—something to interest me.

"Yes," he said, "you are one of those who will never be content with spending your life shopping—being passively amused. You are fond of luxury—must have it, in fact, but it will never wholly satisfy you. Your individuality should assert itself—you should have a career."

"A career?" and I laughed scornfully. "Why I am in the full swing of it now—the only profession I am fitted for."

HE winced.

"No," he said, "that is not true. I don't like to hear you say that."

Again I laughed—a miserable half-hysterical laugh.

"Surely you are not suggesting that I drop back into the working class—you who found me there?"

"No, I was not suggesting that," he said, "but nature endowed you with talent, unusual talent, I believe. You should cultivate it."

"Talent?" I looked up surprised. "For what?"

"For writing," he said. "I have thought so a long time. You have education, imagination, ability and experience. Many have achieved fame with less. Why don't you try it?"

"Because," I said, "I should only fail at that as I have at everything else."

We began to talk of other things.

Later I went to Washington and went into Red Cross work, expecting to be sent to France. Months went by—the chance to go abroad did not come and I grew restless again.

ONE afternoon I was feeling unusually depressed. I started out along Sixteenth Street for a walk and began thinking of my life. It was not pleasant thinking—much of it. Here I was at twenty-eight with not one thing that I wanted, and in a most precarious position with no promise of a future. My conversation of some months ago with Mr. Carlton occurred to me, and I began thinking over what he had said of a career. I determined to resign from the Red Cross and begin writing without delay. I had a small sum of money in the bank to my credit—enough to pay expenses for several months.

I rented a typewriter and settled down to work in a small apartment. I banished every thought from my mind save those that led to work. So many hours a day I wrote, so many I read—the remainder I spent in exercise and sleep. For months I did not go anywhere but places where I might get ideas for stories. I became a machine with only one purpose in view—one aim in life.

At first I naturally had disappointments—days of discouragement. But within two months after I started, I had the pleasure of seeing one of my stories appear in one of the best newspapers in America. This I owe to the kindly advice and patient instructions I received from a newspaper man of wide experience. This one success was followed by another and I began to write for magazines.

TWO years have passed now. I am the author of a number of short stories which have been published in the leading magazines of the country and my first novel is on every bookstand. I look with confidence toward the future having at last earned the right to enter the only world worth living in—the world of work and happy play. At last I feel that I am free to achieve something besides food, clothing and shelter—to live *out of bondage!*

Am I happy? Sometimes I do not know. Certainly I am triumphant and no longer tortured by the sordid woes that made life an unalleviated tragedy for so many years. That I am often lonely, I admit. But I have my friends, and my life is centered in my career, which neither bores nor betrays me.

As for my heart—it is where it has ever been—and who can tell what the future holds?

An Experiment in Love

Dan Cupid Meets Professor Science

HARRY reached the meeting-place before Ruth, though he noticed with a little throb of pleasure that she was moving far more briskly than she had done the previous afternoon, when he had found fault with her for her weakness.

He stood out in the middle of the lane in the frankest possible way for which Ruth was extremely glad, for it enabled her to be certain that her first wild, foolish guess was correct; and also it enabled her to compose herself before she came up to him.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were bright when he stepped toward her with outstretched hand, and he said to himself that really she came very near being awfully pretty.

"Of course, you wonder what I am doing here at this hour of the day," he said, in that open, cheery way of his that was so very charming to her.

"Why, yes," she answered, finding it pleasant to be perfectly truthful and frank; "I couldn't believe my eyes when I became sure it really was you."

"Well, I won't say I didn't come here for the sake of walking to school with you, for I did; but what brought me out into the country was the search for those fellows."

"OH, I forgot!" she cried, suddenly, looking up at him sympathetically; "they burned down your factory. I was so sorry when I heard about it last night. I did not think of it at first when I saw you because you looked so—so——" He had looked happy, in fact; but she seemed to have a reason for not telling him that, so she substituted another less compromising word—"unconcerned. But perhaps the story was not true. We heard that the building was burned down by some tramps and that it was a total loss. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Oh! I'm so sorry. Does it—does it mean much to you?"

"Why, no; not so very much to me personally. You see, my work is laid out for me—Oh! by the way! one thing I wanted to see you about was to tell you that I had concluded that I was a wretched prig to take the ground of being so superior and being so cock-sure that I was right."

"Oh, don't say that, please!"

"Why not?"

"Because," and she laughed in the merriest way imaginable, so that Harry was really sorry to have her stop, "because I have come to the conclusion that you were right."

"That one ought not consider love in marriage?"

"OH, no, no, no! I had forgotten about that. Oh, I don't think I was wrong about that. I mean about—about—fresh air and my being puny."

"Oh!" he laughed looking at her with shining eyes.

"And I want you to tell me what to do," she went on.

"Of course, Elizabeth could help you a great deal more than I," he said, musingly.

"No, no! I don't want her—that is, I think I would rather not have so much made of the matter. It is just my own affair you know."

"Yes. Well, I can give you some books. Perhaps they will help you all you need. You know, you look better already."

"If you should see me when I get out of school you'd call me puny again. Do you know I think it was horrid of you to say that. I'm cross whenever I think of it."

HARRY THORNE'S father tried to make a superman of him through education and athletics. He believed he had succeeded, too. Then he went a long step further and chose a superwife for his son—and succeeded again, so he thought. But dispassionate science was not destined to control fate quite so readily. For when Harry met Ruth Warner, who knew but little of eugenics and race building but believed that Love was the real foundation for marriage, things began to happen. To make matters a bit more interesting for the house of Thorne, Harry's father's business has been threatened by powerful business rivals. Both Ruth and Harry believe that several tramps who have attacked the girl and whom he has put to flight are really the tools of Mr. Thorne's enemies and that they are guilty of destroying the Thorne factories by fire. So Harry plans to discuss this and other matters further with Ruth.

SHE made such a pretty little face as she spoke that Harry felt like saying on the spot that she was puny. Elizabeth never made faces, he regretfully considered.

"I suppose you do get awfully tired cooped up in that stuffy place all day. I suppose it is stuffy?"

"Fearfully."

"Why don't you open the windows?"

"I'm going to. You see if I don't."

"By gracious!" said Harry, as if making a stern resolve, "I will see."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'll come around again this afternoon and see if the windows are open and how you are. Anyhow, I have something I want to talk with you about. You know what you said about love and marriage?"

"I KNOW I was awfully sorry I said so much."

"I wasn't. I thought a lot about it. You know, you may have more reason on your side than seems at first sight. Elizabeth can't see anything in it at all and wouldn't——"

"You don't mean that you have talked with her about——"

"The first thing; I was so interested."

"And told her that I had been talking with you?" gasped Ruth her eyes bigger than ever.

"No, I said nothing about you; I thought you might not care to be brought into the matter. You know you were rather vehement when I——"

"Yes; I was horrid about Miss Mowbray. I'm sorry."

"OH, I don't think you were horrid at all. In fact, I'm more obliged than I can tell you that you put the idea into my head in that way. That is what I want to talk with you about. You see I have always been taught certain things, and of course I accepted them as correct; even though dad thinks I have been trained only to reason. You see, I talked to Elizabeth about the matter and the more I wanted to talk about it and the less she did, somehow the more I felt there was something in it. Anyhow, we'll talk it over this afternoon."

"If you want to," she said, looking down. She wanted to be strong and wise, so that she could tell him not to

come; but she did want to see him again, and she made up her mind on the instant that no harm could come to anybody but her, and she would let harm come if it would.

"WHY, certainly," he cried, in so unquestioning a tone that she made no more objection. "I want to bring you the books, you know."

"Oh, yes."

"About half-past three, isn't it, when you dismiss for the day?"

"If I don't have to keep anybody in."

"You won't, if you try hard not to," he laughed.

They had come to the place now where the tramps had had their camp. A thought suddenly came to Ruth.

"All the talk was about three tramps; what became of the other one? There were four, you know."

"There was no sign of him. I wonder what did become of him."

"I suppose," said Ruth, deprecatingly, "that it is very foolish of me, but, do you know, I keep wondering if they were tramps. Two of them might have been, but the other two——"

"By jove!" Harry cried; "that gives me an idea. To think that you should be the cleverest of us!"

RUTH looked wonderingly at Harry. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the men?"

"I should have forgotten it," he answered with suppressed excitement, "if you had not spoken of it; but I recall now that when I ran up yesterday to drive the men away, I noticed a strong odor of some peculiar perfume. I took it for granted that it was some you used, and dismissed the matter from my mind at the time. Then afterward I noticed that you did not use it."

"I never use perfume," Ruth answered. "I had forgotten about the odor, but remember it now. But that wasn't what made me think two of them were not tramps. What I noticed was that one of the men who held me had well-kept, white hands, and that the other had a gold filling in one of his front teeth. Besides, I can recall now that they were different from the other two men. I was so frightened at the time that I took very little account of how they really looked."

"Those two men were masquerading," Harry went on. "I don't know how much it will help us to know this but I shall tell father at once. There is no doubt that they are the men who did the incendiary work. Will you mind talking with father if he asks you to do so?"

"No-o," Ruth answered hesitatingly. Harry understood, and said quickly:

"You shall not be dragged into any notoriety. I promise you that."

"Thank you! Of course I want to do whatever is right, and will do anything you think is best."

HARRY looked down into her shy, flushed face, and could not help contrasting her timidity with the easy, self-reliant way Elizabeth would have confronted such a situation.

"Well," he said, "I'll protect you;" and was surprised at the comfortable feeling he had in standing in that relation to Ruth. "I won't let anything unpleasant result to you. Ah! how I wish father would let me go in pursuit of the men."

"Why won't he?" Ruth asked looking up at him as if she could not understand how anyone could refuse such help as his.

"BECAUSE," Harry began, then stopped. He couldn't tell her what his father had given as the reason. "Well, he wants me to marry Elizabeth."

"You're going to, aren't you?" she asked, her head bent.

"Ye-es, I suppose so. Yes, of course, I am. That is—why, to tell you the truth, I expect to marry her, naturally; but I keep thinking about what you said yesterday. And Elizabeth pooh-poohs the notion."

"She doesn't believe in love?"

"You do, don't you?"

"Believe in love?" Ruth cried, looking straight up into his eyes long enough for him to get again the impression of something in her eyes that he had never seen anywhere else. "Why love is——" She stopped, and kept her gaze securely bent to the ground for a minute or two.

"Love is what?" he prompted, eagerly.

"It would be of no use to try to explain to you," she answered as she raised her head. But it seemed to him as he looked into her eyes that he saw the explanation, "for if you don't believe in love, why——"

"But I don't say that," he interposed.

"You said it yesterday."

"Yes, I said it yesterday, but—yesterday isn't today. I'm not a bigot. If I can see that a thing is true, I don't stop to ask whether or not it is what I have been believing. Of course, one doesn't know for a certainty that a thing is true because it seems so to him, but the best one can do in this world is to be honest and open-minded. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "I want to be open-minded about your point of view too."

HARRY looked at her with a little start of alarm, as if it troubled him to have her consider, even for a moment, the possibility of living without love.

"You don't really mean that?" he asked, solicitously.

"Yes, I do. I don't mean I don't believe in love, for I do—oh, I do! But it may be that I can't prove that one should love in marriage. I know I would never, never marry a man I did not love, no matter how splendid or perfect he might be physically, mentally or morally. To me—but you see I am not logical at all—only vehement," she finished, blushing adorably.

"I have an idea," suggested Harry, slowly, and with no little trouble in his tone, "that you speak so because you love somebody."

She looked up at him with something like fright in her eyes; then gave a little laugh of relief.

"If I do," she said, "nobody knows it."

"Love must be a very odd thing," Harry added in a puzzled tone.

"It's a wonderful thing. If I am sure of anything it is that love is the most wonderful thing in the world. Of course, it isn't a thing at all; it is a force, a power. If you had ever really loved you wouldn't be talking about it in the calm way you do. Why—There, you see, I don't argue a bit, but just assert things. I suppose that's because I'm a girl."

"OH, no!" cried Harry, with intense conviction, "that isn't the case at all. Girls can reason as well as men. Why Elizabeth——"

"Always Elizabeth! I wonder if you don't love her, after all. You always use her as an illustration."

"Perhaps I do love her. That would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"I should think it might be a joke she would enjoy."

"OH, Dad," protests Harry, "do you mean to say that you walked in the midst of the new life of an awakening world, saw the buds swelling, the delicate leaves creeping out into the glorious sunshine, felt the delicious breezes slipping past you, heard the birds calling love to each other——"

"The birds are concerned only with mating and rearing a family; and if they were not moved by passion they would not mate," rejoins Thorne, Senior. "They are not, indeed, concerned with theories; not even with the most fanciful of all—love. But passion, which is not a theory, but a fact, utterly controls them in the mating season——"

"Of course, I didn't mean funny in that way, but—have I offended you?"

"Of course not. You were saying——?"

HE stopped and gazed at her in frank delight.

"Why, I was going to say that I never saw anyone as attractive as you are. You see," he hastened to explain, thinking he saw symptoms of annoyance in the way she turned from him, "it seems the more singular because you are not much physically, and——"

Ruth interrupted him with a peal of laughter, pleasant to hear, but puzzling to Harry.

"If you had only stopped with the compliment!" she said.

"I did not mean it for a compliment. I wondered, after I left you, what it was that made me keep thinking of you. I thought, maybe it was your eyes, but I don't believe that is all. There is something else."

"Yes, there is something else—there's school."

She laughed gaily. And in a moment she was hurrying along the path to the school house, with something light and happy in the trip of her steps.

"THEN all hail passion!" said Harry, trying to laugh, but ending seriously, when he had heard his father out. "All hail passion! It is as the hunger that urges an animal to eat in order that life may be sustained. Without passion the human race would be doomed. But passion is not all, nor the best, Dad. There is something higher—reason.

"Reason supplements passion, controls it to its proper end—the preservation and regeneration of the race."

HARRY found his father shut in the library with Mr. Christy and the detective, who had come on the train, as expected. Mr. Thorne looked up with a slight frown of impatience at Harry's eager and precipitate intrusion into the room.

"Sit down, Harry," he said, and went on talking to the detective, evidently giving him his final instructions, for the latter was making preparations to go.

"I have something new to add to what we know," Harry said.

They all looked at him with sudden interest, and Mr. Thorne, briefly introducing the detective as Mr. Dawson, bade Harry speak.

"You remember I told you about my first meeting with the tramps?"

"Rescuing the young lady?" said the detective, quickly.

"Yes. Well, I thought I would go out there this morning and see if I could find anything to help us."

"I was just going there," said the detective, with increased interest.

"I found nothing, but I met the young lady——" He flushed, and looked the least bit conscious. The detective smiled faintly, the lawyer looked quizzical, and Mr. Thorne interjected:

"Yes, yes!"

"I talked with her about the matter and she recalled that there had been something peculiar about two of the men. Then I remembered, too."

"Yes. Well?"

"WELL, Miss Warner said one of the men had well-kept, white hands and the other had a gold filling in one of his front teeth."

"Not tramps!" the three men cried at once; and Mr. Thorne went on with bitterness: "Now, do you see that this was no chance burning, no seeking of revenge on Harry for his interference? What more, Harry?"

"I recalled that when I ran up I had noticed the odor of a peculiar perfume. I took it for granted, in an unconscious sort of way, that Miss Warner used the perfume."

"Had you never noticed it before?" Mr. Christy asked, drily.

"I never saw her before yesterday. Afterward I noticed that the odor did not cling to her and this morning she told me she never used perfume."

"AND the other two men?" asked the detective.

"We both think they were real tramps. Miss Warner said this morning that she had had an indefinable feeling that the men who held her were not tramps."

"If they were not tramps," said Mr. Christy, in a tone of doubt, "why should they be engaged in such a scurvy business as assaulting that young lady?"

"It wouldn't be like men of any other than the tramp class," said the detective.

"Like or unlike," said Mr. Thorne sharply, "they did it, and the evidence is clear enough that they were not tramps."

"It isn't so clear to me," said Mr. Christy. "It seems to me, Henry, that you are determined to make everything fit your theory that the men were agents of Saunders. I don't say they were not, but it is certainly unsafe to assume that they were. As Mr. Dawson has told you, it is no unusual thing for tramps to set fire to buildings in order to satisfy a feeling of anger."

"BESIDES," said Mr. Dawson, judicially, "you can hardly call such fleeting impressions evidence. Take two young people under such exciting circumstances, and they are very likely to imagine things. Your son says that he only remembered about the odor this morning, after talking with the young lady. You see a man would have his hands full knocking down four men, and wouldn't be likely to take much note of trifles."

"Were you so terribly excited, Harry?" asked Mr. Thorne, grimly.

"Not so very," he answered, with a smile that attempted to be modest.

"Perhaps," said the detective, sarcastically, "that is one of the things you fail to remember. One against four is pretty heavy odds. Any man might be forgiven for not thinking of odors at such a time. As for the young lady, I don't imagine she thought of the things she saw until she talked with your son this morning."

"Then you don't attach much importance to this?" Mr. Thorne said.

"I don't say that; but I do say that we must be careful not to allow ourselves to be sent off on the wrong track by such a suggestion as this. It may be that two of the men were not tramps; but this thing is certain—three of the men worked together, two to fire your factory, the third to disable, if not kill, your son."

"AND," interposed Mr. Christy, "it would not be likely that Edgar Saunders would enter even indirectly into any scheme that included murder. He will do anything to remove a business obstacle from his path, and I believe he has no moral sense whatever; but I doubt murder."

"I agree with Mr. Christy as to that," interjected the detective.

"I do not charge murder," Mr. Thorne said, thoughtfully. "I do not remember that there has ever been such an implication in connection with the trust. At the same time, I will not abandon my belief that Edgar Saunders was the mainspring of this disaster. See how everything conspires toward getting me out of the way. Fire, lapsed insurance, prohibitive railroad rates!" (*Continued on page* 84)

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Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 12)

promise to Wally to tell nobody, if it had not been for her attitude about Barry. Also, I think there was always the feeling that not knowing Wally, she would not believe he was in earnest.

ANOTHER reason for keeping our engagement secret was that I was afraid of what Barry would do if he found out. I knew he wouldn't believe Wally was honest; and I was sure that he would do something dreadful to him. Barry was one of the quiet sort, but even though I had broken with him, I knew he would be terrible if he thought I was being trifled with.

I was very sure of Wally, myself, for I knew he loved me passionately. I believe there was nothing he wouldn't do for me, though there wasn't much I would do for him. For example, I refused to let him hug and kiss and fondle me as engaged girls usually do. I told him that when his father had given his consent and he came to my house openly I would be as kind to him as he could wish. Wally complained bitterly, but I knew he respected me more for it.

To show how far he would go to please me I have only to tell of something that happened that winter. It had important consequences for me, too: one of them being that it filled me with the mad determination to be a movie actress.

ONE evening he told me that one of his younger sisters was going to have a masked ball at their house; and as the thought of a masked ball appealed to everything romantic in me, I asked him to tell me all he could about it. So he did. He described the costumes that were usually worn, the freedom that the masks gave everybody, and how there was a dramatic unmasking at midnight.

I went wild over it. First, I wanted to see it; then by degrees I wrought myself up to the pitch of wanting to go to it. Wally reasoned patiently with me, showing me how impossible it was.

"When we are married you shall have a masked ball, dear," he said, and added, "and you'll be the prettiest thing there."

I threatened to break our engagement if he didn't get his father's consent to our engagement so that I could go to the ball. I handed him the ring he had given me—a beautiful diamond that I wore on a ribbon about my neck. He pleaded with me. I was adamant. He was in such despair that he almost wept.

"Don't you see, darling," he said, "that it would spoil everything if I told father before he was ready?"

"I don't believe you are doing a thing to prepare him," I said.

"Yes, I am, Sue, darling. But father is one of the kind that can't be hurried. Please take the ring back."

"I won't take it back unless I can go to the ball," I cried petulantly. "You could arrange it if you wanted to; you are just putting me off. You think I'm not good enough to go to the old ball. You're ashamed of me."

WE were ten miles from home, but I started to get out of the car. He knew from experience how obstinate I was, and frantically caught my arm and held me, while he pleaded: "Sue, darling! you shall go; I've thought of a way. Please, please listen to me!"

I sullenly sat down and waited. He went on hurriedly: "It's like this, dear; I can't get you an invitation, but I can get you a costume and you can easily get in. I can arrange that. You can stay till just before midnight, and then I'll smuggle you out; and no one will ever be the wiser. You could have a splendid time, darling. Won't that do?"

Of course I knew perfectly well all the time that I would never be invited, and besides being glad of an excuse to come down off my high horse, I was delighted with his plan. Now I could see this wonderful ball.

"How could you do it?" I demanded in a relenting tone.

"Oh, it would be easy enough. There is a committee of two in the little reception-room before whom everybody must unmask on entering, so that nobody who hasn't been invited can get in. They only see the faces, not the costumes. I can meet you at the back of the house and smuggle you in."

SO it was arranged. We went into all the details, and I let him kiss me. I decided finally to go as Mary Pickford. That is, in a child's dress such as I had seen Mary Pickford wear at one of the movies, when she had looked awfully cunning.

We had some trouble in getting the costume just right, but Wally said money would do anything; and it did. He had it made in New York by a costumer who went to see the movie in question. It was perfect and lovely. The only objection I had to it at all was that it was high-necked, which I had forgotten about when I selected it. I had a pretty neck and wanted to show it. Besides I had never worn a low-necked gown, and wanted to.

However, I had to be content, and when I saw myself in that silk frock with the most beautiful underclothes, I knew I would make a sensation. Everything had been made for me, Wally giving my measurements to the costumer. The shoes were low, with a little strap over the instep, the little silk socks were short, and the sleeves of the frock were short; and I had a wig of yellow curls that covered my own curly brown hair.

I SHARED a room with my ten-year-old sister Kitty, who slept like a log as soon as her head touched the pillow; so I was able to try the costume on at home. I was going to put it on at home, too, the night of the ball, and get out of the window. It wouldn't be the first time I had done that.

You may fancy me torn by doubts and fears of taking such a bold step, but as a matter of fact I was so completely carried

(*Continued on page* 72)

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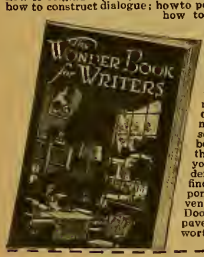

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(*Continued from page 70*)

away by the delight of it that I had never a qualm. And when the night came and everybody in the house was abed and asleep I quietly put on my costume, wrapped myself up in a coat that came to my feet, and crept out of the window to the roof of the woodshed, and by that way to the yard.

OUR streets were quiet, so I wasn't afraid. I had no difficulty in making my way to the Prince mansion, or in getting into the grounds unobserved. I will confess that my heart began to beat hard, now that I was there; and I was in great confusion lest something was to happen to prevent Wally's meeting me.

I needn't have worried about that, however, for Wally was far more nervous than I was, and was waiting for me in the little summer-house fixed upon for our meeting-place. I let him take me in his arms and kiss me, for I could see how nervous he was; besides, I was nervous enough myself to be glad of the feel of his arms about me.

"Is everything all right?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in the same low tone I had used, "it is going to be easy. Take off your coat and put on your mask. Don't be afraid; nobody will suspect you. And I'll keep track of the time, and will tell you when you must leave."

He had a pocket-flashlight that he turned on so that he could see that I was all right before we went in. He hadn't seen me in the costume before, and he cried out when he looked at me.

"How beautiful you are!" he exclaimed. "Everybody will fall in love with you."

"Do I really look all right?" I asked. I knew perfectly well I did, but I wanted to hear what he would say.

"Right?" he cried; "you are lovely. What wonderful arms you have, dear! Oh!" and before I could stop him he had caught me close to him, kissing me over and over with a passion he had never shown before.

"You mustn't," I chided, pretending to be displeased, though I was really delighted. "Are you sure no one will think it strange for me to have my—my limbs—er—bare?"

HE turned the flashlight on my short skirt and stared. "Strange?" he gasped: "yes, strange that anything could be so beautiful."

I didn't know then, but afterwards I learned that I had very shapely legs and arms; at that time I was mostly conscious of their bareness. My skin was very white and I was just plump enough to have dimples at my elbows and knees.

"Will any of the other girls be as—as conspicuous as I am?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Wait till you see some of them," he said. "I fancy you'll feel that you have too much clothes on. But there won't be anyone to hold a candle to you."

He wanted to hug and kiss me again—he'd never been so eager before—but I wouldn't let him.

"No," I said peremptorily, "you'll muss me up. Afterward if you like."

WELL, not to make a long story of it, he contrived to smuggle me in without any difficulty. I was terribly abashed for a moment, but it was plain no one suspected anything, and it was equally plain that Wally was right in saying many of the girls would have less clothes on than I had. I gasped at the sight of some of them.

And I did make a sensation. Introductions, of course, were quite unnecessary, and in a few minutes after my first dance with Wally I was surrounded by a throng of young men, eager to dance with me. And everybody was looking at me and watching my dancing. I was a good dancer. Wally, in his pretty way, said I didn't dance, I just floated around like a bit of thistledown.

Anybody could see whom I was impersonating, and all the young men called me Mary and told me that I had the real Mary beaten for beauty and grace. I soon had courage to talk like a little girl, much to the delight of my partners, who were ready to laugh at my wit and cleverness, and who overwhelmed me with compliments.

WALLY said they were all in love with me, praising the music of my voice, the whiteness of my skin, my dimples, my dancing, everything about me. He said my acting was wonderful and that the real Mary would certainly be jealous of me if she could see me.

I was fairly intoxicated with it all and was silly enough to want to stay for the unmasking, thinking I had made such a hit as would carry me through the discovery of my real self. Wally was beside himself at the thought, and almost dragged me out of the house just before midnight.

We escaped without detection, and went to the summer-house, where Wally without a word seized me in his arms and kissed and fondled me as he had never dared do before. And after a first little struggle I not only submitted but liked it. In fact, excited as I was by the triumphs of the ball-room, I gave him back kiss for kiss and murmur for murmur. I think it was those few passionate minutes in his arms that was responsible for what happened afterward.

I SLEPT very little that night for thinking of what had happened; and I was sure as never before of my ability to take my place among the rich girls whom I had always envied before for their ease and haughty ways. Nor was that all; my mind was inflamed by the things that had been said of my ability to play my part, and I was sure that, if I chose, I could be a movie queen.

I had no intention of trying to be a screen actress, being better satisfied to be a rich man's wife. Wally, for his part, was manifestly more in love than ever, and I simply couldn't keep him from making love to me in the most ardent way.

My love affair was going very much to suit me, but otherwise I had some very trying moments. Mamma never ceased to upbraid me for my treatment of Barry;

(*Continued on page 74*)

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(*Continued from page 72*)

and Barry, unhappy as he was, never lost hope of winning me back, though I tried to make him understand that there never could be anything between us.

"DON'T you love me any more?" he asked me one evening when we sat alone in our little parlor.

It made me miserable to see him so unhappy. "Barry," I said, "I care a great deal for you, but I don't want to marry you. I want always to be your friend, but that is all."

"I'm willing to wait," he said in a low tone. "You are the only girl I ever cared for. I know I'm rough and not as good as you should have, but I'll try to change any way you want me to. I'm going to night school and I'm studying hard. I'll be somebody some day. Won't you give me a little hope, Sue?"

It was terribly pathetic, and I did like him; I liked him better than I did Wally. But what was the use? I meant to be a lady, and I knew he could never give me what I wanted.

"No, Barry," I said firmly, "I can't give you any hope. I shall never change my mind."

He got up, his jaws set and a strained look on his face. I had an idea he was going to say something furious; but that wasn't it at all. "All right, Kid," he said softly; "you know what you want, but so do I; and I'm not going to give you up. And what I want you to remember is this, that if ever you want something done for you that no one else will do, call on me." That was all. He left me and didn't come to the house any more.

IT was a wonder Wally and I were never found out, but we managed so well that we never were. It made it easier for us after my birthday, which came in February. I was seventeen then, and insisted that I should be my own mistress after that, and would not be accountable to anybody for what I did. Goodness knows, it had been that way for a long time; only now, not even Mamma asked disagreeable questions.

It was soon after my birthday that Wally met me with a long face and said his father was going to send him to the New York office to take a place there and to learn more about that end of the business. I was frightened and angry. I felt that I would be forgotten when he went to the big city. It was like waking from a beautiful dream.

IN my first outburst of dismay I revealed my thoughts and upbraided him bitterly for not having brought his father around before. He took me in his arms and soothed and caressed me, assuring me that whatever else happened he would never care for any other girl, because he was mad about me. And finally he promised that before spring came he would marry me.

I wouldn't let him make very violent love to me then, and even when it came to saying goodby I refused to yield to more than a few kisses, telling him that when he wanted my kisses enough he could have all he wanted when I was his bride. After all, kisses in an automobile on a cold night cetainly do not amount to much.

We arranged that he would write often, sending his letters to the post-office, where I was to hire a box. And he did write often—every day. I wrote him sometimes three times a week. And such ardent, passionately loving letters as he wrote!

I WAS pretty lonely without him because I had neglected most of my old friends and because there were no more rides in the evenings; and I think I loved him more than ever. Anyhow, when after about two months separation he wrote that he would come to Purling Center and would meet me in the usual place on Sunday, with good news, I was the happiest girl imaginable. I fairly threw myself in his arms when we met, and let him kiss and fondle me all he wished. He plainly was hungry to have me in his arms, for he was more ardent than ever.

It was good to feel his lips on mine after his long absence but I was anxious to hear his good news to find out if it harmonized with my hopes. So he told me.

"It's like this, darling," he explained. "I've been awfully lonely without you, and I've been at father trying to bring him around. Well, he is anxious enough to have me married and settled down, but he wants me to marry a girl by the name of Carrie Travis in New York."

"Pretty?" I demanded jealously.

HE laughed and hugged me. "About one-hundredth part as pretty as the girl I'm really going to marry. You see I found out that what dad wants and what he's willing to accept are two different things. He admitted to me one night that if a boy married without his father's permission, it was up to the father to accept the inevitable. So you and I are going to be married first and tell dad afterward. The minute he sees you he'll surrender."

"When?" I asked, after being hugged and kissed.

"Just as soon as you can be ready. I've got a dear little apartment in the city all ready for us. My plan is for you to go over to the Junction in the trolley next Saturday night, there take the express for New York. Get your sleeper engaged tomorrow so you will be sure of it. You'll reach the city Sunday morning, and we'll be married right away."

I TOOK my fur coat home that night and hid it away, for I was going to wear it on the journey. I won't say I had no doubts or tremors of fear that week. I couldn't help thinking of the stories I had read about girls who had run away from home to be married only to be betrayed; but I knew I could do anything with Wally, and I knew he loved me with all his heart. Perhaps I really wasn't afraid at all, but only affected as a girl naturally would be who was going for the first time to leave home and to leave it for such a reason.

I'm glad to remember that I was very gentle and kind to everybody at home that week; I even smiled at Barry when

we met one morning, instead of turning my face away from him.

I was restless and uneasy, but I stayed home every night, sewing or reading, much to the amazement of everybody. I think mamma believed I was turning over a new leaf. And there were times when I almost abandoned my plan of leaving them.

I always ended one of these wavering moments by laughing at myself. What a fool I was! What was I afraid of? Would I lose my chance of marrying a rich man by childish fears of the big city? That was what was the matter. Where was the courage I had always been so proud of?

AS I say it was only in occasional moments that I had these tremors. For the most part I held firmly to my purpose and prepared for my journey. Out of two hundred and fifty dollars Wally had forced into my hand that Sunday night, I bought myself a stylish street dress at our big store and smuggled it home and hid it. I bought my ticket and secured my sleeper berth as Wally had directed.

When Saturday night came I waited till all were in bed, dressed myself in my best with my lovely fur coat over all, and with my engagement ring at last on my finger. Then I pinned a note on my cushion for mamma. It was short, but I made it as loving as I could.

"Dear Mamma: I am sorry to leave you, for I love you; but I have had an offer from a producer who wants me in the movies. I would have told you about it, only I was sure you would make a fuss. By the time you are reading this I shall be well on my way to California. Don't try to stop me, for I am determined to do this, and I know that it will not be long before you will be proud of me. My love to papa and everybody. I am sorry I have given you so much trouble always.

Lovingly,

Sue."

It was Wally who had suggested the California idea so as to put them off the track; and it really was a very clever touch, for all the family knew how I loved the movies.

I SOFTLY kissed little Kitty as she lay in the bed sound asleep, opened the window and crept out. I left the window open as we always had it at night, and said goodby under my breath. Then, with a beating heart I climbed down from the roof of the shed.

I remember that for a moment I stood debating whether to turn back or not; then I flung up my head, ashamed of my lack of courage, and went my way.

I was a little nervous when I boarded the sleeper, for I had never been in one before; but I had studied the manner of the rich girls in Purling Center, and I guess I must have carried it off very well, for the porter was very polite to me, and took my little bag from my hand and led me to my section.

I didn't dare undress, being so new to the experience, but I took off my new gown and lay down. I didn't sleep very much, so I was ready to get up as soon as I heard the porter shouting in the morning that we were now in New York.

WALLY met me. My! but I was glad to see him, and clung to him with all my strength.

"We'll go home first," he said, after greeting me affectionately, and asking some questions about whether I was tired or not.

"The minister first," I said, looking up at him.

He laughed nervously.

"Not as early as this," he answered. "We'll have something to eat first."

I didn't like it, but what with the confusion and the newness of it all, I didn't know what to say in protest. I was like a bewildered child and could do little but hang on his arm as he led me to the subway. I wondered how he could tell which way to go.

It wasn't a long ride, and the walk from where we got off was not far. The streets were almost deserted Wally said, though it seemed to me there were a great many people there.

THE apartment was in a very quiet street, and not at all the swell place I had imagined. Wally let himself in with a key that fitted the hall door and the door of the apartment, and we went upstairs in the silent house. Somehow I was worried; and when we got into the apartment, which was a very pretty one, Wally turned at once and snatched me to him and began to kiss me.

"We must be married right away, Wally," I faltered.

"But we can't, dear," he said, removing my coat and hat and taking me in his arms again. "I couldn't get a license without you. We'll go get it together tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" I gasped, now really frightened. "You said we would be married today."

"I didn't know about the license then, darling," he coaxed, fondling and kissing me so passionately that I was beginning to feel like yielding my fears. But he went on, "Besides what difference does it make? We are just the same as married. Isn't it a cosy little nest, dear? It's our home. And tomorrow we'll be married." He went on caressing me and taking liberties he had never dared take before; and I rested in his arms like one stunned.

"Tomorrow?" I murmured.

"Yes, darling. Today we'll be man and wife and tomorrow the minister may do his part."

I closed my eyes and lay limp in his arms.

Continued in Next Issue

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A Couple of Runaways

(*Continued from page 55*)

that she might fill. One place, an exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue, advertised for models. Another, a department store, seemed in need of clerks.

We idled away several hours and then started the search for employment. The Fifth Avenue shop and the department store were not far from our hotel, and at each place I waited outside. Also, at each place we found that scores of girls had applied and that the vacancies had been filled.

"Never mind, we'll find something," I encouraged her, and myself, and we started off again as happy as skylarks in spring. But in the hours that followed, I found myself wondering again what would be the end, figuring the possibilities until it entered my mind to sneak away and leave her there alone. But right on the heels of the thought came a pang of conscience, a feeling of shame, and I quickly dismissed the idea as we returned to our room.

All afternoon we tried to think out what we had best do to get ourselves out of this fix.

WE dined that evening, a Friday, and signed the check for the expensive meal. We rode again on one of the Fifth Avenue buses. At ten o'clock we were back, a few dollars between us and the end, and still we were held up by that spirit of unconcern that I have not been able to fathom since that fateful summer.

The next morning after breakfast I slipped out and pawned the watch my father had given me for my graduation, for forty dollars.

I took the money, folded the pawn ticket into my flattened pocketbook, and rushed back to the hotel. I had decided my course, the easiest one, I thought, in fairness to the girl who had braved New York with me.

IN our room, I walked over and took her hands, looked into her face and admitted we were in a serious fix, a little more serious than she realized. I told her so, and then offered my solution.

"Let's be married!"

How in the world that would settle our problems never dawned upon me. It was something new, another kind of excitement, and this, I think, was its first appeal. It would allow her to return home and face her people. Further than this, I could see no hope, but I didn't question.

"It wouldn't be fair," she answered, after dropping her eyes an instant. "You don't want me, or love me now."

Perhaps if she suddenly had agreed, I would have excused myself out of it, but here was a little questioning of my judgment, and I refused to be opposed.

WE went to the Municipal Building and got our license. I wanted to be married in an Episcopal church, as that was my family's religion. I had heard of "The Little Church Around the Corner," and this was the one I decided upon.

I had one very close friend in New York, a man who had been my roommate in a military school some years before. I called him by telephone, telling him of my plan, and invited him to be my best man. He promised to meet us at the church at one o'clock.

I felt, too, that there should be another woman at that ceremony, and finally asked a trained nurse who had once spent several weeks in my home.

WE walked down Broadway, Kathryn and I, from the Municipal Building, past the jewelry shops with their giddy things in the windows, and stopped at one that appeared attractive. We looked at wedding rings, choosing one of the narrow type that had become the favorite of brides of the younger generation; and while the engraver scratched our initials in the band, we went for lunch.

We were more serious now. We talked of going back to Kathryn's home. We wondered what our reception would be. We talked of incidents of the past, even of former sweethearts, when suddenly the eyes of the girl across from me drooped. For an instant she was silent.

"I ought to tell you something," she said then.

"Don't!" I answered. "Cheer up."

"But you ought to know," she insisted.

I didn't want to hear it, and I told her so.

"IT'S about a man," she said.

I was certain I didn't want to hear it, and again I tried to make her stop.

"Please don't worry," I insisted. "We are going to start with a clean slate, and I guess if there are any confessions to make, I should be making them and not you. So let's call it square."

"I'm going to tell you, anyway." She was persistent. She didn't look up and her words were ever so soft.

"Four years ago," she said, and then she stopped, collected herself and began again. "Four years ago, I thought I loved a man, and I was a foolish little girl. This is his fraternity pin."

"Give it to me." There was a tone of command in my voice, and she took off the little jeweled thing and dropped it into the palm of my hand.

"Now stop worrying," I begged again. "You are so much better than I anyway, no matter what has happened."

I DROPPED the pin in my pocket and handed over my own to wear in its place. She looked relieved and sparkled up again.

We walked back to the jewelry store where I tucked the little gold band into my pocket, and arm in arm, we found our way to the church. It was not yet one o'clock, and my old room-mate and the nurse had not yet come.

In the rector's study I was greeted in a most business-like way by an assistant, and in less than a minute, all the ideas I had held about the simplicity and ease of a wedding ceremony in this church were shattered to fragments.

(*Continued on page 78*)

How To Play Any Musical Instrument

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How to teach others how to play?

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How to win friends through your playing?

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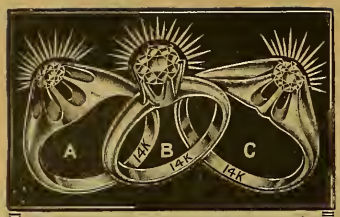

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(*Continued from page 76*)

I found they would perform no ceremony unless the girl, if she were not of age, had had the consent of her parents. I swallowed hard, more angry than disappointed, and wondered if I would find this the case in every Episcopal church in New York.

I thanked the minister for his trouble and waited in the courtyard until Jack arrived, and a few minutes later, Miss Winter, the nurse.

"WHAT'S the idea?" was Jack's greeting, even before I had introduced him to Kathryn. The nurse seemed quite thrilled. I told them we would have to find another church and during the short walk to Fifth Avenue, Kathryn and Miss Winter walked together.

Jack, in the meantime, asked a dozen questions, all aimed at my own personal welfare, but I heeded him not.

"No use arguing, old top," I told him finally. "I expect to be a married man when I leave New York this afternoon, if I have to go to a police judge to have the job done."

"Where are you going now?" he asked me.

I admitted I didn't know.

We found a drug store and consulted the telephone directory for a list of Episcopal churches—finding most of the ministers away for the summer and others, who were not enjoying vacations, out for the afternoon.

FINALLY Jack telephoned to an old church which sits solemnly in the heart of teeming downtown Broadway. He found a minister there who would oblige us, and we immediately started out.

I will never forget the silence of the lighted chapel as we entered. Even our footsteps were muffled in the heavy carpets.

After the necessary details had been attended to we were actually married.

Kathryn answered the questions of the prayer-book in a firm clear voice, glancing toward me frequently, a little smile playing about her lips. In my own heart there was a quiver.

I grasped the hand of my bride and made my effort to repeat after the sing-song voice of the minister.

IN the brief flash of a second, I wondered what my mother and father would say of this latest trick of mine.

I trembled as I slipped the band upon Kathryn's finger, but holding it there, I managed to repeat the words:

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

We all knelt together in prayer and a moment later, Kathryn and I joined hands to hear the minister say:

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

His clear, strong voice, in a wonderfully deep and reverent tone, echoed throughout the chapel, speaking the words which were a summary of the meaning of the ceremony—pronouncing us man and wife. He extended his arms with the benediction, pausing a moment after the "Amen," and then offered his hand in congratulation.

And so we were married.

WE thanked Jack and Miss Winter for their help, left them at a corner on Broadway and clambered aboard a car for the hotel. I made a trip to the home of my aunt, borrowing sufficient money to pay our bill at the hotel. Late in the afternoon, we gathered our meager luggage, made our way to the ferry, and began our journey home.

My first discovery as to the temperament of my wife was jealousy. I told Kathryn I would have to write to Dorothy and explain what I had done, and then the fire came to her eyes.

"Just once," she said. "I don't want you to have anything to do with other girls now." I smiled, despite my feelings at her attitude.

BUT the incident had been forgotten after our two-hour journey home. We rode in a trolley from the station to her house,

Her father, I had learned, was a chauffeur, employed by a wealthy woman, a place he had held for twenty-six years, taking his place behind a steering-wheel when autos came to replace thoroughbred horses. Her mother was a true type of the home-loving, sturdy wife. Both were descendants of the Pennsylvania Dutch, simple people, who had tried to make a daughter of the younger generation, I learned later, live the life of the young people of a bygone age. With the result, of course, that the child went to the other extreme.

THE house was a comfortable one, set back from the main residence in the spacious grounds. It was circled with roses and vines and flowers that drooped in the moonlight.

Kathryn's mother did not rise as we entered, and never have I seen people who displayed so little affection, even though it might be as deep and solid as rock.

"My, I was worried and told the police, I did," was all her mother said at the start.

Kathryn introduced me as her husband and we shook hands.

Briefly, we told her we had eloped, and had been married in New York. Kathryn's father came home shortly after, and to my surprise shook hands with me quite cordially.

"I hope you get along good together," he said. And I wondered how long I would be able to stand his accent. I wondered, too, now that I had heard her mother and father speak, that there was no trace of Pennsylvania Dutch in my wife's speech.

MY worst fears next morning proved true. On the very front page of a great New York newspaper, the one my father always read, was a head[illegible] stretching across two columns. It bro[illegible] cold perspiration to my forehead

(*Continued n page 80*)

A New Invention That Finds and Corrects Your Mistakes in English

Little mistakes in English cost you money and friends. How to find and correct your errors with Sherwin Cody's new invention. Only 15 minutes a day soon helps you speak and write masterly English

As the result of thousands of tests, Mr. Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In five minutes' conversation, or in an average one page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising to see how many expert stenographers fall down in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say between "you and I" instead of "you and me," and use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.

A Remarkable Discovery

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his test he found that the trouble with old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong.

For the past five years Mr. Cody has been working almost day and night on the study of the problem "How to make it stick in your mind." He wanted to find a way to cure bad habits in writing and speech, and acquire good ones. He appealed to school superintendents, and 150 of them placed classes at his disposal for experiment. He appealed to great corporations, and they let their employés be tested so Mr. Cody could know how accurate they really were. And as a result of all his experience Mr Cody evolved his

Self-Correcting Method

Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device, and now he places it at your disposal. You do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. You mark your errors and check them in the first blank column. Next week you try that page again, on the second unmarked sheet, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have failed to remember, and at the bottom you compare your average with that of grammar school graduates, high school graduates, and experienced stenographers, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar, letter writing, and grammatical usage.

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A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. When you write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes, and correct your work in five minutes more, it gives you a good idea of the practical value of this course. Another important advantage is, you waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the *mistakes* you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the *right* way you soon acquire the *correct* habit in place of the *incorrect* habit.

English Reveals You

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself. Words are the driving, compelling force in business. Ideas cannot be expressed except through words. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas, clearly, forcibly, convincingly. And now Mr. Cody has made it easy for you to acquire a masterly command of English.

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(*Continued from page* 78)

awakened me to the realization of what I had done.

There was the headline:

CHAUFFEUR'S CHILD MAY BE BRIDE OF MILLIONAIRE'S SON

I can still see that type when I close my eyes.

Then followed the gruesome account. A reporter had recognized my name. Picked up by telegraph and telephone, the facts were there, everything but the name of the church where the ceremony had been performed. That they had not found, and for that reason alone, had not dared to say positively that we had been married. But the final details were out next day and other New York papers picked up the threads and spun them into a lurid romance, always and ever emphasizing the "chauffeur's child and millionaire's son."

IT was echoed in the papers of our own home cities until people turned to stare after us as we walked along the streets. From all about I could hear the whispering gossips: "Kathryn's got a millionaire." I laughed to myself. Kathryn appreciated the joke as much as I.

Sunday afternoon I spent in moving my things from my room in the steel town, not far away, to the home of my bride, and early Monday morning I was in my work-clothes, eating the breakfast my wife had cooked. I kissed her good-by, picked up the lunch she had prepared for me, and took the trolley to work.

EVERY time I turned, those headlines greeted me from the papers men were reading on the car. I found more of them in the shop, where the joking and ragging of the men became intolerable. Toward afternoon, I turned to the office of the shop foreman, determined to finish a disagreeable task—that of writing my mother and Dorothy. The girl must have known by now, through the tattling columns of newspapers, just what had happened to her fiancé

I wrote my mother first, telling her lie after lie. I told her I had been in love for months. I made the greatest mistake in attempting to prepare my mother to meet a daughter-in-law who had not been privileged to live in an environment where the advantages had been as great as mine. But to Dorothy, I could find no excuse, no apology other than the truth. So, finally, amid the grinding of lathes and the thud of a distant steam-hammer, I concocted a lie that put all of the blame upon the slender shoulders of my bride—a lie I shall never be able to undo should I live a thousand years.

I TOLD her that the lonesomeness of summer had driven me to questionable companions and a party where drink had driven my senses away, and where a woman, knowing my father's wealth, had tricked me into marriage.

I expected Dorothy to become disgusted and thankful that she had been spared. I hoped she would forget all about me. But she did nothing of the kind. She sent my letter to my mother, with a dozen pages of her own, pleading, begging, weeping, praying that something would be done to save me from myself.

And before I heard from my mother, I heard from Dorothy. She wrote me at the shop, pouring out a love that I had never dreamed existed in her adorable soul. I found myself mad to see her, to be near her again, and have her and not the woman I had married.

She had already forgiven me when she wrote:

"I can forgive you, dear boy, for this. And I will want you, always want you, in spite of what you have done. Certainly you are not living with this woman, and it should not be hard to have such a marriage annulled. And when that is done we can go our way and forget."

"HOW could you? How could you, son?" was what my mother wrote. "I feel from your letter that Kathryn is not our kind."

My father had gone to the little country post-office in Nova Scotia and carried the letter to my mother in his pocket, while he read on the way to the cabin the lurid account of the wedding of his boy in New York. It was there in the newspaper before him in glaring type, in the same mail with my letter.

He cried about it, I learned later on.

I wrote Dorothy again, thanking her for her wonderful devotion, asking her to be patient, and promising I would do my best to undo this thing that I had done. But each day, at the close of work, I rushed away to the woman who bore my name; and so I lived a lie.

THE old feeling of disgust for the steel mill was still boiling in my blood. I hated it, hated the sight of it.

And then one night when we were alone, I told Kathryn I had decided to quit and seek a job in Philadelphia. I asked her to wait at home until I could find a place for us both, but in this she refused. I found her suspicious that I might run away, and to prevent a scene, I let her rule. We packed our few belongings and started out.

In Philadelphia we found a gaudily-furnished room where we made our home, getting our meals on a two-burner gas-stove, washing dishes in the basin—eking out a miserable existence.

While our very limited funds lasted I was particular in my choice of work, but it wasn't long before I jumped at the offering of a book concern to let me peddle books from house to house.

WHEN the first day was done, the sum total of my efforts had resulted in one little order. I worked on indefatigably the days that followed. For two weeks, this book-agent business brought me perhaps fifteen dollars a week, and I found that with practise, I was becoming more and more proficient. I was gradually increasing my earnings until after a month I was sent to Atlantic City in charge of a crew of three men.

DOROTHY, in the meantime, had stopped writing me, waiting for the action she thought I would take, the

action which I had begun to hope might succeed before many weeks had passed. Hardly a day of my domestic life went by that something was not said or done which brought home the undeniable fact that never would I be able to return, with this wife, to my own kith and kin. I had come to realize that those in the upper strata of society would refuse to accept her within their exclusive circle.

We were at a boarding-house in Atlantic City, and one evening when I had returned from my daily grind, there was a message that a man had called to see me and had asked that I meet him later in a nearby saloon. I had not the slightest hint as to his identity and I was even at a loss to know how I might pick him from a crowd. But that task was not necessary.

I KEPT the appointment and found that he greeted me as I entered the room. He had come from New York at the request of my mother, who had returned from Nova Scotia, to see what could be done about this marriage.

His plans were laid, I learned, for a well-oiled campaign toward annulment, and if that were not possible, divorce. He asked me to slip quietly out of sight and meet him at a Philadelphia hotel on the second morning following, and I agreed.

The next day came and although I had not breathed a word of this to a living soul, Kathryn became unaccountably suspicious. She followed me closely, but toward seven o'clock I managed to get away. I took an automobile to a railroad station three miles out of the terminal, making certain I was not followed as I left.

I felt more comfortable when I turned in my seat and saw the city's lights slipping away in the background, and I was glad to learn I had reached the little station unobserved. The train came along and I climbed into the smoker, settled comfortably in the seat, and there came over me the subconscious feeling that someone was staring at me. I was correct.

MY wife stood in the aisle.

She had suspected my trick, taken the train at Atlantic City, and there she was.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" she asked me.

I was angry at myself for being beaten at my little game.

"I don't want to live with you any longer," I said.

"Well, we'll just see. I'll have you arrested."

I really hated her for that. Our meeting had become more or less of a scene and all eyes were turned in our direction.

BUT there was no use trying to escape here, so I put off the new attempt I had already planned, until we reached Philadelphia. Across the ferry, I went into a restaurant and she followed me in there, eating what I ate, in silence—but furious.

She left when I left and when I sought a hotel and signed my name to the register, she did likewise.

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"We will occupy the same room," she told the clerk. He was astonished at this unusual performance.

"Is this your wife?" he asked me.

I admitted she was, in order to save a further scene, but I did insist that I have a single room. She persuaded the clerk to let her have the adjoining room and a bell-boy led us to the floor above. I locked myself in after pushing her violently away from my door when she insisted upon blocking the way. She threatened and said she would jump from the window if I did not let her in. I was so disgusted with her behavior by this time that I invited her to help herself. But she was still determined not to let me off so easily.

WITH the help of a chair from her own room, she climbed to my transom which was without a curtain, and there she stood and watched my every move. Disgusted with it all, I 'phoned the clerk, begging him to send a policeman or somebody to make the woman behave herself. He came up personally, and begged and pleaded with her but she still refused to listen.

The situation seemed hopeless and I decided to go down and sit the night out in the lobby. She followed like a shadow, but finally an opportunity came and I made a dash, through the almost deserted café, down a dark flight of steps and into the cellar, groping my way to another door which opened into an alley.

Here I shook the ruffles out of my temper and turned to find the hotel where I was to meet this lawyer my mother had sent to shatter my marriage vows.

HE was there the next day at the appointed time, bringing me a generous supply of money with instructions to go somewhere out of reach and to write him when I arrived.

From Philadelphia I went to New York, and for the first time in my life I felt much as a hunted criminal must feel. I found myself hesitant to turn corners, hesitant to pass policemen. In New York I bought a bag and sufficient clothing to give me a start, and an hour later I secured a passage for Florida aboard one of the coastwise vessels, never for a minute feeling safe until the churning of the propeller turned the big ship's nose out into the stream. Then, and only then, when the ship had cleared the dock, did I feel I was free and out of reach.

I went to Jacksonville, and from there drifted across the state and to the south, and then to Tampa, where I wrote my first letter home, addressing it to the lawyer who was going to make me free. Letters from my mother, urging me to keep up courage, reached me in envelopes addressed from the office of the law firm. My mother wanted to be able to say with a clear conscience, I learned, that she did not know where I was.

I FOUND a job I liked and threw my heart and soul into it. It helped me to forget, and to pass the time until I was free and able to return to my home without fear of finding a furious woman waiting for me there, ready to have me cast into jail for desertion and non-support.

Preferable to the annulment plan, my attorney had decided it best to establish a residence in Florida, and to sue later for divorce. This I had resigned myself to do.

THREE months had passed. The old order of writing to my people indirectly through the lawyer had stopped, and my letters to my mother and hers to me were sent direct. Little was said of the thing I had set out to accomplish. Spring came and went, summer was in the air, and I was glad one day when a letter from home informed me that my mother and father were coming to visit me. They must have read between the lines of my letters, I thought, that I was losing heart, but their visit to encourage me, if that was what it was for, came just too late.

I had already taken my fate into my own hands, and in a long telegram, I told my wife I loved her in spite of all I had done, and asked her to come to me where we could be alone and where we could start out fresh and anew.

It must have been just ordinary lonesomeness that made me send that message. I spoke of love, but I questioned the word even as I wrote it.

THEN her answer came, and I believe I have never read such bubbling enthusiasm as that which ran like a happy song through a long letter that covered fully a dozen pages.

"I knew you wouldn't stay away from me," she wrote. "Papa doesn't want me to go because he thinks you will just get tired of me again, but I know you won't, so now I am going to tell you a secret. No one knows, not even mother. I have been making baby-clothes, lots and lots of them when I was alone in my room at night. So please hurry and send me some money so I can come to you right away." She signed herself, "Your ever devoted," and a lump formed in my throat as I read it.

A FEW days later my mother and father arrived but before they came I found myself worrying how I should tell them what I had done. I lacked the nerve to blurt it straight out and so I finally wrote my mother a letter and thrust it into her hand as I left her at the door of her room, the first night of her visit.

I told her I loved this girl I had married, and again I questioned the word, but I thought it would be my justification. And then I told her I had learned through a friend that I was to become a daddy myself before a very great while and that I could not resist sending for Kathryn and attempting to right the wrong I had done.

I SAW my mother and father the next morning. Disappointment seemed to be written in every line of their faces. I could feel it in every word my mother spoke. Gently she urged me to reconsider and run away again before it was too late, but I stood firm on the decision I had made. Had it been Kathryn alone, I might have taken my things and found some other hiding-place, but when I

looked at her letter again and read once more of the little fellow who was coming later on, I couldn't change my mind again.

Two days later, when I returned from my work, my father said to me:

"Go find the house you like and send the agent to me. Since you have made your decision, I want you to have a good start."

Two days later I was given the deed to a handsome little bungalow, completely furnished—a wonderful wedding present.

THE day after my mother and father left to return north, my wife arrived, prettier than ever, it seemed to me.

The hot Florida summer reached its height. Regularly each week, my letter would come from home, news of the things up there, but hardly ever a word of inquiry about my wife. July came and was almost gone, the last few days were near. It was Saturday and the doctor came and together we sat up through the night, even to noon of Sunday. Toward noon the doctor, who had been sitting on the porch with me, went inside and this time failed to return. It seemed like a month, but it was only one o'clock when he came back, smiling a smile that reached from ear to ear—a smile that told me plainer than words that all was well. He told me I could go in.

It was twins! Pretty little pink things, and Kathryn never seemed so beautiful and sweet as she did that minute, pale as she was, but smiling. I buried my face in the warm curve of her neck and cried.

It took a long telegram to send my folks this glorious news and even before sunset, their answer came. And Tuesday morning they were there, sisters and all. I introduced my wife to my mother and father and sisters, and one by one they leaned over Kathryn's bedside and kissed her, happiness in every face at last.

FOR two weeks, my mother and father lingered, reluctant to leave the joy of their first grandchildren, and when they left, they asked Kathryn's forgiveness for the effort they had made to destroy a marriage which had hurt their pride.

We lived happily after that, with ourselves and the children, a family which has grown with another, and still another, until there are four now. Each little one has brought with it another bit of happiness, each its visit from the folks at home; each has payed a thousand-fold for the friends of the past who have gone from my life.

The occupation of my own choice has taken the place of the hated work at the steel mills. I am in the interesting field of journalism where a man's mind and heart are always kept busy.

Often I see the unhappiness of others. I see it in the courts and in the homes; so many marriages are a failure. And then I wonder if they are built upon that most indestructible of all foundations, the union of God and not of man.

Of mine, in spite of the troubled past, I must still believe:

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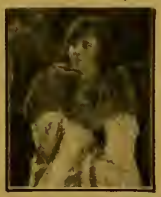
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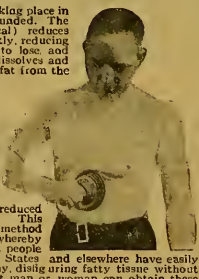

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An Experiment in Love

(*Continued from page* 68)

"Besides," said Harry, "if murder is untenable in connection with the trust, we must abandon our suspicion altogether. Do you forget that the watchman would have been burned to death but for the accident that gave us warning in time?"

"I had forgotten that for the moment," said Mr. Thorne; and it was evident that the others had also.

"Well, it's all guess-work at this stage," said the detective, rising in an energetic way. "I will look into this clew and see what there is in it. Where can I find this young lady?"

"She teaches at the district school, Harry said. "I promised her that she should not come into any disagreeable notoriety on our account."

"Where is the school?"

HARRY turned to his father, his face set in lines of determination.

"I gave the young lady my promise, dad. She is only a girl, hardly more than sixteen. I hope you'll help me keep my promise."

"I will go with Mr. Dawson."

"Thanks. Before you go would you care to hear what I have been thinking about the fire?"

The detective smiled ironically.

"I would like very much to hear, Harry," his father said warmly.

"You will remember that although there were four of the men together at the time of the assault on Miss Warner, only three were in evidence later."

"One might easily have been on guard, and out of sight," said the detective, and it was plain the suggestion was a good one.

"THAT is true," assented Harry, "but I work the affair out in another way. It is clear either that Providence has worked against us, or that the trust has done the very things that would disable us and put us out of the way. I incline to the trust theory because the trust has been known to do equally wicked things before."

"I agree with you, Harry," said the father. "Go on."

"If the four men were tramps, their grudge would have been against me and not against dad; and I cannot believe that even tramps would be so illogical as to take so complete a revenge as killing me would have been, and then take all the risk of burning down dad's factory. If I were dead I could not suffer from that.

"It might have been their purpose," said the detective, sneeringly, "only to injure you by a blow, and to let you live to suffer by the fire."

"Perhaps," said Harry, quietly.

"I BEGIN to see your argument, Harry," said Mr. Christy, cordially, "and I rather like it. Go on!"

"The fire," Harry resumed, thanking the lawyer with a glance, "was manifestly the work of experts, whether tramps or not. And only two men worked in the building. Moreover, no third one to stand guard was necessary, under the circumstances, the watchman being provided for and the factory deserted."

"Tramps would hardly have known that," said the detective, sourly.

"You are right. Tramps would not have known it, but experts who had studied the situation carefully would. Assume that two expert incendiaries had set out to do this thing: They disguise themselves as tramps, a thing the more easy to do because the tramps are just now pouring out of the cities; they fall in and fraternize with two real tramps."

"GOOD, Harry!" cried his father, his eyes sparkling. And Mr. Christy leaned forward eagerly.

"The real tramps propose an assault on the lonely girl; the others, in order to be consistent, and not to lose the company of the real tramps, fall in with the idea and give their aid. That accounts for their part in the assault."

"I think, sir," said the detective, with an air of weariness, "that your forte is romancing."

"Perhaps. Now, let us assume that the real tramps see and smell as much as Miss Warner and I, and have their suspicions of something crooked going on. They spy on the other two and discover their intention; one of the tramps, in a fright, hurries away, and the other stays to pay me back for my interference. In this way we account for my assailant, we account for the absence of the fourth man, we account for my assailant's readiness to betray the incendiaries, and for his very imperfect knowledge of the plans of the firebugs."

"And the case against the trust takes more and more definite shape," said his father, triumphantly.

"IT'S a pity you were not going into the law, my boy," said Mr. Christy. "I don't think a clearer hypothetical case could have been made out. But we mustn't forget that these things have yet to be established."

"And we mustn't forget," said the detective, "that, even if we grant the perfect correctness of the theory, we are no nearer than we were to the perpetrators. What we must do, if you please, Mr. Thorne, is to pursue the incendiaries, fix the crime on them, and make them expose their principals."

"With all my heart, Mr. Dawson; that is what I employ you for."

"Then let us get out of the atmosphere of theory and into that of action. Shall we go and interview this friend of your son's?"

"YOU will not forget, dad," said Harry, calmly, "my promise to Miss Warner? I never saw her before yesterday afternoon, but I owe her as much faith as if I had known her all my life."

"She shall be protected, Harry. Is she a person to whom we could offer a reward?"

"No! Oh, no! Don't think of such a thing! She is a lady!"

"Ladies have been known who were

not averse to receiving a reward," said the detective.

Harry made no answer, but looked at the man steadily for a moment, then turned to Mr. Christy and began to talk with him. When they were left alone in the library the lawyer smiled, and said:

"Mr. Dawson doesn't seem to take kindly to your theories, Harry."

I wish dad would let me go to work at this thing."

"It's my opinion he might do worse."

"I wish you'd persuade him of it."

"Why won't he?"

HARRY laughed, half petulantly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't you remember what he said this morning about my being dedicated to something higher? The regeneration of the human race is the work that is laid out for me."

"You don't seem as enthusiastic as you were yesterday."

"Perhaps not as hopeful. And yet, I don't know. Men and women are not what they ought to be, are they?"

"I am sure they are not."

"And it would be a great work to infuse the spirit of regeneration into them?"

"No doubt of it."

"You are laughing at me."

"I am laughing at the notion that you can do anything in your way, Harry. Of course, you can make a beginning, but it is my opinion that the greatest mistake you and your father make is in supposing you can eliminate love."

"What is love?" asked Harry.

"LOVE? Why, love is the strong attraction that one person has for another. Do you mean to say you have never felt it?"

"I presume I love dad."

"Good Lord! Of course you do. But I was thinking of girls. Perhaps you love Elizabeth, the germless."

"If I did, would I know it?"

"I should hope so. But I guess you don't love her; you are quite too calm for a lover."

"If I did love her, would she be sure to love me?"

"Certainly not; that would be altogether too easy."

"I don't think I understand you, Mr. Christy," said Harry, a wistful look in his eyes. "You say almost vehemently that one shouldn't marry without love, and yet, when I ask you about love, you treat it as if it were a joke."

"SO I do, Harry, copying the world's foolish way," the lawyer said with sudden gravity. "But love is not a thing to joke about, I acknowledge. And you would find out how tragic a thing it is if you were to marry Elizabeth and then meet a woman you *did* love. It is overmastering, overwhelming; it lives with you, dominates you, drives you.

"So he will for gold."

"It is for love of woman that man amasses gold."

"Is it an impulse to evil, then?"

"It is an impulse to anything to win possession, I suppose. I am trying only to show you how powerfully it acts. Why, bloody wars have been waged for woman's sake."

"Love of her, or passion for her?" asked Harry.

"Both, no doubt. Can they be separated when woman is in question?"

"I don't know; I have been asking you for information. As you make it out, love is a horribly selfish feeling."

"I suppose it is, and yet a man will do anything for the woman he loves."

"*Anything?*"

"Anything but give her up to another man," the lawyer laughed; and Harry, with a little sigh, turned to another topic.

MR. CHRISTY made an effort to induce Mr. Th rne to let Harry work on the case with the detective, but Mr. Thorne was obdurate.

"I don't take any stock in Dawson, but it isn't the sort of work for Harry, nevertheless," he answered, and there the matter was dropped.

Harry took the books out to Ruth, as he had promised, but did not take Elizabeth.

Ruth gave a sigh of relief, and made no further protest; not even when Harry met her again the next morning, and again the next afternoon; and went on meeting her twice a day.

Mr. Thorne and the detective had interviewed her once, and, excepting from her, Harry had heard nothing about it.

The factory was not rebuilt. The operatives straggled away, one after another, to other places, and in a few weeks it seemed as if the fire had been forgotten.

HARRY saw Elizabeth less frequently than ever before. As for Elizabeth, she was always full of wrestling or fencing, or sparring or some other form of exercise; and if she wanted to see Harry, went to his house as nonchalantly as if she had been a boy friend of his. Harry saw Mr. Christy quite frequently, too, but he never again asked him any questions about love. In fact, he had given up wondering what love was. He no longer doubted that love was necessary to a happy marriage.

Harry was in love, and knew it.

When he had fallen into that state, or when he had become aware of his condition, he did not know. It had crept upon him so stealthily that he had been unaware of it until it had swept his whole strong being with its wonderful force. It troubled him when he thought of Elizabeth, and troubled him even more when he thought of his father, for he had no idea that their views would ever coincide with his. He knew he must have an explanation with them, and he dreaded it; so he put it off. His idea was to put it off until he was sure of having inspired in Ruth the same feeling that he had for her.

IN the meantime they had plenty to discuss between themselves. He carried her lunch basket and every other trifling thing that could be construed into a burden to her; and rejoiced extravagantly over her growing strength.

Ruth, for her part, made a struggle at first to prevent Harry from coming so often, then took a desperate look ahead, and decided it would be better to love him and lose him, than not to love him."

So they went on meeting twice a day,

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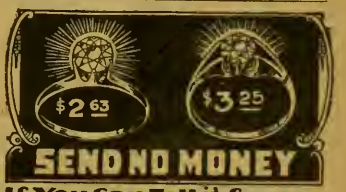

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and loving all day; and three weeks of great happiness for them passed before the serpent crept into their Eden. And the serpent came in the person of the apparently insignificant detective, Dawson. When Mr. Thorne told Dawson he would no longer need his services, as nothing seemed to come of it, the detective thought that Harry must have persuaded his father to dismiss him. So in pure malice, but seeming good humor, he told Mr. Thorne of Harry's frequent meetings with Ruth.

Mr. Thorne did not give any sign of surprise, but after Dawson had left, he put on his hat and walked out to the little schoolhouse, at a short distance from which he posted himself in concealment, and waited.

HE saw Harry and Ruth meet, and there was no possible doubt but that he saw a pair of lovers. He ground his teeth in his rage. To turn from the perfect Elizabeth to that imperfection!

He strode back home and locked himself in the library, giving orders that Harry should be sent to him immediately upon his return. Then he paced up and down, up and down.

One of the servants, hearing Harry come in, hastened after him and told him his father wished to see him at once.

"Tell him I'll be there in a minute," said Harry, hurrying up to his room.

He had a little bunch of wood violets in his buttonhole. He took them out, kissed them, and put them carefully into a glass of water. Then he went down to see his father.

Probably Henry Thorne had not definitely arranged in his own mind what he would say to Harry when he came.

He faced the door as Harry opened it. He had noted the brisk, blithe manner of Harry's coming down the stairs—a swift, tripping progress, with the final steps taken in a light jump; he had caught the note of joy in the snatch of song that Harry softly sang. He closed his square jaws hard together as the bitter thought came upon him that it was the folly of love that had made Harry so happy.

"Hello, Dad!" cried Harry. "You wanted me?"

To his father he looked like a very god of power and joy and beauty.

"Yes, Harry."

Harry caught the stern and anxious gleam in the somber eyes, and his joyousness gave way to concern.

"Something wrong, dad? Something I can help about?"

"Yes, something wrong, Harry, very wrong. And you can help; yes, you—nobody but you."

IT was not the stern, uncompromising Henry Thorne who was talking, but a man fearing to lose all by demanding too much. It seemed that he had had a sudden consciousness that, back of the happy, joyous boy was hidden a man moulded of the same metal as himself.

"Why, dad!" cried Harry, with the tenderest solicitude, "what is it?"

Henry Thorne breathed hard, turned away, and sank into a chair. He admitted to himself that he dared not bring the matter to an issue; dared not say to Harry what he had intended to say.

"The detective has been here this morning. I have paid him, and am done with him. He was accomplishing nothing. But what can we do without help?"

"Better than with it, dad," came the eager response. "Why do we need help?" I know you think I am young and romantic, and not fit to undertake such a task, but I tell you, dad, being romantic isn't the worst condition a fellow can be in."

"I never dreamed of calling you romantic, Harry. What put that notion into your head?

HARRY laughed in very exuberance of spirits, and put his arm over his father's shoulders in a loving way not usual between the two. And the older man, awkward under the unwonted caress, was yet more pleased than he would have said.

"Honest, dad, weren't you ever romantic?" Harry asked gaily.

"Never!"

"You never walked in the woods or the fields in the spring?"

"Many times, no doubt."

"Oh, dad, do you mean to say that you walked in the midst of the new life of an awakening world, saw the buds swelling, the delicate leaves creeping out into the glorious sunshine, felt the delicious breezes slipping past you, heard the birds calling love to each other——"

"Calling passion to each other, Harry," said his father, almost sullenly, moving to get away from the arm, whose weight oppressed him now.

"Why passion, dad? Why not love? The birds are not concerned with regenerating the world. They live their lives simply and without theories."

IT was like a challenge to his father, but the latter instinctively feared to take it up, lest, the discussion once opened, there would come a conflict of wills. The more ready Harry, the less ready his father.

"The birds are concerned only with mating and rearing a family; and if they were not moved by passion they would not mate. They are not, indeed, concerned with theories; not even with the most fanciful of all—love. But passion, which is not a theory, but a fact, utterly controls them in the mating season——"

"Which is spring," interposed Harry, almost exultantly.

"Which is spring. And but for this passion that takes possession of them they would not mate, and they would cease to exist."

"Then all hail passion!" said Harry, trying to laugh, but ending seriously.

"All hail passion! It is as the hunger that urges an animal to eat in order that life may be sustained. Without passion the human race, at least, would be doomed."

"But passion is not all, nor the best, dad. There is something higher."

"Yes, reason. Reason supplements passion, controls it to its proper end—the preservation and regeneration of the race."

HARRY shrugged his shoulders impatiently. To him there was nothing new in his father's argument; he had heard it many times, and with a hundred variations. He had accepted it as true. Now he was so sure that it was not true

that he was eager to discuss it with his father, although he was not ready, as yet, to deal with anything more than theory.

"Sometimes I wonder," he ventured, "if the regeneration part isn't just a theory of your own, dad; what we might call your romanticism."

"It would be romantic, if impossible, Harry; but it is possible. See now what conditions are: Society induces a morbid sexual condition in its prospective fathers and mothers by making an unclean mystery of sex and its manifestations. Love, whatever that may be, is only a pretty name for a passion that, properly, is despised, because, being a morbid growth, it has degenerated into lust."

"BUT suppose you say affection, instead of love?"

"It doesn't matter what you call it, Harry. The attraction between two young persons filled with morbid passion is always the same. A proper, normal, healthy passion is not an uncontrollable thing. Moreover, such a passion is a good, a splendid thing. And wise men and women will order their passion and not let it order them."

"But why may not such wise persons love each other? You and I love each other, dad, and we are the happier for it. When a man and woman marry they must not only beget children, but they must live together for all their lives; and, if they do not begin with affection, they may very soon come to hate."

"Many who marry with love come very soon to hate."

"Is that so with those who really love? Is it not, rather, those morbidly passionate persons who call their lust love?' '

"WHAT, then, Harry, is love?"

"I don't know that I have a definition at hand to suit our purpose, but I have an object lesson"—his father started—"ourselves."

"My boy, don't be foolish. Can such a reasonable affection as ours exist between a man and a woman? Will not the passion of sex immediately intrude?"

"May not passion exist without affection, just as affection does without passion? Because they exist together might be an augury of happiness in marriage. It seems to me that to marry without affection as a basis would be a courting of disaster."

"What measure of affection would you demand, Harry?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, you can conceive of having affection for a great many persons—many of them women—I suppose?"

"Different degrees of affection—yes."

"Well, what degree of affection is essential to marriage?"

"That which is greatest," Harry answered at once.

"And how are you to know that the woman you love most today, or here, is the one that you will always love most? There are many millions of women in the world. Why may you not find one among the millions to attract you more than the one whom you have married?"

"WHAT can one do but take that chance? Besides, divorce is frowned upon, and in any case you will be in the same plight, whether you marry for reason or for love."

"Ah, no! The only legitimate excuse for mating is procreation. Choose a mate fitted for motherhood by reason of a body and mind properly prepared for that highest office in nature, and there will be no wreck of happiness because of the death of a sentiment that has no proper place in that particular scheme of life."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. Something was wrong somewhere, but he could not discover it at that time, so he ended the discussion with:

"Well, any how, dad, I believe one must and will love somebody. Why, I love the birds and the flowers, leaving humans out of the question. And when I love, I find I am better, kinder, tenderer. You may be able to demonstrate that love is not necessary in marriage, but you can't theorize love out of existence. And I do begin to feel that either one would better mate without bond of marriage, or else love in marriage. I just think I'd go crazy if I were tied for life to a woman I didn't love."

Harry rose and walked over to the window, out of which he looked into the bright sunshine, among the flowers and trees, and instantly he thought of Ruth.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Thorne was thinking hard. He knew now that Harry was all he had hoped he would never be—in love. And then a sudden fear flashed through his mind.

"Well, Harry," he said, "we've wandered away from what I want to talk to you about."

"Oh, yes! Of course! You are troubled about something, and I can help you. What is it, dad?"

"Well, as you know, I dismissed the detective. He wasn't getting anywhere. Someone ought to go to New York immediately and look after things there, but I have a strong feeling that I ought to keep my eye on the situation here. So it occurred to me, since you were so eager to get in on the detectives job, that you might still like to tackle this affair for me now."

"Oh, I'd be so glad to—say, that would be great!" was the eager response.

"Can you go on up tonight?"

"Sure thing."

"Then pack a suit-case and take the next train for New York."

Suddenly Harry thought of Ruth. How could he go away just now! A cry of protest rose to his lips, but he did not utter it. His father, pretending to see nothing, hurried away.

"At least, he will have no time to see her before he leaves," he thought.

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My Year in Movies

(*Continued from page 53*)

me to spend that money on clothes for her, or else give it to her and let her do as she sees fit?"

He seemed to exclude me from the conversation, and I sat dumb. Silence reigned for a moment, and then my room-mate raised her eyes and said:

"Personally, I think it would be all right, but the public is the one who must judge. Unless the couple are engaged, it is considered wrong for a man to give a girl clothes."

HER decision was honest and logical. For a moment Jim sat with bowed head—then suddenly looked up.

"Did you," he asked, "say it was all right if the couple were engaged?" And in his eyes there was hope. I dared not breathe. My room-mate nodded. Then she started to rise, but he asked her to remain a moment longer. She resumed her seat. Then Jim turned to me:

"Lois, for the next few months, we are engaged. When you are able to get on without my help, then you may give this back to me, if you want to." Then he took my hand and slipped a ring on it. In a few minutes, he left us. My love for this man was overwhelming. And how strange the proposal was.

My room-mate came to me and drew me to her and we both cried together.

"Lois," she said, "that was the most noble thing a man ever did. And it is up to you to accept. To refuse would be foolish and heartless. He loves you. And dear," she gave a little cry, half sob, "if you do decide you do'nt want him when the time is up, please give me a chance at him."

MY engagement became known but not the facts back of it all. And as my wardrobe increased so did my chances develop, and at the present writing I am in a fair way of becoming a star within the next year or so.

But will I go on? I am afraid not.

For a little more than a month ago I accepted Jim as my husband-to-be. We are to be married in July of this year. And I am proud to give up a career for such a man.

He is fast becoming a success, but were he to lose it all tomorrow it would matter nothing to me. Compared to being his wife and the mother of his children, my career is a small thing. I only pray God that I may prove worthy of the great privilege that is mine.

A career in the movie world is, after all, a small matter. But my love for Jim is the beginning of something that will go singing on through eternity.

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When Jean Went Home

(*Continued from page 27*)

residences were little red bells and sprigs of evergreens. Sleighs dashed by, the bells on the horses merrily jingling. I took my dog and started out into the country to scare up some rabbits. My way took me past the Maxwell cottage. As I was going by Mrs. Maxwell came to the door and signaled for me to stop.

"You knew her," she whispered through quivering lips. "I thought you might like to see her before——"

I UNDERSTOOD. Taking off my hat I entered the little room that served as a parlor. Mr. Maxwell, old and feeble, sat in a rocking chair by the stove, his head resting on his hands. A door leading to a side room was half open. Mrs. Maxwell pointed to it and I went in. The curtains had not been raised. An oil lamp was dimly burning on a small table. Then I saw Dave Channing by the bedside. The face of the girl on the bed was like wax, but the bright violet eyes shone with unnatural intensity. Jean was lying quite still, save for the slow undulations of the white covers from her labored breathing.

Dave heard me enter and arose.

"That you, Sam?" he whispered. "God! What a night!" The nerve of the strong man had broken, and he talked like one who hardly knew what he was saying. He went on thickly: "She's been calling all night for—for that—that man!"

HE ran his hand through his thick hair, and a gleam from the oil lamp touched it. It was almost as white as the snow outside!

Mrs. Maxwell came softly into the room and raised the curtains. A group of boys and girls in a sleigh stopped in front of the house, and began singing an old-time Christmas carol. It was about the shepherds watching on the hills of Judea, and the angel chorus.

Jean, aroused by the singing, suddenly rose on her elbow. Her eyes were bright and smiling and a heart-breaking smile played about her sad mouth. I thought she was recovering, but Dave knew better. He sprang and placed some pillows behind her and knelt by the side of the bed. Jean sat listening with sparkling eyes till the song was finished and the carolers drove on. Then she fell back on the pillows and turned her strangely beautiful face toward Dave's.

"THAT was pretty, Dave, wasn't it?" she whispered. Then she babbled on of the days she lived in our town, and it suddenly flashed on me that to her those days were here now. She talked of her work and of her friends and the little ambitions that had governed her then. I stood by the door wondering at this strange thing, when Jean reached out her white hand to Dave and murmured:

"I must go to sleep now, so that I can get down to work early in the morning. G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t —Dave!"

Slowly the violet eyes grew dull, the white covers undulated slower and slower and then stopped. Jean had gone home.

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The Vital Reason for the Internal Bath

In Chicago recently, there was held a gigantic political meeting that attracted a crowd of some 15,000 men and women of varying ages. On the outskirts of the assembly stood a physician with a friend. Turning to his friend, the medical man said, "I'll wager that in this vast throng there aren't 100 persons who are in anything like normal health."

Much as we dislike unpleasant truths, there is significance in that physician's remark, for all of us. Few of us can honestly say that we are over 50 per cent efficient.

We all want to be free from disease or ailment of any kind. We all want to have pure blood, normal heart and sound nerves. We all want to enjoy restful nights and active, vigorous days. Yet most of us are half the time blue and worried, all the time nervous, and most of the time actually incapacitated by illness.

And why? Largely because we do not follow a few simple rules in the care of our physical condition. How many of us, for instance, practice internal bathing? True it is that this means of improving the physical condition is growing in use every day, but there are thousands of us yet who are strangers to the benefits of the Internal Bath.

The need for internal bathing is due simply to the fact that we have within our bodies such an organ as the large intestine, commonly called the colon. Accumulating waste as it does, the colon is the bane of our health. The waste is toxious, which means poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation. That's what causes Auto-intoxication—which in plain English means "Self-Poisoning," a condition which pulls down our powers of resistance and renders us subject to almost any serious ailment that may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that few of us know when we are "Auto-Intoxicated."

The proper kind of Internal Bath is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the correct way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet and pure.

The effect on your physical condition is little short of marvelous. Your eyes take on a new sparkle, your step a new vigor. Your nerves relax, your appetite improves, and your sleep becomes more restful, more refreshing. You feel re-made.

To really understand the Internal Bath and all that it accomplishes, one should read the very interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade." Dr. Tyrrell's own life was saved and prolonged by Internal Bathing and he wrote on the subject like the eminent authority that he was. The booklet, which is entitled "The What, The Why, and the Way of Internal Bathing," will interest every man and woman. All that is necessary to secure this booklet is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, No. 134 West 65th St., New York City, and mention having read this article in True Story Magazine. The booklet will be mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

There is nothing so important as the kind of health which keeps us fit, confident and enthusiastic for the day's work; and as the getting of this Book involves no expense, why not write for it now, while it is fresh in your mind?

Who Laughs Last

(*Continued from page 37*)

and married him. And it seemed to Jimmy then that life had just begun. The past was a blank book as far as he was concerned. He began to dig down into business, made investments, and was making the supreme effort of his life to become a successful man for the woman he loved. But no matter what he did, sooner or later the investment would go to the bad. Then, one day just when things were looking their worst, John Hawes made his appearance in Jimmy's office, and offered to help him out.

"Jimmy was too dumbfounded for words.

" 'Of course, you think this is strange,' Hawes said, 'but, after all, Jimmy, you rather befriended me. If my wife was that sort of a woman with you, how do I know what she was with other men? So we'll wipe the slate of the whole affair and be friends just as we were before."

"Jimmy—fool that he was—believed the man, and accepted the loan. Not only one, either, but many." He paused and after a moment went on hoarsely, "Then—the worm turned."

"You mean Hawes gave Jimmy a dose of his own medicine?"

"Yes," Phil returned, "and he gave him full measure—believe me."

"Tell me the rest of the story," I begged anxiously.

"THERE'S little more to tell," Phil murmured. "You see the woman with him."

"You mean that is Louise Hawes—I mean, Jimmy's wife?" I whispered.

"No," he answered, "that was Jimmy's wife. John Hawes made his chance first by secretly wrecking Jimmy financially; then when Jimmy had to hit the business trail working day and night, he took the opportunity to see Louise—oh, but he was a serpent! Louise, who had never really cared for Jimmy since she got over her mad infatuation and had seen her mistake, showed Hawes, in spite of herself, that she still loved him, and only him. Bit for bit he paid Jimmy back for the part he had played in his life. When Jimmy, who had learned what real love was at last, finally discovered *his* wife in *Hawes'* apartment, just as Hawes had done, it almost killed him."

"I'm surprised this Jimmy-thing didn't murder Hawes."

"He was tempted to," Phil replied "but Hawes had the drop on him there. He told Jimmy that the New York newspapers had his sealed statement in case he was suddenly killed, revealing the truth about them both. Of course, Jimmy realized that ruin faced him either way, and being a coward, he didn't care to kill himself. So he just walked out. But Hawes didn't touch the woman—thank God—he didn't touch a hair of her precious head!"

I LOOKED at the man in blank surprise—why in the world was he raving like that about it? His actions puzzled me considerably, and I waited impatiently until he went on.

"Then Hawes married the woman again?" I queried, glancing towards the couple in question.

"Not yet," Phil returned. "You see, that was the only thing Jimmy had to fight back with—she had no cause for divorce, and Jimmy refused to file suit against her—consequently, she couldn't marry Hawes."

"Then he *would* marry her?" I asked excitedly.

"Marry her?" Phil cried. "Why, he's dying by inches to have her back—that's why they both look so perfectly miserable—they—they love each other, always did. And Jimmy, poor idiot, learned the truth after it was too late. Hawes is a better man than Jimmy was. He is resolved to have his former wife back in the right way. He respects her too much to have her any other way." He stopped, and then went on with something like a groan, "They've been waiting for a divorce from Jimmy for five years."

"That's proof beyond a doubt that he loves her, Phil," I answered.

"LOVES her! Of course he loves her!" Phil cried. "And she loves him." His voice was low but it made me think somehow, of a wail.

"To hear you tell it one could almost believe you were mixed up in this affair yourself," I said presently.

I saw him give one swift glance towards the couple across the room, and his face turned white. His eyes met mine in a glance that hurt like the sight of a wound. He picked up the glass, but his hands shook with such violence that he couldn't raise it to his lips. The glass tottered as he set it down on the table, and then he bowed his head on his folded arms.

I tried to speak, but feeling there was nothing in the world to say, I eased out of my chair and slipped out into the night.

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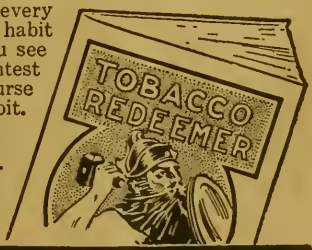

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The Curse of Bruce McGivern

(*Continued from page* 31)

as though they were strange to him. Then he threw them wide to grip the edge of the table. "I didn't do it, Doc!" he almost screamed. "You know I couldn't do it! Squeeze—and squeeze—and squeeze—till her throat rattled and—her hands stopped snatchin' at my arm. You know I couldn't do that, Doc. I ain't got the guts! You must know I ain't!"

"I know, Pesty. Tell me what——"

"Till she was dead, Doc. Her breath gone and my hands tired a chokin'—No! No! I didn't do it. I couldn't—croak anybody. You know I'm afraid—didn't Bruce say that? 'Whipped-cur soul!' that's what he said I had."

"What did you do, Pesty, after she was—dead?"

THE man covered his face with his hands. It seemed that a violent shuddering would send his body to the floor.

"I stood still, Doc," he mumbled, "still for—a long time. Then I thought—the chair!" His voice half rose in an agonized shriek, then dropped again. "I knowed I had—to make a getaway before they—but I couldn't go—I had to see—her face. The light had crept up. I bent over and saw her—plain. Doc, the woman I'd killed was—Mona."

"Mona!" I cried, "but the papers said——"

"She took another name. She wouldn't want—his—after the chair and all. I turned from her to the window and—there he stood—I swear it! Grippin' the bars and—laughin' at me. You remember what he said, 'I'll do you both—and when it happens you'll remember Bruce McGivern.'" The shaking head sunk lower. The hands came across the table to me in pitiful supplication.

"Don't you see, Doc? I didn't—do it!" The words fumbled their way from his lips in chattering monosyllables. "*Me*—I didn't—croak her—Doc. You can—see he—done it. I ain't got—the guts—Doc! Doc!—the chair!"

THAT is the story.

The district attorney cut it to shreds in his cross-questioning. A noted alienist made mincemeat of it. In the end they sent Pesty to Matteawan instead of to the chair. Maybe he belongs there. Maybe I belong there too. But when I think of how Mona McGivern died, I can't help seeing Bruce's hands about her throat. Bruce with the shadow of a prison bar across his handsome face.

Under Sentence of Marriage

(*Continued from page* 39)

our train," said Jack, easily. "We'll get along for one night."

I thought we would. I had no idea of undressing. To lie on a bed till morning, to be permitted to sleep—that would be comfort enough for me. There were two white beds in the room, and I smiled gratefully at Jack as I sank down on one.

TOWARD day, when the room was growing light, I was awakened by a gentle touch. To my surprise, my dress was unfastened. Jack's hand was in my bosom; his face was so close I could feel his breath. I lay quite still, looking up into his eyes, which had some strange, excited, fixed look I had never seen.

I should have fled then, but I was mystified, and fascinated—and I paid the penalty.

The next morning, as the train neared our home town, I was mad with contrition and fright. Jack was cool, matter-of-course, distant. It was impossible to reveal to him any of the thoughts that were uppermost in my mind. They were, anyway, a tumultuous, troubled nightmare from which I could scarcely have extracted one clear thought.

He behaved with the greatest consideration, engaged a cab from the station and kept up a conversation for the benefit of the cock-eared driver, about his delight in seeing how much better I had looked when he met me in the morning than when he left me at the hotel the night before. I did not connect this at the time with any reflection as to what he might have done, but when he left me at my own gate he said:

"Better tell your mother and father that I took you to one hotel, and went to another."

A blinding flash of light broke through my dull suffering. He could have done that, and he had not! He had lured me, with weariness and sleep and cold. He had planned this thing! He . . . a thousand things I wanted to say to him seemed beating at my throat.

"Jack," I cried after him. He turned. I choked as he waited. After all, there was nothing to say.

He turned away, lifting his hat again.

WHAT I went through in the next few weeks, I know I can never approach again in agony. The fresh, young spirit in torment can experience pain no world-hardened heart can suffer. My mother and father took the story—Jack's suggested version—with calmness, apparently with belief, though they had been almost frantic about me. But I thought my mother was reserving a canny doubt she thought there was no use in expressing. She hoped for the best.

So did I.

I soon knew the worst—the inevitable, when a strong, fine young body receives the impulse of life. Unversed as I was in such lore, instinct told me that profound changes were at work in my whole being. I was miserably ill, at first, but I should

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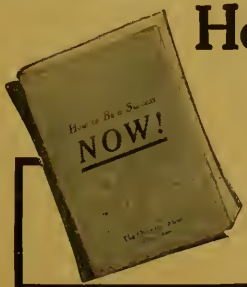

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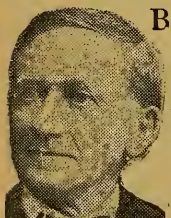

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have been glad to endure all if I could have believed that my outward appearance gave no sign.

In spite of my suffering, I put on flesh. My body grew rounder, softer-curved. My cheeks were flushed with lovely color at times. Except for a queer, strained expression around my eyes, I knew I had never been prettier in my life.

BUT how I hated my full, mature good looks! My mother's eye was upon me, I knew. She happened into my room in the early morning when I was so sick with a temporary nausea that I wished to die. She noted, I knew, that I could not eat my breakfast, yet was ravenous at other meals. I was convinced that she knew, and often I longed to break down the barrier of her silence, to scream the truth at her.

I did not see Jack at all. Not long after, I heard he had gone to visit his wonderful cousin at a camp, and would go from there to college. I was not sorry. I had a kind of desperate horror of him, and scorn. I had not blamed him when I thought it was a mad moment's passion. Even now I did not hate him, but I despised him very earnestly. I knew now that he had coolly trapped me. I wanted never to see him again.

At last the inescapable day came when neither concealment nor pretense of ignorance on my mother's part was possible. There was the inevitable scene—tears, reproaches, bitter reproaches from my ambitious mother, who had but the one child to do her honor in the world. We were respectable people. I had dragged the name in the mire. I was only a common ——

They had done everything for me; I might have done anything with my life—and here it was all ended. I was a ruined thing. I had better go away. She would not be pointed at by the finger of scorn, after her decent, hard-working life. She would get money from my father. She wouldn't have a —— in her house!

Here I could stand no more. I screamed and fainted.

SHE must have lifted me to the bed, but I lay there alone until, in the dusk, I saw my father enter the room. Then my heart had its first real pang of sorrow for the grief I was bringing on others. He looked so suddenly old, so grey of face, so broken. He came and stood by me, silent for some moments. Then—

"Daughter," he said, and the tears flooded under my closed lids, to hear him call me that in no ungentle tone. "Ye won't have to go away. I've told your mother so. My house is your house—respectable or not," he added, grimly.

"But there's one thing"—his voice rose menacingly—"he's got to marry ye! He's got t' marry ye!" He stood rigidly, and his fingers dug into his palms. Then I saw that his eyes were terrible, smouldering. "I'm a-going up to that college where he's sparking around, and I'm going to bring him here to marry ye—or kill him!" he finished.

"Father! No! Please," I begged. "I don't want to marry him. I don't love him. I—I couldn't be his wife!"

Are You Sour on Society?

Does it look to you as though everyone were against you? Do you feel like rebelling against everything and everybody? Are you sour on society, disgusted with men and hateful with women? If you are, you are bankrupt in health, and lacking in manly vigor and mental courage. There's something wrong—something, perhaps you wouldn't want anyone to know. It's a gloomy place to the despondent, hopeless wreck who finds it hard to make his way in the world—who finds himself shunned by women, sidestepped by men, who sees himself slipping, faltering, failing in everything he undertakes.

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SEX

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HE stood as if he hadn't heard me rightly.

"Ye don't—ye can't—*what*," he suddenly thundered. "Ye couldn't be his *wife*? Ye'd rather be his ——? Then ye *are* bad. Then ye *are* bad. Shameless little devil. But ye can't play fast and loose with me, the two of ye. I'll learn ye both. I've kept my good name clean all the years. Ye'll marry him, d'ye hear me? Or I'll kill ye both!"

And he went out in a towering rage, leaving me trembling and sick.

At a late hour my mother brought me some dinner on a tray. She insisted on my eating.

"Your father's gone to C——," she told me, and would talk no more. I was very weak, and she helped me to bed as a matron might help a sick prisoner, guilty of a disgusting crime, and then left me.

MY father brought back his young human quarry—sick with fear, furtive, nervous, and like soft clay in his hands. They married us at my bedside the next evening, without protest from his family. His own father had the same idea of restitution as mine. They meant well, all of them.

He never went back to college. He took a cheap flat, and we moved into it, with no housewarming, no joy of furnishing it, no friends, no love, no hope. Society had condemned us to dwell together, and we did.

AFTER my baby was born, nature asserted itself, and though my husband had no more love for me than I for him, I had to endure his caresses. With no love on either side, three children were born. They are unattractive children, awkward and plain. One of them is very delicate. I try to do my duty by her, but I attend to her needs with a suppressed fury of irritation that makes me understand how my mother attended me in the months when I was a thorn in her side.

If I faced my naked thoughts, I know I wish that she would die. She is a reproach to me. So are all the little, dull, unlovely brood. I think I do not really love them.

PEOPLE have forgotten, or at least forgiven, the scandal. We are not engaging people, and wear our invisible chains. But we are well received everywhere. Jack plods soberly along, not quite failing, never quite succeeding in life.

He is a respectable clerk in a bank, thanks to his family, with a middling income. I do not think he suffers as I do. He has more outside life, his conscience does not appear to trouble him particularly, and no fundamental instinct is outraged by his parenthood.

Society is satisfied. It has been spared one illegitimate child. The other poor, mis-born children are perfectly respectable. No one will reproach them.

No one reproaches me.

Except day and night, my wretchedly tamed husband, my unlovely children, my own miserable heart.

What ought I to have done? Would you have married him?

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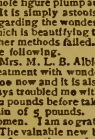

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THE MIRACLE OF MILK

Drinking Your Way to Health!

Dr. Harry B. Galatian

By H. B. GALATIAN, M. D.

IF you should meet a friend on the street whose appearance indicated that he was in the grasp of some chronic disease—who was pale, thin and haggard, with a "keeping up to save funeral expense" air about him, and then a few weeks hence should meet the same man, and this time his erect bearing, steady stride, and robust condition indicated perfect health, you would feel like asking whether he had found the proverbial "Fountain of Youth." The chances are he would tell you that he had been drinking of that fount from which issues the white waters of youth, health, and strength—milk.

"Cure Alls" have been ridiculed and derided by those who subscribe to that foolish maxim—"What is one man's food is another's poison," but if we stop to consider we will remember that we are all created in the same image and all have the same physiological functions, and are all subject to the same disease, and the one method that has come nearest to curing all cases of disease—is milk. I believe if I were told that I must select one method of treating disease, and only one, and must discard all other methods, I would ask to be allowed to retain the exclusive milk diet.

This conclusion is not based on the results obtained in a few selected cases, but after many years' experience in prescribing the milk diet, both in private and institutional practice. . . . . .

One case I will mention because of its immediate interest, is that of a man whose normal weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, but who weighed but ninety-two pounds when he began treatment. His heart and lungs were in good condition but his alimentary tract and nervous system were in a sorry state. For years there was no bowel action without medicine or enemas. There was a chronic gastritis and almost entire atonicity of colon and intestines, and because of the distress incident to eating he had reduced his diet to mere nibbles, which meant that he was practically fasting. His circulation was so sluggish that he suffered severely from cold, and he was bundled up in a thick suit of underwear, two suits of clothes, a sweater and overcoat, and only after several days on the milk diet could he be induced to discard any of the excess clothing, even while indoors. His memory was practically gone and his mind a confusion of ideas. He had tried treatments galore—from medicine to electricity, from spinal manipulations to diet—and was slowly starving to death. The milk treatment was prescribed. And with what results? He has gained twenty pounds and will continue to gain. There are regular bowel actions without artificial aid of any description. All of the superfluous clothing has been shed. He can walk long distances and take other exercise. His memory has been regained, his mind is clear, and he is in every respect a different person.

Another case came to me weighing one hundred pounds. This man suffered from extreme physical weakness, mental lethargy, and chronic constipation. There was also inflammation of the bile ducts, with retention of bile. Milk was again the prescription. This patient gained twenty-five pounds and was entirely relieved of the liver trouble, his skin becoming pink, his strength increasing, and the constipation remedied. He was advised to continue the milk after returning home, and his weight increased to one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has returned to his regular diet and is still well

Another interesting case is that of a young man who had been having one or two epileptic seizures each week. He took the milk diet for several months, and when I again saw him a year afterward, he told me he had only one attack in the year, and that, a few weeks previously, induced by overeating of cake and ice-cream at a Sunday School picnic. Milk is undoubtedly the best diet for epileptics.

That the exclusive milk diet is literally a life saver is attested by the case of a young lady who had been told that she would be dead in less than a year, because of anemia. Her hemoglobin was less than fifty per cent, and the red cells one-third of normal. Today she is alive and well, red cells and hemoglobin normal, and thirty pounds heavier.

These few cases are mentioned not because they are unusual, as such results are common with the milk diet, when it is taken correctly, but to stimulate those who have not tried the diet, to do so.

How does milk cure? Milk cures only because it furnishes elements which are badly needed to make new blood. Milk is an easily digested and assimilated food containing ample amounts of all substances required for growth of tissues and organs, and repair of worn-out cells. When taking milk one does not have to worry about combinations or whether this element or that element is being supplied. They are all there in the milk, in living organic form, and the sick body uses them to the best of its ability.

There is no chronic disease in which the exclusive milk diet should not be used. It has long been the standby in wasting diseases, but it should be employed in all chronic ailments of whatever nature. I believe that the person who knows how to use the milk diet has a regimen at hand that can be used in any form of acute and chronic ailment, and even should necessity in disease never arise, a few weeks of milk diet every year, will keep any one well, give renewed energy, greater resistance to disease, a cleaner complexion and a better feeling of bodily comfort than any spring tonic or blood purifier ever compounded.

I will close this article by quoting the beautifully expressed tribute to the cow, by Gov. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, in a pamphlet issued by the Illinois Department of Agriculture.

> "The cow is a most wonderful laboratory. She takes the grasses of the pasture and the roughage of the field and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food there is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race and which can be found nowhere else. Men have sought for centuries the fabled fountain of youth. The nearest approach to that fountain which has yet been discovered is the udder of the cow."

The above is from an article by Dr. Galatian

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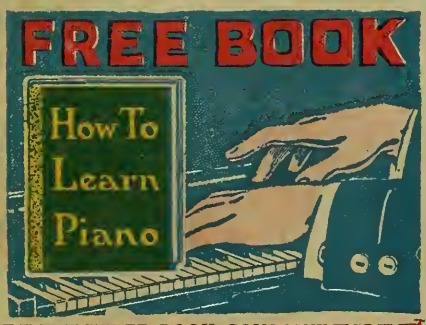

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True Story Magazine

March 25 cents

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

Eunice Finds Herself

Page 10

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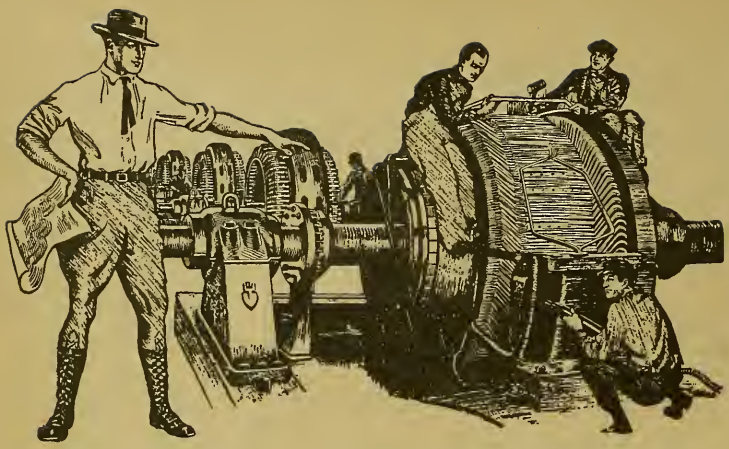

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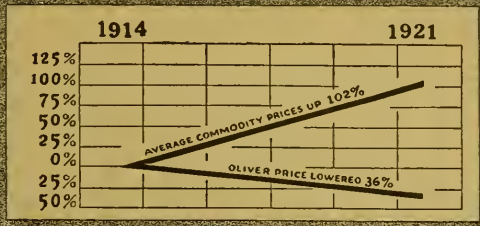

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True Story Magazine for March

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Chas. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Have You Lived A Life-Story?

YOU know of course that TRUE STORY is made up of narratives from the lives of its readers—and of stories which they heard of or observed?

Perhaps you know of, or have lived, it may be, a bigger story than any of them have told in these pages.

It matters not whether it deals with romance, adventure or business, or whether it be the story of your own life, you can help others with their life-problems and turn such a story into a sum that will repay you for setting it down.

TRUE STORY's editors are not swayed by the past success or even by the literary equipment of those who submit manuscripts to the magazine. The majority of the stories that appear in its pages are probably the maiden efforts at writing of those who tell them. It does not even insist that manuscripts be typewritten, although this *does* insure prompt and thorough consideration of a story.

What's your story, and where is it?

◆

Then There's The Prize Contest

FEBRUARY first may be crossed off on your calendar when this greets your eye. If it hasn't been, just remember that it's the closing date of TRUE STORY's most recent Prize Contest. Results will be announced as soon thereafter as practicable.

Three Prizes of One Hundred Dollars each have already been paid for in this contest, and two further prizes of the same amount are still to be awarded. Then there's the big Five Hundred Dollar Prize for the story the judges decide best of all those submitted.

Watch for this one!

TRUE STORY, you see, is a magazine one may get something off of, not merely by reading but by writing.

A word to the wise—you know the rest.

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"IT was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said and I let them stay said."

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So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while. Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

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Just mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Star Salesman. Let us show you how you can too step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off until to-morrow—write us to-day. Every hour lost keeps you that much farther from success. Mail the coupon at once.

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Dept. 60-C, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

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Learn Music at Home —New Way Makes It Easy

Either Playing or Singing—Every Step Made Simple as A B C by Print-and-Picture Lessons That You Can't Go Wrong On

TRY IT ON APPROVAL

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Whatever to Pay Unless You Are Satisfied

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing **by note.** No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 250,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 18 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the right—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My files contain thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

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'Cello	

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard.

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How In One Night I Learned This Secret of Writing Stories That Sell

By James Bradley

I WAS literally dumbfounded. I stared at the magazine page and read this announcement again.

> **First Prize—$1000.00**
> **Awarded to**
> **"SANTA CLAUS—WANTED IN BOSTON"**
> **By Wesley Carpenter**
> **Complete Story in This Issue**

What! Wesley Carpenter the writer of a prize-winning story? It didn't seem possible! Why, I had known him for years—saw him every morning—going into town on the 7:40. How had "Wes" managed to become an author? There was nothing "literary" about him—unless it was his habit of wondering and speculating about people's lives. He seemed interested in all the faces he saw, and was always burning to know the secrets behind them. Where did Wesley get the idea for a story worth $1000?

How the Prize Story Started

I remembered one winter night just before Christmas when Carpenter and I had stayed in town to go to a theater. On the way to the station he had caught sight of a man in the costume of a Salvation Army Santa Claus. The man walked along ahead of us and turned into a deserted street—*with his bearded mask still on!* "Wes" was fascinated and insisted on following the man to see where he went. It was rather a lark. We followed the masked man until he entered a house in a cheap neighborhood. Only one upper window was lighted. We waited, and in a moment were startled by a woman's piercing scream. Then the light went out—and everything was still. What had happened? We speculated about it all the way home.

And now here was the incident, magically woven into a thrilling story of love and crime—written by Wesley Carpenter! And it had won first prize in a contest! He had made that trivial little incident worth $1000 to him.

Perhaps I Could Do It Too!

I had always enjoyed speculating about people's lives with Wesley Carpenter—but I had never dreamed that our pastime had any cash value. What if it turned out that *I* could write salable stories too! "Wes" had done it, and now that he had won this big prize there would of course be a splendid sale for all the stories he could write. Perhaps *I* was an author too—but had never realized it! It was a thrilling possibility. I could hardly wait to see "Wes" on the train and find out all about his success.

Next morning I found him in the smoker and congratulated him as an old friend should. Then I asked him how he discovered he could write.

The Secret of Successful Authorship

"It was this way," said Wesley. "That little incident you and I saw that night in town gripped my imagination hard. I felt that the man in the Santa Claus disguise, and the unseen woman who screamed, were characters in a wonderfully dramatic story—and that I could write it. I could see it all clearly in my imagination. I sat down and wrote and wrote, but when I read the pages they didn't sound convincing. I tore them up.

"Something was lacking. I felt I needed help, but I didn't know where to go for it. I was simply possessed to write down that story of the Santa Claus criminal and the mysterious woman as vividly as I saw it in my mind's eye, but I somehow lacked the skill.

"Then I read that a professor in Columbia University had prepared a home study course in writing short stories. His name, Walter Pitkin, was familiar to me. I had read his stories and articles in newspapers and liked them. He was a *practical* teacher, not a theorist. To be brief, I sent for Mr. Pitkin's course, and found what I wanted—the simple, easily mastered *secret of authorship*. I read the course through the first night I had it and knew that the knack of writing salable stories was mine! In a few days I sat down and wrote, "Santa Claus—Wanted in Boston"—sent it to the Contest Editor of the magazine you read it in—and you know the rest. No, not quite all, though, for I received an offer from the editor to-day to write a series of stories for him."

My expression must have been very eager, for Wesley laughed and said,

"You have caught the 'writing bug' too, Jim. I can see it in your eye. Now listen. Get "How to Write Short Stories," by Walter B. Pitkin. He will show you how to develop gripping short stories from the most ordinary incidents—bits of comedy or tragedy you see every day. You have the ideas; everybody has them. The trouble is that most people don't ever find out the way to turn their good story ideas into finished, salable form. That's what this course will do for you.

> ***Walter B. Pitkin Has Made Hundreds of Writers Successful***
>
> His method is used in 200 colleges and schools.
>
> His teachings are *practical*, learned in practical work as author, editorial writer on N. Y. Tribune and Post, literary critic, contributor to Saturday Evening Post, American, Collier's, Everybody's, Atlantic Monthly, Ladies' Home Journal, Popular, Munsey's, and other magazines.
>
> He has taught principles of journalism at Columbia University for the past nine years.

Editors Want Stories of New Writers

"Don't get the idea that magazines buy the work of well-known authors to the exclusion of the "new" writers. The editor is even more eager to "discover" a clever teller of fresh, unhackneyed tales than the writer is to be discovered. Every manuscript received is carefully read, and snapped up if it has an original idea, or even a fresh way of handling an old idea.

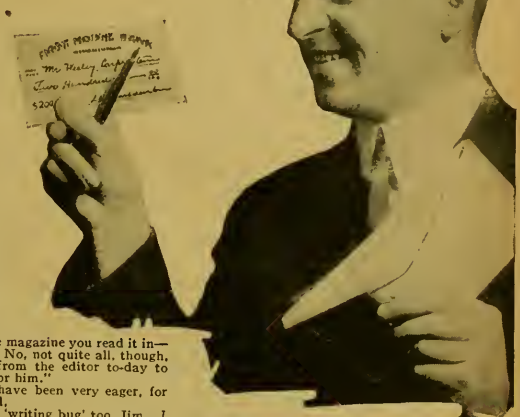
"The story market is never over supplied. If you are interested in people, if you have wondered about the life of the lady in the passing limousine, the traffic policeman at the corner, or the waitress in a Child's restaurant, you have story-telling ability! All you need is training in the writing craft—and *this training is easily gained*—as easily as a practical knowledge of shorthand!"

I sent for the Pitkin course, and it set free the writing ability that I had always suspected I had. I began to see material for stories all around me—in the streets, the stores, and in our office—and the best thing of all was that the simple teachings of the course showed me how to make these stories *live* on paper.

The First Story I Sold

One night I saw a little incident in a street car—a comic dispute between the Irish conductor, a short, fat Italian, and a tall, lanky Swede. The story formed in my mind as I went home, and I wrote it in about three hours. I sent it to the most likely magazine—and in just five days back came a check for $200 and a nice letter from the editor requesting further contributions! Oh, the thrill of that first $200 check—and *my* pen had earned it!

Since that time I have sold dozens of stories. I am still in my business position, but my stories enable me to make double my salary *on the side*, and I am going to give my whole time to writing soon. Writing is the ideal way for teachers and all other salaried people to make extra money—and for many the door opens to the free, delightful, well-paid profession of successful authorship.



"Oh, the thrill of that first $200 check—and my pen had earned it!"

You Too Can Write

Learn the writing craft from the man who has taught hundreds of successful students—Walter B. Pitkin. These students are now in every branch of writing and the publishing business: short story writers, novelists, playwrights, advertising writers, editorial writers, etc. And scores of them have written to their teacher, in practically the same words,

"*We tried all the books on the subject and got nothing out of them until we came upon your method. Yours is in a class by itself.*"

Send No Money

The Independent Corporation, publishers of Walter B. Pitkin's course, "How to Write Short Stories," are so confident that you will find in it exactly the help you need to become a successful writer that they will send you the entire course on free trial for five days. Send no money. Just mail the coupon and examine the *complete course* (not merely a descriptive booklet). Then, after five days' careful examination, you are entitled to send it back if you wish, and owe nothing. If you keep it, send only five dollars in full payment. Decide after you read the course—but send the coupon *now*—before this remarkable introductory offer is withdrawn. **The Independent Corporation, Dept. K-1323, 319 Sixth Ave., N. Y.**

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You may send me Prof. Pitkin's Course "How to Write Stories." After 5 days I will either send you $5 in full payment, or return the course to you and pay you nothing.

Name.....

Address.....True Story 3-21

My Beautiful Lady

IT HAD been a hard six months' trip through our South American territory and I was glad enough to be back, especially as I was coming home to my own wedding. I hurried to the office, but everyone had gone, so I called up Rose.

Our engagement had been an exceptionally happy one. To be sure I had been away six of the ten months, but the weeks had been filled with many joyous letters of planning for our future.

When I left for the trip, I was a little worried about Rose, she seemed so thin and colorless and tired. She had just given up teaching the seventh grade at my insistent urging, and her parting promise was to take good care of herself. She didn't tell me much about it in her letters but somehow, their "tone" seemed brighter from month to month.

Even so, I was not prepared for the surprise which I received when she answered the 'phone. The Rose I had left, bade me good-bye in dull, lifeless tones. The woman who greeted my return thrilled me with the rich vibrant quality of her voice. "Come up at once," she urged. "I have a wonderful surprise for you!"

And a surprise it was, indeed.

I could scarcely believe my eyes.

But it was true. Rose stood before me a glorious specimen of superb womanhood. I held her at arm's length and gazed in wonderment at the way her angular frame had filled out into the most beautiful, graceful curves. The drooping, listless shoulders were thrown back now, and her lungs drank in the life-giving oxygen. Her hair had taken on a new sheen. It was alive! Her cheeks were pink with surging health. Laughter rippled from her lips—the sheer bubbling over of abundant vitality. And in her eyes was not only the love I had looked for, but the sparkle of magnetic personality as well.

"Yes, I am real," she laughed.

"But how did you do it?" I asked taking her again in my arms.

"It was so simple," she said. "Sometimes I fear I am not thankful enough just because it was so easy.

"When I was in school, I studied about flowers, learned their make-up, how they grow, and how to make them beautiful. Since you went away, I've been studying those same things about myself. I discovered it by chance, a complete course called WOMANHOOD AND MARRIAGE. It is written by Bernarr Macfadden who publishes PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine. He certainly has made a careful study of the subject and he covers it fully in the course.

"Many of the things I have learned, I already knew half-truths about. Many others, I was entirely ignorant of and I can't help but shudder to think what our married life might have been if I hadn't learned them. Even if I were never to marry, I believe this knowledge would have marked the difference between failure and success.

"He tells everything so wholesomely; not just the bare facts but the 'why' and 'how.' He explains what to do to gain a certain desired improvement. You can see for yourself, the course is practical. I know the sort of things about myself, now, that any man demands to know about his automobile — the working of it, its proper care, and how to keep it looking new and beautiful.

"I am stronger and healthier, and happier. But what appeals to us vain women most, I suppose, is acquiring beauty. I do look—well, at least a little prettier, don't I, John?"

And I'll tell you in confidence, I kissed the upturned ruby lips, colored by Nature alone, and for about the hundredth time called her "MY BEAUTIFUL LADY!"

Any one can learn these wonderful truths of womanhood. They can see for themselves how a little comprehensive care of the physical self will develop the mental, and build a magnetic personality, a being of beauty, —how it will give poise and bring happiness that attracts and holds friends.

Merely send the coupon with your address and a $3 DEPOSIT to see by inspection the practical help which these 53 lessons give. You are at liberty to return them within five days and get your money back, if you wish. There are only 2197 of these courses left. The first orders will secure them. They are worthy gifts for any woman, and will be appreciated.

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Why I Cried After the Ceremony

Two whole months I planned for my wedding day. It was to be an elaborate church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on a church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know," I laughed. "And Oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be the happiest day of my life."

Gaily I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with a joy that I had never known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life! I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived? Huge wreaths of flowers swung in graceful fragrance from ceiling to wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, in their flowing white gowns, seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a low, deep chord the mellow strains of the triumphant wedding march began.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness. At any rate, the days of rehearsal and planning vanished in a blur of happy forgetfulness, and before I realized what I was doing, I had made an awful blunder. I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding march, despite the weeks of careful preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—and My Joy is Ended

Some one giggled, I noticed that the clergyman raised his brows ever so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march alone.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And yet that blunder had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it, they couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would be the crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew that they did not mean it—they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it. After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break—and, incidentally, I reproached myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to be sent. The wedding breakfast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned. I determined to avoid any further blunders in etiquette, and so I sent for the famous "Encyclopedia of Etiquette."

Bob and I had always prided ourselves on being cultured and well-bred. We had always believed that we followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But oh, the serious breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day!

Why, after reading only five pages I discovered that I actually did not know how to introduce people to each other correctly! I didn't know whether to say: *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith;* or *Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown.* I didn't know whether to say, *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank;* or *Mr. Blank, this is Bobby.* I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand up or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called **Etiquette at the Dance.** "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I never knew how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude—and here it's all explained so simply." We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way for her to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the music ceases and the gentleman must leave his partner to return to his escort. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Encyclopedia of Etiquette,'" I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters, I see, on foreign countries that tell all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. And see, here is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made is pointed out! Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I would never have made that blunder!"

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by adhering to the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so, my advice to young men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and finesse of breeding, is—*"send for the splendid two-volume set of the Encyclopedia of Etiquette."*

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear at the ball. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a finger bowl and the correct way to use napkins. Send for it, in short, that you may be always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is the best of form and utterly in accord with the art of etiquette.

"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette."

Encyclopedia of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

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Encyclopedia of Etiquette is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the **right thing** to do.

For a short time only the complete two-volume set of the Encyclopedia of Etiquette is being offered at the special price of $3.50. Don't wait until your wedding, your party, your dinner is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette. At the end of that time if you decide that you want to keep it, simply send us $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books to us and you won't be out a cent.

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How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write better letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
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True Story Magazine

Do You Read Pictures?

YESTERDAY, those who began—perhaps finished—their perusal of book or magazine by looking over its illustrations were oft sportively or seriously charged with "reading the pictures."

We'd never take such an accusation seriously now!

For one thing, we have more and merrier—sometimes!—pictures. Nor do we confine them to canvas or to paper. In our day, we turn cotton sheet into silver screen, and upon it show half the world how the other half lives. Upon its surface, silent yet eloquent, we "read the pictures"—pictures that live again for us stories old and new, grave and gay.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, what of the camera?

THE art of making illustrations is a bit older than the art of making books. But illustrators were quite willing, after the arrival of printer's ink, to let writers do the story-telling. Illustration became more and more a fine art—and a decorative one—as printing presses multiplied.

Yet there are stories that can be told as directly, if not as completely, by pictures as by words. Certain incidents, certain turning-points, stand out in them as high-spots, one might say, and overshadow their minor details, important though these may be.

This is the idea behind TRUE STORY'S pictures.

THEY make up, in every instance, a photo-story within a written story. Step by step with the author's narrative they unfold their own. By photographs of living, breathing people, and by the explanation of the parts they have played in scenes preserved by the camera, they carry to us the same story in another form, just as the cinema screen tells anew stories we've read on the printed page.

TRUE STORY'S pictures are—or they should be—distinctive not merely because they are good—or bad—photographs, but because they tell stories photographically.

And they do prove that there may be nothing new under the sun, but there are new ways of doing things!

Eunice Finds Herself

The Climb of One Girl Who Achieved the Impossible

Our $100 Prize Story for March

"SINCE this story is true in all details, the writer submits it for possible publication with the condition that her name will not be used." So writes the author of this life story.

No story carries greater moral or lends more encouragement to others than does that of one seemingly vanquished in life's battle who fights the good fight —and wins out.

That's the sort of story *this* is.

I ARRIVED at my fourteenth year, tall, yet rounded out, pink and fair-fleshed, a little mature for my age, perhaps, but withal unbelievably graceful and well-formed. I had a cascading luxuriance of silky, golden hair, a rather small nose, that lent itself easily to superciliousness, narrow grey eyes, strikingly Oriental in cast, and a mouth that persisted in smiling from the pure joyousness of superabundant vitality. A child of whims, I was a slave to the mood of the moment. My life was entirely my own—a precious and precarious trust for a girl of fourteen years.

Parents? Oh, yes, I had parents, excellent ones, in fact, if kindness, and nothing but kindness, is one's duty toward one's offspring. Briefly, I was a spoiled child and my mother and father, though superlatively considerate to questions of physical comfort and appearance, were agreed that where mental and moral problems were concerned the best course was to leave the field to Nature.

IS it any wonder then that my viewpoint of life became distorted, that I came to consider the very purpose of human existence to be one cycle of pleasure after another? We weren't rich—we weren't even middle-class—our monetary rank would probably be near the top of the vast army of the poor.

Mother conducted a popular boarding- and lodging-house, and as the city in which we lived was large, and wages were high, the business added a substantial increase to our bank-book weekly. Father was a railroad-engineer, and the little time he was at home was spent principally in eating and sleeping.

My mother and father were very selfish. Their whole ambition in life was to make money. However, this apparent sordidness assumes a new aspect since their object was a most altruistic one—they were fighting to give us all the ad-

Polly clung to me in terror. I stifled the sob in my throat and disclaimed any knowledge of the affair. I realized at that awful moment that I had cared for Jimmy Smith as much as my selfish nature would allow me

vantages which they had been denied. Poor mortals, theirs was the doctrine of work, always work.

ONE evening, when mother was stealing a moment's rest in the sitting-room, I threw myself in her lap, and taking her toil-worn hands in mine and kissing her, I asked her why she didn't take a good long rest.

"Why, what would you and the others do?" she returned in surprise with a weary smile.

"We have plenty to live on, Mother dear," I reminded her. "Father makes over two hundred dollars a month. Marian and Louise work, and I can go to work at any time. Besides, there's all the money you have in the bank."

"That's only a trifle nowadays, dearie," she said gently. "Your father and I want you to be protected from the miseries of poverty. We know what it is to be without money, especially in such times as these. It isn't a question of us, but of you. I'll have to go now, dearie, and put on some of the things for the morning."

"You are wonderful, my dear," he said paternally. . . . "I am a lonesome old bachelor, and I want to have somebody in my private office who will keep me in a good humor"

SHE kissed me and left me there wondering. Mother was so good to us—and yet? Perhaps I would have been happier even then, if she had allowed me to wash the dishes or help her about the house. But no. I must not tire myself out. I must not spoil my pretty clothes. I was a child and I must go out with the other girls and boys and enjoy myself.

As a consequence of the useless life I led, I early became an indolent, conceited creature, more concerned about a hole in my faultless silk stockings, than about the duty I owed humanity by taking a real part in life. I loved the tender caress of silk against my proud flesh, reveled in the possession of filmy underthings, soft as the breath of morn, yearned for the glamour of the stage. Hours I spent before my mirror, lost in admiration of the beautiful body that was mine. I adored myself.

Even now I cannot entirely blame myself for my conceit and terrible materialism, for my parents expected little else of me.

MY first year of high school, which was also my last, taught me little good and much that was otherwise. I leagued myself with the extravagant mischief-makers who seldom, if ever, held out longer than a year. Invariably they crop up in Freshman classes, but the Sophomore year finds them scattered broadcast.

I was prominent in all sports and entertainments, but in the class-room did not trouble much to exert myself. The cauliflower popularity, which such action afforded me, served my insufferable vanity.

My parents had no objections to my keeping company with boys. No daughter of theirs could come to any harm. I took my many admirers as a matter of course, and following the advice of my two elder sisters spent as much of their money as I could. None of them attracted me especially, and as I was extraordinarily wilful it was only a question of time before a quarrel brought estrangement.

AMONG all my admirers the most persistent and good-natured was James Smith, a boy who had played with me from the time I learned to talk. He was pre-

possessing, always very neatly attired, and without doubt would have proved most interesting to a serious-minded girl—but I found him a bore. He didn't care for dancing, didn't profess to know everything and a lot more about women, didn't talk slang, didn't pretend to be a young man about town—consequently, the deluding flashiness which attracted me toward other boys was absent in his case. He was considered slow—in fact, he committed the grave indiscretion of reading library books and of paying more attention to his studies than to athletics or the girls.

Inconsistent as it may appear, the chief reason why he succeeded so poorly in my affections was the fact that he confessed that I was the only girl who had ever interested him.

WHEN I had wearied myself with two or three nights of arduous dancing, however, I was quite content to receive Jimmy in the parlor and to amuse myself by making him feel ill at ease. One evening when he called I was in no end of a temper—or was it temperament? Jimmy, noticing my unusual tartness, had the temerity to inquire its cause.

"Oh, the dog tore up a pair of my best silk stockings," I explained ill-naturedly, "and it would make anybody mad."

"I don't see why you wear such expensive stockings, anyway," he blurted lamely.

"There are many things you don't see, and will never see, for that matter," I retorted with bitter sarcasm. "And you needn't concern yourself with what I wear, or what I don't wear."

"Please don't get angry, Euny," he begged, "because there's something else I wanted to tell you. I didn't mean anything. You know how much I think of you."

"What else have you to say?" I inquired curiously.

HE blushed and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you this or not," he hesitated. "Will you promise not to become angry with anyone?"

"It was so sweet of you to let me have this fur coat," the girl was cooing . . . Grief, rage and mad jealousy tore at my heart

"Oh, of course I will," I exclaimed with simulated good-nature. "What is it?"

"I heard two fellows talking about you at school today," he began with evident constraint. "They saw you at the dance last night and danced with you. They said—Oh, I can't tell you, but it was awful. But don't you think you wear your dresses too short?"

I glanced involuntarily at my silk-clad legs and then exclaimed:

"What do you mean, you insulting thing! I suppose you stood by and let them say what they pleased about me. Coward."

Inwardly his consternation amused me so that I could hardly suppress my laughter. His face reddened and his eyes flashed.

"I'm not a coward," he returned with some force, "but I couldn't tell them they were liars when I realized that they were speaking only the truth. And what good would it do to make trouble? It would only disgrace you."

WHITE anger surged over me.

"I'll speak to Ted Fletcher and Ben Norris about it tomorrow, and see whether *you're* telling the truth or not," I triumphed.

"You wouldn't do that and make trouble after I told you," he protested.

"Wouldn't I though?" I really seemed to enjoy the strained expression on his face.

The more I reflected upon the matter, the angrier I became. Somebody must suffer. I decided that the somebody in this case would be Jimmy. Accordingly, I gave Fletcher and Norris my own version of the affair the very next day, imploring them rather weakly, it is true, not to resort to violence.

"Poor child," he ejaculated in his soft, even tones. "I fear she is mentally unbalanced" . . . His wife and daughter eyed us uncertainly

I WAS rather late in leaving school that evening. We girls had met to make plans for an entertainment, and dusk was falling as I left with a companion.

"Let's take the short cut, Polly," I suggested.

We were tripping along merrily, singing snatches of popular songs and hugging each other girl-fashion, when suddenly Polly screamed and clung to me in terror. I followed her startled gaze and beheld the inert figure of a man lying beneath a clump of bushes.

As we drew nearer, the huddled shape stirred and groped toward us on hands and knees. In a flash, I realized who it was and what had happened. The man had been brutally beaten. His clothes were dirty and torn, his face cut and matted with blood.

"Why, it's Jimmy Smith! Who could have done it?" Polly clung to me in terror. I stifled the sob in my throat and disclaimed any knowledge of the affair. I realized at that awful moment that I had cared for Jimmy Smith as much as my selfish nature would allow me to care for anyone—but it was too late. (*Continued on page* 90)

Dead for a Day

Grandmother's Backward Look at Her Return From the Tomb

THOUGH I'm an old woman now, and it happened when I was a girl, the experience is as fresh in my mind as though it had taken place yesterday. My heart contracts and my blood runs cold when I picture what I escaped; and it is with a shiver of horror that I remember what I passed through.

I was eighteen at the time all this took place. Feeling indisposed, but not really ill, I retired early one night; and it seems to me that I fell into a deep, heavy, dreamless sleep almost immediately.

Mother came to my room in the morning, and found me still, white, cold and lifeless.

A doctor was called and he agreed that I had passed away. And though there were no telephones then, all the neighborhood soon knew of my sudden death. The news spread quickly from house to house.

My girlhood chums, my parents' friends, all came to sympathize and help. And Jim, my Jim, came—everyone learned then how much he cared. His tears rained fast on my rigid face as he sobbed out his grief for me.

Arrangements were made for the funeral and some neighbor boys dug my grave.

All this time I realized dimly what preparations were being made, but I was unable to make a sign. At times I tried, oh, how I tried to speak, to move, to show in some manner that I lived. But like one of Medusa's victims, I was a creature turned to stone. I was in the grip of some exaggerated nightmare, powerless to break the spell. I was not dead for my brain still functioned, though my body lay lifeless and cold.

I CANNOT explain my sensations during the hours that followed. There was fear and grief and pity for those who thought me dead. And in between lay long, blank stretches of time, gray-black and still. I was not conscious of the passing of day and night. Only emotions seemed to waken my dull brain to the semblance of thought. It seems to me now that I was most conscious when certain persons were in the room, or certain groups of people.

The day set for the funeral came and I was placed in my "narrow house." Wonderful flowers came, and were piled about me and above me. Then my coffin was carried out and the long slow procession wended its way down the streets of the little town and to the church, where many other friends and acquaintances awaited us. It was still, still. And then the bell tolled out my eighteen years.

THERE was a long service with the usual singing, prayer, Scripture reading, and the solemn sermon. Then, while the organ wheezed out a dirge, the congregation circled to "view the remains."

The long line filed slowly past me. I could sense the tramp of their feet. Shut in the coffin, I could not hear and I sensed things vaguely as through a cloud. There came the many relatives and friends, and looked at me. Oh, how I wanted to call to them, but I could not break the helpless rigidity into which my body seemed frozen. I could not force one muscle to twitch. New horror overwhelmed me at the thought of the grave. Soon I would be really dead, indeed. Put past all help—buried alive—by loving hands. It seemed that the hideous terror of that thought would have been enough to break the death mask that had descended upon me. But still I lay as motionless as before—it was only my spirit that writhed.

THE breathless darkness of the grave was drawing very near. Now the line bore Aunt Abby Sears along and she paused beside my head.

She was a life-long friend and neighbor and dearly loved by us all. We children called her "Aunt Abby" as did most of the neighborhood. She looked down through a mist of tears, then suddenly dried her eyes. She looked again, peered closer, then began to turn the thumbscrews that held on the glass.

Coffins in use in that day usually had glass over the face. With eager hands, Aunt Abby lifted off the glass in its frame. She reached inside and taking my hand declared: "This girl's not dead!"

INCREDULOUS, amazed, the people crowded around. "Take her home. Quick!" Aunt Abby ordered. "We'll bring her out. She's alive!"

"What makes you think so? How do you know?" came excited questions from all about her.

"I saw moisture on the glass," she explained. "That is what made me sure. I've had a queer feeling about it all the time, though there was no reason to feel so."

My family was only too willing to believe it, doubtful as it seemed. So they lifted me out of that ghastly coffin and carried me home. And it seems to me that I struggled harder than ever to speak to them—to show them that I *was* really living—so that they would not put me back again.

At home before the blazing fireplace they rubbed me, and chafed my hands and poured brandy between my lips. And at last I came back to the land of the living. Death dropped from me like a shroud, and I was alive again! I did not even feel ill; only weak and a little numb.

THE tears of happiness with which my dear mother, and all my family, greeted me when I opened my eyes to them again, I will never forget. And then Jim came and took my cold hands into his, and kissed them. He had been a little afraid to ask me the question in the days just before my "death" when he had wooed me so constantly, but now, in the face of this terrible event, he lost all consciousness of doubt or convention.

That very night I had supper with the family, and so did Jim.

This took place some fifty years ago, and science has made great strides since then. Probably medical men of to-day could explain what happened to me. The experience was unusual and harrowing in the extreme.

For the months that followed I lived in agony from fear of another seizure. Thoughts of coming out of that stony state, struggling futilely for breath in the grave, to perish miserably at last, tormented me by day and haunted my dreams at night.

I never felt really safe unless I was with Jim. His great calmness and strength soothed me, and his understanding of my fear and sharing of my horror, as well as his watchfulness, and his care of me, helped me to get over my morbid state of mind, at last.

In the next year we were married. And we have been very happy together.

Peggy and Her Past

The Real Life Story of a Real Girl of Yesterday's Southwest

As he handed the hat to the girl she saw two bullet holes in the crown . . . "Don't worry about me, Peggy," he said. "I'll take care of myself . . ."

PEGGY AINSLEY made an odd figure, burdened as she was with a quilt and a tin bucket of food. The quilt was not heavy, but it made an awkward bundle, and the contents of the bucket had to be guarded from disaster. There were bushes to be pushed aside, boggy places where the footing was precarious. Night was coming on, a night of early spring; the twilight hastened by low-lying clouds and the blur of wind-blown rain.

The trail was wet and muddy; a path perhaps a foot wide and worn into the earth by the feet of horses and men. Indians had made and used it; it could have told of countless moccasined feet, of unshod ponies, of anxious journeys to tribal conclaves, of returning steps sullen with disappointment or buoyant with good tidings. It skirted Buckhorn Creek and meandered with the stream, running mostly through the woods. A brisk shower bent wet branches of bush and tree across its shadowy stretches. The main routes of travel were far off, for at that time roads were few through the Chickasaw Nation.

In 1890 there was no State of Oklahoma. Instead, the school geographies gave space to Indian Territory, and within its boundaries were the "Nations of the Five Civilized Tribes"—Choctaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Seminole, and Creek—Indians from many parts of the United States, herded together here by the white man who had taken their land from them. And even here the white man had come.

PEGGY was perhaps sixteen years of age. Her figure was sturdy and just budding into the maturity which came early to those who lived the rugged life of pioneer days. There was the hint of coming grace in her movements, and though she wore the same sort of boots as did her brothers, her step was light and sure-footed. Wet through, her clothes clung to her body as she hurried along the pathway.

Suddenly she paused and crouched behind the bulk of an uprooted tree. A short distance away another trail crossed the one she was taking and along this came a solitary horse and rider. She first recognized the gray horse, then the dwarfish figure of Bob Chandler, one of the deputies of the United States Marshal's office. She drew herself down to the ground with a tightening of her throat; and then, as the officer rode by, not twenty feet from her hiding place, a roguish smile broke the set lines of her face.

Giving him time to get out of sight along the winding trail she hastened on her way, leaving the path she had been following for another trail which broke from it. Apparently she was not so familiar with this route, for she gave heed to certain markings on the trees along the way.

PERHAPS it was fifteen minutes before she reached her destination, a rude log cabin roofed over with strips of bark. It was in a little clearing in the forest, the work of someone who had thought to make a home in the desolate neighborhood but had moved on before the idea had really taken root. The girl stopped as the

cabin came in view and gave the "gobble" of the wild turkey—the call of the Choctaws.

In a moment the call was answered and a man appeared in the doorway of the cabin. He held a rifle in his hand and there was suspicion and caution in his pose and manner, but as he beheld his visitor he set the weapon against the wall of the building and hastened out to meet her.

"It's all right, Buck. It's just me. Brought you something to eat and something to keep you warm." There was happiness in the girl's voice as she watched the man stride up with hands outstretched to relieve her of her packages.

Buck smiled broadly as he approached, but his look changed to one of solicitude as he noticed her soaked and dripping garments.

"Didn't have a slicker? Should have had one, Peggy. Catch your death of cold." He spoke in short quick sentences, unusual in that district where the prevailing mode of speech is the drawl of the South.

"Hustle in the cabin; we'll have a fire, dry you out." He looked at her admiringly, and the girl flushed in sensing his appreciation and concern.

THE gloom of the cabin's interior was somewhat relieved by a bit of candle stuck in the neck of a whiskey bottle, and the flame flared and sputtered in the draught that came through the many cracks and crevices in the walls of the hut. A rude bunk had been built into a corner and from its sides Buck took pieces of board and broke them into kindlings. He piled them in a fireplace of field-rock built against the further wall of the building, a fireplace with a squat chimney of the same material and roughly plastered with clay.

Peggy seated herself upon a rough table near the fire

"I'll get work somewheres and send for you, Peggy. We'll be married and have a home"

The mother's face cleared, but there was a touch of concern in her kindly voice. "You shouldn't have gone over to Buck's cabin as late as it was . . ."

and was silent as the man bustled about. She was not cold, for her pace had been brisk, but she was tired and uncomfortable in her wet garments. Even in her bedraggled condition she made a picture which the man often turned to look upon as his hunting-knife slivered the pieces of wood. For Peggy Ainsley was more than merely a pretty girl.

Her hair was black and fluffed out in a wealth of curls. Her eyes were brown with long lashes, her cheeks firm and flushed with the glow of health. Her teeth were perfect; too small perhaps, but even and pearl-like in the crimson blossom of her mouth.

In her face was an illusive, provocative something impossible of definition. Perhaps it was in her eyes, veiled by their long lashes—perhaps in the curve of her sensitive lips. From time to time one glimpses such a face in a crowded car or in the hurrying throng of a city's streets, where all unconsciously an inner light shines through. To most of us the appeal is irresistible; men and women alike are touched, stirred by such beauty.

A CHEERFUL fire soon flooded the room with shifting light. At a word from Buck, Peggy came over and sat down upon the floor before the hearth, turning her lithe body to the blaze so that her garments steamed in the heat. The man sat close by upon his heels and threw in additional fuel as the fire dwindled. From time to time his gaze roved over the form of the girl as she turned from side to side.

She drew up her feet and unlaced her boots, soggy with mud and water.

"If it was Christmas I'd hang up my stockings," she said whimsically as she placed a boot on either side of the hearth.

"Thought your dad would come," said the man, breaking the quiet which had come upon them. "Said he'd be over. No evening for a girl to be out."

"He was coming, but the hogs broke down some fence and he had to fix it up. Aren't you glad to see me?" And Peggy's face grew wistful in the dancing glow.

"I sure am, Peggy! Like you fine! Since Martha

threw me over for that long-legged fellow from Tishimingo, reckon you're the only girl I do like."

Peggy's face clouded.

"Still worrying about Martha, Buck? She never did love you, not really and truly. She liked you as a friend, but—it's different, someway, I guess." She halted lamely and turned her face from the man.

There was silence again, broken only by the snapping of the dry kindlings. From somewhere came the impatient neigh of a horse and the girl looked up inquiringly. The man rose heavily to his feet. "It's Old Buckskin. Got him tied back of the cabin. Reckon he wants his supper."

PEGGY sprang up at the word.

"And here I've forgotten all about yours! It's in the pail." She started to bring it to him, but he waved her back.

"I'll get it, Peggy," he said. "Sit still and dry out."

"It isn't much," said the girl apologetically. "Just some corn pone and bacon, but we haven't been to town for nearly a week." She did not sit down again but stood watching Buck as he ate the rude fare with a relish telling of an honest appetite and good digestion.

"Fine, girl, fine. Sure was hungry! Missed my dinner; old Bob was pretty close on my trail."

Peggy grasped his wrist. "Do you think he'll look for you here? Bob Chandler passed me not twenty feet away as I came over; I just had time to hide behind an old stump or he would have seen me, sure."

Buck looked up with an amused chuckle. "No, I don't expect him here tonight; he isn't a fool! Did you hear the latest story they're telling about him? Seems he was stopping overnight at that hotel in Paris, Texas, the night it burned down, and he never woke up all through the fire. Next morning he crawled out of the ashes, looked around, cool as you please, and said, 'Must have been quite a blaze.' Tough old critter; just too plumb ornery to be killed, darn his hide. Pretty near got me today, look." He stood up and reached for his hat.

. . . Peggy made her way to the rude little casket and sank on her knees . . . "Oh, God," she sobbed, "I did not know; punish me, but let my baby be in Heaven with the angels"

"Peggy's going to stay!" he announced. "She's going to dance with me. Anybody who doesn't like it can get out"

As he handed the hat to the girl she saw two bullet holes in the crown. Her hand trembled as she passed it back to him.

"Dad said you were in trouble again, Buck. Why can't you settle down and quit that business? Some day you'll get killed."

He laughed softly. "Don't worry about me, Peggy," he said. "I'll take care of myself. Old Bob knew I had some whiskey and was after me pretty close. If Old Buckskin hadn't been a better horse than Bob's gray, I guess there'd been another whiskey rider on the way to Heaven this afternoon! But I'm still here."

"What makes you so reckless?" the girl persisted. "You're smart, Buck; Dad says you're smart as a new whip, but he doesn't have to tell me. Why don't you do something else?"

The man shifted his feet uneasily and gazed moodily into the fire.

"Don't go preaching, Peggy. Besides, what else is there to do? I don't like farming, and there's no use in riding cattle when I can make a lot better living this way. Money? Got more than I know what to do with!" He drew an immense roll of bills from his pocket. "Guess I like the excitement of it as much as anything else," and the smile returned as he looked down at the girl.

BUCK BLAKEWELL was of a type that has passed with the pioneer days. The son of a well-to-do stockman, he was born and raised in Indian Territory. He had been sent away to school, he had the advantage of a home-life far superior to that of the average farmer of the neighborhood, and of a certain social position, did he but choose to take it

But he had the disadvantage of not being obliged to work, and his store of energy and desire for adventure led him to take up the illegal and risky activities of a "whiskey peddler," one who brought strong liquors into the country and sold it to the Indians. The traffic was strictly forbidden and there was absolutely nothing in the game to appeal to a man of (*Continued on page* 70)

MECCA

Here are some of the stage pictures by which Mecca charms the senses. In the first is seen Al-Malik Al-Nasir, Sultan of Cairo, with his wife, Zummurud, and their guards and bearers. Next a glimpse of the Bacchanale performed for the sensuous and cruel pretender, Nur Al-Din. Then, with the Nile's banks as background, is seen Sharazad, widow of the former sultan with her dancing girls.

DOUBTLESS many a true story could be written of the innumerable caravans that have set forth for the Mohammed's shrine at Mecca, never to reach it. And it is one of this never-to-arrive sort that gives to that glittering modern spectacle Mecca, its name and its story.

WHEN Ali Shar, wandering wrestler and childlike braggart, reaches Cairo with a handful of performers as his retinue, he little dreams of what lies before him. Credulous in many things, as narrow-minded folk oft are, he is easily gulled by the story that the Sultan has planned to dishonor his daughter, Zummurud. Those who carry the falsehood to him really seek the downfall and death of the Sultan. They prevail upon Ali Shar to essay a task which his childish vanity makes him think a simple one: that of breaking the neck of the Sultan in a wrestling match, thus satisfying his own vengeance as well as their designs.

WHEN the plot is exposed, Ali Shar is banished and begins a pilgrimage to Mecca, while Zummurud remains behind to become the bride of the Sultan. But the daughter's adventures are not to be ended so smoothly, for the Prince Nur Al-Din kidnaps her and holds her as a hostage for the Sultan's throne. Even when her friend, Sharazad, attempts to rescue Zummurud, the Fates are not kind to her, and her unintentional betrayal of Ali Shar's plotting results in her father being sold into slavery. He escapes at last, to be sure, and Zummurud is restored to the Sultan, who really loves her and makes her his wife, but not until many adventures have had their part in the story.

MECCA tells a story big enough, but it is not the story itself that makes this spectacle of Oriental magnificence most impressive. It is rather the means by which the story is told. The splendor of its processions; the revels in which gorgeous costumes vie with the silken sheen of unclothed youth, the tremendous tragedy and destruction that follow fast on the heels of unreckoning luxury—are the things that tell the story as dancing or pantomime, music or word singly never could bring it home to us.

"CURIOUSLY enough," James Gibbons Huneker has said, "if a writer of Théophile Gautier's magnificent caliber could have described this rich-hued vision of Michael Fokine's as Morris Gest presents it, he would have been jailed." Still, as he goes on, "The Bacchanale is real, that is, real in the dramatic sense; it is not merely an organized orgy, but a veritable evocation; yet all restrained by a master hand, one that knows the values of discretion, the tact of omission, the cunning art of suggestion. He employs each known unit as a composer manipulates a single note in his score. His orchestra of feminine beauty has all the characteristics of a soundly constructed musical organism.

"THERE is a foundation in which the human trunk preserves the immobility of a pyramid, while about it whirls in white and gold a maddening succession of legs and arms. Sex is not too much accentuated; the decorative symbolism plays the leading motive. Isis, mother of gods and men, a hieratic figure that reminds you of Ida Rubinstein, poses Sphinx-wise at the top of the giddy, charming swirl; she is Rita Hall; while the sinuous, enticing Martha Lorber, with a body as sensuous as a single line of John Keats, flashes tantalizing tangents and zigzags and curved rhythms in and out of this symphony of lust, cruelty and perfumed desires. Perfume, the Eighth Deadly Sin."

The smiling and self-satisfied Ali Shar appearing with his little retinue of performers in the first picture is quite a different man when he faces death by the sword in the later scene—and is saved only by the Sultan's mercy and his love for Ali Sher's daughter. So, throughout Mecca, passion and tragedy move touch and go with the sensuous beauty of such pictures as our final scene, taken from the second act, with the temple steps as background.

AFGAR

With photographs of three of the Slave Girls of Lord Afgar, and of Alice Delysia as Zaydee, Afgar's wife

THAT Moorish gentleman who has become best known to the playgoers of the last few centuries, has managed to provide some exciting half-hours by his suit for one fair lady's hand. Modest Othello! Milord Afgar came of the same race, yet he aspired to keep no less than thirty ladies within the bondage of his affection. Afgar's palace provides the setting for the musical drama that bears his name, and his thirty wives constitute the greater proportion of the characters involved in it.

GREAT as the wealth and power of Afgar may be, it is not sufficient to control the destinies of all of his mates. Indeed, Zaydee, his favorite wife, falls in love with a Spanish prisoner in the very household of her lord and master. As one result of this, the object of her affection is packed off most securely to a damp, dark, palace dungeon.

But the once masterful Afgar is in for a stormy time with Zaydee and the rest of his mates. Ere long, the entire thirty wives resent his control and, with a spirit strangely modern for their surroundings, go on strike. For the first time in history, the Far East looks upon a harem ruled by women, with men as the wooed instead of the wooers.

OF course, like Afgar the man, Afgar the story is of the Orient Oriental. Moorish in its magnificence and its setting, it is an endless procession of exotic beauty and glittering and fantastic costumes. Yet the story as told to Americans depends no less upon French than upon Oriental flavor, for to Alice Delysia's beauty of face and form, coupled with her grace and voice, has been rendered most credit for making Afgar the joy forever that a thing of such beauty must be.

Undaunted by their task, those who tell Afgar's story prove equal to the obstacles of bringing it to a happy ending and of disposing of the much-married Moor's surplus wives—for Zaydee is rapturously restored to the arms of her liege lord, and the other fair ladies of the household provided with husbands of their own. Selah!

Photographs by White Studio

The Choice

The Man Finds That Heart as Well as Homeland Has a Voice

THE glare of the tropical sun burned like an acid through the drawn blinds, steeping the room in a yellowish half-gloom. A woman stood near the window, gazing at one of the concentrated streaks of light that pierced through the cracks. She was in a diaphanous negligée that showed the beauty of her arms and neck. And though her body was slight and her age thirty-three, there was a strange mixture of dignity and touching, youthful helplessness about her.

Her air of gentility was a never-failing source of wonder to the man who sprawled in the rickety rattan chair. He was as much at a loss to understand where she had ever come by it as how she had kept it He was suggestive, at the moment, in his soiled white drills, of an exhumed and distressed skeleton.

Presently the woman turned away from the window and motioned toward the coffee things on the tabouret.

"Shall I have these taken away now?"

It was not an unmusical voice, and as she spoke, she raised her hands to her hair in a gesture instinctively feminine

He did not answer, and, as though sensing his mood she slipped away into the adjoining room. He glanced stealthily over his shoulder until she was out of sight, and then drew the letter out again.

He argued with her through the bars, ordering her to go while she yet had the money

WHY its very look was legal—its parchmenty crinkle and shape! He read it over—then, fancying he heard her coming back, thrust it out of sight. For an instant thereafter, he sat quite still, hunched forward, hands upon knees.

A vague nostalgia was creeping over him. Not for the scenes of his boyhood, to which he was about to return, but for what he was leaving—an uneasy prescience that, in time, he might look back upon some of these things and regret that he had left them—this woman, for instance. It was hardly less distressing than would have been the actuality. Never before had he realized how it had all grown on him.

He abstractedly reached out for a pack of cards and began shuffling them with sensate fingers, staring the while at the interstices of the blinds. He could hear her moving about, the soft sibilance of some garment flung across a chair, the intimate, familiar tap-tapping of her little feet.

FOR no reason whatever he thought of a shooting scrape he had once gotten into at Batavia. It all came back to him: her fidelity, the way she stayed on at the ill-smelling, little hotel after all hope had seemed gone; her almost hourly visits to the jail. He could see her now standing there while he argued with her through the bars, ordering her to go while she yet had the money. He had been afraid that if she stayed until after he was hung, she would surely fall into bad hands. Forgotten details stole over his senses; the enervating heat, her obstinacy, and a great iridescent fly that had buzzed, buzzed, buzzed, day in and day out. The stolid, ugly-eyed jailer, who, one morning, had pinched the wom-

He glanced stealthily over his shoulder until she was out of sight, and then drew the letter out again

an's arm as she was leaving; the cajolery and bribery by which she had at last accomplished his release.

And there had been other times, a fever in Pekin, which would have carried him off but for her nursing. And it had taken about all of his money. He had hardly known where to turn, and then she had given him her little treasure of English and French notes—an amount he had never suspected her of having. He remembered how she had come to him, late in the evening, with the little sheaf of soiled paper.

"Take it," she had said. "It's yours; I only saved it—you can pay me back sometime—if you want."

HE dropped the cards upon the tabouret, and his lips were compressed.

"Bella!" he called. "Oh, Bella!"

When she came in, he lit a cigarette, but did not look at her. She shot him a sharp glance and stood waiting.

"We may have to leave Shanghai soon," he said "You've had about enough of it, haven't you?"

Unconsciously his enunciation took on a shade more of the old New England nicety. She came forward a step.

"You are worried about something—what is it? That letter, this morning?" She hesitated. "It was from the States, wasn't it?"

His eyes tried to reassure her, but he was conscious of their failure. Some of her rather high color ebbed. For an instant she studied him, then with a groping hesitancy extended an arm in a gesture, half-interrogation, half-caress. He moistened his lips, but before he could summon the words, she turned away.

As the portières rustled back into place, he drew a sigh of relief, crushed the cigarette out, and went to the window.

The problem was no new one; it was as old as their

Unseen, he looked down on her as she lay there, wide-eyed and crumpled up . . .

partnership, and he had rehearsed this scene many times. But now that the time for it had come, he had found that he could not so much as make a beginning.

A vague anger at himself stirred. He wondered how much she already suspected.

HE glanced about, frowning at the room's meanness, for already he was becoming subtly aware of his new importance in the world, and correspondingly impatient. He was impatient with the room, impatient with the woman, and impatient with himself. He wanted to have the thing over with and settled.

It was hard to believe that yesterday all he had had in the world had been a few hundred pounds, and his luck —or skill—at cards!

Going to the portières, he peeked through. Her cloud of hair was down, the kimona drooping to the floor, and her shoulders and arms gleaming against the gray-green background like old ivory. Her voice came thickly—or were her words indistinct because of the pins she held in her mouth?

"Did you want me?" she asked quietly.

"Are you going out?"

She shook her head. A slight, pained smile flickered across his face, and as he came closer the familiar odor of the perfume she used seemed to make something clutch at his throat.

"Listen," she said, turning toward him. "Don't worry. I can see something's on your mind—but don't worry."

She gave the effect of wanting to say more, but of not knowing how; it made him ache. He turned back to the sitting room, half-conscious of how perilously near a breakdown he was. He resumed his seat in the rattan chair and sat listening to her movements; they were slower now, preoccupied. The hypodermic syringe and phial of tablets in the breakfast litter caught his eye, and he got up and deposited them upon the mantelshelf.

"Bella," he said slowly . . . "We'll be married tomorrow. I can't leave you out here"

WHAT a life they had led! Half-forgotten pictures of Melbourne, Sydney, Tokio, and Singapore rose up before him, the long days of inertia, waiting for the evening, the feverish nights at card tables, and the waiting for the letter. He had never doubted that it would come—sometime.

Once in Manila he had met an old college acquaintance, and had introduced Bella as his wife—and in those days she had been confoundedly conspicuous! After that, he had always confined himself to the British and Dutch colonies, where there was not so great a chance of running into anyone who knew him. For it had been embarrassing to all of them, and in her shy way Bella had reproved him.

"You shouldn't have introduced me as your wife—I hadn't any notion you were going to do that. I had made up my mind to say I belonged to that comic opera troupe—that would have been better!"

Nevertheless, her pleasure was so obvious that he had never quite regretted the incident. Shortly afterwards, he noticed she was trying to tone down her dress; she left off the long pendant ear-drops, and sometimes went so far as to seek his opinion on frocks.

Men are not proof against such flattery, and it dawned on him after awhile that she was inordinately proud of him. An answering spark was enkindled, and the fact that he was ignorant of it made it no less potent. Its result was this maze of shadowy emotion now proving so disconcerting to his resolution. The sense of obligation was not to be shaken off lightly.

HE had picked her up some seven years ago in Singapore, the widow of a civil clerk. They had met upon neutral ground in a small, all-night café. Neither had made any pretensions; her (*Continued on page* 85)

My Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde Experience

When Randal Carnes enlisted under the colors of Uncle Sam at Fort Mobile, Alabama, in July, 1917, he had completely lost track of his wife and family and his entire previous life.

IS it possible for a man, twenty-seven years old, scarcely five-feet-three in height, ill, and weighing but 110 pounds, almost illiterate and knowing nothing whatever about the French language, to lose his personality and all memory of his previous name and existence—and at the same time take on the name, personality, memory, and mental and physical abilities of a person he had never heard of (and who might never have existed); a man giving his age as twenty-two years old, so husky and strong that he could easily lift a 160-pound dumb-bell to arm's-length above his head with one hand, with an unusually good knowledge of French?

If you are not one of the few men who were personally acquainted with the case, your answer will probably be a very emphatic, "No!"

But wait—let me tell the story as it actually happened:

MY name is Randal Julian Carnes. At the time my peculiar case began I was twenty-seven years old, a telegraph operator, married, and holding down a job at Warrior Siding, Alabama. My education was badly neglected; and I was of slight build and physically in bad condition.

Yet—in spite of the above facts—when I recovered consciousness after having been robbed and left for dead in a bedroom of a cheap rooming-house in Birmingham, Alabama, on July 21, 1917, I found myself possessed of a familiarity with the French language and the ability to perform most unusual feats of physical strength. All memory of my former existence as R. J. Carnes was obliterated from my mind. I firmly believed myself to be George W. Carter, an educated wanderer, and attributed the temporary fogginess of my intellect to one of my periodical sprees.

That night, in company with two other "knights of the road," I beat my way to Montgomery, Alabama, on an L. & N. freight train. A day or so later we rode into Mobile, Alabama, "on the cushions." One of our bunch had robbed a man on one of Montgomery's dark streets the night before, and being a generous sort of chap with his pals, had bought tickets for three.

However, at Mobile an oily-tongued recruiting sergeant ended my hobo career forever by persuading me to join the army. I enlisted, and was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where I became a member of Depot Company "I," Signal Corps. My phenomenal aptitude and aggressive character soon won for me a sergeantcy, and I was appointed assistant French Instructor of the non-commissioned officer's class. Within two weeks after my arrival at the Fort, I astonished the entire company by lifting to arm's-length above my head with one hand a dumb-bell weighing exactly 159 pounds. Not another man in the organization was able to raise as much as 130 pounds with both hands in a like manner!

FOUR months passed—four months of hard, conscientious work; for I was ambitious and hoped to earn a commission someday. My physical appearance changed marvelously—though the army exercise and calisthenics had nothing to do with it, because, doing nothing but office work ten or twelve hours a day, I never had a chance to take any exercise except an occasional walk. I gained fifteen or twenty pounds in bodily weight, but the most remarkable change of all was in the features of my face and my facial expression. I have in my possession two photographs—one taken a day or two after I enlisted and the other about four months later, and there is very little resemblance between them.

About the first part of November, 1917, I began to dream at night of places and people of which I had no recollection whatever in my waking hours. These dreams were peculiarly vivid. I dreamed of Warrior Siding, and of my wife and my mother. But always, when I awoke, I knew that I had never been married and that my mother had been dead many years.

As these dreams continued night after night for the next three weeks, I began to grow alarmed about them; especially, when during my waking hours, I occasionally reverted, for a few seconds, to another personality. At last I became firmly convinced that I had once lived an entirely different life from what I had lately supposed, or that there was something radically wrong with my brain. In either case, I decided, medical attention was what I needed. So I told my company commander about myself, and was sent to the Government Hospital for observation and treatment.

THE records of the United States Army General Hospital (Columbia War Hospital), New York City,

As George W. Carter, he became an entirely new personality, as evidenced by this photograph taken at Fort Leavenworth only four months after the first portrait.

A Remarkable Story and What Came of Investigation by Its Writer's Superior Officers in Service by the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and Others

cover my case fully. Anyone wishing to investigate my case through a scientific consideration, should find no trouble in getting copies of these records by making application to the War Department, or better still, by examining them in person.

The government psychiatrists at first suspected me of being a malingerer, trying to "fake" my way out of the army. But when they found, by infallible tests, that I really had no memory of my life as R. J. Carnes; that I had no desire to get out of the army; and that both my wife and my mother (and other people who had known me and had furnished affidavits) upheld my statements in regard to my former lack of education, physical condition, character, and so forth, they saw I was really an unusual case and did all they could to help solve my riddle.

My memory and my former personality were fully recovered on November 28, 1917.

I REMAINED in the army until after the armistice was declared, receiving two more promotions—first, to the grade of sergeant, first-class, and shortly before my discharge, to that of master signal electrician—the highest non-commissioned grade in the Signal Corps. In competetive examinations for this latter post against college graduates, I made the highest general average of any man eligible for the examinations.

I had but little trouble in convincing the army specialists of the genuineness of my case, but when I returned to civilian life and told the story to my ignorant, narrow-minded fellow employees, I found it quite a different matter. They had, as soon as I disappeared, jumped to the conclusion that I had knowingly deserted my family and my job. The superintendent of the railroad company, in whose employ I was at the time of my disappearance, gave me back my position and former seniority standing when incontrovertible evidence that I did not voluntarily desert my position was furnished him by the Government; but the thirty or forty employees who would be adversely affected by the restoration of my seniority rights refused to take any stock in my story—or in the evidence, either, for that matter.

In their jealousy and narrow-mindedness they invented a hundred lies to discredit my statements, and, signing a joint petition, appealed their case through successive officers of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers (the railroad telegraphers union organization) until it reached the President, himself—only to be turned down in every instance.

Stormy meetings have been held in Birmingham regarding my case, and feeling ran high for a while between those who upheld me and those who wished to profit by my misfortune. But I still hold my seniority—which is a precious thing to a union man—and will continue to hold it as long as the high officials of our union have a sense of justice.

Many things have become possible through the education I received from the personality of George W. Carter—whoever he may have been.

Did such a person ever exist? Did he happen, opportunely, to die at the same moment an attempt was made to murder me that day in Birmingham, and did his soul, or personality, or whatever it is the psychologists call it, displace mine for those four eventual months.

Such is my enigma.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS: While this story may tax credulity, it has the endorsement of Randall J. Carnes' business acquaintances and his officers in service as well as the President of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, whose decision upon his application for reinstatement after his recovery follows in part:

"Many statements and charges are made with reference to Carnes' conduct, before and since his disappearance from Warrior Siding on July 21st, 1917. These charges, as well as the denials, in my opinion are not relevant, even though they are intended to establish a motive for his acts. The most important and necessary thing to prove is whether Carnes was suffering from amnesia during the period he claims to be thus afflicted, and when this point has been clearly proved, or disproved, the case is disposed of accordingly.

"The report of Lieutenant L. B. Robinson, contained in the file, substantiates the statements made by Carnes, respecting the abnormal development of his mental faculties and physical prowess.

"The report of R. A. Schaaf, Captain of Medical Corps, U. S. Army General Hospital No. 1—and Carnes' case was thoroughly gone into by excellent psychiatrists and that there was no question in the minds of these specialists but that Carnes lost his memory as claimed, and had, while in the hospital, regainedfully his former mental state—establishes Carnes' claim fully, and we must recognize this fact, despite our incredulity."

How Film Fans Look
The line forms to the left —and includes: Catherine Calvert, Alice Joyce Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson Carmel Myers, Priscilla Dean, and Gladys Walton.
Fine feathers may not make fine birds—but they help!

Stories Told By Lip-Reading

Don't overlook—
one important invention of the historic second decade of the Twentieth Century: The Cinema Kiss. The work of Young Masters of this modern fine art may make Old Masters turn in their graves! Here's a lip-reading class that includes: Agnes Ayres and Leading Man, Charles Ray and Dorothy Devore, Mrs. Carter de Haven and William Desmond, Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell, Thomas Meighan and Gladys George, Mae Murray and Osculatory Escort, Eddie Lyons and Milady Nightcap, Alla Nazimova and her husband, May Allison and Auto Hero, Bert Lytell and the Banker's Daughter. Find your favorite!

The Little Cloud

The Woman Who Spoiled Her Husband Tells Her Story

Newspaper artists . . . at the Village "affairs" never failed to sketch me with my abbreviated costume and barefoot sandals

THIS is the story of a girl who wanted to be modern, and of the grief that it brought her. Not merely was it her ambition to be up-to-date, but free, unhampered by convention, ultra-radical in the broadest sense of the word. It hurts to make this confession—for confession it is. I was the girl.

Chaperones were not to be considered as possible.

A party wasn't worth an evening's time unless it included among its guests a free verse poet, a man who had been in jail for anarchistic utterances, an artist, preferably futurist, and a motley assortment of shorthaired women and long-haired men. Plenty of cigarettes, to be indulged in by both sexes alike, were a necessary accompaniment; the party, of course, to be held in a studio within the confines of Greenwich Village.

With socialism, or perhaps anarchism, would come the millenium!

Marriage was an archaic institution, better replaced by a legal record of the marital agreement, simply for the protection of unavoidable children.

These were my tenets at the ripe age of seventeen.

TWO years later, with my outlook on life unchanged, intensified if anything, I fell in love with a man of about my own age; in every other respect we were antipodal. He was conservative, conventional, almost retrogressive in his beliefs. What could have attracted me to him is somewhat of a puzzle; it must have been the subtle force of my early training, strict and righteous as it was. What attracted him to me is still more of a mystery. But love each other we did, with a wholesome and whole-hearted passion.

We were married by a Methodist minister, in the parsonage. That my husband insisted upon. I was still to have my own friends, to sacrifice none of my friendships with the opposite sex; that I demanded as a fair compromise.

Marriage, I told my friends, was not to metamorphose me into a docile home-body. It was not to hamper me in any way; I was still to be modern. And to prove how very free I was, I cut short my honeymoon by three days to return to the city and attend a socialist press club ball with an artist whom my husband-of-a-month abhorred.

THAT was a gay winter. My nymph's costume, bizarre and gay, which an artist friend had designed, and which I had executed from a few—oh, very few—scant lengths of bright chiffon, became an integral part of every all-night affair held in near-Bohemia. Newspaper artists, out for local color at the Village "affairs," never failed to sketch me with my abbreviated costume and barefoot sandals, and my various dancing partners. The anarchist youth, who led the poverty stricken East Siders

Our parting at the Terminal, when my husband finally received his call, was, however, sad enough . . .

into the churches for warmth and shelter that bitter winter with its dearth of coal, the futurist artist, who had nearly been run out of town by three indignant and outraged husbands after painting their nude wives as "The Three Graces," and the leader of the mourners' parade which dogged the steps of officials of the great oil company which, we alleged, was killing thousands of mine strikers by starvation—these men I proudly numbered among my friends, glorying as I did in the reflected light of their newspaper notoriety.

And my husband? Oh, yes, I still loved him. He was a "dear, sweet boy," I often told him, not to be crabbed about my friends of whom he so thoroughly disapproved. Occasionally I found time to go with him to the opera or other of his high-brow haunts of pleasure. I didn't quite see why he should want to drag me to those boring performances, but now and then I felt the impulse to please him.

THEN came the war. Our group held nightly meetings protesting against the militarists who wanted to draw this country into the fray, sent telegrams galore to Washington exhorting the Government to take no action on the *Lusitania* sinking, and denouncing the political leaders who were urging the Government to declare war and drag us into what we below the Village line were assured was not our fight.

After one particularly enthusiastic meeting, I reached home after midnight to find my husband waiting up for me. I scolded him playfully for losing his beauty sleep, but there was no light-hearted response. He had something important to tell me, he said. He had enlisted.

The room reeled before my eyes: I braced myself against the table lest I should faint.

The impending separation, the hardships to be endured, the possibility of death on the battlefield, it was none of these nightmares that had so rudely upset my equilibrium. It was shame. I was ashamed of my husband's enlistment. What, oh what, should I tell my pacifist friends?

Our parting at the Terminal, when my husband finally received his call, was, however, sad enough to satisfy the softest sentimentalist. I had grown fonder all the time of the big, clean-hearted boy in the months we had lived together. I wouldn't admit it at the time, even to myself, but I wished that I had pleased him more in the many little ways I could have done; by darning his socks instead of letting the laundry sew up the holes, by serving him now and then with a dinner hot from our kitchenette-oven instead of from the corner delicatessen-shop. So the tears I shed as the train pulled out were genuine. They lasted all through that first lonely night in the Village apartment.

THE old routine continued as the days passed, broken only by the ever increasing list of departures from our ranks, men and women who had changed their views, enlisted in the service, taken war jobs in Washington, for there were, after all, but few deep-dyed radicals among us. Misguided youth was the most severe charge that could be honestly laid against us.

And then one day came a letter to me more startling in its contents than any of the war news that had set the country talking.

"Dearest Girl," the letter read. "For weeks I have been trying to write this letter. But it is hard to admit an error in judgment when one has been so cock-sure about anything. But that is what I am doing, admitting that

on our greatest bone of contention you have been right.

"You've always told me that it is perfectly possible to love one person, you, in my case, and at the same time to be very fond of others of the opposite sex. I knew you'd be pleased to know that I'm converted to your way of thinking, and you're such a game sport that you'll want to know all about the cause of the conversion.

"Well, I met her six weeks ago, and I 'fell' on the spot. She's a little Georgia girl who ran away from school, pawned her jewelry to get the fare to come to Washington, enlisted as a yeomanette and then wired home to mother to ask what she was going to do about it. She's a dream to look upon, jet-black hair, bobbed, and hugging her beautifully-shaped head in delicious ringlets, and as full of life and pep and spirits as a girl in her very last teens can be. I met her at a canteen dance, and took her to dinner the next night. Since they've given me my commission it is easy to slip away a few hours of an evening an all of them have been spent with her."

A few weeks later, letters came from France . . . And each time I read of the advent of a new woman in his life, I was tormented by doubts

THERE followed camp news, and the usual assurances of his love for me, but I was blind to all but that one vivid paragraph as I tried to collect my scattered thoughts: a pretty girl, whom he had "fallen" for, when before he had had eyes for no one but me, down there in Washington where all the men were under the great tension of waiting the overseas orders which might mean the end of everything. If he had been so strongly attracted to the girl on first sight, what might not proximity do? Now that he had changed his attitude towards other girls, to what lengths might it lead him?

I *knew* my friendships with other men were innocent; but now with typical feminine suspicion, I could never again be sure of him.

My impulse was to post a letter immediately telling my husband that I too had changed my mind; I just wanted to be an old-fashioned wife, and the center of my man's universe; to assure him that he was my very life; and to ask in return the assurance that I alone would be sufficient unto him always.

BUT before I went to sleep I realized that to turn him from the girl now was too late. To hold his love and esteem, I must prove myself to be the good sport that he had always held me to be. So the letter I mailed next morning merely mentioned the girl as an incident, and that a happy one. I told him I was glad that he had found a congenial companion to keep him from loneliness and congratulated him upon having realized the wisdom of my theory.

A few weeks later, letters came from France telling me of other women who had helped him to pass hours on leave happily; a canteen worker he had known in his own home town in the Middle West; a French peasant girl whose beauty appealed to him; an American girl formerly of the Latin quarter who had given up her art studies to work in a munitions factory; and many more. And each time I read of the advent of a new woman in his life, I was tormented by doubts. Was it a mere friendship, an innocent sentimental affair, or was it the fulfilment of passion? I never asked and he never told me. I wanted to know, but I dreaded to learn the truth.

It was my only consolation to think that when the war was over we would begin anew on a basis of undivided love and unadulterated happiness.

THE war was over. We had settled in a cosy little home in what two years before I would have termed a disgustingly bourgeois suburb. But despite my determination to renounce the folly of my early married life, my dreams of happiness did not come true. The tables were turned, for after the tension of those months in France, my husband yearned for the gaieties of the theater, frivolous women, and the cabarets.

He loved to find me sewing, cooking, planning for home comforts; they made me come up to his standards of a real wife, and he loved me the more for the change, he often told me. His amusements were incidental; he did not want me to be like the butterflies with whom he played on Broadway.

There was one girl in particular—a dancer in an obscure

The little cloud in my sky . . . has grown and . . . our married life never will be quite so bright again

and exclusive restaurant slightly out of the Bright Light section—who had held his flitting devotion for more than the usual few months. He had talked to me about her often. Education, she had none; intelligence, but slightly more; there was not even a spirit of camaraderie betweeen them. Her attraction was entirely physical.

ONE night I lay awake, waiting hour after endless hour for his return, tormented by my thoughts. Presently I heard the long-awaited click of the lock as his key turned in it. He came directly upstairs and without turning on the light, sat down on the bed beside me.

"Asleep, darling?" he asked softly.

In response I pressed his hand as it lay on the counterpane.

"Haven't been keeping awake for me?" he asked, and at my mendacious negative he breathed a sigh of relief. "It would spoil it all if I were making you unhappy," he went on.

"Gad, Myra, she's wonderful," he soliloquized. "To see that curve of her body as she dances, her wonderful poise: she's the embodiment of perfect physical womanhood. And her verve, her life, her sheer animal spirits! They draw a man on till he is conscious of nothing except that he's a man and she's a woman. But you're more wonderful still, little wife; to think that I can tell you all this without making you doubt my love. It makes me more certain than ever that you are the ideal wife, you wonder woman."

He dropped beside me on the bed and fell quickly into the heavy sleep of complete exhaustion.

I CREPT out of bed, threw a long cape over my night robe, slipped on shoes and stockings and quietly stole out of the house. For hours I paced the street, trying to quiet my torturing thoughts. Indignation, of course, was my foremost emotion, righteous indignation. I would leave him immediately, separate our lives entirely and forever, go into a convent where there was no room for that horrible passion. There seemed nothing else for me to do . . . I choked back the sob in my throat.

But although I drove it back at first, there was a constantly recurring and indisputable feeling, an overpowering love for the man who was my husband. Dawn found me back at his side. No matter what he did, I wanted to be near him, to feel him ever near me, to know that I was his. He loved me for being so understanding, he had often said; to hold his love I must never let him suspect me of lacking this understanding nature with which he credited me—it was the only real hold I had on him now. I must play up to the part he had given me. All this came to me as I knelt by the bedside of the man of whom I felt I had lost the better part. Sound asleep, he knew nothing of my battle, nor ever would.

IN the years that have passed I have been blessed with a lovable, a devoted husband. Year after year I should be blissfully happy, but instead I am tormented in all my waking hours by the thought that I once had, and then sacrificed on the altar of my folly, that most wondrous of all rarities, a one-woman man.

The little cloud in my sky, at first no larger than a man's hand, has grown and grown and I have learned that our married life never will be quite so bright again.

An Opal for Luck

The Tale of a Midnight Visitor and a Baby's Cry

WARMTH and life, shaded lights and the soft tinkle of glasses and silver, mingled with the sibilant undertone of many voices. That, in brief, was R——'s during a quiet moment. The little dancer, sitting alone at a side table, drew a long breath and waited for the crash of the "jazz" orchestra which was gathering its syncopated forces of violin, piano, banjo drum and traps for a new onslaught upon harmony. Opa wished intensely that she could postpone the crash that would be *her* cue; she was tired, so tired, of the tinsely glitter of this gay rendezvous where, nightly, cosmopolitans vied with small-town visitors in spending money.

She was tired of gyrating and pirouetting under a spotlight for men with satyr faces; for women who, she thought fiercely, had no right to look at her with their contemptuous, appraising eyes that now and then smiled at her a welcome to the sisterhood to which she did not, would not belong!

"It's from the man at table twenty-five" . . . . Her heart beat faster as she took the note he extended

THE cymbals clashed, the rest fell into line, and the jazz orchestra started. Eagerly, couples sprang up from spindly golden chairs and on the dance floor abandoned themselves to grotesque embraces in a seductive fox trot.. Opal shuddered and rose wearily to go to her dressing-room. Just once more tonight must she dance!

With half-closed eyes she looked slowly about the room. Suddenly a light stole into her tired face. What a swinging stride that man had!

Unaware of the interested eyes watching him, the newcomer was following the obsequious headwaiter to a small table nearby, so placed that while it was set apart from the crowd it still commanded an unobstructed view of the dance floor. The young man sat down mechanically and took up the proffered menu card. He seemed utterly oblivious of his surroundings, giving his whole thought to the selection of dishes which the servitor was noting on his pad. The order given, he glanced about indifferently, his eyes seeing Opal but seeming scarcely to note her.

In her tired heart a spark had been lighted; she would dance for this lonely stranger, she smilingly told herself, for Opal knew that that detached air meant nothing else but loneliness.

In her dressing-room she took particular pains with her toilette. With deft fingers, she obliterated the traces of fatigue beneath her eyes, and slipped into a gauzy blue and silver concoction that frothed about her slender figure and gave her a pert, childlike appearance.

SHE glided out on the dance floor amid a ripple of applause, for she was a favorite at R——'s. The solitary diner continued to eat his dinner, unmoved by the sounds about him.

The violins swung along and Opal gave herself to the dance. She moved over the floor, light as a fleecy cloud, everywhere at once, yet seemingly in no spot an instant. And always she looked and smiled at one. For a moment

she threw back her golden head and fluttered about, like a butterfly chasing a sunbeam. When she looked again toward the man, a shy little smile on her lips, she caught an answering smile from him.

"He's forgotten he's lonely," she whispered to herself.

A bow or two to repay the noisy applause that followed her dance, and Opal turned to leave the dance floor. Crossing the room, she espied a waiter making his way toward her. Her heart beat faster as she took the note he extended. A little frightened, she looked inquiringly at the messenger.

"It's from the man at table twenty-two, Miss Opal," he told her. "I'm to wait for your answer," he whispered. "He looks like a regular fellow, too—Westerner. I can spot 'em a mile off."

"Thank you, Oscar," smiled Opal as she read the scrawled message:

"Dear Miss Owens," it said, "I have presumed to ask your name of a waiter. You were wonderful and you cheered a lonely man. May I come over to your table for a little while?"

"Horton Denis," breathed Opal as she refolded the note. Her eyes were shining as she said, "You may tell him the answer is 'yes,' Oscar."

WITHOUT any misgiving she followed the waiter to the waiter to the table where the sun-bronzed man was standing eagerly awaiting her approach. If one knew Opal, it would scarcely be necessary to tell that few, indeed, were the men who met her in this fashion. And of those few, none had ever been so privileged at such short notice.

We all do things on impulse that, sometimes, could we but know it, change our destinies in a brief half-hour. It

was the impulse born of a generous heart that prompted Opal, a few minutes later, to smile up at the young man who took her tiny hand in his big brown one. The smile was a heart smile. It suffused her face with a radiance that surged over into the man's own, as he sat opposite her and leaned across the table.

"It was good of you to come," he said simply.

The waiter, with instinctive understanding, moved quietly away without bothering them with attentions. Occasionally, waiters are human, and this one worshipped Opal.

"You did not like my dancing," accused the girl shyly. "You never clapped one little clap."

"LIKE it!" exclaimed the man. "Why it was wonderful! And you! You are—you are—" He blushed a fiery red and stammered, "You are quite the loveliest girl I've ever seen. And instead of clapping I was wondering how I could meet you."

Opal smiled again. Her weariness was all gone now. This big man, with the suggestion of health, gained from a life in the open, was a tonic for her nerves that were so jazz-tired.

"I felt, somehow," he told her, "that you were dancing for me. I didn't dare look at you as much as I wanted to; I was afraid you might float right away and that I'd be lonelier than ever."

Opal gazed at him in surprise. "I *was* dancing for you," she said. "And I knew you were lonely; that's why I did it."

The man looked his gratefulness and hardly needed the further encouragement of her warming glance to let down the barriers of reticence and tell her the whole story of his life in the West. He told her of his sudden acquisition of wealth, the trip East, and last but most voluminously, his week in New York, alone, bored and awed by the city's bigness.

In an instant he was straining her to his breast

HIS voice with its deep, rich cadences seemed to sooth her bored and nervous spirit. She was bathing in the mellowness of his personality as she might bask in the sunshine.

"But you're tired," he reproached himself suddenly. "And here I've been boring you with all this small talk about myself when you should have been asleep long ago."

Opal was loath to come out of the sunshine, but the hour was late and even the latest of R——'s habitues were straggling out.

In the frosty air outside the girl shivered slightly, and drew her wrap closer.

The man hailed a taxicab and helped her in. She whispered her address to him, and after telling the chauffeur, he stepped in after her.

As Opal leaned back in a corner of the darkened taxi, her fatigue reasserted itself. Dimly, she heard the man say, "And to think I must go back tomorrow!"

Again the soothing voice wrapped its pleasant folds about her. But she sat up quickly, startled by a sudden thought.

"You're going West tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, I must," he answered.

HE turned toward her as he spoke. Her face was a blur in the semi-darkness, only her beautifully chiselled lips and her luminous eyes distinct. But the fragrance of her warm young body, the eternal fragrance of youth, permeated the taxi and sent its haunting sweetness into the blood of the man beside her.

Their eyes met and a fresh kindled fire in his urged the smoldering embers in the blue depths of hers to a deep glow. He caught up her hand, lying palm upturned in her lap, and at the touch of its soft warmth, pent-up loneliness and desire burst their dam, and he swept

Even when his hand had gone into his pocket and reappeared holding a crisp and yellow banknote, on which the child . . . fastened its wide, sky-blue eyes, her head was not lifted

the unresisting girl into his arms. He kissed her on her soft, fragrant hair, her closed eyelids, her satiny throat and her curved, red lips with an ardor that left her supine in his clasp.

For a few seconds she lay there and seemed to give herself to him. Then she sat up sharply and drew away. A light shining into the car showed him her white, frightened face and tear-filled eyes.

"Girl, girl, what have I done?" he cried. "Forgive me. You are so young and lovely. I couldn't help it. Say you forgive me," he pleaded with an earnestness that revealed true contrition for his passion.

THE taxi came to a grinding halt as he finished. They were outside the dingy brownstone house where Opal lived.

"Let me come in just a minute, Opal," he pleaded; "I must know that you forgive me."

Opal nodded, scarcely hearing him. Her weariness, her tired nerves had left her emotionally unstable. She was under the soothing spell of the virile personality of the man.

He followed her up the dark stairs to the second floor and into a darker room.

As Opal turned to switch on the lights there was a ripping sound. The dull rose light of the lamp revealed a gaping hole in the tissuey fabric of her dress.

With a little exclamation she turned to Horton. "I must change this," she said. "I won't be a minute." She disappeared into the room beyond and in the darkness made a quick change into a simple but fresh gown that

was half a negligée, half a house dress, and that made her seem lovelier than ever to her midnight visitor.

HORTON DENIS, with a sharp indrawn breath, saw her reappear and seat herself beneath the rose lamp.

"Do sit down," she urged, for he was still standing.

Mechanically he obeyed, his eyes never leaving her face.

"It's very late—you may sit here for just a moment," Opal said as she laughed a bit nervously.

Her throat was throbbing, her head a whirl of emotions. What was she thinking of, she asked herself, to have a stranger and a man, at that, here alone in her rooms after midnight.

And the man? He was not evil. But he was human and lonely, and the feel of her young body and her vivid mouth was too strong for him.

In an instant he was straining her to his breast. And for a moment Opal surrendered to him, her arms around his neck, her mouth was pressed to his, when she was startled by a sudden sharp little cry. The man heard it too and started, as if doubting his senses, his arms fell to his sides.

"You didn't tell me," he said, as he followed the girl to the doorway through which the sound came.

Opal could not utter a sound as he leaned over the infant that lay blinking in her lap the next moment, or when he compelled her tear-filled eyes to meet his. He stood there a full minute, and still she seemed not to see him. Even when his hand had gone into his pocket and reappeared holding a crisp and yellow banknote on which the child in Opal's arms fastened its now wide-opened eyes, her head was not lifted. He dropped one bill upon the seat beside her, turned to take up his hat—and was gone without a word.

"You don't know how glad I am you left her here, Mrs. Casey," she whispered, taking the little one into her arms and holding it close

And still Opal sat and gazed at the child with eyes more soft and tender than its own.

Just so her neighbor, Mrs. Casey, found her a bit later.

"OH dear, ye poor darlint." There was real contrition in her voice. "It's me and the young one that's keepin' you out of yer bed. Shure the girl in the room at the back broke her arm tonight, and I wint down to help her. The poor child had me that upset I put me baby in yer bed here, thinkin' maybe ye'd be home early and wouldn't mind lukin' after her a bit," she apologized.

Her words roused Opal and she smiled up at the woman.

"You don't know how glad I am you left her here, Mrs. Casey," she whispered, taking the little one into her arms and holding it close.

"I want you to let me have her often when I'm tired and blue. And then, as the mother tiptoed out of the room, she murmured: Thank God for babies, Mrs. Casey."

"AN' for fifty-dollar bills, too," echoed that lady within the walls of her own rooms five minutes later as Horton Denis' unmentioned and unnoticed conscience offering was unfolded for the first time that night. "It's an Opal for luck, this time; I'm thinkin'."

Don't forget, if you please, that comment and criticism on every detail of TRUE STORY'S contents and appearance are invited from its readers.

Speaking of Silhouettes

Here's a study from life in black and white with Alice Joyce supplying the black

A Vitagraph Film Photo

Grace Davison isn't hard to look at so we'll not criticize her for showing us more of herself than of her silhouette

A Gilliams Service Photo

Elaine Hammerstein recalls Rodin's Thinker, first because she looks every inch a thinker herself, second because her profile is so different

A Selznick Picture Photo.

If anyone can convey the poetry of motion while standing stock-still — Anna Pavlowa is just that one

Coming events may cast their shadows before, but coming celebrities like Malveena Polo cast their shadows wherever the camera-man may request them

A Universal Film Photo

One of the most effective forms of "First Aid to Beauty" is — womanly grace as Hedda Nova proves in this picture

A Universal Film Photo

One May Vamp Musically Too

Not that any sort of vamping—musical or otherwise has been noticeable in the film career of Alice Joyce. when at home, she's right at home at the key-board

A Vitagraph Picture Photo

Whether or not Corinne Griffith's musical training has extended to the tambourine her make up in this picture promises that some vamping is due someone shortly

A Vitagraph Picture Photo

Bill Hart's heart has proven itself a stronghold against every sort of vamping and its safe to assume that Eva Novak has no such purpose in mind in this little scene

A Paramount Picture Photo

This looks as though the resourceful Bebe Daniels has essayed a role—or an instrument too big for even her to fill

A Realart Picture Photo

If it listens as easy as Mary Miles Minter is to look upon her violin solo should be worth while

A Realart Picture Photo

When it comes to the grand piano Shirley Mason provides a treat for the eye, regardless of just how far she may go with counterpoint or thoroughbass

A Fox Film Photo

A Flyer in Adventure

The Girl Becomes Not Volunteer But Involuntary Highwayman

THE purple dusk was fast changing to dark-shadowed night. The girl cupped her hands about her eyes and pressed her small nose against the window-pane as the train slowed up for a tiny village. She could see a few scattered lights and finally, as the train came to a full stop, the one big light in front of the dingy station.

An exceptionally tall man, evidently the only passenger, boarded the train. Something about him excited her interest and she turned from the window to watch him come through the door into the coach. He stood there a moment, his well-built figure outlined against the door, his eyes sweeping the car in one compelling, all-seeing glance. He was as lean and muscular as a gray hound, and had an air of perfect self-possession and calm assurance.

Pulling his soft hat further over his eyes he came down the aisle and stopped beside the girl's seat. She had not noticed until then that the forward part of the car, where she was sitting, was practically empty. Her eyes had not left him since he entered the coach. And though she had not consciously smiled at him, she felt that perhaps her face had showed too clearly her interest. Before she had had time to think the man had calmly seated himself beside her.

"WELL, Sis, this *is* luck," he announced familiarly. "I didn't recognize you with the new make-up for a minute." (He indicated the dark, curly, bobbed hair.) "But I'd know those eyes anywhere."

"Oh, you would!" replied the girl, masking the lower part of her face with a small brown hand. There was a flash of daring and defiance and just a little alarm in her large eyes. "That's more than I can say for you," she added saucily.

"Now, don't you try any of that Beatrice Fairfax stuff on me. You can't cut an old pal like that. I know you, and you know I know you, same as you know me with or without these floral offerings on my upper lip. But there's no time to waste. Get this: I have *some* little plan right out of my own little thought factory—and you're going to be my pard in it. It will be safer and surer with two."

"Me?" She shifted uneasily and seemed about to say more when he interrupted her.

"Yes, you. Ever since that time your gang worked the Colorado Mountain Park, I've had my eye on you. But who'd have thought you'd turn up today in answer to prayer? You see it's like this." He laid one long-fingered hand rather roughly upon her arm. She edged away toward the window.

"Here, cut that out," he said quickly. "Nix on that shy, modest violet, Mary Pickford stuff. Listen to facts. I'm going to get off at the next station but not by myself. No sir-e-e! You'll be coming right along too, and together tomorrow morning we'll stage the biggest hold-up Yellowstone Park ever saw." His eyes glinted like sun on steel and his thin-lipped mouth tightened like a trap.

"Oh, but—" she gasped.

"NO buts," he said and she felt something hard and cold against her ribs. Instinctively she knew it was a revolver. She shuddered. She opened her mouth to say something but no sound came from her blanched lips. She struggled for breath and composure. At last she found her voice.

"Are you c-crazy? What do you think this is?" It was a rather half-hearted attempt at bravado.

"No, I'm not crazy and I know exactly what this is. Besides, if you speak above a whisper I'll pay your fare to Heaven," replied the man sternly. "You'll go. You see."

She nodded dumbly. His words seemed as so many blows to her.

A few minutes that seemed like hours to her passed and then the train stopped again. Her captor holding her steadfastly with his eyes spoke again.

"Here we are at Cody," he said. "I'll bring your grip. You go ahead and don't forget one minute that in my right hand is a passport to the next world."

THE girl rose, straightening her slim, boyish figure. She scarcely reached his shoulder but there was something peculiarly erect in her carriage. She wondered if the other passengers could see her shaking knees as she made her way up the aisle followed by the tall man. But they all seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that anything at all out of the ordinary was going on. The couple descended from the vestibule of the train and were lost in the night. The man made her step into a shadowy doorway till the train, the station agent, and the few other arrivals had all departed; and so they were not seen by anyone.

When the streets were deserted, the man handed the girl her grip.

"Come on, and make it snappy," he said. "This is no moonlight lovers' stroll." He struck off down a side-street and after a few moments hard walking they left the little town behind them and headed for the open country. After awhile the girl broke the silence. "Can't I leave my grip here? It's too heavy to carry far."

"What's in it?" he asked bluntly.

"My riding habit. I wore it into town to catch the train and changed there," she explained.

"Good!" he replied with the first sign of approval he had made. "Put it on and leave those togs here. We're going to pick up a couple of horses at the next ranch and that riding outfit will come in handy. You can change while I look over the horses here," he added as they approached a corral some distance from a ranch house.

She hastened to obey him as soon as he jumped the fence of the corral. Her hands trembled and she had difficulty fastening her clothes. It seemed to her he had scarcely left her when he returned and grunted in disgust:

"Nothing there decent to ride. We'll have to go further." He hid her grip in a clump of sage brush and they started off without a word.

"What place are you going to next?" she ventured, but received no reply at all.

THEY plunged on over a slight rise and down into a valley. The darkness had been dispelled by a brilliant moon for a few minutes, but clouds soon covered it again. "That's better," muttered the man to himself. He puffed his pipe into a glow and glanced at his watch. "Two o'clock. Have to hurry."

As they neared another farm he spoke again.

"I may be able to get saddles here and I may not, but I know I can get a couple of cow-ponies. Stay right where you are till I come back."

The girl was too exhausted to reply. She simply sank down in a little heap with a sigh of relief. She seemed not to have a spark of vitality left and only her intense fear of her taciturn companion had made it possible for her to make the last mile.

In an inconceivably short time the man returned with two cow-ponies, bridled and saddled.

"Barn unlocked. Got saddles," he explained, laconically. "Here, hop on." He held out his hand to help her mount.

HIS spirits seemed to be lightened by the appropriation of the horses and he deigned a few words to his small, forlorn companion.

"What's your gang doing now?" he asked.

"My gang?" she asked dazedly. "Oh, I don't know. W-we're all separated."

"What's your moniker now?" he persisted.

"My what?" she questioned.

"Your moniker, handle, nom de plume. Your brain must have been cut off with your hair," he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," she smiled a little. "Why—why Mary Donovan," she concluded, giving a flashing glance.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, throwing back his head and fairly rocking with mirth. "You've got your nerve all right, Mary, taking the name of the best known girl in the state—old Ned Donovan's daughter. How do you suppose you can get away with that stuff? Just brass? At that it's not such a bad idea, for you'll never run into anyone who knows her. Never saw her myself. What does she look like?"

"She's about my size, I heard, and has dark hair and eyes," she replied, yawning.

"Tired?" said the man. "I guess you are, with the Marathon we put on. Can you sleep in your saddle?"

"I could go to sleep jazzing I'm so tired." The man graciously kept silent for the next few minutes and almost immediately the girl was asleep.

"WELL, Mary, here's where we camp for the ham and eggs," said the man a few hours later. It was a glorious July morning and the crystal Wyoming air was as exhilarating as a cold shower or a draught of champagne.

As they sat beside their small camp-fire drinking coffee and eating bacon which had been produced from the man's cavernous pockets, a passerby would have thought they were two jolly pals on an outing. The man recounted his exploits from coast to coast in a rather jerky but decidedly graphic manner. He had a strong sense of humor and a certain abandon which brought forth the girl's spontaneous laughter again and again. He was altogether likable as he half sat, half sprawled on a log, smoking and talking.

They soon started again. On and on they rode, always away from the beaten ways, through hills and valleys, mounted on their sturdy little ponies without whom they could never have made the rocky passes and precipitous descents. The ponies seemed made of iron and had the same spirit of at least one of their riders.

AFTER lunch, which was a repetition of breakfast, the man began giving instructions:

"I have a cap which you can put on that will hide your hair and eyes and with this," he drew forth a black silk handkerchief, "you'll be fitted out." The girl recoiled for a moment but took the proffered articles.

"Here," he said, "I'll tie on that beauty-hider."

"No, I'll do it myself, after we start," protested the girl.

"Oh, no, you don't. I don't want any monkey business here so I'll just do it myself and you'll leave it just as I fix it," and he proceeded toward her. He tied the handkerchief carefully behind her head and then pulled down the cap over it to secure it.

For one hideous moment, as he stood behind her with the handkerchief ends in his hands she thought he might choke her. But the fear faded in an instant. It was evident that he had no intention of hurting her, and was only going to use her for whatever his plan was.

As soon as he finished tying her handkerchief he began taking off his coat. He made it into a neat roll and fastened in under his saddle. Then he pulled off his shirt, disclosing a thin gray sweater. In a few minutes he had masked himself, and telling the girl to follow, he started off at a gallop. Grasping his gun in his right hand, the reins held lightly in his left, he led the way across a grassy hill just in front of them and onto an immense boulder which hid the broad highway along which the coaches made their journey through the Park.

"This is Dead Man's Curve," he explained in a low voice to the girl as they took their stand, "and this rock will hide us perfectly from the approaching coach. Don't make a sound nor move till I tell you." He dismounted and threw the reins over the head of his pony, and the girl followed suit.

HER heart beat so hard that it seemed to her that not only her forbidding companion, but all the world, must hear. Suddenly she heard hoof-beats and the crunch of wheels on gravel to the accompaniment of gay voices. It was all she could do to keep from screaming, but one look at the man's revolver silenced her.

The coach came into sight around the curve. The man said, "Come," and with an unearthly yell he stepped from behind the boulder. His small partner was right at his side. There was nothing else to do.

At the sight of his raised gun the driver of the coach came to an abrupt halt, dropping the reins and throwing up his hands without a word. For one moment there was dead silence and then a voice rang out:

"A hold-up, oh, my God!"

This seemed to bring the rest of the twenty odd passengers to their senses but even then no one offered to move.

"Yes, ma'am, this is a hold-up, and if you'll all do just as I say we can finish this job with neatness and despatch. Just get down off the coach one at a time and sit down along the road in the same order you are sitting in there. Mary, hold the horses while the driver gets down." His tone was casual, almost friendly.

THE passengers all descended, some gaily, in the holiday spirit of having met a real adventure, some fearfully; but most of them quietly. No one is allowed to carry firearms in the Park, not even the drivers, so the helpless group of men and women seated themselves as they had been commanded, waiting for what was to follow.

"Mary, bring the coach up further and tie the horses to that tree," ordered the man, his eyes never leaving the group of people.

At last one independent old man of about seventy-five, and looking like a minister, sprang up, declaring he'd fight the man, gun and all, but his wife draped herself so effectively about him that the man behind the mask had to smile. After that they simply sat there till they heard the next coach approaching. Their faces brightened for they were sure this was help. But no! the highwayman held this coach up just as he had done the one before, and they dismounted and seated themselves in the same docile way.

ONE coach after another appeared around the curve only to receive the same treatment, until the roadside was filled with about two hundred people, among them leaders in finance, social workers, clerks from bargain basements, school teachers, and little stenographers on their first vacations, as well as ladies of social prestige.

Perhaps, you, by your fireside, (*Continued on page* 78)

An Experiment in Love

Superman and Superwoman May Meet Yet Not Mate

HARRY went up to his room and closed the door behind him. He stood staring in a rather dazed fashion before him. Suddenly his eyes fell on the little cluster of violets in the glass of water. He sighed, and then walked over to them, bent over them, and kissed them.

Harry did rather more than kiss the flowers. He looked at them as if he could see Ruth's face there.

If only he had been sure that Ruth could possibly care for him in the same way that he did for her, he would have put words to his thoughts that very day. But there it was! How was it likely that she could love him? And now he was going away from her and might not see her for—well—ages.

He looked at his watch, and saw that he had two hours in which to get ready. It was utterly impossible to see Ruth before going. But he could write.

HE took up a pen hastily and laid out some paper on his desk, at which he sat down and wrote with perfect readiness:

"My dear Ruth—"

At that point he took to staring out of the window, and stared for a great many minutes; then he became alarmed at the lapse of time, and looked at his watch. Next he decided to attend to his baggage. He stopped again to write but could not find words.

The letter was written, finally, simply because time was slipping away.

"MY DEAR RUTH:

I would like to hope that you have been concerned at not seeing me as usual, because I can't tell you how I hate to miss seeing you. I am going to New York for my father, and may be gone for several days. I am going to take the liberty of writing to you as soon as I have the time, and I'd be awfully happy if you would write to me. If I had only known that I was to go away I would have asked you some questions on the topic of our last conversation" (love had been the topic) "that I would have liked answers to very much. I hope with all my heart that you will miss our walks together as much as I shall, and will be as happy when I come back as I will be. But that, of course, is asking rather much. Our friendship has meant infinitely more to me than it possibly could to you, because through you I have learned what joy and beauty and sweetness there may be in life. Please let me thank you for having taught me that, without love, life is worthless.

Sincerely,

HARRY."

"THERE!" murmured Harry, "she won't know all I mean by that, but it helps me a little to know that I have almost told her how I love her."

He posted the letter at the box at the station, his father knowing quite well to whom it was addressed, although he caught no more than a gleam of the envelope.

Harry had little to say to his father as the two stood waiting for the train. Mr. Thorne looked a little older; he was thinking with some bitterness that this was the first time in all the twenty-three years past that he and his son had felt estranged to each other. And as he walked silently back and forth along the platform he prayed that Harry would get over this madness and be himself again, when he returned.

HARRY THORNE'S father tried to make a superman of him through education and athletics. He believed he had succeeded, too. Then he went a long step further and chose a superwife for his son—and succeeded again, so he thought. But dispassionate science was not destined to control fate quite so readily. For when Harry met Ruth Warner, who knew but little of eugenics and race building but believed that Love was the real foundation for marriage, things began to happen. To make matters a bit more interesting for the house of Thorne, Harry's father's business has been threatened by powerful business rivals. Both Ruth and Harry believe that several tramps who have attacked the girl and whom he has put to flight are really the tools of Mr. Thorne's enemies and that they are guilty of destroying the Thorne factories by fire. In the course of his discussions with Ruth over this and other matters, Harry finds himself in love—though his father hoped he would never be. To cure him of his folly Mr. Thorne gives Harry the job of tracing the criminals in New York.

IN the city Harry found enough to do to keep his mind busy. He followed his father's instructions at first and then as he became better acquainted with affairs, he found delight in coping with the keen minds of experienced business men. He was enthusiastic! At last his father was letting him have a man's share of work in a man's world. But the happier he was about his work, the more he thought of Ruth.

Harry had been so constant and regular in his attendance upon Ruth that it was a painful shock to her not to see him waiting at the head of the farm lane when she came out in the morning.

Perhaps she had not quite realized before that she had fallen into the habit of starting for school much earlier than was necessary. Certainly she became conscious of it that morning, as she loitered along, picking wild flowers, wondering if he could be sick, and then laughing herself to scorn at the notion; trying to recall if she could have said anything to annoy him, gasping at the horrid thought that he might have grown tired of her, and hoping to the very threshold of the schoolhouse that he would appear.

Then not to see him again after school, to walk all the way home alone! It was singular how many disturbing thoughts could intrude into her brain. If she had dared, she would have cried. She was aghast at the completeness with which she had put her happiness into Harry's keeping.

PALE, dejected, self-scornful, she crept up to her little room at the farmhouse, prepared to gnaw her heart out in her distress. And there, stuck into the frame of her mirror, was a letter!

She had never seen the handwriting before, but there was not an instant of doubt in her mind; it was from Harry.

Then she laughed a little hysterically, kissed the letter passionately, and then cried.

After awhile she controlled her tears, and sat by the open window, reading the letter an absurd number of times, and staring out into the distance every time that she came to Harry's references to love and happiness. And if Harry could have seen her he would never have had any doubt as to her sentiments toward him.

The next morning, when she went into the big kitchen for breakfast, she saw a letter on her plate, and pounced upon it, barely heeding the farmer's explanation that he had brought it from the post-office the previous night,

but had not disturbed her as she had already retired.

IT would have been something like profanation to read the letter there, so she saved it until she was out in the road under the cherry trees, where she usually took Harry's hand and gave him her lunch basket.

"DEAR RUTH:

I did not think I should be writing again so soon, but I simply must. I am engaged on some important business for father, and have promised him to let nothing else engage my thoughts until I am through with it. I tell you this to explain why you will not hear from me again for some time, but mostly to justify me in saying what I must say now.

I do not know how long I shall be at my present work, but I am afraid not less than two or three months. Of course I'm glad dad is letting me help him with his work, at last, but I can't tell you how sorry I am to be away.

I have known you a few days more than three weeks, but it seems I know you better than anyone. You must not forget me—and you must try hard to miss me—will you?

Dear little Ruth, I want you to be always in my life, and a part of it. Through you I learned the beauty, the value and the importance of love; but before I learned these I loved you. If I had had more time I would have striven with all my might to bring you to return my love. But I must go away from you now, not daring to believe that you have given me more than mere liking, and I would not dare write to you on the subject—only, I'm afraid of losing the little I have of you, if I don't tell you.

Forgive me! I love you, and oh, how I want your love. Can't you give me a little hope that, in time, you may return my love? Or, if you cannot promise me that, won't you at least permit me to love you, and, perhaps, teach me the way to win your love?

You may think that I am pledged to Elizabeth Mowbray. I have been pledged by my father, but never by myself. I do not love her, and even if I never win your dear love, still I could not marry her, for I shall never marry unless I love the woman who is to be my wife. Elizabeth has only the most lukewarm liking for me, and will not have one pang of unhappiness in losing me for her husband. To her I am only an important part of a still more important scientific experiment.

I am sorry to make my father unhappy, but I know now that I would be guilty of infamy if I obeyed his wishes rather than the dictates of my heart. Besides, I am sure that when he knows you, as I hope he will, whatever your decision in regard to me may be, he will love you."

IT was a pity that Harry could not have been across the road, watching her read the words he had penned with so much difficulty, and with such miserable forebodings. Then he would have gone about his task with a very light heart.

But he was not there, and there was a day of teaching before Ruth. It is true she was quite unfit to teach; but all the scholars would have testified that, kind as she always was, she was yet kinder and sweeter than ever before on that day of ineffective teaching.

When school was out at last, she ran home and locking herself into her room started to write to Harry. It was a very long letter that she wrote, for she wanted to tell him how long she had loved him, and many other things; and she said them all in a way that is possible only to one who is filled with love to overflowing.

She read the letter over carefully, condemned it utterly, would have written another if she had supposed she could do any better, and then kissed it over and over, pressed it to her heart, and finally placed it in an envelope, which she addressed.

Just as this was accomplished there came a knock at her door, and the farmer's wife came in, with an important air.

"That air rich Mr. Thorne, whose fact'ry was burnt down, is a wantin' to see you, Miss Warner."

"Not—not Harry?" cried Ruth, flushed and trembling.

"No, the ole gentleman."

"I'll—I'll be right down," Ruth stammered.

WHEN the farmer's wife had gone, Ruth, in a tremor of fear, began to ask herself why Harry's father should be there, wishing to see her. She could not delude herself into fancying that his presence boded any good to her, since, if he knew anything of Harry's love for her, it would be a thing he would surely resent.

Rather instinctively, than by a reasoned process, she quickly bathed her face, brushed her hair and changed her dress, then went down, looking very shy and sweet and gentle. Her heart was throbbing painfully, but she was outwardly composed.

Henry Thorne was sitting in the dim and musty parlor, impatiently tapping the floor with one foot as he looked out of the window, and Ruth was conscious of a faint likeness between him and Harry, which disappeared instantly, however, when he started up at the sound of her entrance, and said curtly:

"Miss Warner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shall we have privacy here?"

"I will close the door, if you wish, then we shall be quite private." She closed it as she spoke, her heart sinking lower and lower under the depressing effect of this ominous opening.

HENRY THORNE looked at her with eyes of dislike and prejudice. The composure that she strove so hard to maintain he construed into the coldness of a calculating nature; he could not see the wistful pleading of her big, blue eyes, nor the sensitive quivering of her lower lip. She represented to him the adventurous type of girl—one who was bent on taking his boy from the great work to which he had been dedicated.

"I have something of importance to say to you," he said; "won't you please sit down?"

She did so, with increasing fear.

"I do not need to ask you if you know my son," he said, after a long pause. "I know that you do, and that you have met him daily for some time. I assume that you will not deny this?"

"There is no reason why I should deny it," she answered, with a faint ring of indignation in her tone. "I do not know your object in coming here, Mr. Thorne, but it may facilitate your purpose if you understand at once that I have no reason for concealing anything that I have done."

"Thank you. That being the case, will you tell me what relations exist between you and Harry? You see, I take you at your word."

WHAT relations existed between them! She had not thought of that before—had not put the thought into so many words. They were lovers, of course. Lovers! A thrill ran through her, even then, when she was facing what she knew was a dire menace to that relation. There was a moment when she dreamed of resorting to subterfuge, or to refusal, in order to protect her threatened happiness; but it was momentary fear that prompted that thought, not the courage that was an essential part of her nature.

"I think—I guess—we are—lovers," she answered in

> "I ask you to look around you," Harry Thorne's father protests, "and see the wretched, unhappy specimens of humanity—wretched and unhappy because of the ill-health which was criminally enforced upon them by unthinking parents. I wish to show what a splendid man and a splendid woman can do as parents. . . ."
>
> "But you will commit a worse crime," Ruth answers, "than that of which society is guilty if you ignore love in your calculations. If they do not love each other, hate will soon come into their lives; and with hate comes almost every condition inimical to the welfare of their children."

a low tone, her lips lingering tenderly over the final word.

"Lovers!" burst from him in an explosion of scorn. "How long have you been—*lovers?*"

The slender form straightened, and even that stern, unromantic observer could not help noticing, as Harry had done, what a queenly poise there was to the little head.

"I will answer you, sir, because you are Harry's father; but surely it must strike you, whatever your feelings are for me, that my frankness deserves courtesy, if nothing else. Your tone toward me is one of dislike, and yet it is almost impossible that you should know me well enough to be justified in any feeling whatever; your manner is that of an angry judge, and yet, even if I were a culprit, you should be just if you could not be kind."

The very justness of her words only set him harder against her, for it seemed to him that they came from cool craft rather than from the wounded sensitiveness of an honest, simple nature.

"I cannot split hairs with you, Miss Warner. I am even willing to admit that you are too clever for me in that. Pardon me if my manner offended you. You said you would answer me; will you, then?"

"REASON is a finer factor than love, and more potent for good," Mr. Thorne declares.

"Reason is too cold and hard," is Ruth's quick answer. "See how you, who are so strenuous in insisting that a child must not be born unless its parents are equipped to give it that health which is necessary to happiness, yet ignore the happiness of your own child, and wish him to please you instead of living his own life."

RUTH rose, unconsciously, from her chair, and went to the window on the other side of the room; the question she had to answer brought so much to her memory. She stood looking out through the small, old-fashioned window panes, but with unseeing eyes. How long had they been lovers?

"Well? You said you would tell me how long you had been lovers."

Ruth turned from the window with a start, conscious that she had been dreaming, forgetful of the stern man.

"How long Harry has loved me I do not know," she answered slowly, "for we have known each other only a few weeks. The afternoon before the fire Harry spoke to me for the first time. He may have seen me before that time, but I know he had no consciousness of my existence."

"You are the girl he rescued from the tramps?" queried Mr. Thorne.

"Yes; that is how we became acquainted, how he came to speak to me. But, Mr. Thorne, I had loved Harry long, long before that."

Henry Thorne made a gesture of disgust and annoyance, and interjected:

"I wish you would use terms of reason and not of cant. When you say love, you mean physical attraction."

"I mean what I say, Mr. Thorne. You may interpret it as you will, but at least permit me to use the terms that convey my meaning. I rejoice in the physical attraction which Harry has for me, but it is far more to me that he inspires love in me. And he did inspire it months before he had even noticed me."

"YOU loved him without knowing him?" Mr. Thorne demanded, with a scornful laugh.

"That seems impossible to you, sir, I know, for Harry has told me how you regard such matters, but it is the truth. If I had doubted it before I know it now."

"No doubt. Moreover, you are sure that you and Harry were made for each other?"

"I am sure we could make each other happy."

He did not mean it as an insult, but he looked her over as she stood there, and she knew he was noting how slight, immature and muscularly undeveloped she was. She could see his lip curl with bitter scorn as he repeated:

"Make each other happy!" He stopped himself on the verge of an outbreak, and, controlling himself, asked abruptly:

"You knew that Harry was engaged to marry Elizabeth Mowbray? He must have told you that."

"He told me you had brought him up with that end in view. I knew your views as to her and him."

"And knowing, deliberately——"

"Do you not think, sir," she interrupted, "that it would be wiser to tell me at once your errand? You must have a strange misconception of human nature if you fancy you can further your object by insulting me. You are Harry's father, and I wish to treat you with due respect, but you are not winning that respect by your manner toward me. Please tell me why you are here."

"I CAME here," he said, bluntly, "to induce you to give up Harry. I did not know how far he had gone, but I feared the worst, and it seems that I was right. Has he made any engagement with you?"

"There is no engagement between us."

"What compromise can we make, then?"

"I do not understand you."

"You understand that I do not wish Harry to make you his wife?"

"Yes, I understand that; but I do not understand why you come to me, instead of going to Harry. There is no engagement between us. I have no hold upon him besides this love that you so scorn; and if I had, I would not exert it to keep him. Go to him, sir!"

"I prefer to deal with you."

"That seems to be impossible. You do not treat me as if you believed me sincere and honest. How, then, can we come to any understanding?"

"You have me at your mercy, Miss Warner. I am frank in admitting what you so well know. If I go to Harry I shall arouse his antagonism, and so my life's hopes and plans will be shattered. But you can end this infatuation of his and leave matters where they were before you so unfortunately came into his life."

"And you come to me with scorn and contumely in your every word, look and gesture, thinking by such methods to persuade me to immolate myself, my happiness, under the wheels of the car of your senseless fetich? Can you not see that you are not asking this sacrifice of me even for Harry's happiness? It is for your own. You are asking both Harry and me to give up happiness in order to enable you to try an experiment foredoomed to failure. You may say what you will of regenerating the world by this scheme of yours, but, although I am only a girl, I am sure that any plan of regeneration must fail that leaves love out of the account."

HE waved aside her argument.

"If I had come to you in any other way, would it have made any difference?" he asked.

She wondered if his manner had really made the difference, and asked herself if anything would have made her give up Harry.

"I do not know," she answered. "I do not recognize your right to give or to withhold happiness from either Harry or me."

"You think a parent has no right to concern himself about his child's future?"

"He has no right to control it. It seems to me that you have strangely misunderstood your (*Continued on page* 87)

Suzanne of the Studios

Her Own Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

"Do you want an engagement or don't you? If you do, you sign the contract with your pretty lips; if you don't, get out"

WALLY evidently supposed that I was falling an easy victim, for when I went limp in his arms he made as if to pick me up. Just what was in his mind I don't know, but the horror that had overwhelmed me, when I realized his perfidy, passed in a moment and gave way to a furious anger.

"You beast! You beast!" I panted; and striking him a stinging blow in the face, I broke away from him.

I didn't try to get away. I wasn't afraid of him. I stood there facing him, silent, panting, raging. He, too, was silent for a moment, looking at me stupidly. I think he was amazed that I made any resistance when I was apparently so completely in his power. He took a step toward me and opened his mouth to speak.

"Don't you dare to touch me," I cried out; "don't speak to me; get out of here!"

"But Suzanne, darling!" he ventured.

I STAMPED my foot, and I think my voice rose to a scream. "Get out of here, you beast! Get out! Get out!" I was beside myself with fury as I ran to the door and tore it open.

"But Suzanne," he gasped in a whisper, fearing to be heard outside, I suppose, "I'll marry you."

"Get out!" I screamed, "and never let me see you again."

"I'll go, I'll go," he gasped, approaching the door. "Don't make so much noise."

I pointed to the hall outside, and there must have been enough of my feeling betrayed in my face to quicken his steps until he stood outside the door. I started to slam it in his face, but he put his hand out and pleaded through the opening in a positively abject tone.

"I'll get a license Monday morning and bring a minister," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"If you brought fifty ministers, I wouldn't marry you now," I cried fiercely; and with that pushed the door shut and bolted it.

FOR a moment I stood there by the door panting with rage; then with a sudden revulsion of feeling I ran across the room and threw myself on the couch and burst into a flood of tears, convulsive sobs tearing my throat.

SUZANNE LESTER began life in a small eastern mill-town; incidentally, with the far less piquant name of Susan bestowed on her by her parents. She knew she was pretty and so did Wally Prince, whose father owned the great factory where Suzanne as stenographer first met him.

ERE long, despite his worldliness, she twines Wally around her fingers. She accepts his attentions in the face of the objections of Barry Morton, of whom she really thinks far more, with the wilfulness that has marked her always. One night she follows Wally Prince's suggestion that she run off to the city and join him there to gain fame and fortune as a film favorite.

Anger and humiliation were all I felt then; but that mood passed and my tears ceased and by degrees fear came. I had not been afraid of Wally for one second; he wasn't the sort of man to be afraid of. But fear came with the realization that I had cut myself loose from home and was alone in a strange apartment in the heart of a big, unknown city.

It was one thing to leave light-heartedly the shelter of my home to marry a man who could give me another and more luxurious one. It was quite another thing to find myself suddenly adrift in a strange place, thrown on my own resources, far away from friends or familiar faces.

. . . Often when I was posing, he talked to me about the places he had been to and the people he had seen; so that besides the money I earned, I learned a great deal

IF I had been wise I would have gone back home instantly; but I don't need to tell anyone who has read so far that I wasn't wise. I wanted to go home; oh, how I wanted to go home! But my foolish, little pride wouldn't let me. I had gone my own wilful way so far, and my silly vanity kept me from going back to safety because it would involve admitting that I had made a mess of things.

It wasn't easy to arrive at a decision. I sat on the couch with my tear-stained face between my hands wavering between one course of action and another until, finally, vanity prevailed and I resolved to remain and try my fortune.

If I had had any fear of Wally I would not have stayed in the apartment five minutes; but I had none and so put him out of my life once and for all, and made up my mind to use what he had put at my disposal.

The summing up of my situation was not an agreeable one, but it might easily have been much worse. In the first place I had to be thankful that Wally was the weakling he was, so that he was eliminated as one of my troubles. I shuddered to think what the result might have been if he had had the physical strength and the will power of Barry. Barry! I wept again when I thought of him. How had he felt? What had he done on hearing the news?

WELL, being rid of Wally, there remained the apartment, which no doubt he had rented for a month at least; then I had sixty dollars in bills and some small change; also I had some fairly good clothes, but not enough to carry me very far. After these things I had nothing but my not very large knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, and a self-confidence which was augmented by a courage born mostly of sheer ignorance of life.

Don't imagine me making this summary with any calmness. It took me most of that doleful Sunday to work it out. Sometimes I cried in my despair and sometimes I raged in my anger; but at last I knew that I was going to try to find something to do before writing home. The thought of the moving pictures was the most attractive to me, though I hadn't the least notion of how to go about making an entrance into that attractive field. I only knew I wanted to be a movie actress, and that I had the one great asset for being one—beauty. Of course it was in my foolish little head that I had made a wonderful success the night of the masked ball, but even I was not silly enough to think that experience would count for anything in getting me an opening. Frankly I counted most on my looks.

There was plenty of food in the kitchen, and I used what I wanted of it. Twice Wally came to the door and tried to get in; and when I threatened to call the police over the telephone he pushed a note under the door—a note full of abject pleading and glowing promises. I read it and wrote on the back that if he ever troubled me again I would call the police and tell them everything. I

. . . Without wasting time in words, I clenched my fists and struck him in the face with all my force

pushed it under the door, and he went away and never did trouble me again.

I DIDN'T have any idea of how to set about making my first effort, but luckily that came to me in the middle of that first awful night, when I waked up in the clutch of a panic of terror. I don't know how it came, but it did—I must go out in the morning and buy all the magazines I could find that were devoted to moving pictures. In one of them I was sure I would find something to guide me.

I won't dwell on my feelings that next morning. It is enough to say that they were dismal and very poignant. Going out on the street after my breakfast was like an adventure in an unknown wilderness. I wondered if I could find my way back to the apartment; I feared everybody would see at a glance that I was a runaway, deceived girl. Every man was a menace, every woman a reproach.

As a matter of fact I had no difficulty at all, but bought a number of magazines devoted to moving pictures and reached the apartment in safety. I studied the magazines and finally picked out the addresses of a number of studios and a few producers who had offices on Broadway.

The addresses really meant nothing to me, for excepting Broadway I did not know the name of a street in the city. I suppose that is why I chose an address on Broadway to begin with.

IT was about ten o'clock in the morning when I set out on my search for work. I made myself look as pretty as I knew how and started out. I didn't know where I was in the city excepting as I had seen the name of my street on a sign on the corner. I was afraid to ask questions of anyone but a policeman, but I was lucky enough to meet with one a few minutes after leaving the house. He was polite enough, but stared at me when I asked the way to Broadway as if my question were a strange one. I suppose it is not often one meets a person in New York who doesn't know where that great thoroughfare is.

The officer asked me what address I wanted, and when I told him, gave me minute directions which I followed as well as I could and finally found myself in the midst of a whirlpool of human beings and automobiles at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

I think no child lost in an African jungle could have felt more helpless than I did in that turmoil. If I could have caught sight of Barry at that moment I would have thrown myself into his arms and begged him to take me home and make me his wife. I was in a mood then to make a good poor man's wife.

I CAN hardly tell now how I found the address. I suppose I was more troubled in my mind than in my demeanor, for by asking questions in a presumably rational manner I finally made my way to the offices I was seeking.

The room I entered was not a large one and was pretty well filled by the dozen men and girls who sat or stood about the railed-off inclosure, some of them talking loudly, some whispering and others waiting silently.

If it had been in Purling Center I would have known how to act, but here I was at a loss. No doubt my first experience of the great city had dazed me. I stared from one to the other wondering which one I should speak to, and receiving only scornfully appraising glances, shrank into a corner and said nothing, which was probably as wise a thing as I could have done.

IN a few minutes a young man came out of an inner office and coming to the railing cast an insolent eye over us. He calmly disregarded the clamoring voices that

were raised in assertion of priority and continued to look us over until his eye fell on me.

He pointed his finger at me and announced curtly, "You're elected. Come in!"

I stared at him, thinking there had been some mistake; and then as I didn't move, a big woman by my side, whose bleached hair I had noticed with scorn, gave me a little push and said in a kindly whisper, "He means you, dearie. Go to it."

It wasn't at all the self-assured girl of Purling Center that made her way to the gate in the railing, but a very timid and much chastened one.

The young man, who held the gate open for me, gave me a look of appraisal as I came into full view that, somehow, sent a flood of hot blood to my cheeks. It wasn't admiration—I was used to that and liked it—but it was something quite different. I didn't know then how to classify it, but I learned later. It was such a look as a man might give a pretty, female slave who was up for sale.

WHEN I entered the inner room I saw a middle-aged man seated at a desk. He was well-dressed and good-looking. He looked me over with great deliberation as I timidly stood there, his expression almost exactly the same as that of the young man outside. Then a smile of gratification broke over his face.

"Well, well!" he said genially. "Have you had any experience?"

"No, sir," I stammered, wondering stupidly how he knew my errand.

"So I thought; so I thought. Well, we'll see what we can do. Sit down here!" indicating a chair at the side of his desk. I sat down and underwent another bold scrutiny that would have driven me out of the room only that I kept telling myself that personal appearance was an important element in the make-up of a movie actress.

"I think I can use you, Girlie," he said abruptly. "I guess you'll be sensible, won't you?"

"Ye-es, sir," I faltered, not knowing just what he meant. I was bewildered by the ease with which I was getting on.

He brushed my coat aside and placed his hand on my knee. I shuddered at the familiar touch of his hand and wanted to draw away, but checked myself lest he think me silly and prudish.

"What's your name?" he asked, leering at me. "And how old?"

"Suzanne Lester; and I'm seventeen," I answered.

"FINE!" he said, his hand pressing harder on my knee. "A pretty name, too. I was looking for just such a girl in a new production. It'll be a minor part at first, of course, but if you'll be sensible I'll make your fortune. Eh?"

"Ye-es, sir," I faltered again, torn between uneasiness at his disturbing familiarity and the view of the golden vista opening up before me. (*Continued on page* 79)

"It is my purpose to have only good people in my employment" . . . .
"I—I am a good girl," I said in a low tone

The Verdict

The Law Forgave Her—But Her Own World Did Not

WHEN I married Jack Havenstance I was madly, passionately in love with him. I was not quite nineteen, a dark-haired impulsive girl whose nature was affectionate in the extreme.

On my eighteenth birthday I had come into a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, left to me by parents who had died when I was too young to remember.

Jack was a musician to the very tips of his finely formed fingers and expressed his art with equal proficiency on both piano and violin.

I had been reared, under old-fashioned precepts and in rather strict seclusion, by a maiden aunt who was very conscientious in performing the duties my orphaned state entailed upon her.

When I reached my eighteenth year, she allowed me to break out of the narrow life of my girlhood in order that I might learn to know the world as it is.

And it was so that I met Jack, shortly after, at a concert given in the home of a society woman, a wealthy friend of Aunt Lucy's.

WHO can describe the impression of a first lover upon the heart of an unsophisticated, susceptible girl?

He was playing the violin. His fair, wavy hair and handsome face, his tall figure in evening attire, made him seem like the hero of some romantic tale come to life. As his bow swept gracefully back and forth over the instrument I had a feeling that it was upon my heartstrings that he was playing. I fell instantly and hopelessly in love, and resented passionately the nearness of his accompanist, a young married woman whose generous display of white shoulders both shocked and angered me.

Our hostess presented Jack to Aunt Lucy and me later in the evening and from the moment of our meeting he did not leave my side. He seemed to be attracted to me just as much as I to him. And I was the proudest, the happiest girl in Christendom. A tumultuously blissful courtship followed, during which good Aunt Lucy tried in vain to stem the sweeping current of the affair. She counseled patience and discretion in this important step of a girl's life. But the thought of former restraints only served to accentuate the exhilaration I felt in this new world of freedom and love. We were married in three months.

OUR honeymoon lasted through the ensuing winter and we spent it amid the blue skies and moss-fringed trees of the South. The musicales and concerts at which Jack should have played were miles away in the cold white North. I had him all to myself. It was like a dream in which love, music and sunshine were most enchantingly intermingled.

Baby Jack was born the next fall. No child could have been more fondly welcomed by his mother. I had thought that the whole of my heart's love was exhausted upon my husband, but with the advent of our baby I learned that there was an inexhaustible reservoir which yielded more and more bounteously in accordance with the demands made upon it. Had Fate destined me to be the mother of many children, I am certain I could have loved each with the same boundless affection and still have given Jack the full measure which had been his at first.

Yet, dear as this baby was to me, I was soon to learn that his coming was not an unmixed blessing. Over and over I have read and heard it said that a child strengthens the bond between its parents.

It was different in the case of little Jack. Night after night his father must be away from home, playing at this or that affair, busied with endless social and professional engagements. And I was only seldom able to accompany him, for it is not possible for the mother of a young child to waste her strength in hours that should be spent in resting—if she is to keep herself, and the baby dependent upon her for sustenance, in good health.

Aunt Lucy's old-fashioned training was bearing good fruit now, for it had determined me to feed my child as nature decreed, instead of resorting to the less exacting artificial method.

BY the time little Jack was a year old my husband had formed the habit of going out alone. He was handsome and very apt to be lionized by women. He began to feel that the presence of a wife would detract appreciably from his popularity, and so my proposals to accompany him again were received coldly.

I could not help seeing now that he was inordinately vain and an insatiable pleasure-seeker.

Later, his name began to be coupled with those of other women. I was often frantic with grief and jealousy; and there were frequent quarrels over this. Money, too, often formed the basis of disagreements for, although Jack was well paid, he was often in debt for extravagances which I could not share.

Our reconciliations were only too apt to be used as opportunities for him to wheedle me into giving him sums which my common sense could not approve, during which he would confess some indiscretion that would outrage my love anew.

Had these confessions been made in a spirit of repentance, or from a sincere wish for my forgiveness, my suffering would have been mitigated to a certain extent. And I am sure I would have responded and risen to the heights of self-forgetfulness, which is demanded of the wives of weak men. With Jack, these confessions were the illy-disguised boasts of his prowess in making conquests among women.

Of course, if I had not loved Jack so passionately, I would not have suffered so. But as things went on from bad to worse it seemed as if my mind must give way under the strain.

LYING awake night after night to hear him come home long after midnight, taught me at last to hate the man who could be so cruel to the woman who had loved him and borne him a son.

I lost weight and, inevitably, my sense of proportion. I only knew that as intensely as I had loved, so now I fiercely hated.

One night, or rather, one morning as I was lying feverishly awake listening for him, he came home apparently unusually happy and carefree. As I heard his light, thoughtless steps going past my door and into his room I was suddenly seized as with a violent chill. I couldn't bear his indifference. To cap the climax he began to hum a lilting, inconsequential strain. And the notes seemed to seep like a poison into every fiber of my brain.

I rose softly from my bed and in barefoot silence crept to my dressing-table and then to his room.

HIS back was toward me as I appeared in the doorway. When he turned and caught sight of me standing there, still and unexpected, his face turned gray. I must have looked strange, I know. I can never hope to give a lucid description of the way I felt, but I could feel my blood seething in my veins, and I felt as if I were a stranger—someone I did not know myself.

"The d——l," exclaimed Jack. "What brings you here!"

I came a step farther into his room, keeping my hand concealed among the folds of my robe. He looked at me keenly, critically, then suddenly he smiled.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "You're stunning in that pose, Sylvie. Let's kiss and make up."

He came toward me, slowly, cautiously.

"Stop!" I said. I had seen the quiver of craven fear about his smiling lips, and in that moment I realized clearly the completeness of his superficiality, his selfishness and utter worthlessness. Never again should he wheedle or cajole me into a reconciliation that had as shifting a base as a bed of quicksand. We stood there facing each other. Neither of us knew that little Jack, awakened by voices, had come into the room by another door.

I withdrew my hand from its concealment and leveled at Jack's false heart.

"My God!" he cried. "Don't shoot."

THROUGH all that followed I went about like one in a dream; not a blissful, sunny, golden one like the first year of my married life, but a confused, black nightmare during which I was on trial for slaying my husband.

I had no regrets for what I had done, for I knew that the fate I had meted out had been amply earned, despite any decision of the law.

The evidences of great suffering plainly visible in my worn beauty, the intense provocation I had endured at the hands of my child's father—perhaps more than all, my youth, must have won the compassion of the stern men who held my life in their hands. It is noticeable that men persist in refusing to visit the full rigor of the law upon a woman who is young and beautiful. It may be that some primitive instinct within them revolts at the destruction of that, which more than anything else, makes life endurable for them. I do not know. I only know I fully believed that these jury men must be convinced of the truth of what I said and maintain that I was justified. And they were.

The court-room, which had been in absolute silence, burst into an uproar when the judge said two words: "Not guilty."

EVERYONE crowded around me to wring my hands. Women wept hysterically and I saw tears in the eyes of more than one stern-faced man.

It was a heartwarming experience for me to learn that this vast, seemingly cold and indifferent public was in reality a warm, living presence that resented cruelties such as I had borne.

I left that place filled with indescribable emotions, among which gratitude for a sympathetic world and a resolve to live so worthily that I might justify its kindness were predominant.

My health which had been in an uncertain state during the years of unhappiness broke down completely after this final strain. I was ill for weeks, my long black hair was cut short and when I arose from my sick-bed I felt that I was in reality a different woman from the harassed, desperate creature I had been. The deed to which I had been driven had been atoned for by illness and suffering, and now there was before me the blessed opportunity to begin life anew.

AT the time of my illness my household consisted of five people, Mrs. Darrow who had been Jackie's nurse from babyhood, Rosine the maid, Aunt Lucy who felt it her duty to give me the comfort of her presence, Jackie and myself.

On the day I left my bed, Mrs. Darrow gave notice of her intention to leave. I begged and pleaded with her to remain, calling upon the real affection she felt for my little son, but she would not alter her decision.

This woman had been the most important witness against me during my trial, for it was she who came running to the scene directly after that awful thing happened.

She found me standing with the revolver still in my hand. I remember nothing of that myself for I was beside myself with misery and passion.

She had caught up little Jack, who was looking on with the startled round eyes of innocent childhood, and carried him away. And though she tried in every way to divert his mind from what he had seen she testified that it had made such a vivid impre sion on him that he babbled of it for days after. He always told the same story.

"An' nen Mama pointed somefing at Papa an' Papa said, 'My God. Don't shoot!' An' nen it went bang! An' Papa fell down." The exact mimicry of his childish, "My God. Don't shoot!" was harrowingly dreadful, and I was thankful that during my illness the memory of what he had seen became so dim that he spoke of it no more.

I HAD felt no antagonism toward this woman for telling a truth I had never attempted to deny, and since she was capable and unusually devoted to her little charge, her departure seemed like an undeserved hardship to one just risen from a long illness.

This thrust the care of Jackie upon me. How little we know in what guise our blessings come. The task which I had dreaded became the sweetest comfort to my sorely tried heart. The care of the warm, chubby little body was so fascinating that I learned to love my child far more deeply even than when he had been attended by Mrs. Darrow. It is the personal contact and association which renders the tie between mother and child so strong and sacred.

When Mrs. Darrow left, Rosine went out with her; she gave me no warning and never returned.

This seemed strange and inexplicable for I had been very kind to this girl and she had seemed well satisfied in her position. The explanation came to me when I advertised for help in a local daily paper. I had no difficulty in coming to satisfactory terms with one of the applicants, a strong, rosy-faced girl. But when I mentioned my name she started.

"Mrs. Havenstance!" she repeated. "Not *the* Mrs. Havenstance!"

I INSTANTLY understood that my notoriety was still fresh in the mind of the public, but I could not deny my identity.

The girl gasped, her rosy face turned pale and she fled as precipitately as if her own life were in danger in my presence. The experience unnerved me somewhat and gave me a clue to the real reason for which Mrs. Darrow and Rosine had left. It was antagonistic to their principles and peace of mind to remain in the same house with a—a woman who had done what I did.

At the time of my acquittal the court-room throng represented the whole outside world to me and I thought the decision of the judges had wiped my hands clean of the stain and stigma of blood. The hysteria and cheer which had prevailed upon my acquittal had seemed to me the natural expression of rational and balanced minds.

I did not take into account the great emotional strain prevailing upon all those present during a trial of this kind, and it remained for (*Continued on page* 68)

The Way to Happiness

As Told by a Woman Who Found It at Last

I AM a married woman now with five children, only two of whom were born to me. The oldest boy is my husband's son by a former marriage, the second and third, girls of seven and five, are our own by birth, and the youngest two, twins of four years, are the children of friends, both of whom were killed several years ago in an automobile accident.

Besides caring for my five children, for they are mine now, I have a day at the children's department of the Social Service Hall, have regular charity duties, and am very much interested in the Idaho State Home for Children, an institution that cares for and finally provides homes for unfortunate little ones.

People often wonder at my patience and sympathy, my unselfish and untiring work. I have often heard their theories in regard to it.

"Some people are just born that way," is their usual explanation. "Born with a heart big enough to mother the whole world."

But in my case that is not true. In my girlhood I was the most selfish, unthinking creature imaginable, and it was only through a long and tedious course of suffering and self-renunciation that I attained my present status and found happiness therein.

MY father was president of a small college in New England and in our small town my family was one of first importance. I never had a sister to share my family's affections, only three brothers who united their efforts with my parents' in spoiling me, the baby and a girl. From my earliest childhood I had everything my own way and began to think it was right that it should be so.

As I grew up to young girlhood I had my fair share of popularity, partly because of my own appearance and personality and largely because of my parents' position. In time, these attentions from the young men often changed to love. I gloried in the game, encouraging up to a certain point, and then turning them down rather flatly. My theory was that it served them right for being so silly, and when mother warned me against playing with love, I only laughed.

I did not want to get married; in that, at least, I was perfectly honest. I was having altogether too good a time to end it by tying myself down to a home and assuming the responsibilities of marriage. But when I was nearly twenty, Harry Dixon came to town, a city man and different from anyone I had ever met. His business was rather vague, something to do with promoting, and from the first my father warned me against him. We knew nothing about this Dixon, he said, nothing about his past or the legitimacy of his business. The town boys, on the other hand, he had always known, and their fathers before them.

I listened, not from curiosity, but because I felt determined to solve this mystery

AT first I laughed and encouraged Harry Dixon. It was the old game for me, but this time I got burned and found myself really caring for him. He was a high-tempered, impetuous fellow, ardent and decidedly lovable. And after a brief but whirlwind courtship, I consented to marry him.

My wedding-day, hastily arranged for, will always stand out in my memory, though not for the reasons that most girls' wedding-days do. I remember it was about four o'clock and mother, my chum, Alice, and I were putting the final touches to the decorations in the big living-rooms where the reception would take place after the church wedding we had decided on.

The day was a gorgeous one in early September, as bright and beautiful as any bride could wish, but as I listened to mother and Alice chatting about familiar old village affairs, I could not keep down the wave of home-sickness and fear that engulfed me; a fear I was unable to analyze, a vague uneasiness that had kept me awake until dawn. It seemed a great responsibility and I am afraid I could not keep the tears from my eyes, for Alice noticed them presently, and tried to arouse my wilting courage.

"Like all other brides—having a little weep at the last minute," she said cheerfully. "They all do it, even the best of them."

MOTHER sighed and I knew what she was thinking. Neither she nor father had approved of the match. They were suspicious of him because they had not known him longer, for tradition is very strong in the New England states.

"It's a responsibility, of course," mother began, and then we heard a great stamping and commotion in the hall and she slipped out to see what it was.

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh," Alice sang in a laughing voice and I laughed with her, then stopped as I heard my father talking in loud and angry tones.

"Where's Corinne?"

I could not hear what mother said, her voice was too low, but an overwhelming fear seized me and I moved closer to Alice. Then my father's voice came again.

"That fine fellow of hers has been arrested. That's what's the matter!"

As if to shield me, Alice swept her arm around me, but I broke away and ran to the hall.

"Father, what is it?" I cried. "Not Harry—"

"Yes, Harry," his voice was more gentle now and tender, but his eyes were stern and great veins stood out on his forehead. "Forgery. There is proof of it, and talk of his being implicated in the Murdock swindle. A scandal, a disgrace to the town. A fine mess you've got yourself into—and the whole family."

"Edward, hush," mother commanded. "After all it is harder on her than on us."

I REMEMBER leaning against the door for one dizzying second, then I pushed past mother and father and Alice and went slowly to my room, and shut and locked the door. Not a tear came to relieve my burning eyes; not a sob to stifle the pounding blood in my temples. For more than an hour I walked back and forth, dimly hearing Alice at the telephone, notifying the guests of the postponement of the wedding. Then when I knew the family was eating, I threw a wrap over my shoulders and hurried to the jail.

After a brief conversation with the sheriff who was a friend of the family, I was permitted to see Harry in the office. His face was ashy gray and his eyes burning with despair and dismay—and love.

"Corinne," he whispered, and held my hands in silent misery.

"Then—then it's true?"

He nodded his head reluctantly.

"The check, yes. It's my first offense and with you to stand by me, it will be my last. I just wanted to get—to be able to get you the beautiful things you deserve. I did it for you, Corinne, and I'm willing to pay."

"But the Murdock swindle?" I insisted with stiff lips.

"I'm innocent of that. Oh, Corinne, stick by me. I'll clean this up—take my medicine and start over gladly, if I know that you are with me."

Long, long he plead with me, and in the end he won me over. For what woman is not ready to trust and forgive the man she loves?

I got back to the house safely but my ab-

"An orphan asylum—Oh, Harry—not our baby!"

sence had been noticed and my father was furious to think I had gone to see "that scoundrel." After a hurried debate it was decided that I should go to visit my married brother in New Hampshire until the affair blew over a little. I packed my trunk with a strange mixture of relief and sorrow—relief to get away from the sympathy and curiosity of the town, sorrow to leave home, for I knew then that I would never return.

I DID not run away in the dramatic sense of the word; there was no midnight departure, no sneaking away. I only kissed my parents and brothers good-by and went to New Hampshire where I remained for two months. By that time Harry had had his trial and was sentenced to the penitentiary and I resolved to go to the city to be near him.

I left my brother's home, and while he thought I was going back to my parents, I passed by on a circuitous route and went to the city instead. A brief letter to my mother explained my actions, and in her reply she stated that if I were ready to give Harry up forever, I would be welcomed home; otherwise they would not consider me a member of the family.

My mind was made up before the letter came and I straightway began the soul-wearying strain of work-hunting. In the months that followed I tried my hand at nearly everything; I worked as a milliner, as a dressmaker's apprentice, reporter, governess, cashier in a restaurant, and finally found and kept a clerical position in a real estate office.

DURING this time I went to the prison regularly on visiting days to see Harry and to take him little extras and goodies I squeezed out of my meager salary. And so the time passed and spring came and my wedding-day was left eight months behind.

On the thirtieth of April I was determined to try to see Harry, even though it was not a visiting day, for it was his birthday and I wanted him to know I remembered. I bought an armful of jonquils and a box of violets, his favorite flowers, and started out.

I had never succeeded in conquering the shame that possessed me when I bought a ticket to Prison Heights. I always said the word so low that even the ticket agent could not hear until I repeated it. I fancied that he looked at me wonderingly, commiseratingly.

The train was crowded that day but I found a single seat empty and sat down, putting my flowers down beside me. Then I turned to the window and watched the flying landscape, wondering why fate had served me such a bitter portion.

"Is this seat taken?" A very small, weary voice brought me back from my wonderings, and I hastily picked up the flowers and made room for the girl, for she was only a girl despite the baby she carried. She was small and frail, about eighteen, I should judge, and shabbily dressed, but her face was sweet and good and oh, so sad. The baby, a couple of months old, was awake and lay blinking his blue eyes up at us, and I wondered why the mother should feel so depressed. I also noticed that she carried jonquils, six of them, that looked quite outnumbered by my great armful.

Another station passed and then the brakeman called, "Prison Heights," a name which always made me flush with horror. I gathered up my flowers and prepared to slip past her, but I noticed then that she was preparing to get off, too.

I wondered if she too had a loved one in that great stone building, but though I hurried to catch up with

Some months we had plenty and to spare, the next month we would have to scrape and pinch along and let the bills run

her, she was too quick for me, and I followed just behind.

A cold shudder of revulsion possessed me as I passed between the great gates.

As it was not the regular day for visitors, I, who had never attempted to transgress the discipline wondered if, after all, I would be able to accomplish my romantic errand. I waited while I sent my name to the warden. The attendant took my note.

"They are coming in to dinner now," he said. "Just wait here please."

AS he spoke my ear caught the sound of something strange, yet somehow familiar; something I seemed to grasp from sub-consciousness rather than from actual experience. With sinister monotony it grew in volume until the very air shivered with its dull threatening shuffle. From every corner of the prison yard something striped seemed to writhe its way toward the main building. I looked again and saw the lines resolve themselves into file after file of prisoners, each walking with a hand on the shoulder of the man ahead. Back and forth flashed the striped legs of the convicts as with locked steps the lines of linked bodies came nearer, like monstrous, crawling snakes. The scuff, scuff, scuff of the sliding shuffle seemed to beat on my inner-ear like some fever-bred delusion.

For the first time I realized the awful extent of the pitilessness of this scheme of expiation of which Harry was an atom. For the first time I realized to the fullest extent the horrible humiliation the man I loved must endure, and my heart swelled with pity and sympathy. I would work harder than ever, I thought to myself, deny myself even the slightest luxuries, save every cent I could to help him get a start when he came out. I would devote my life to helping him forget this hideous nightmare.

The undulating striped lines converged with grotesquely human intelligence toward the huge open door of the refectory. I turned as the warden spoke to me.

"Why, Miss Williams. Have you been waiting all this time. Dixon is in the warden's office as bookkeeper—new trusty job. Go right in."

I looked up at him and my eyes must have shone with the exultation of my new resolve, for he suddenly took my hand and said, "God bless you."

I WENT toward the room he indicated and evidently went in through the wrong door for instead of finding myself before the familiar desk, I was completely hidden by a filing cabinet, when voices came to me. Harry's I recognized at once, the soft, impelling cadence of it. The other voice was soft, too, and infinitely sad and pleading.

"Why don't you put the kid in an asylum if you don't want it?" he was saying.

"An orphan asylum—Oh, Harry—not our baby!"

That, of course, froze me up, and I listened, not from curiosity, but because I felt determined to solve this mystery.

"You said you'd come back and marry me," she pleaded. "You promised, and I waited and waited, and then he came—don't you love me any more?"

There was a short silence, then Harry's voice came again: "You're all right, Amy. You're a good little kid—but I don't love you—that way. I tell you there's a girl—a girl I met just before I knew this—this kid was due. I'm crazy about that girl and I'm going to marry her when I get out. She's not your sort, Amy—nor mine. She's miles too good for me, but I've a chance through her—a chance to reform and start over again. I'm sorry you're having trouble but I'll fix it up. I'll get some money for you from my brother—"

"Money! Oh, Harry, I don't want money. I want—I want you, and a name for—for the baby. He's yours, Harry—your son—"

"He's not mine any more than he's yours, Amy, not as

There was a note telling me he had gone, but giving no destination and no explanation

much, in fact." Harry's voice was perfectly cool and restrained. "You were partner to that crime, you know—and are as guilty as I. Put the kid in an asylum if you don't want him and start out all over again—the way I'm going to."

AND then I slipped away, out through the side-door. I left the flowers with an attendant with the instructions to give them to Harry later, and almost ran back to the station. For awhile I was stunned—too stunned to think.

Impossible as it may seem I still loved Harry, even though I knew of the girl and the baby—their baby. Of course I would, never marry him now. I would write and tell him it was all off.

But I didn't write immediately. I couldn't, it was too hard. I went back to my work and my life seemed indescribably empty without him to think about. Finally I received a letter from him asking why I did not come, a letter which seemed to show he was so dependent on me that I forgave him even this girl-affair and went straight back to him. Perhaps it *was* her fault as much as his! Besides there were few men who had trod the straight and narrow path before marriage. Thus with false reasoning, I soothed my conscience and gathered Harry back to my foolish, hungry heart.

Our marriage . . . is based on a foundation that cannot be destroyed

TWO more years passed and then, due to good behavior, Harry was released ahead of time. We were married at once and went to Chicago where Harry had prospect of work. We rented a small apartment and lived comfortably on my savings until Harry began to earn money. We lived in Chicago four months, then New York began its silent call and we went there. I did not know much of my husband's business. Some months we had plenty and to spare, the next month we would have to scrape and pinch along and let the bills run.

Then we left New York very suddenly and went South. We left in the night, I remember, and my old uneasiness returned. I was suspicious of this hasty flight, though I still believed my husband innocent of all dubious proceedings, in the face of the most damning evidence.

And so it went for months, Chicago, New Orleans, Pennsylvania, New York, Cincinnati, Detroit and back to New York again, the end of the first year finding us there. And then I had a reason for wanting to settle down, to have a definite home.

I went to a doctor, who confirmed my suspicions. And, oh, how happy I was as I hurried home with the wonderful secret. I was rejoicing doubly because I felt that a child would draw Harry and me closer together again. For of late he had seemed a little indifferent, bored, restless.

HARRY was at home when I arrived there, and I ran to him at once, my face flushed and my heart pounding with the great gladness.

He held his arms out to me, as he hadn't done for months — my happiness must have caught him almost unconsciously.

"Harry," I whispered, drawing his head down to mine, "we—you and I—are going to be a daddy and a mother soon."

I will never forget the stunned, surprised expression that came suddenly over Harry's dark, intense face. His first remark was too profane to repeat, though it was not uttered in anger as much as in surprise. I was disappointed, but I could not help but be happy in a way. I thought Harry would get used to the idea and gradually begin to look forward to the baby, though vague suspicions and uneasiness assailed me. A few days later I returned to our rooms one evening to find everything upset and Harry and his personal belongings missing. There was a note telling me he had gone, but giving no destination and no explanation.

AND so he went. Realizing that I must use my money and my strength with care, I secured a position in a factory office, moved to a small cheap room, hoarded my savings and spent only what was absolutely necessary. I had plenty of time and occasion to think of that sad-faced little girl now, another victim of Harry's quickly-spent love, though I, at least, had the advantage of a marriage license. It was during that period that I first began to realize that I was (*Continued on page* 95)

Cupid Plays Postman

Mr. Miller Writes Two Letters to Two Women and Nearly—

J. ALBERT MILLER, President of the Miller Manufacturing Company, sat at his desk, upon which was strewn the mail of several days. He had just returned from a week's hunting trip at Big Moose Lake, having taken himself there when Lucille, his wife, informed him that she was to spend the week at "The Palms."

Miller knew the "Palms" to be one of those fashionable places frequented by the would-be-rich, and he had promptly vetoed his wife's suggestion that he accompany her there.

Drinking tea on the veranda of some fashionable hotel, discussing the summer styles and spreading gossip, was all right for Lucille, but not for J. Albert.

A sturdy pair of hunting boots, a good dog and his latest model pump-gun held a much stronger attraction for him than tea parties. But, though he had little time for Lucille's frivolous feminine friends, J. Albert Miller was not entirely immune to the charms of women.

TO him the past week had been almost like a dream, and when he recalled the hours he had spent with Nina he felt that perhaps he had overlooked some of the real feminine charms in life after all. For Nina was so different!

She was a real outdoors woman; from the moment that Jack Rollins had introduced Nina and Miller, the morning they started for the big duck hunt, his ideas of women, or at least of one woman, had changed.

The mail that lay unopened on Miller's desk was all of a business nature and could be answered by someone else, so after a hurried glance through the pile of letters, he rang for his secretary and stenographer.

"Any mail for *me?*" he asked, as the girl entered.

"Several personal letters, sir. I sorted the mail each day and kept yours in my desk, as you ordered," replied Sadie, with a knowing glance at her employer.

A moment later the stenographer placed a number of envelopes on the desk and Albert Miller began to scan the different postmarks.

There was one envelope, the corner bearing the elaborately engraved return mark of "The Palms;" he knew that was from his wife. Another was from a Chicago lawyer; and still another addressed in a bold, round feminine hand, bore a much blurred postmark, which, upon close scrutiny proved to be "Moose Lake."

The man opened the letter from his wife with a resigned sigh. "More money, I'll bet— a wife is surely a luxury—especially when determined to shine socially." Then, with a hasty glance and a shrug of the shoulders, he threw the letter carelessly aside. "What women can see in that society stuff is more than I can understand," mused Miller. "Now, Nina is different."

HE picked up the letter from Moose Lake and sighed almost guiltily as the faint odor of white hyacinth greeted him. What if Lucille should know! What if she should ever learn of his week at Moose Lake—but how was she to know? So, with eager eyes he unfolded the letter and read:

"My Dearest Bertie:

Here it is only Saturday night, and I am writing to you. Just think, it has been almost a whole day since I saw you. I wonder how many times you have thought of me since you left. I saw Jack again this evening, and to think he doesn't know about us at all—even told me you were gone. Now isn't that just like most men?

Dear, do you know what I've been thinking about today? Well, I'll tell you—about that day we hiked up Sunset Mountain—how we climbed and climbed—then sat and rested together under that big pine tree up there away from everybody, with only the little chipmunks to hear or to see—remember what you said about my awakening a feeling in you that no one else had ever done? Then you told me that you believed you were really in love.

Well, I'll confess that I really felt different after that trip—felt as though I had found something that had been lacking. Then when I realized that you were gone—I felt oh! so lonesome like—just for someone like you, someone to whom I could talk—just plain talk like I did to you.

Well, dear, I guess we will soon be going back home, too, for Dad says he must get back to business. Oh! I hate to leave here. These hills and all their fond memories of you and what you mean to me! But you know you promised to come up to the ranch; that will help some for I am just dying to show you how to ride a bronco. You won't forget—you promised to come, oh, so soon.

Lovingly, your own little

'SUNBEAM.' "

Miller knit puzzled brows. He felt vaguely alarmed, yet for the life of him he couldn't have told just why. Pensively he folded the letter as he tried to analyze the nature of his thoughts, for, by all tokens he ought to be overjoyed.

It struck him like a clash—Nina was too—er—intense, one might say. Now, at the top of a mountain, 'neath a sheltering pine, she might easily have passed for a "sunbeam," but how odd the term did look in cold, prosaic script!

HE leaned back in his chair. "Sunbeam!" The word danced through his brain like a teasing goblin, bright, sharp, tantalizing. Where had he heard that word before? A flush dyed his cheek, a flood of memories rushed over him. Why, he had called Nina that himself! "Light of my life," "Golden ray of gladness"—yes, these phrases, too, he had used promiscuously. Whew! That mountain air surely must have been exhilarating.

J. Albert sighed. He had always prided himself upon being an astute, calm, serious-minded business man. Endearing words were all very well for weak-minded women; but no strong-minded man should feed a woman's vanity with pet names. This had always been his viewpoint, and now to think that in the madness of a magic "witching spell" in the mountains his self-control had left him.

He had thought Nina was going to be so different! He admired her for her athletic abilities, her almost masculine view-point; but her letter proved her to be just like the other women—mushy, gushy, hysterical!

Imagine any sane woman calling him "dearest Bertie!" Miller shuddered and felt gingerly of the near-bald spot on his head. It was still there. He sighed with relief. He wanted to be middle-aged, staid, respectable.

A REVULSION of feeling shook his soul, or his vanity—which is the proper name for the average man's soul. What right had he to judge? Poor, little, simple-hearted Nina. A brute of a man had won her affections and

was now seeking for an excuse to free himself from her too-ardent pursuit.

A stern frown darkened his forehead, a frown of decision, yet resignation, masculine sublimity. He would right this wrong, no tender-hearted innocent girl should suffer through him. Of course, it was very comfortable to be Lucille's husband, and life with Nina would probably be erratic, spasmodic, intense, but he would face his fate bravely.

A divorce and a splendid settlement for Lucille, life and its laughing tears for him—with Nina.

With a resolute hand Miller picked up his pen. His letter to his wife was brief and easily composed; he would make it stern, formal, to the point. He smiled grimly. This answer would perhaps teach her that he was no all-day-and-night bank to be drawn on at her leisure:

"My Dear Madam:

You have presumed too much. Because I was free-hearted and easy-going, you decided that I should become your permanent meal-ticket. This is too much; you are overdoing things.

Hereafter we meet as friends. If you want further details consult my lawyer.

J. Albert M."

With a snap of his teeth Miller looked over the few words. That would make Lucille squirm, he thought grimly, and then, with a misty smile he reached for another sheet of note paper.

THE letter to Nina was not so easily written. He started it once, "My dear young lady," but decided, upon second thought, that this sounded too much like a patent medicine advertisement salutation. "Dearest girl" and "Sunbeam" were discarded after a frowning consideration. Then Miller blinked and took the plunge. He would be just as ardent as she had been; she believed in him, he would live up to her expectations.

"Wonder-woman," he smiled to himself. How easily the words came to his mind after the start.

"Wonder-woman:

I've missed you more than I thought I could ever miss anyone in this whole lonesome world. I do not want to give you up—I do not want to drift away from you. Soon you must give me your answer with your own sweet lips, and I am only hoping that you will decide to stay—mine.

Bertie."

With a little sigh, half of regret, half of hope, Miller addressed the envelopes. It was a serious business, this having the happiness of two women on one's hands. But then women are prone to take life too seriously anyhow. It was not his fault that they found him irresistible.

The jangling of his telephone broke into his reverie and soon the demands of a prosaic business world blotted out all thoughts of romance. With a word or two to his stenographer, Miller hurried from his office, intent upon keeping an engagement.

It was about closing time before he returned to his office again, and thought of the letters written earlier in the day.

"Did you mail those two letters?" he asked abruptly.

The stenographer nodded.

"You left in such a hurry that you didn't enclose the letters in the envelopes," she replied slowly, "but I guess I put the right one in the right envelope."

"You *guess* you did!" roared Miller in consternation. "Merciful Heavens, was I boob enough to rush off without sealing those letters?"

THE girl's flush deepened as she peered at her employer through her tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. Miller took time to note that she looked like an owl—a bewildered, confused, luckless owl, at that.

"Why, Mr. Miller, the one beginning 'Wonder-woman' was lying under the envelope addressed to your wife, so I mailed it to her, and the other one—"

"Stop!" Miller's voice was a hoarse whisper. "You've ruined me! What will my wife think of me writing her that sticky mess of sweetness? She'll think I've got brain fever. And the other—ye gods! when she gets that 'Dear Madam'—and 'consult my lawyer'—she will sue me. What a muddle!"

The stenographer wiped away a tear that zigzagged down her cheek.

"Please sir, you told me to be sure and post them," she began, "and I did the best I could."

But Miller thundered her into silence. Brain-sick, he made his solitary way home, weary of women and their ways.

The next two days were nerve-wracking ones. Every phone call, every message made Miller jump with apprehension. He was afraid of his own shadow, afraid even to glance at a newspaper. Once his heart almost stopped as the oddly old voice of a thin-legged news-kid struck his ears. "Suicide! All about the lady wot murdered herself w'en her sweetheart toined her down!"

A hundred horrible possibilities entered his mind; what if Nina should put herself out of the way? And his wife—she would want to have him examined by an alienist!

BY Saturday night Miller was almost a wreck. With trembling hands he started to prepare himself some supper, for he had become so sensitive that he dreaded the thought of a public eating-place; and had taken himself home earlier than usual.

Burned steak and weak coffee did not add a feeling of well-being. Idly his thoughts turned to his wife. How on earth did she manage to fry sliced potatoes so that each slice was done at both ends! His were raw on one side and burned on the other. At least so it seemed to the disgruntled man. And he wondered if after all he hadn't been rather hasty in wanting to put Lucille out of his life.

Came sounds of footsteps in the hall, a rustle of skirts, and a moment later Miller found himself held by two soft arms. As if in a trance he heard the sound of his wife's eager voice.

"Muzzer's own little Bertie boy," she was gushing between her kisses. "Did its bad mamma run away and leave it all alone to cook its own dinners?"

Miller dropped the skillet on the stove and Lucille buried herself closer against her husband's bosom.

"I came the minute I got your letter—that wonderful, beautiful letter!" Her eyes shone with a glad light. "Oh Bertie, you called me 'wonder-woman' and I had thought you didn't care any more! I was just starved for some words of love. But I suppose you were too bashful to say those things, you had to write them! And now that I know you care so much, I'll stay at home and cook for you gladly. No more society stunts for me! I just did it to try to make you wake up!"

MILLER gazed dumfounded at his transfigured wife. What a proud, blind fool he had been; too stingy to give Lucille a few loving words that would change her from a butterfly into a domestic, home-loving woman!

He stroked her brown hair tenderly, regretfully.

"Oh sweetheart!" Lucille said suddenly, "I forgot to tell you, my old friend Nina Deering is in town. Engaged to Jack Rollins. So romantic! They met at some mountain resort and Nina told me she flirted madly with some conceited old codger from the city just to make Jack jealous; even wrote him a letter and let Jack see it, accidentally, he thought, so as to hurry him along with a proposal. Jack is so dense, you know. Almost as dense as my old dear," she said playfully. But Miller shook his head.

"Not quite," he said, and he knew that all his life he would hate the odor of white hyacinth, but cling to the good old-fashioned smells of home cooking.

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Col. Robert G. Ingersoll

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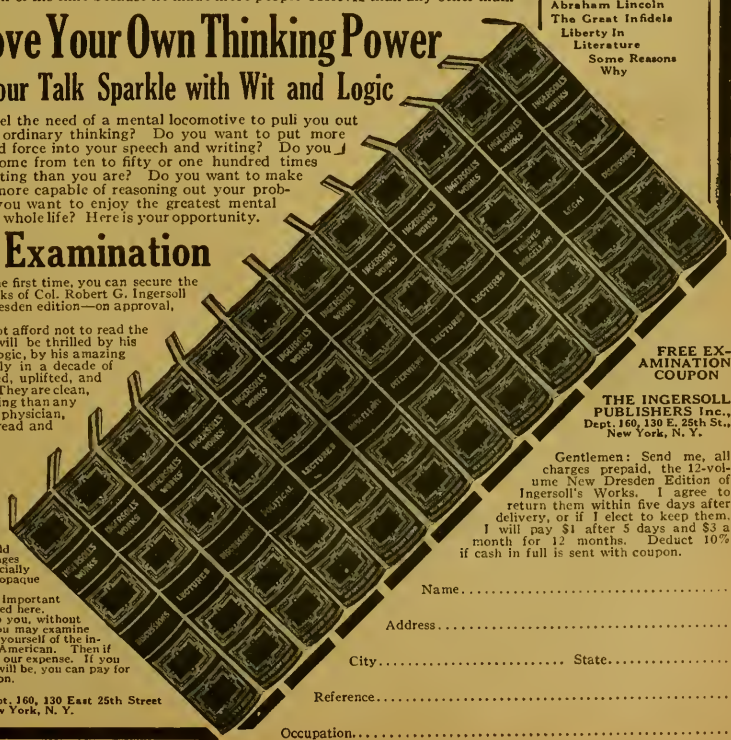

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The Verdict

(*Continued from page 59*)

hirelings to teach me that there are people from whose minds such things can never be obliterated.

It cost me many tears and much heartache, the knowledge that I was regarded in this light, for I was full of love and gratitude for the mercy which had spared me from the lawful punishment of my action.

I was also seriously inconvenienced by being unable to secure domestic help, since I had no knowledge or training for the household tasks which now fell to me. I had been reared in a kind of quiet luxury in view of the little fortune I was to inherit.

I had safeguarded the greater part of this from my husband's reckless expenditures, since I had no wish to help him on his downward way by supplying him with unearned means; so financial trouble, at least, had no part in my present difficulties.

It was a great comfort to me, too, to have Aunt Lucy with me and there was always Jackie, dear little fellow, with his shock of fair curls, his sparkling eyes and sturdy, dimpled knees.

I decided that my future might still be bright and full of happiness with these two and such of my friends as would stand by me.

CHIEF among the latter were Horace James, an elderly business man who had at times given valuable advice in financial matters, and Ellerbe Parsons, a young man whose chivalry was somewhat quaint in these days.

Both of these gentlemen had watched my husband's degeneration with disgust and resentment, and had given me a warm and silent sympathy that had helped to bridge many a bitter moment in my unhappy wifehood.

Ellerbe, who had known Jack from boyhood, even went so far as to remonstrate with my dissolute husband. He had been met with sneering insinuations that rendered further interference in my behalf an impossibility.

After that Ellerbe avoided us both, Jack, because he despised him for his weak cruelties, and myself, because his friendship would have exposed me to added insult.

I was anxious to see these two, whom I had not encountered since the great turning point in my life, and sent brief invitations to that effect.

They came—together. Whether this was by design I have no means of knowing.

I had always associated them with the happier phases of my life, and to simulate the light-heartedness I had always felt in their presence, I laid aside the plain dark clothes I had worn since that terrible time—and donned a pretty little frock of rose-colored silk. My short black hair was brushed down smoothly and the "bobbed" effect took away much of the untimely appearance of age and care that had become apparent since my terrible experience.

I presented once more the vivacious youthful aspect that I had at the time of my marriage. And such is the psychological effect of outward appearance, that I really felt as if I were again nineteen and standing on the threshold of a life that held some thrilling, beautiful promise in store for me.

SOME whimsy of my irresponsible girlhood seemed to take possession of me. I stole down the stairway noiselessly and peeped through the heavy draperies dividing the drawing-room from the hall. I think I had some instinctive feminine idea of making an entrance at the best possible advantage to myself.

My guests were seated a yard or so from me on a divan. They were speaking in guarded tones.

"It was so unnecessary," I could hear plainly in spite of Horace James' caution, "so pitifully unnecessary. Why did she not simply leave him as other women do in similar cases?"

Ellerbe did not answer at all. He shook his head and sighed. His face looked drawn and unhappy—and inexorable.

I understood instantly that even in the judgment of these two good friends I had failed to find acquittal. The discovery cut deep, for I had confidently expected to find sympathy and understanding in these of my own circle.

I BIT my lips and summoned all my pride to face them as though I had heard nothing, but the incongruous rosiness of my gown mocked me.

It was an uncomfortable meeting, full of restraint on both sides. Only when they took leave was I granted anything like the old familiar association. This came from Ellerbe. His sad eyes flashed me a look of unspeakable reproach and something like horror as he bade me good-by. I knew then why I had prepared with such happy anticipation to see him; and knew also that something that might have been very precious to us both was blighted for all time.

He was leaving the city, he said, to settle in some other part. I could not help drawing the obvious inference.

When they had left, with the full weight of what their restrained, strange manner meant, I began to doubt the quality of the kindness I had received in being exempted from the punishment of my crime.

The world which had seemed so lenient and kind in overlooking the act of an emotionally unbalanced woman was taking on a different aspect. Collectively, men might show mercy, but as individuals they would not risk criticism by a continuance of friendship. It seemed to me I had seen in their eyes their innate abhorrence of a—I cannot say the dreadful word.

I made no further attempt to recall the allegiance of anyone who had posed as a friend. I had no desire for a repetition of such a heart-breaking time as I had had that evening. Yet I was far from being irrevocably hurt or dismayed for I still had Aunt Lucy and little Jack.

I determined to concentrate on my little household and devote my whole life to making the two who were left to me happy and comfortable.

IT was not long after this that Aunt Lucy, who was delicate, began to complain of acute nervousness. She had many sleepless nights and her appetite failed alarmingly. Finally she became so weak that I called in a specialist.

A complete change of surroundings and careful nursing was prescribed.

I knew of a little spot in the mountains that would be just the retreat which would give us all a needed change. Everything there was peaceful, lovely, with sublime heights and blue hazy distances, just the thing for treacherous nerves and aching hearts.

I made arrangements as speedily as possible for our departure. When everything was ready I told Aunt Lucy. I had said nothing to her before, hoping to please and surprise her.

She started up wildly from her pillows. "No! No!" she cried. "Not with you, Sylvie!" Here she caught herself. Perhaps my stricken face helped her to regain her self-control. "I—I mean," she stammered, "I could not bear to have anyone about me all the time. It upsets and distracts me. I must be alone for a time."

I helped Aunt Lucy on her way. Then I closed the house and took a tiny cottage in the country. There were roses twining round the windows and all around lay quiet, green fields.

I still had my greatest treasure. He was an innocent little child who could not understand what I had done. He could not judge me, nor could he wound me with word or act, by reference to something entirely beyond his comprehension. With him I would be safe from further wounds.

Jackie and I played happily in the house and outside in the sunny fields.

ONE morning as I was combing my hair, Jackie came running in, and I knew he must have been at the cupboard for there were streaks of marmalade on the breast of his little pajamas. His vigorous childish hunger could not wait on my late rising.

He was laughing roguishly and holding his hands behind his back, unconscious of the tell-tale stains.

Simulating a sternness I was far from feeling, for his little pranks were really enjoyable and refreshing to me, I pointed the silver handle of the brush at him.

His eyes grew round with fright and his little face froze into a mask of terror.

"My God," he screamed. "Don't shoot."

I SEE now that no one can violate God's great commands without suffering the inexorable consequent punishment. Better the swift, sure justice of the law than that which hems me round on every side. No one can usurp the Divine prerogative.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

And so I pay.

Mistakes in English That "Show You Up"

SHERWIN CODY

In a five-minute conversation, or in a one-page letter, the average person will unknowingly make from five to fifty mistakes in the vital points of English. It is surprising to see how many experienced stenographers fall down in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," "calendar," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "Between you and I" instead of "You and me" and use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "s's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei" and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And very few people use any but the most common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Yet English is the most vital weapon we have. Upon our use of it depends our success or failure. Poor English "shows us up" as lacking in education and ability. Good English creates an instant and lasting impression in our favor.

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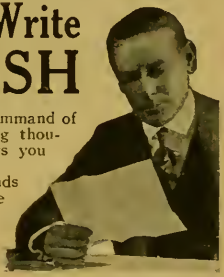

Here at last is a wonderful, easy way for any one to acquire a masterly command of English. After more than 20 years of study and research, and after making thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody has perfected a remarkable device which shows you instantly the mistakes you make, and how to correct them.

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You do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. You mark your errors and check them. Next week you try that page again, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have failed to remember, and at the bottom you compare your average with that of grammar school graduates, high school graduates, and experienced stenographers, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar, letter writing and grammatical usage. You know from the very first day just where you stand, and you can watch yourself improve with every lesson.

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Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself tremendously. Words are the driving, compelling force in business. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcibly, convincingly. You can easily acquire a masterly command of English through Mr. Cody's new invention.

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Peggy and Her Past

(*Continued from page* 21)

his type save the opportunity of matching wits with the officers of the Government and the doubtful glory of a local reputation for dash and daring.

Every ounce of him was alive with energy. His eyes were fascinating. They were of a remarkable pale blue, always dancing with interest or amusement. Buck was one of those who look upon the sunny side of life, but when he became angry, his eyes lost their individuality as eyes, and from half-closed lids came the impression of a bar of shimmering blued steel leveled at the object of his wrath or scorn.

"I'M going to leave here, Peggy. They'll get me on sight, now, shooting at Bob the way I did this afternoon. No use committing suicide, I reckon. Guess I'll see something of the country; maybe I'll wind up by being a good citizen after all." He smiled at the girl, but there was no answering smile on her face and she rose from the hearth and stood beside him.

"You don't have to go, Buck. Let folks know you are going to give up this business and no one will bother you. Dad will tell them; he'll vouch for you."

She reached out and caught the lapel of his rough coat, fingering it nervously and keeping her eyes averted from his face. He looked down at the little hand and the smile of amusement died on his lips and his face became grave. He lifted the girl's chin and looked into her face. There were tears in her eyes and she made an odd grimace in an attempt to choke back a sob. The man's levity departed and a curious sense of wonder took possession of him.

"Why, Peggy! Do you—would you care if I went away?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak, and held fast to his coat. He patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"I always thought a heap of you, Peggy, even when I was making up to Martha, but you always seemed like such a little girl——"

"There you go," she found her voice suddenly, "talking about Martha again. Just like a man, always hanging around after a girl who has no use for him. And I'm not a 'little girl,' either; I'm grown up. But—but—oh, I don't care." Springing away from him she crossed the room.

BUCK looked after her with surprise, and beneath his apparent calm the blood of youth was pounding in his veins. For a moment there was silence; then the man called to her.

She made no answer, but stood there staring straight into the fire. He called again, and there was a note of dominance in his voice which did not escape the girl, but she was still silent.

Buck crossed the room to her side. She looked up as he put his arms about her waist and the light she saw in his eyes caused her to draw back.

"I must be going, Buck. It's getting late," and slipping from his embrace she started for the door, her body trembling with nervousness.

The man looked at his watch.

"It's only six; better wait a while and let your clothes dry out. I'll take you home; ride behind me on Old Buckskin, rides as easy as a palace-car." He followed her with quick steps and again took her in his arms.

THE girl's face paled in the dim light of the fire-glow, and she struggled for release, but his arms tightened about her body.

"Buck," she gasped, "Buck! Let me go. I must go home, it's getting late."

He released his embrace but held her with the intense earnestness of his gaze. "Do you love me, Peggy?" he asked.

The girl hesitated. "I don't know, Buck, I don't know."

"Why do you want me to stay?"

"I—don't know," she said again, and after a moment's silence, "I'll be lonesome if you go away, Buck. I know you liked Martha best, but I—I have always liked you. I've been unhappy in some ways; all the boys seemed to think I was a little girl, like you just said. I didn't care very much about that, but you were always nice to me—and now you're going away, and—and I'll miss you so much, Buck." She was sobbing now, and, as Buck impulsively drew close to her, her head dropped against his shoulder. Infinite happiness flooded his whole being at the touch of her. And his arms tightened about her.

"I love you, Peggy," he crooned and his lips touched her forehead. "There was never any girl like you, Peggy; if you want to know, I really went to your house to see you as much as anyone else. But I didn't know you liked me; I didn't know how sweet you are."

She looked into his face and any fear she may have had was put aside in the happiness that overcame her. "Do you love me, Buck? Do you really love me?" Her eyes were like stars.

FOR answer he kissed her mouth, her eyes, her throat. She struggled in his arms, frightened now at the answering thrill he had awakened, at the riotous pounding of her blood, at the unguessed emotions kindled in her breast, emotions so intense they seemed to suffocate her.

Her heart was starving for love; her whole being hungering for affection. In some the bud comes early into blossom and youth has its potentialities, its capacities, no less than maturity. There had always been an appeal to the elf within her, in Buck's happy-go-lucky personality.

Her love for the man had grown almost unconsciously to herself and now it had burst into flame, a flame that burned the fiercer in the knowledge that he knew—and that he responded.

Her struggles ceased. Forgotten were the precepts of all her life; forgotten all save the ecstasy of being in his arms, of hearing his voice in tender, wooing words. Sufficient that she was loved, that she had come into her own.

The fire died away to a bed of glowing embers. Outside, the rain had ceased and the clouds were scudding away. And overhead the great stars looked down with benign understanding of youth and of the eternal drama of life.

THEY went together almost to her father's house. "Can't let my little sweetheart go by herself," he had said, and had rattled on in his usual good-humored manner of speech. But the buoyancy was forced. Perhaps contrition stifled whatever sense of conquest there might have been.

He had stooped from his horse and lifted the girl from the ground, seating her behind him on the saddle-skirt. She had steadied herself with an arm about his waist as the intelligent animal picked his way along the dark trail, and had few words to say until they reached the open path that led to her father's clearing.

"Buck," she whispered timorously. "Buck, are you still thinking of going away?"

The man stopped the horse and turned in the saddle.

"Reckon I'll have to, Peggy. Old Bob will get me sooner or later and I won't let him take me alive."

"You love me, Buck, don't you?" she trembled piteously. "Won't you stay for me? Don't go 'way and leave me, Buck. I'll die, Buck, I'll die!" She threw her arms about his neck and cried softly against his shoulder. The horse moved forward, nibbling at a tuft of grass.

"I'll come back." The man's voice, too, was husky with emotion. "I'll come back, honey girl." He dismounted and held out his arms for her to alight. They walked slowly, the horse following close behind.

"They have a case against you, Buck?"

He nodded a savage assent.

"How long before it will be cleared from the docket?"

"Three years, anyway."

"Oh, Buck! Three years? You won't leave me for three years, Buck, you won't do that?"

He had not thought of that. "No," he said firmly. "I won't. I'll get work somewheres and send for you, Peggy. We'll be married and have a home. I know cotton, and I know cattle; I'll get along. I have money to make a start."

The future seemed assured. A short separation until he got located, then Peggy would come to him; they would take up life together. There would be a home—and happiness.

THEY said good-by at the rose-bush near the well. Their kisses were of love, of trust in one another, of faith in the future. And then he mounted his horse and rode away through the night.

Peggy stood where he left her, smiling through tears that came unbidden to her eyes. She watched him cross the open field and heard his voice ring out in a familiar song. And after the sound of his voice had died away Peggy strained her eyes to keep sight of the vanishing figure of her lover. Then suddenly the

(*Continued on page* 72)

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the $1,000 mark!

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(*Continued from page* 70)

darkness was pierced by tiny, vicious jets of flame and the stillness rent by the staccato barking of a rifle. Peggy ran forward; she could barely see the bulk of Buck's mount looming over the brow of a rise in the field, but she saw the rider was returning the fire, shooting from under his horse's neck, his body swung down from the saddle to afford the protection of the animal's body.

The girl stumbled and fell, picked herself up and ran on again, heedless of all save that Buck was in danger. He was now out of her sight in the darkness, but she ran on blindly, despairingly, her throat dry and aching with tearless sobs.

She heard the sound of voices and recognized that of Bob Chandler, the deputy, and another's. They were cursing among themselves; she drew off and listened, and her heart sang in her breast. Buck had escaped! She held her breath as they passed in the darkness; and then with exultation in her soul she crossed the field to her home.

HER father was at the door, peering out into the darkness, as the girl came up the path. He seemed to know what had happened, for his first eager question was to ask if Buck had escaped. Peggy told him what she had seen and heard and his face took on a trace of animation.

"Thought Buck would fool 'em!" he said. "Smart boy, but reckless, too all-fired reckless!" For a moment father and daughter stood in the doorway. Then the girl shuddered and went into the house, and her father closed the door and resumed his seat by the fire.

As Peggy came into the rough shed-room which served as a kitchen, her mother looked up from the dishes she was drying.

"Thought you'd never come, Peggy girl. I'm sure everything's dried up in the oven." Then, as her eyes fixed on the girl's face, she paused and something akin to dread shot through her heart. She fought it back. "What is it, Peggy? Something has happened to you?"

The girl looked up with lusterless eyes which fell before her mother's questioning gaze.

"I'm awful tired, Mother, and Buck was almost killed. Bob Chandler and another deputy were shooting at him. Did you hear the shots?"

The mother's face cleared, but there was a touch of concern in her kindly voice.

"You shouldn't have gone over to Buck's cabin as late as it was; your father should have gone if it was necessary for any one to go at all." She placed a few dishes, hot from the oven, upon the table and Peggy ate her late supper in silence.

THE home of the Ainsleys was typical of the time and the region; a double cabin built of logs with the shed-room tacked onto its side. The chimney-place was wide and heaped with fuel from the timbered hillsides. And when the girl had finished her supper she took her favorite seat upon a stool beside the blazing hearth.

She talked with her father of Buck's chances for escape and drew comfort from his faith in the man's ability to get out of tight places. From time to time the mother's eyes wandered to the girl, but the supper and her father's talk had brought vivacity to Peggy's speech and so Mrs. Ainsley put away her troubled thoughts.

Then bedtime came; a passage was read from the Book of God and with her parent's kisses on her brow the girl crept into her bed. For hours she lay thinking of Buck, praying that he might be safe from danger; and then dreaming of the dear future with Buck by her side. And then, at last, she fell asleep.

DAYS grew to weeks and weeks to summer months and no tidings came from Buck. His absence had aroused a little flare of interest when the story was told of his encounter with the deputies, but people soon forget.

Peggy did not forget, could not forget. Her heart was with the man wherever he might be and the passing days served but to deepen her distress. She grew pale and ill, and fell back into a childhood habit of spending her time in the woods. She had found a hillside nook, screened by a fairy circle of trees. Here she lingered through the summer days. Sometimes she would read. But most of all she loved to dream away the hours; thinking of what the past had brought, of what the future held. She had a little picture of Buck, a tintype of the man in characteristic pose. She found a niche in one of the moss-grown rocks and here she kept this treasure.

AND so the summer passed and autumn came. The showers kept Peggy from her nook upon the hillside, but she could not stay indoors. Her father had given her a pony, and on Fannie Bailey's back she rode about the countryside, careless of direction or intent. To be out of doors, to be away from her mother's solicitude, to keep her wonderful but terrifying secret to herself was Peggy's only thought.

And thus it chanced one evening that she was caught in a thunderstorm while yet a little way from home. She urged the pony to top speed and on the way it stumbled and threw her from the saddle, her foot catching in the stirrup as she fell. The frightened animal ran on, dragging the girl through the mud and mire of the roadway, stopping only when it reached the door of her home.

Here her parents found her. They thought her dead, but dashes of cold water awoke her at last to consciousness. A neighbor's boy ran for the doctor while Mrs. Ainsley did what she could to relieve her daughter's distress.

DR. AUSTELL came at once and carefully examined the dazed, suffering girl. His face was grave as he turned from the bedside.

"Peggy's condition is more serious than you may be aware of." His voice was kindly, but the mother's face paled before the significance of his words.

"What is it, Doctor? What do you mean?" she cried, trying to steel herself

(*Continued on page* 74)

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There's no need to discuss the whys and the wherefores of this "secret." Suffice it to say that *It Works*. That's all we care about—*It Works*. Over 400,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves. Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker, Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U.S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor Ferris, of Michigan, and thousands of others of equal prominence. Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

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"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth $100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Tex.

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"One of our boys who read 'Power of Will' before he came over here jumped from $100 a month to $3,000 the first month, and won a $250 prize for the best salesmanship in the State."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth $200,000. He has built a $25,000 home—and paid cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstances we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice. Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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(*Continued from page 72*)

to bear the knowledge of the thing she dared not think.

"The girl is about to be a mother."

For a moment there was silence in the little cabin. It was broken by a sob, a cry of anguish from the father who waited in the adjoining room and had overheard the doctor's words. Then there was the sound of an opening door, a rush of night-wind as the man went out into the darkness to be alone with his grief. The mother faced the physician defiantly.

"You must be mistaken, Doctor. Peggy is a good girl—" but her voice broke piteously before the finality of his statement, and she sank on her knees by the bedside, burying her face in her hands.

The doctor touched her shoulder.

"Peggy is a good girl, Mrs. Ainsley. It may seem hard, dear lady, that this should come to you and your husband, but it is not for us to censure or condemn. Let us remember we are all human in the time of temptation and trial, human as Peggy was."

THE heartbroken woman stumbled blindly from the room and found a seat by the fire. Mechanically she raked the embers together and threw fresh fuel upon them. Puffs of smoke broke from the fagots and burst into jets of blue flame which danced fantastically in the powerful draft of the wide chimney.

Her thoughts went back to her own girlhood, her ambitions, aspirations. The face of a boy rose in the eddying gusts of flame, a boy who said he had loved her—who had ardently sought to take her all. And she had loved him, too, and surrender was ofttimes perilously near. Even now she could not think of the hours with him without an involuntary thrill of passion. But in her being there had been a calculating strain—no chance to be taken without a gain in sight, and a wedding ring was never mentioned by the boy who loved so ardently. And so, in the end, she sent him on his way to pick frailer blossoms. Then other lovers came, and some to woo, but her heart had closed and they found her cold and unresponsive. The years came, too, and found her teaching in a country school; the lines of throat and breast were losing their softness, the laughing lips of girlhood tightening from repression.

THEN another came; a young man of the countryside who worked among the lumber mills and was accounted capable and kind. Some little incident arose, he showed a rough chivalry which roused her interest. And so he came again. He had a sort of patience which she read as earnestness; he had the energy of youth and health and she mistook it for ability. She listened to his awkward avowal of love and deceived herself into believing its awkwardness a tribute of respect for her position and attainments. Romance had knocked before and found her standing aloof; it might not knock again. And so she married him.

They lived awhile in the neighborhood. He was patient, kindly in his ways. She should have been satisfied. He was proud of her, perhaps. She never knew just what he thought.

There came talk of a wonderful domain vaguely spoken of as "The West"; and they started out to secure a government claim and get a new start.

THEY traveled and lived primitively in a wagon. They suffered with the heat and fevers of Arkansas; in Texas a "norther" chilled them in a wayside tent. They farmed in a desultory manner and failed through drought. The man came to be a "nester," a pathetic figure of the pioneer days. He was sure a biding place, a "nest" was somewhere—could he but find it. And in the search he passed a thousand havens hailed with joy by later comers who were more decisive men.

When Peggy, the second baby, came the mother cried a halt. They settled in Indian Territory and built a home.

She took command, her husband was industrious under her direction and with her help the land was cleared, crops came to harvest and a living was assured. She taught her two girls, and later sent them to the "Subscription School" of the neighborhood. The girls were bright and fair. Martha, the oldest, had but lately married and gone to live in Tishimingo where her husband practiced law. And Peggy, the younger but more capable of the two, Peggy . . .

HER reverie was broken by a sharp word from Dr. Austell and an anguished cry from the room where Peggy lay. A choking sob came into the woman's throat, a cry born of fallen hopes and shattered dreams.

As the skies awoke to morning a little babe was placed in Peggy's arms, and with the touch of tiny lips and hands against her breast came the realization of motherhood. But with its joy came endless bitterness, too, for Mrs. Ainsley could not forget what her daughter's disgrace would mean in the neighborhood; could not forget what it already meant to herself.

As one woman to another, she had ministered with tender and capable hands through the night of pain, but now she was unsparing with upbraiding and reproach, dwelling upon the ruin of the family-life; the shame which Peggy had brought upon them all. And she made the poor girl suffer almost beyond endurance.

SOMEWAY the day drew to an end. In the evening Peggy's father came and sat by her bed. He was not a demonstrative man, and was slow of speech and thought. With a mingling of fear and love the girl drew back the spread that he might see the baby. Mr. Ainsley looked long and earnestly upon the mite of humanity and had no word to say, but as he left the room he stooped and kissed Peggy upon the forehead and a tear splashed on her cheek. The girl's heart leaped with happiness—her father still loved her!

That night she did not sleep, thinking of her mother's words. She planned to leave the house when she could get about; to take her baby—her little

(*Continued on page 76*)

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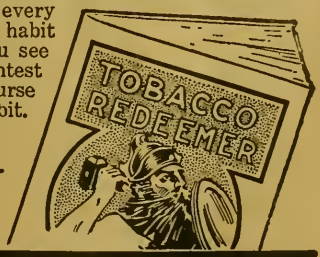

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(*Continued from page 74*)

Elaine—and go to some town where she would not be known. There she would find work and care for and raise her little one. Sometime Buck would come; he would be proud of his little daughter. Happiness would come again.

But on the morrow the course of events was changed. God in His wisdom called back the little unwelcome soul from whence it came. Already mother-love had grown in Peggy's sorrow-burdened heart and now it seemed that she could stand no more; her fount of tears was drained, her capacity for suffering was exhausted.

Wrapped in the quilt from her bed Peggy made her way to the rude little casket and sank on her knees, her curly head bowed in the desolation of her grief. She called upon the Father to forgive her and to receive her baby's soul, and thinking of her mother's narrow religion terror came again.

"Oh, God," she sobbed, "I did not know; punish me, but let my baby be in Heaven with the angels."

PEGGY came back to health and strength but happiness was slower of return. Part of her heart was somewhere with a man who seemed to consider it of little worth, for still no word had come. And part was hidden beneath a little mound upon the hillside.

No doubt the people of the neighborhood were well-intentioned folk; perhaps it is not well to meet with open arms the woman who has stepped aside. To err is human, to forgive may be divine but may also prove a poor precedent to set before the youth of a countryside.

And so the neighborhood left Peggy to herself. It is quite possible that she had the unvoiced sympathy of many.

Peggy might have gained a clearer realization of her ostracism had she made an earlier effort for companionship, but during the first month following her sorrow she stayed about her home, her heart heavy with its griefs. Youth was hers, however, and youth cannot nurture grief forever and a day, nor can it live within itself alone.

With the winter season came the country dances, held at one farm-house or another of the neighborhood.

Peggy and her sister had always attended the dances. When little tots they had gone with their parents; later Martha had danced and Peggy watched.

NEARLY every week now a dance was held, and Peggy could hear the young folks pass her home, their songs and laughter ringing through the darkness. She wondered if she dared go—if she could slip in and listen to the music at one of the gatherings. She craved a little happiness, something to think about beside her griefs.

Then came word of a dance to be held close-by, and she resolved to attend. Dressed for the occasion she slipped away, her heart beating with anticipation and the spirit of adventure. But her courage waned as she approached the place. It seemed as though the whole countryside was there; horses were tied to every tree and wagons and buggies lined the roadway. A big bonfire was blazing in front of the house, tended by the eager hands of a score of boys, and through the open door of the dwelling came the notes of the violins and sounds of merriment.

The music stirred her wavering steps and she went up to the doorway, past the men and boys about the fire. She knew them all and they were chivalrous with kindly greetings. Somewhat reassured she entered the house.

A DANCE was in progress at the time and she walked timidly along the wall looking for a vacant seat. Curious eyes were turned her way and she felt a growing hostility in the air, which finally took expression by girls leaving their escorts on the floor and crossing the room to huddle in whispering groups. The puzzled musicians laid aside their instruments, looking about to see what had occurred.

With great unction a virtuous decision was reached: the women folks would leave if Peggy Ainsley was allowed to stay. A few men who opposed the verdict were at once the target of immediate scorn—this was the women's affair. And pity has no place within a woman's heart for another of her sex who has deserved pity by unconventional conduct.

The hostess was appealed to; Peggy Ainsley must go. With conscious rectitude the woman crossed the room and bluntly ordered the girl to leave the house. Peggy rose blindly from her seat and stumbled to the door.

OUTSIDE, the men were gathered in little groups, talking in subdued voices. As she passed, a man detached himself from the crowd and approached her with outstretched hand and kindly voice.

"Do you remember me, Peggy? I'm John Blakewell, Buck's brother."

Peggy's troubled heart leaped within her breast.

"Buck—where is he? Where is Buck?" She caught the man's arm with trembling hands.

"I don't know; I wish I did." His voice hardened. "Buck didn't treat you right; he's my own brother, but I'll say he didn't do right. You're a good girl; I know all about you. What did they say in there?" and he jerked his head towards the house.

The girl's head sank on her breast. "They told me I must go—they sent me home."

She felt his figure grow tense. "You're not going; you're coming back with me." He called to the men about the fire. There were two factions among these boys. Those from the farms and those from the timber lands.

"Are we timber boys going to let those prairie dogs send Peggy home?" The answer was a series of startling whoops and a dozen or more of the men crowded about their self-appointed leader. Blakewell held up his hand for silence.

"Peggy's going back in the house with me. There's a prize cake tonight for the prettiest girl and Peggy's going to win that cake. I've got money to buy votes

and 'Old Betsey' here says Peggy'll take that cake home or there'll be lively times!" He patted his holstered revolver significantly.

There were loud cheers from the timber faction and the prairie boys held their peace. Blakewell was a man of violent temper and no respecter of opinions that differed from his own. He took Peggy's arm and entered the house, followed by his clan.

THE girl was thoroughly embarrassed, but her escort gave no heed and strode to the center of the room.

"Peggy's going to stay!" he announced. "She's going to dance with me. Anybody who doesn't like it can get out." He jerked his revolver from his belt, the long, blued barrel gleaming coldly in the light of the oil lamps.

"Everybody's going to dance!" he yelled, " 'Partners to your places and straighten up your faces!' "

There was a scramble among the frightened young folks and they hurriedly formed the sets of a quadrille.

"Start the music!" was Blakewell's stentorian command, and he whirled his revolver about his finger. The violinists needed no second admonition; they had had previous experience in those pioneer days and were men of peace. The music started; the prompter found voice, somewhat shaky at first, but gaining strength from an encouraging response to his directions. And everybody danced.

Blakewell was partially satisfied. Peggy was being treated courteously in the figures of the dance and he was resolved that she should carry off the honors of the evening. When the music ceased he took the floor again.

"BRING out that cake!" he demanded. "Peggy Ainsley gets the vote of the timber boys. You prairie fellows can put up anybody you've a mind to, but I'm here to say that Peggy wins. Money talks, and we've got the money!"

There were loud shouts of approval from his followers and jeers from the opposing faction; they had been bulldozed by Blakewell and his men, but here was a chance to retrieve their standing. All knew that votes, and votes only would be a factor in the award, for the code of the day was fair; a man or a group of men might enforce a point of courtesy or social amenity by virtue of weapons, but in the contest for the cake it would be a case of which side would win by financial strength.

The cake was brought in. Votes were sold at twenty-five cents apiece, and as if by tacit consent there was but one opponent to Peggy; any split in the opposing vote would spell disaster. Blakewell started proceedings with a five dollar gold piece, twenty votes.

Both sides put up their money freely. The votes piled up. The timber boys assumed the pose of stolid gamblers who backed a sure thing and knew it. Blakewell's pockets seemed filled with gold pieces; it was noted that he prevented several of his men from giving up their all and took their share upon himself.

There could be but one result to such consistent support; the purchase of votes by the opposing side grew less and less as the hopelessness of their cause became a surety, and with a final flurry it stopped altogether. The cake was Peggy Ainsley's!

Throughout the contest Peggy remained in the background, a quiet but nervous spectator of the scene. One or two of the elder women came up with a kindly word and inquiry regarding herself and "her folks" but her presence was ignored by the rest.

She made an effort to smile as Blakewell brought the prize to her seat. The man was in high spirits.

"I said you'd win it, Peggy! Not a chance for anyone else!" He made a sweeping bow and set the cake beside her on a chair.

PEGGY thanked him as best she could. She had no illusions in the matter; she knew the prize was hers solely because Blakewell and his followers had bought it with their votes, and that no element of popularity entered into the affair; she knew also that the aftermath would only be increased dislike from the people of the settlement.

Not trusting herself to speak aloud she beckoned Blakewell to her side and told him to give the cake to the boys. He protested at the idea, she must take it home. The girl shrank at the word as from a blow—she had not thought of what her parents would say of the evening's incidents.

Perhaps the man read her thoughts, for he turned to the crowd. "It's for all of us!" he shouted. "Three cheers for Peggy Ainsley!" and the cheers were given with good support from friend and foe.

Blakewell escorted the girl to her home. She tried to tell him of her appreciation of his championship but the effort was a failure. He had come to her rescue; he had forced a recognition of her presence upon an unwilling assemblage and contrived that she should carry off the honors, but it was all as ashes in her mouth.

Absorbed in her thoughts she hardly heard his remarks as they drove along. She jumped out when they reached her home and held out her hand.

"You have been more than good to me, Mr. Blakewell; you have been splendid. I wish I could thank you as I should—as I could under different circumstances."

THE man sensed the spirit of her heart and interrupted her with breezy good nature.

"Pshaw, Peggy! I didn't do anything much. Don't think any more about it. But remember this, Peggy, if you ever want for anything—" he hesitated—"if you ever need a good friend, or—or—any money, just let me know." With a flourish of his hat he gave rein to his horse and in a moment had disappeared in the darkness of the road.

Continued in Next Issue
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A Flyer in Adventure

(*Continued from page 50*)

are wondering why these people did not do something. Just what would you have done in the face of a revolver? Anyway, the fact remains that they did not do anything.

"Now that we're all gathered together, the entertainment can begin," said the highwayman. "Mary, get the bandanna from my saddle and lay it in front of me. Ladies will please remove their gloves before coming forward. Line forming to the right and don't shove. First coach step forward one at a time."

A man and woman sprang to their feet rebelliously.

"One at a time, and to show you I mean it, sir, take this as a little memento."

He fired his revolver, the shot passing directly through the crown of the man's hat! The little incident seemed to reduce any needless haste.

THEN a most peculiar procession took place. A steady stream of men and women passed before the masked man, giving up all their valuables. Finally, when the last passenger had contributed he mounted his horse and addressed the crowd. "I am a dead shot, you know. Driver, take out your watch for I believe you have the only one, and when I have been out of sight ten minutes you may start in safety. Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I am, sincerely yours. Bruno, the Bold, Bad Bandit, or Thrills from the Wild West."

JUST at sunset in a little gulch several miles from the scene of the hold-up, the man and girl dismounted wearily and seated themselves on the grassy bank of the little stream.

"Well, Sis, that's pretty good for one day's work," said the man eying the bandannas with satisfaction.

"I'll say it is," she cried gaily.

"My! I'm dog-tired," said he, removing his cartridge belt but keeping his revolver within easy reach. "What'll you have, some coin or a sparkler for your share?"

"I think I'd rather have a ring. I've still got a good deal of coin from the last haul I made on Frontier's Day. And if I had to have money, the ring would cash quick enough," she explained. "Oh, I want it now," she continued eagerly. "I haven't a one," and she held up her bare hand for inspection.

"Well," said he indulgently, and with just a shade of a personal note in his voice, "bring one of the gunny-sacks over and we'll see what we can do."

She dragged up the biggest one to his side and began trying to undo the knot in which the corners of the bandannas were tied. She worked several minutes.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I can't do it." She pushed it toward him, her eyes shining with excitement.

"What will you give me if I do?" he asked.

"A kiss," she blushed charmingly.

He bent over the bundle and then, with a quick movement, she snatched the revolver.

"Yes, a kiss!" she cried almost hysterically. "I guess we'll see who's boss now. Fine feathers don't make fine birds, but the gun makes the boss. Believe me, I'm some little dead-shot-Mary myself."

THE man, absolutely stupefied, sat perfectly silent.

"You big bully!" she went on. "You thought you knew me. Well, you didn't, but you do now. You thought I was one of a gang. Well, I am the real Mary Donovan and I'm not old man Donovan's daughter for nothing, either."

The man who had been eying her with a sinister look, suddenly sprang forward. A shot rang out and echoed in the cañon and the man's right hand hung limp.

"I hate to do it but I have to," she said tremulously, almost apologetically.

The man's face was agonized, but no word escaped his set lips.

"I'll just put this stuff on my pony," she said, and began to work rapidly. There was a dead silence until she had finished. Then she jumped to her horse's back, and rode away.

A FEW hours later, a dusty little figure tottered into the lobby of "Old Faithful Inn," dragging something behind her. She caught at the desk for support and then collapsed. In a moment she was the center of an excited group.

"Why, I believe it is the little hold-up girl," exclaimed someone.

The voice seemed to bring the prostrate girl back to consciousness.

"No, I'm not!" she gasped. "I'm Mary Donovan and I've brought back all your things." She indicated the bundles she had dropped on the floor.

There were cries of astonishment from the crowd that had gathered. And a moment later the bundles were untied and a general scramble ensued. From the exclamations that could be heard through the general din, it was evident that people were recovering their precious personal belongings.

Mary was too exhausted to move further, and was grateful for the comfort of a deep, soft chair. The hotel clerk, beaming with unalloyed admiration, hovered about her. He brought her water, and a luncheon.

She was just beginning to revive when the crowd again surrounded her, extending their thanks and expressing their admiration. She insisted that it was the only thing she could have done.

"But, how did you ever happen to be with him?" asked someone.

"Oh, it was the first time I'd ever been alone on a train," explained Mary, her voice breaking a little. "I prayed for an adventure, and I promised myself I'd speak to the first person who spoke to me to see what would happen. And just see what did happen! Father will be furious."

It wasn't long after that that her father did hear all about it and from many and various sources. And I was told that, somehow, he wasn't "furious" at all. In fact, if he was proud of the name of Donovan before, he was—well, more so now.

Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page 57*)

"That's the way to talk, my dear," he commended. "I've taken a great fancy to you, and you won't be sorry. When I take hold of a pretty girl like you I don't stop till she's made. You live with your folks, I s'pose?"

"No, sir," I replied like a little fool, "I'm alone here in the city."

"Better and better," he cried, patting me on the knee. "You play your cards right and I'll be the making of you. When can you begin?"

"Any time."

"Say! you're Suzanne on the spot, aren't you," he laughed. "Well, that suits me. I've got a nice little part for you. It's a kissing part. That'll suit you, I s'pose?"

I may as well admit that I had instant visions of the handsome hero making love to me. "Ye-es, sir," I stammered again.

"Say! I like you, Girlie. You'll get on. I'll bet it won't be the first kissing part you've taken, eh? Pretty lips like yours were meant for kisses. Let's see how you do it."

HE shifted his hand from my knee and caught my hand, pulling me toward him. I was silly enough, but not so silly as not to understand him at last. I snatched my hand away and started to my feet.

He looked honestly amazed. My innocence had deceived him. He stared at me for a moment. "What's the matter with you?" he asked harshly.

"There's no need to kiss you," I said. "I'm willing to do it in a part, but—"

"Say! it's in the part to kiss me, Girlie; and don't you forget it. I thought you were going to be sensible. Do you want an engagement, or don't you? If you do, you sign the contract with your pretty lips; if you don't, get out. I have no time to bother with you."

Without a word I turned and fled from the office, my eyes filled with tears of shame and humiliation. I stumbled through the curious crowd and got out into the hall. I only wanted to get away. I stood there uncertain which way to go to get the elevator, when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I turned quickly, thinking the man might have followed me. Instead it was the big woman with the bleached hair who stood beside me.

TO this day I don't know the name of that woman with the bleached hair, but I shall always remember her with gratitude. Her face was painted, her manner common, and when she talked she used such slang that I can only partially reproduce.

"The piker!" she said indignantly, "you wouldn't stand for a hold-up, and he threw you out, hey?"

"He insulted me," I sobbed.

"There now, dearie," she said, putting her arm about my shoulders, "don't let that worry you; a crook like that couldn't insult nobody."

She had drawn me away into a long, quiet corridor, and, glad of a sympathetic listener, I told her enough of my story to let her see how alone and helpless I was.

"I get you, Kid," she said softly. "I was like that once. Gee! that was a century ago. Listen! you want to leave the movies alone till you learn the ropes. There's a lot of 'em like that pole-cat in there, but there's some that ain't. I don't say give up your ambition; all I say is get in another way. And don't never pay the man's price."

"I'll die first," I said vehemently.

"Well, stick to it. It ain't always so easy to die when it comes to it, but anyhow you stick to it an' you'll be glad you did. Now, I got t' get back in there, but here! you take this address—" she scribbled an address on a bit of paper—"an' go there. It's the name of an artist who wants just such a model as you. He's all right, an' you can trust him. There won't be much in it, but it'll help you to a little mazuma. An' what's more it's one good way to break into the movies. Keep your eyes and ears open and grab your chance when it comes."

With that and a pat on my shoulder she was gone.

I FOUND my way to the studio of the artist. It was down in Greenwich Village, near where my apartment was, as I discovered later. He was a pleasant-looking, elderly man; and when I told him why I had come, he studied me as intently as those horrible men on Broadway had done, but very differently. I didn't mind his eyes at all.

"Have you ever posed?" he asked.

"No, sir; but I'll try hard to please you."

"I'm sure you will; and you are just the type I want. The work is very fatiguing, but I think we shall get along very well."

He explained the picture he was to paint of me, and showed me a rough sketch of it. I was to be an old-fashioned girl. He brought out the costume I was to wear and showed me the dressing-room where I could change my clothes.

I wondered that I was not afraid to undress there, in the next room to him, with nothing but a flimsy, unlocked door between us; but I trusted him so completely that, except for breathing a little more quickly when my clothes were off, I was undisturbed.

THAT was the beginning of a very pleasant experience. The posing was the hardest work I had ever done, but he was quick to see when I was getting tired and made me sit down. At such times and even often when I was posing, he talked to me about the places he had been to and the people he had seen; so that besides the money I earned, I learned a great deal.

All this while, which covered several months, I continued to live in the apartment. I never was called on to pay any rent, which indicated either that Wally had paid the rent far in advance, or that he made it a point to pay it as long as I remained there. In either case I owed him no thanks and felt under no obligation to him.

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Of course I learned to know New York well, and became in a sense sophisticated. I was pretty enough and dressed well enough to make myself an agreeable companion for some of the artists, who took me to the theater and to dinner very often.

NOTWITHSTANDING, I was not happy. I thought a great deal of my folks at home, from whom I was cut off by my pride; and I never ceased to think of Barry, with whom I compared every man I knew, and always to Barry's advantage. In fact my love for Barry grew with the days.

Why didn't I return home then? Go back and tell them about my affair with Wally? Or go back and say it was a lie that I had written in my letter about going to California? Who would believe I had lived in New York all these months and remained a good girl?

Rightly or wrongly, I could see no way before me but to go on as I had started. The moving pictures drew me more and more. It was like a magic lure. And I was sure that if ever the day came that I won success on the screen, that day would see me reunited with my family, and, perhaps—Barry.

SO always I waited for the chance to make the venture. And at last it came. I was posing for an artist who had, as an occasional visitor, a director of a large moving picture studio. I became acquainted with this man, Mr. Harding. And once he jokingly suggested that he was looking for just such a girl as I in a comedy he was about to produce. I told him as calmly as I could that I would like to make the trial. He took me up instantly.

It was a small part, and I knew I was not much of a success in it; but I was good to look at, and the director was sufficiently pleased to give me another small part. I thought I was made; but unfortunately for me Mr. Harding was taken out to California, and that left me stranded again. I could have gone back to posing, but as I had learned the "ropes" by this time, I knew I could get more work in the moving pictures. And I did.

THE director who followed Mr. Harding was another sort of man entirely, and I didn't like him. He evidently liked me, however; and when I applied to him he took me on for a comedy. It was one of the sort that has no especial story, and depended on custard pie and other rough stuff for its fun; and most of its attraction lay in a number of pretty girls in bathing suits. I had a few qualms, however, as I slipped into the suit.

More than once the director, Jimmy Snell as he was familiarly known, complimented me on my rounded form; and he took occasion to tell me that with such a face and figure I could climb fast, if only I were in the right hands. I knew that meant that his were the right hands, and I was too sophisticated by this time not to understand the expression in his eyes.

He made very free with the other bathing girls, but I contrived to evade him, so that I had no trouble with him until one day he made an excuse for having me alone with him in the studio on the pretence of posing me for a close-up.

HE put me on a draped pedestal and studied me from every angle, as I stood there in my close-fitting tights. I was uneasy, sensing that all this was apart from any business of the comedy, but I did not say anything until in posing me he touched me with quite unnecessary frequency, letting his hands linger on my arms or slip along my body.

"You needn't touch me," I said sharply. "Tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

He laughed. "Are you so much better than the other girls?" he asked. "You're some little queen, and I can help you."

"You don't need to handle me," I said sulkily. I didn't want to anger him, but I was afraid of him.

"You want to get on, don't you?" he asked.

"Of course I do, but this has nothing to do with the comedy," I answered, trying hard to keep cool.

"How do you know it hasn't?" he demanded.

I didn't know. One never knows what use is going to be made of any part of a film. Sometimes the end is taken first, sometimes the middle; and in a comedy all sorts of pictures are taken that seem to the actors to have no relation to the story.

"Well, you needn't handle me, anyhow," I said.

"Do you want to throw up your job?" he demanded sharply.

I TRIED another tack. I wanted to keep my job, for I was always hoping I would be noticed by someone able and willing to push me without demanding the price.

"Look here, now, Mr. Snell," I said, "I want to please you, and maybe I am a bit touchy. Won't you please be nice to me?"

"You're not so nice to me, I don't think," he retorted. "Here I am giving you a good show and you take it into your head to be mean. Suppose you let me run this thing in my own way. You don't know what I'm trying to do. Any of the other girls would give anything for this chance. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered in a conciliatory tone, "I know that, but I'm not used to being handled so much. I'll try to be nice about it."

I could see him smile in a satisfied way as if he had subdued me just as he had expected to; and thereupon he began to pose me in different ways, always touching me more than was necessary. I stood it until he went too far.

MY temper finally broke, and without wasting time in words, I clenched my fist and struck him in the face with all my force. I guess it was a pretty hard blow for it sent him staggering back.

I jumped down off the pedestal and he jumped for me. I could have screamed and brought someone, but that would have meant a scandal in which my name would have been bandied about with more discredit to me than to him. So I ran toward the door.

He caught me before I reached it and had me in his arms.

"I'll teach you to show your temper," he panted. "You don't like to be handled, don't you, you little prude!"

He was a strong man and I only a girl, even though I was active and vigorous. I fought like a fury, but it seemed to me for weeks afterward that I could never forget his hot breath in my face, his loathsome kisses, his crushing arms or brutal hands.

The only satisfaction I have is knowing that he carried the marks of that struggle for weeks, my nails having scored his face in crimson marks.

I EXPECTED to be driven ignominiously from the studio, but for some reason I was not only retained in the cast, but was not again molested by Jimmy Snell. He several times made joking reference to my temper, but never went beyond that. I feared him all the more, however, for I learned that he never relinquished the pursuit of a girl he had once undertaken to subdue.

If I had been one-quarter as clever as I thought I was, I would have suspected something more than I did from the way Jimmy Snell treated me. As it was, I was only uneasy when I saw him look at me with a quiet smile on his face. Certainly I should have left, but the fact was that I wasn't yet cured of my wilfulness.

There was another thing, too, that made me remain, and that was the never-failing hope of being starred. I think I believed most of the fairy stories about the making of movie stars, and thought my chance would come.

Other girls were given chances but I was always passed over. I knew I owed that to Jimmy Snell, but I told myself to be patient and bide my time, since it was whispered that Jimmy would someday be moved to California.

OCCASIONALLY, one of the large stockholders in the producing company would come to the studios and see a picture being rehearsed or photographed. I was told his name was Harker and that he was the most important man in the company. He was a rather good-looking man, though not young, but as he paid no attention to any of the girls I knew nothing of him but what I was told.

It was whispered round that he had a way of watching a rehearsal and of picking out men and girls doing small parts, and then advancing them if they showed talent.

Well, one day, the great Mr. Harker came up to me in the sight of everybody and asked me my name. I told him.

"A very good name as it stands," he said gravely. "You're rather short, though. However that might be overcome if you were right other ways. Ever had a straight part?"

MY heart was beating violently, for I saw that I was within reaching distance of my coveted opportunity.

"I've never done anything," I answered breathlessly, "but I'd try hard if I was given the chance."

"There are some things in your favor," he said judicially. "I have been watching you for some time, and I've a great mind to try you out. I have noticed that you put some brains into even your small parts."

I flushed with pride. "I always try to do my best," I murmured. I was beside myself with anxiety because he seemed undecided.

"The main trouble is," he went on with a frown of perplexity, "that you are so young that your folks won't want you to leave home. Did I say you would have to go to California?"

"Oh," I cried eagerly, "I have no folks; I live alone. I'm nearly eighteen." California! it seemed the first great step.

"Eighteen!" he repeated. "You don't look over sixteen. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you a chance. Snell!" he raised his voice, and the director came immediately.

"Yes, sir?" queried the director, looking me over curiously.

"Try this girl in Miss Holcombe's part in 'The Trail of the Serpent.' I think she might fill it."

WITH that he turned and went away, leaving me with Snell. The latter smiled at me in the way I so disliked and distrusted.

"So," said he, "you're going to get your chance in spite of me, eh?"

I wasn't going to be foolish enough to antagonize him.

"It isn't in spite of you, Mr. Snell," I said as humbly as I could. "I didn't seek this; and I will try to do my best."

"Oh," he laughed, "I don't bear you any grudge. If the big boss wants you to have a trial I'll give you an honest one. If you've got it in you I'll bring it out. Bygones are bygones. Come tomorrow at ten o'clock."

I could have wept for joy. I didn't know anything about the part in question, but I knew that Miss Holcombe played fairly important parts and that her salary was three or four times as much as mine. And that Jimmy Snell was going to leave me alone. He was a good director and knew how to bring out the best in an actor. I forgave him everything and went home walking on air.

The part wasn't a big one, but at least I was in the picture; and Jimmy Snell was as good as his word. He bullied me and treated me like the dirt under his feet, but he was quite impersonal.

A good actress? I know now that I wasn't one; but it is simply amazing what a good director can do with a man or woman. I knew that Jimmy Snell was doing his best by me.

Mr. Harker seemed to take no notice of me after that, though he was often in the studios watching the rehearsals. And when the picture was finished and I was wondering if he had forgotten all about me, I was one day told to go to the office of the director; and there he was seated behind the desk.

"SIT down, Miss Lester," he said, "and we will talk over the matter of your future."

I took the chair indicated, noting with satisfaction that the desk was between us. Evidently there was to be nothing like I had once before experienced.

"Yes, sir," I said, almost sighing aloud in my happiness.

(*Continued on page* 84)

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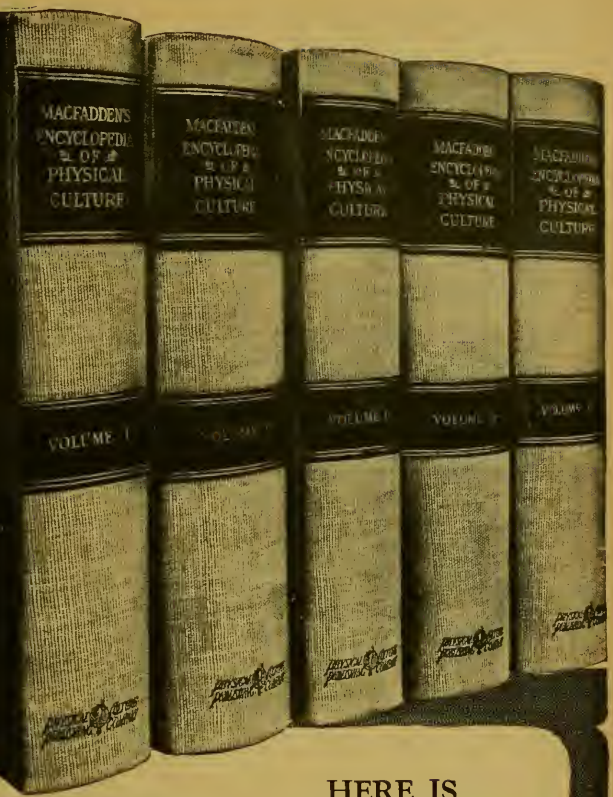

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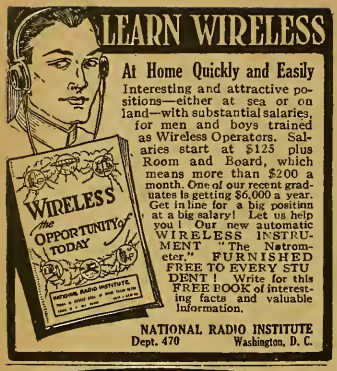

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(*Continued from page* 81)

"I have kept my eye on you," he went on in a business-like way, and at the same time picking out a paper from among others on his desk, "and I think you give considerable promise. You may not know it, but I rather pride myself on my ability to see talent where others are often blind to it."

"Yes, sir," I breathed, "I—I have heard that said."

"It is my pleasure and in a measure my profit," he continued, "to do this; and I may say that I have made the reputations of more than a few young men and women. I have selected you because of your youth and beauty—I suppose you know you are beautiful?"

"Oh!" I gasped.

"Yes, of course you know. How could you help it? But youth and beauty without talent wouldn't get you far."

"Oh, I know."

"I am not sure yet that you have talent, but I am willing to take a chance on it if you will put yourself in my hands," he said in his calm way, the ghost of a friendly smile showing on his face. "How about it?"

"You are very kind," I answered. "I will do whatever I can to deserve your kindness."

"I am sure you will, Miss Lester." He paused and looked very grave; then went on, "There is one thing I wish to say to you before I ask you to sign this contract." He waved the paper he held in his hand and studied me for so long that I said, "Yes, sir."

"It is this," he went on. "I have made no inquiries into your moral character because I am somewhat a judge of character, and there seemed to be no need in your case of making any such inquiry. I hope you will be frank with me."

I WAS astounded. I had never suspected before that the moral character of the movie folk was even considered. I almost smiled when I thought what a dear, old innocent this must be who could speak of such a thing.

"I—I am a good girl," I answered in a low tone.

"I am sure you are. It is my purpose to have only good people in my employment. It is only right I should tell you this."

"Yes."

"That is understood then. Now, if you please, I will ask you to look over this contract and sign it. It is the usual form, slightly modified, and by it you agree to be in California within ten days. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your expenses out will be paid and the amount of your salary will be settled when you are out there. That also will be satisfactory? I wish no misunderstanding."

"Yes, sir," I agreed eagerly.

"Very well, then! Sign on the bottom line under my name. It is in duplicate, you see."

I MADE a show of reading the contents, but in fact I was too much excited to do anything of the kind. Then I signed my name. Well, it wasn't the name I was christened, which was Susan, but the more pretentious name of Suzanne, which I had adopted. I mention it because it was the first time I had ever used it officially.

While I was signing it a boy came in with a note which he placed on the desk. As I looked up Mr. Harker was reading the note. I waited for him to finish, which he did in a few moments. He threw the note on the desk with an air of chagrin.

"What a nuisance!" he exclaimed. "Here I make arrangements to take a lady out to dinner, and at the last moment she is taken ill and can't go. Too bad! too bad! Well, it can't be helped. This is your contract, Miss Lester; take it along with you. Come here at two o'clock tomorrow and we'll make arrangements for the trip out. Good day, Miss Lester!"

He checked my effort to thank him and began looking over some papers; but I hadn't reached the door before he called out as if struck by a sudden thought.

"OH, Miss Lester!" I turned. "Yes, sir."

"Don't you want to do me a favor?"

"Yes, sir; gladly." Of course I was only too happy to do that nice, old man any favor in my power.

"I'm afraid you won't get much fun out of it yourself, but I'm all thrown out by this note. I have a dinner engaged and no one to share it with me. Will you take the lady's place?"

Do you think it occurred to me to doubt that good, kind man? No.

"Oh, sir," I said, "yes, sir, I—I would like to go. Only—only—"

"Only what?" he demanded kindly.

"I—I don't think I have any suitable clothes, sir," I faltered.

"Well, well! I might have thought of that. You won't want to feel out of place, will you? Too bad!" Then after a pause he looked up with a smile. "I have it! What do you say if I advance you fifty dollars on your salary? Would that be enough to get what you need?"

"Oh, plenty," I answered joyfully.

"The ladies will all wear evening gowns, you know," he suggested.

"Yes, sir," I assured him. "I'm sure I can get something that will do."

"I have no doubt of it," he agreed. "Run along and do your prettiest. I have your address. I'll call for you in my limousine at six o'clock."

"How kind you are!" I found words to say, and went out with my silly head in the clouds.

I passed Jimmy Snell on the way out of the studios. He looked at me with his odd, evil smile; and I went out into the street with the uneasy feeling that s e how Jimmy Snell was yet to be reckoned with. Though how he could touch me, now that I was under the protection of good Mr. Harker, I couldn't imagine.

Continued in Next Issue
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
On Sale March 5th

The Choice

(*Continued from page 29*)

appeal to him had been her candour and unspoiledness. The three hundred pounds comprising the clerk's estate having proved inadequate, she had just made a start in the only sort of career possible to her.

Starved for human companionship, he was ripe for such an adventure, and she—she had fineness enough to perceive his inherent decency. She told him without hesitation all there was to tell of herself, glossing nothing over, laying it all out for his inspection. He saw a wisp of femininity rather more honest than the run of her sisters, and somehow too good for the gutter. And she saw a man who had been buffetted rather more than was good for him and whom it had made harder. Since she had made candour the rule, he thought it only fair to observe it too.

Finding himself marooned in the East, he told her that of the few things he could do he gambled best, and that he had turned to it much as she had turned to her trade.

"Someday," he continued, "I shall probably go back to the States. But many things may happen—cards isn't the safest occupation out here. But, someday, I may be sent for, and, in that case, I should have to leave you—I want you to understand that before you agree to go in with me."

Her humid gray eyes did not waver; she appreciated what he was offering. He watched her impressing rings upon the table-cloth with her glass.

"I've been out here long enough to know that sooner or later a man has to leave a girl—but a gentleman treats her well."

She had hesitated, apparently not knowing just how to put the words.

"I'd like to go on with you," she had said awkwardly. "And I'll play fair."

THE chief elements in his attraction for her seem to have been his caste, and the offer of a haven; for even then, before his hair had whitened and he had become so attenuated, he could hardly have been said to be a handsome man. Hers for him had been more complex; the clearest feeling he had about her was that he wanted a companion. For it must here be understood that he had no business use for her—no such use as is sometimes made of her kind.

So the contract was solemnized with a bottle of champagne, and they honeymooned in a tossing old junk in the China Sea. And when it was over, he returned to business.

They voyaged from island to island and from city to city, much as might any modest commercial traveller and his wife. His part was to provide the wherewithal, and hers the human element. Neither harbored any illusions, and perhaps for that reason were singularly free from any of those embittering little clashes which so often undermine more conventional alliances.

THE one thing he was careful never to allow her to lose sight of was the inevitability of the letter.

"You know," he would painstakingly explain, "it will be from my brother's lawyer. He is older than I, my brother, a bachelor and in poor health. When he dies, I will have to go back. I never got along very well with him, and that's one of the reasons I came out here. But you won't suffer, I'll see to that—make some kind of provision for you. If you liked, you might go back to England."

But she would shake her head and smile her slow smile.

"No; I'm afraid I shouldn't know what to do back in England."

Her attitude puzzled him a little; another woman would have betrayed some flash of concealed enthusiasm, and he wondered sometimes if she believed him; for it almost looked as if she were humoring him with that peculiar, maternal wisdom a woman sometimes adopts toward a project in which she cannot believe, but toward which she assumes a semblance of credulity for purposes of pacification.

Once he had put the question flatly.

"Why don't you say something? Sometimes I almost think you don't believe what I tell you—that you think I'm laying the foundation for an excuse to leave you when I am ready! You don't think that, do you?"

Her answer should have been convincing, but still not satisfied, he had tried to draw her out further.

"I believe you," she had said, pulling at the rings on her slender fingers. "But I don't like to think of it—that's all. And what's the use talking about it? When the time comes, you'll go, because it's your place. You say you'll provide for me, and I believe you—that's enough. I have no plans, because it hurts to make them; I'd rather live in the present; there'll be time enough—then!"

He was impressed and it was several months before he recurred to it.

HIS attitude toward her during the years they had been together had undergone a subtle change. A gradual and almost imperceptible metamorphosis, which he felt rather than saw, had taken place in her. Her former associates and associations seemed to have left no imprint; they were never spoken of, seemed to have been forgotten.

And besides his pleasure in the woman herself was the potter's pleasure in the clay. He had wrought this—he!

But his mind was not the kind to give all this much conscious thought; he was too busy, for one thing, making a living with the cards, and it is unlikely that he would have appreciated its magnitude and significance, if he had. She remained merely Bella, the soft fellow-creature from whom he drew his supply of those softer emotions, which, in the life he had led, had heretofore been denied him.

HE never entertained any idea of making the relationship more permanent; it would have addressed itself to him as manifestly impossible. He would as soon have thought of appearing in New England in midwinter in his sun-

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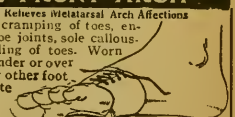

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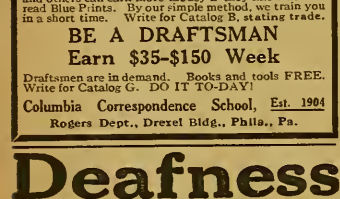

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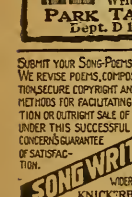

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helmet and drills, as to have thought of taking her there.

He had gone over it all many times; indeed, during the day when he was not busy, it was his favorite pastime, and he had long ago decided that when he went ashore at San Francisco, this phase of his life would end. The last thing connecting him with it would be the few tropical clothes he might have, and they would be left at some hotel, or given to a bell-boy to be gotten rid of. Once, he had had a disagreeable start when he realized that there would be one thing of which he could not so easily rid himself—and which he would have to carry to Connecticut with him in the bottom of his grip—the hypodermic syringe!

His thoughts stopped when he came to this part again. He got up, went over to the window, and stood staring down.

"Bella!" he called, and when she appeared between the rattans, he motioned toward the chair.

He took the letter out.

"This was from the States, Bella, as you suspected, and—well, it was the letter."

"I was waiting for you to tell me," she said quietly. "Then, he is dead—your brother."

THE level eyes were disconcerting, and he blundered into silence. There were many things he wanted to say, but he could not make a beginning. She sat with her hands folded loosely in her lap, making no effort to help him, and her loveliness struck him with a sudden, redoubled impact. He bit his lip

"It was the letter, Bella—don't you understand, the letter!"

The words were wrung from him by her composure.

"I understand," she murmured. "And you're going now—yes. I understand that, too." She smiled quietly. "But such things are hard to get used to, even though they are expected. One somehow gets into the habit of merely anticipating them. Do you understand—I wonder if you do?"

"I'm sorry," he murmured.

"No," she went on, judicially, "you mustn't be. I'm glad it's come to you before you're any older. It's your place—and you must go and take it." With that she arose and went toward her room again. In the doorway, she attempted another smile.

He sat hunched in the chair for perhaps ten minutes. Some of her perfume remained in the room, like the ghost of her personality, and he got up and went to the window in an attempt to escape it.

SHE was right. It was his place.

A bleak smile twitched at his mouth, and he went back to the chair. It had been easier than he had dared hope. She must have known all the time and fought it out with herself.

And then his mood changed. He tried to visualize the old New England town, and the house behind its elms, shuttered and aloof, as he had last seen it, very old and very self-sufficient-seeming as had been the family who had lived there. Soft-voiced women had tripped over its polished floors in his youth, and names he had not thought of for years came back to him: the Lowells, the Merrills, the Lodges—names which conjured up dim pictures, lighted with the laughter of youth, and mellowed by the mists of years.

It was not impossible that he might marry. The worst they could say of him was that he had been sowing his wild oats—and none would blame him for that. Did not his place in the world permit such eccentricities?

A wave of bitterness swept over him. Then he went over—and looked into the other room. Unseen, he looked down on her as she lay there, wide-eyed and crumpled up, and he watched the rise and fall of her breast. Every few seconds there was a convulsive intake. At first he thought she would speak, but when she did not move, he withdrew.

The train of his thoughts of the last half-hour made him realize now something of the extent of his rehabilitation. He had been so long without resources; he had been bothering about funds. He would cable for them, of course, for he had to cable the lawyer anyhow! What simpler!

THE glint of the syringe caught his eye again, and he picked it up as though he had never seen it before and thrust it out of sight. What would South Stafford, Connecticut, think of a man who used such a thing?

Bella, of course, viewed the habit as he did himself. It was regrettable, but a minor thing; his strained nerves and the nature of his livelihood demanded it. But South Stafford, unconscious of the existence of all these grim urges of necessity, what would it think?

He found his hat and softly let himself out, but the new train of thought persisted. On the stairs, he hesitated. Two voices were speaking to him: one was Bella's, and the other South Stafford's. The latter's seemed strangely cold, and bitter with invective; Bella's spoke softly of life, of the things they both knew, but of which, strangely enough, he had lost sight. How clear she made it all!

THE cable office was only a few squares down, and he was back within twenty minutes. Without removing his hat he went to the portières. She was lying as he had left her, and, going to her he bent and touched the soft hair. Her cheek was tear-stained, and more affected than he would have admitted, he made his way out.

"Bella!" he called from the other room.

There was a rustling moment, and, then she appeared in the doorway with her sodden handkerchief balled up in her hand. She tried to smile.

"Come here," he ordered. He knew that she had gone back for powder.

"Bella," he said slowly, when she came back. "I have been cabling."

Her eyes were wide and her lips slightly parted, as if awaiting a blow.

"The letter requested an immediate answer, you know. And besides I needed some ready money—for my own and my wife's passage back. We'll be married tomorrow. I can't leave you out here. We'll both have a try at rehabilitation—and New England!" he finished whimsically.

An Experiment in Love

(Continued from page 53)

duty to your child if you have thought that he was your property to deal with according to your will. A child is the highest of trusts, and it is the duty of a parent to strive for the happiness of the child."

"I did not know I had to do with so advanced a theorist," he said bitterly. "But meeting you on your own ground——"

"You cannot think you are doing that until you recognize my sincerity as I do yours."

"Your sincerity in what?"

"In this," she answered vehemently, and with tears starting to her eyes, "that I am thinking more of Harry's happiness than of anything else. There is nothing I would not suffer or do to make him happy."

"Ah! if I could believe that!"

"You could believe it if you were not so intent on your own selfish game, in which Harry is but a pawn. I know that you think me determined to have him at any cost, and you come to me, thinking to bear me down with your man's strength. Why can't you believe in my honesty and sincerity? What have I done that you should doubt them? And if you are so prejudiced and unreasonable in your treatment of me, how can I credit you with more wisdom in regard to Harry?"

In spite of her angry resolution not to break down, as she had been several times on the verge of doing, her voice trembled and her lip quivered as she ended; and then the sobs came.

HENRY THORNE started to his feet, and strode up and down the room. He saw he had misjudged her, and was ashamed of his rudeness to her. Then stopping in front of Ruth he placed his hand upon her shoulder, for she had turned her head and was wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"I am sorry, Miss Warner," he said gently. "I should have known that Harry would not have made a friend of one as unworthy as I had suspected you of being. Will you forgive me?"

Ruth hastily turned, and looked eagerly into his face, doubting a little if the overture, so unexpectedly and so suddenly made, could be in earnest; but she saw instantly that it was, and she put out her hand to him with a little cry of joy.

"You do believe I am honest?" she cried.

"I would never have doubted if I had not been dominated by my anger toward you. Please forgive me!"

"That is not necessary," she answered gently. Then after a long silence, she went on falteringly:

"I am afraid you don't give up your opposition to me, just the same."

"I cannot."

"Well," murmured Ruth, quieter now, "let us talk it over. You won't be cross with me, will you, if I don't give in to you? I love Harry, even if you think there is no such thing, and I can't give him up unless for his greater happiness."

"But if I can convince you that it is for his happiness?"

"Yes—yes, I will give him up then." Her voice was hardly more than a whisper as she spoke.

RUTH was eager to come into friendly relations with Harry's father, and was instantly softened by his admission of faith in her. Conviction of her sincerity had been growing all the while, and it only needed her pathetic sob to break down his show of incredulity.

It was characteristic of them both, however, that neither abandoned anything because of their changed relations.

"You will pardon me if I speak with great plainness?" he said to her.

"If you speak kindly I shall not mind how plainly. And I want to assure you again that, whatever you may think of love, mine for Harry is of such a nature that if you can convince me that he will be happier for having me go out of his life, I will go out, though I know lifelong misery will be my lot in consequence."

"And you must believe me when I say that I believe the greatest happiness to Harry will come from following the path laid out for him. He is dearer to me than anyone else in the world, and my life has long been wrapped up in his. I say this to relieve myself of the charge of selfishness."

"I am sorry for anything I said, in the heat of anger, that has caused you pain."

IT was the shy, sweet girl who stood before him, looking up into his face out of a pair of wonderfully expressive blue eyes, and a dim consciousness of what had attracted Harry made itself felt in the father's heart. But, firm in his conviction that he was right, he felt that he must carry out his purpose, no matter what the pain to this frail girl.

"Do you know Elizabeth Mowbray?" he asked.

"I have seen her, but never talked with her. Harry wished me to meet her, but I did not care to. Perhaps I could not bear to be put in comparison with her magnificent beauty."

"She is a perfect woman."

"Not unless she has loved."

"Physically perfect, then."

"Harry has said so, and to my eyes it seems so. I never saw anyone so beautiful, so graceful, so magnificent."

"At least, you do not stint your praise. I think, from what you have said, that you know how she and Harry have been brought up with the one great purpose of marrying, so that a child as perfect as they might be brought into the world."

"Yes; Harry has told me."

"And do you know that the institution of marriage can have no reason for existence except as a preliminary to parenthood?"

"Ye-es; Harry has convinced me of that. I had never thought of it until he explained it to me."

"Then you will have to admit that fitness for parenthood is an absolute essential to a correct marriage?"

"Ye-es."

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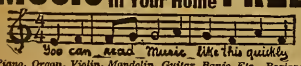

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"And unfitness an insuperable bar?"

"Yes."

"Are you physically what a woman should be to take the responsibility of bringing a child into this world? You know you are not; so why speak of love, since that is not a factor in the case?"

"If I were physically fit, according to your notions, would you then withdraw your opposition to me?"

HENRY THORNE hesitated. Perhaps he had never realized before how bent he was on having Harry fulfill in every detail the task that he had set for him.

"I think if you were as fit as Elizabeth," he answered slowly, "that I would make no opposition. But you are not, and never can be."

"Suppose it should be that Harry's happiness were dependent upon marrying me, would you take any account of that?"

"If anyone should tell me that his happiness was dependent upon the commission of a crime, I could only say that he must be morally diseased. Even if I admitted your contention as to the importance of what you call love, in a union which has for its object the performance of a purely physical function, I should still be obliged to believe that unfitness for the performance would be an insuperable objection. And you have admitted as much yourself. Tell me, do you believe yourself physically fit for motherhood?"

"I am not, now," she answered bravely, "but I know I can be in time. I am slight, but I am constitutionally well; and, in time, I can be what I now know a woman should be before she undertakes the sacred duty of motherhood. You profess to despise the sentiment of love, perhaps to deny its very existence by confounding it with physical attraction. You love Harry, do you not? Or is he really only a pawn in your game? Do you care nothing for his happiness in the years to come? Are you thinking only of your experiment? Consider, Mr. Thorne, that you cannot eliminate love by saying it does not exist. Love *does* exist, and it rules the world."

"Such love as I bear Harry exists, but it is sexual passion that rules the world; and that is what you call love, because it has pleased a hypocritical social system to plot its own downfall and degradation by a shocking pretense that the dominating and essential emotion of the human animal is impure."

"But I don't think so," she said, earnestly, "and yet I say that love is a thing apart from passion. Passion is fundamental, necessary to the existence of the race; beautiful, if you will; but love is higher and greater, including and controlling passion."

"Reason is a finer factor than love, and more potent for good."

"Reason is too cold and hard. See how you, who are so strenuous in insisting that a child must not be born unless its parents are equipped to give it that health which is necessary to happiness, ignore the happiness of your own child, and wish him to please you instead of living his own life."

"I am wishing him to take the right way. And I am asking of you only to be true to yourself. You are not fit now, whatever you may be in the future, to be a mother; and, therefore, you have no right to consider being a wife, which is but another way of expressing the same idea."

"AND you are not willing to give me the opportunity to try to make myself fit?" Ruth asked.

"I don't feel that you have any right to ask that."

"And what right have you to ask me to sacrifice my happiness to what is, after all, but a whim of yours?"

"I am working in the interests of all humanity. You cannot believe that I am actuated by selfish motives. I ask you to look around you, and see the wretched, unhappy specimens of humanity—wretched and unhappy because of the ill-health which was criminally forced upon them by unthinking parents. I wish to show what a splendid man and a splendid woman can do as parents. I want an object lesson that shall demonstrate the wickedness and absurdity of our existing system, which degrades and belittles the most important function of life by stigmatizing it as impure, and making that an excuse for the mystery and shame and vileness with which it is surrounded."

"And, believe me, I sympathize with you. I felt as the world feels about sex matters, until I knew Harry and had talked with him. But you will commit a worse crime than that of which society is guilty if you ignore love in your calculations. If they do not love each other, hate will soon come into their lives; and with hate comes almost every condition inimical to the welfare of their children."

"If what you say be true," he answered, "it is only an argument against the binding them together with a hard and fast knot. I say nothing against love, but I do say that it has nothing to do with parenthood. You say you and Harry love each other. I have no objection to that. Be friends till you die, if you wish, but don't make a fanciful, intangible emotion the basis for so purely physical a matter as parenthood."

RUTH flushed, and bit her lip, hesitated, then cried vehemently:

"I don't know how I have the courage to talk of these things to you, but I suppose it is because I am fighting for what is dearer than life to me. You speak slightingly of love, but the weight of experience is with me when I say that love is the controlling power for happiness in life. Passion is a force that works blindly, and, uncontrolled, works brutally for the reproduction of the species. Without passion, it is true, the race would die out. If I say these things so positively, it is because I have read the books Harry has given me, and because I have studied myself, and have thought about these matters. Passion, uncontrolled by love, becomes a hateful lust; controlled, it becomes not only the force by which we are impelled to reproduction, but it becomes the beautiful means of expressing love in its highest, most beneficent character.

"Passion moves not only to procreation, but to all creative achievement; and love constantly demands expression

through passion. So, if you can succeed in bringing about a marriage between Harry and Miss Mowbray, there being no love between them, someday one or both of them will crave the love that is necessary to the growth of the soul, and which the soul will have, and then will come that misery for them which has been called hell on earth—for they will turn away from each other with loathing and hate."

"YOU argue warmly, if you do not argue well," Mr. Thorne said, rising, his face set in hard lines; "but you do not answer my demand that you give up such hold as you may have on Harry."

"I have no hold upon him but his love. I could not give that up, if I would."

"Will you give me no other answer than this?"

"I can give you no other answer today. Tomorrow I will be more definite. It seems, I think, a small matter to you, but to me it is as if you had asked me to throw life itself away."

"And you will do nothing, write nothing, hold no communication with Harry in the meantime?"

"If you cannot trust me without a promise, you cannot with one. I will do what I think I have a right to do."

"Forgive me! It was an insulting demand. Then I may come here tomorrow?"

"No: I will go to your house tomorrow afternoon."

DEEPLY impressed, and amazed as well, at the strength of mind and character displayed by Ruth, though not a whit moved from his purpose by anything she had said, Henry Thorne drove swiftly to the Mowbray mansion, anxious to consult with his friend and fellow experimenter at this crisis.

Mr. Mowbray was not at home, but Elizabeth heard his voice in the hall, and came running down to greet him. She was dressed in bloomers, and made a very charming picture in them. Mr. Thorne could not help making a comparison between her, radiant with health and strength, and developed into a robust roundness, with the slight form of Ruth.

Ruth had irritated him even while she had compelled respect and admiration for her character; Elizabeth soothed him at once. He smiled affectionately as he took her strong hand in his and listened to her.

"Uncle isn't home; gone to New York. Where's Harry?"

"He's in New York on some business of mine."

He had not meant to do such a thing, but even his strong nature demanded sympathy, and of a sudden he determined to take Elizabeth into his confidence in regard to Harry. He knew she had no nonsensical notions about marriage to make his confidence dangerous.

Continued in Next Issue

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Eunice Finds Herself

(*Continued from page* 15)

AS time passed, a queer restlessness seized me and when the school-year began again I decided that I would rather go to work than return to school. Both mother and father tried to dissuade me from going to work, but staying at home and doing nothing proved so irksome that I would have welcomed anything for a change. Then one day I found the following advertisement:

"Wanted: Young lady in office of real estate firm. Experience not necessary. Work light and pay good. Only those with sunny dispositions need apply. Write Box 456, giving full particulars and photograph."

I sat down immediately and wrote the most winsome letter I possibly could. And I was elated when I received the following reply:

"My Dear Miss Grayson:
After careful consideration we have decided to give you an interview in regard to the position which you feel capable of filling. Present this letter to Mr. Herbert Graham at the above address at ten o'clock, Wednesday morning.

Very truly yours,
Herbert Graham."

I danced up and down in an exuberance of joy and prepared myself with infinite care for the interview.

Mr. Graham proved to be a very handsome gentleman nearing forty. Bidding me draw my chair close to his he eyed me speculatively for several moments.

"YOU are wonderful, my dear," he said paternally, stroking my hands, "and I am certain that we shall get along very well together. I am a lonesome old bachelor, and I want to have somebody in my private office who will keep me in a good humor. It's really worth a lot to me in a business way, and if you care to stay, the compensation I am sure will satisfy you."

He had such a soft voice and seemed so paternal and kind, that I could not have resented his familiarity had I been so inclined. I felt much like a character in a fairy-tale.

"Do you live with your parents?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Um—well, Eunice, I think we will get along well together as I have already said. Your principal duty is to keep me cheerful, as I have already indicated. You may as well start now. Let me help you off with your coat."

That was the beginning and what a marvelous beginning it was. Poor, ignorant little child that I was.

My work consisted mostly of reading magazines and eating chocolates that Mr. Graham thoughtfully supplied. And gradually, insidiously, and very cleverly, he worked upon my feelings until I was his slave. I grew to love him madly. And the day came when I entrusted to him what is dearer than life—my honor.

I never mingled with the clerks in the outer office—partly because it was Herbert's express wish, and partly because I considered myself above them. I was confident that the time was not far distant when, as Mrs. Herbert Graham, I would lord it over these folks.

HOW wonderful life was. There was no end to the variety with which Herbert fed my intoxicated senses.

"Herbert dear," I ventured one day, "when are we going to be married?"

"Why does that worry you, girlie," he inquired, "when you have everything you want as it is, even me?"

"But it isn't right—not being married," I retorted. "Don't you really intend to marry me?"

"Of course I do, little one," he explained urbanely. And then as if hurt, "You don't trust me."

"Would I have given myself to you, body and soul, if I didn't trust you?"

"I don't suppose you would. But let's be just sweethearts again," he said.

One afternoon, when Herbert was out of the office on business, a girl of about my own age entered the private office. She was fashionably dressed and very pretty.

"This is Mr. Graham's private office," I informed her stiffly.

"I know it is," she admitted coolly. "That's why I am here."

"Have you any business with him?"

"I prefer to speak to him about that," she answered as she sank into a comfortable chair with an air of ignoring my presence entirely.

When Herbert arrived a few moments later, his glad smile changed into a look of distinct annoyance as he perceived the visitor. He forced a smile, muttered an excuse in my direction, and I went out carrying my nose high.

He closed the door gently after me and I could hear them talking in low tones. The outer office was empty, and I applied my ear to the keyhole. The tone of the conversation irritated me, and so on the pretext of having work to do in the office I quietly opened the door and stepped in.

"IT was so sweet of you to let me have this fur coat," the girl was cooing. "Just think how nice I'll look in it and how proud you will be of me when we go out together. It was only four hundred dollars, too."

He mumbled something under his breath which I could not hear.

"You dear, sweet thing, I'll pay you back for it a thousand times," she exclaimed kissing him several times.

With a superhuman effort I warded off the faintness that had stolen over me. Was this the end? Had I lost my virtue to be thrown into the gutter? Grief, rage and mad jealousy tore at my heart and filled my tortured brain with seething green fire. It could not be. And I had given him all that a woman could bestow. Had she? Perhaps she was another fool such as I? A fur coat valued at four hundred dollars was not given to every chance acquaintance. I writhed in an agony of fear and dread that was a thousand times more bitter than the truth, black as it might have been. I stepped back closing the door noiselessly, and fled. I racked my anguished brain for some plausible explanation. But before I had arrived at any conclu

sion Mr. Graham called me. And when I returned the girl had gone.

"THE daughter of a friend of mine looking for a job," he explained easily. "Did she say much before I came?"

"No, she didn't."

He attempted to seize me in his arms but I sprang away with fire in my eyes.

"Let me alone," I commanded huskily.

"Oh, very well then," he acquiesced. "I have no idea of intruding upon you, you know. I'm not trying to press my attentions upon you. If you don't want them, somebody else will."

This fiendish declaration from a man to whom I had given everything! I shuddered. Yet I was wholly in his power. I must not anger him.

The coolness which sprang up between us gradually wore away but a fear had gripped me, and I resolved to make Herbert marry me immediately.

"I'll tell you the reason why I haven't married you long before this, little one," he said in a confiding tone, "for you may as well know it. I have been facing grave financial troubles and I want to get clear of them before I am married, so that I can give you everything possible."

"But I don't want your money. I just want you," I told him rather petulantly.

"Be patient, dear," he urged, "and you won't regret it."

"I suppose you won't marry me because you think you have nothing to gain by it. Someday I will surprise you by leaving."

"You wouldn't do that?"

OCCASIONALLY I went to the theater with a girl companion. It was on one of these evenings that I beheld Herbert—my Herbert—help the very girl, to whom he had given the fur coat, into his car after the performance.

If I could only have a talk with this girl, I thought, I might be able to induce her to keep away from him.

My opportunity came much sooner than I had expected, for one evening as I was returning home after work I saw the girl go into a fine-looking house. That night I determined to go to this girl's home, meet her, talk to her, and try to find out just what my future would be.

Florence (the maid had told me that was the girl's name) did not appear very much pleased to see me.

"You wish to see me?" she inquired with an upward inflection of the "me."

"I do," I proceeded boldly, "because I think frankness will be the best course for both of us. I wished to tell you that Mr. Graham and myself are married, to see what effect it would have upon you."

"What do you mean?" she gasped piteously.

"I mean," I went on, emboldened by the effect my first words seemed to have, "I mean that you shall leave him alone and not try to take his affections away from me, his lawful wife."

"Why—why—" she gasped.

"I know it may be hard upon you," I persisted, "but I come here in the spirit of kindness. He told me all about giving

(*Continued on page 94*)

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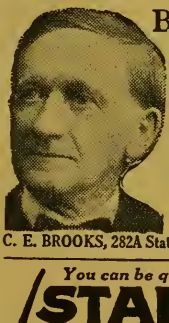

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Physical Culture Corporation is not a new venture. It is the successor of the Physical Culture Publishing Company which had behind it many years of successful operation. The business was incorporated in order to handle in the most practical and approved manner the wonderful opportunity for expansion which presented itself.

Physical Culture Magazine

PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine is not only one of the most popular of periodicals, but also holds a conspicuous place in the advertising field. It is universally admitted to be one of the best paying mediums for advertisers in the country to-day. When you stop to think how much of the success of a magazine depends on the advertising it carries, you will appreciate what a remarkable money maker PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine is for its owners—that is, the stockholders of this corporation.

True Story Magazine

The old saying is right. "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Being firmly convinced of this, Physical Culture Corporation started the TRUE STORY Magazine less than two years ago. Its steady growth both in circulation and advertising proves that readers are not only attracted by True Stories, but that their interest is continually held, as well.

It was a stroke of business genius to get into a field like this where there is an unlimited, enthusiastic market for the output. TRUE STORY Magazine has an even more universal appeal than PHYSICAL CULTURE. It has already become a source of unusual profit to the company.

Expansion

Physical Culture Corporation is dedicated to a program of profitable expansion. A business cannot stand still.

It was decided, therefore, to enter another field—one linked with the country's fifth greatest industry—Motion Pictures. The MOVIE WEEKLY has already been launched and bids fair to equal in popularity its sister publications, PHYSICAL CULTURE and TRUE STORY.

Through careful, scientific manufacture and sales, the MOVIE WEEKLY should be profitable from the start. In order to finance it to the best advantage, buying in quantities at the lowest price, taking all discounts for cash payments, etc., a small additional allotment of stock is offered—10,000 shares selling at par, $5 a share.

Opportunity for Quick Buyers

We do not want more than $50,000 and will not sell more than 10,000 shares. To have more stock outstanding than the business demands, means dividing the profits into more and smaller parts. Orders will be filled as received until the allotment is subscribed.

Many people have the mistaken idea that it requires a lot of money to invest in reliable stocks. Physical Culture Corporation invites the small investor. We feel that this is an exceptional opportunity, and we want just as many of our readers to share in it as possible.

In making your reservation use the coupon on the opposite page and accompany your subscription with a remittance of 10% of the total amount. A remittance of $10 for each $100 subscribed is required.

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Watch for It on the News-stands

Number One of a New Popular Weekly

Newsdealers and the members of the Motion Picture Industry have commented very favorably on The MOVIE WEEKLY. The snappiest, most up to the minute news is found in this magazine which does not go to press so far ahead of date of sale as to be "stale" by the time it is sold. Better get a copy!

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONCE MORE—It is seldom that opportunity knocks the second time at your door. It came a year ago when PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION stock was first offered to our readers. Those who answer this "second knock" promptly can still get in at the low, par value price of $5 a share.

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Dept. T. S. 3, 113-119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

You may reserve for me .....shares of stock in the Physical Culture Corporation at the par value of $5.00 per share.

I enclose herewith $..... to bind my reservation. I am prepared to send the balance due on my subscription as soon as I am notified that the stock is ready for issuance.

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CORPORATION PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION

WATCH YOUR NERVES

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

THE high-pressure, mile-a-minute life of today, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble is wrecking the nerves of mankind. This applies especially to people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and, of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, are the basic causes of nerve weakness (Neurasthenia), which in turn is the cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman.

How can we reason otherwise? We know that mental strains wreck the nervous system, and the Nervous System is the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell? When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? It is impossible.

The power of the nerves is infinitely great for good or evil. So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense shock will cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the strongest man and woman that ever lived.

Nerve Force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.

Care for your nerves as you would the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

You are earnestly advised to read my 64-page book, NERVE FORCE. It is mainly a treatise on Nerve Control, teaching you how to prevent your Nerves from running "amuck," which is the basic cause of Nerve Exhaustion. The book teaches how to soothe and calm the nerves, besides containing hundreds of other important points of information. It will give you a thorough understanding of nervous and high-strung people, which will enable you to account for their irritability, crankiness, restlessness and other mental and physical peculiarities. In other words, the book will give you a deep knowledge of human nature, which is the most valuable and profound of all sciences.

The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in durable Leatherette Cover, 50 cents. Send stamps or coin, if you wish. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 209, 110 West 40th St., New York. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *PLUS* your outlay of postage. I might add that large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Schools have bought them as text books. Physicians recommend them to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have been again and again reprinted in magazines, and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of merit. So send for the book TO-DAY, subject to my guarantee.

If you have strained your nerves through overwork, worry, grief or have ignorantly abused them otherwise, *submit your case to me*, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU*, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and *Psycho-analyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "*Preliminary Diagnosis*" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists, and I shall send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before.

I shall send you authentic records of numerous cases of Nerve Exhaustion I have corrected, which have never been equalled in the history of medical practice. I have corrected thousands of cases of extreme Nerve Exhaustion.

(*Continued from page* 91)

you that fur coat and taking you to the theater and other foolishness, but I am prepared to overlook all those things if you will promise to keep away from him in the future."

"Oh, don't," she wailed hysterically. It can't be. Wait—I will be back."

SHE returned with a fine-looking woman whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as her mother. Despite the seriousness of the thing, I was beginning to enjoy the situation immensely. How clever I was.

The mother appeared even more agitated than the daughter.

"Will you please repeat to me what you have told my daughter?" she asked courteously enough.

"I simply told her that I am the wife of Herbert Graham and that I would appreciate the favor if she would leave him alone. Herbert has many weaknesses and I am seriously afraid that women play a great part in them."

"Why you are only a child," the woman exclaimed.

"Let us have no mistake," she proceeded slowly. "You say that Herbert Graham is your husband. Do you mean Herbert Graham, the real estate broker?"

"Certainly I do," I returned.

"Will you please show me your marriage certificate?" she continued.

"I don't consider that necessary. I came here in a friendly spirit to warn your daughter against accepting favors from my husband. That is all I have to say."

"Don't you understand, child? Won't you understand! Herbert Graham is my own husband and this is his daughter," the elder lady said quietly.

The floor smote me on the forehead. I seemed to pass through a vacuum of time, and awoke at last to find Herbert Graham bending over me.

"Poor child," he murmured in his soft, even tones. "I fear she is mentally unbalanced. Perhaps it is only temporary though."

His wife and daughter eyed us uncertainly. With a struggle I collected my shattered thoughts.

"Had you been man enough to tell me that you were a married man with a daughter as old as myself I would have spared your wife such a revelation as I intend to make," I said, after a moment, with a calmness I had hardly hoped to attain. "I want you to know," I went on turning to the two women who stood there helplessly, "that the man whom you honor and revere as a husband and father has spoiled my life." Then, in spite of myself, I broke down.

"Oh, I can't bear it," I sobbed. Shame and remorse overwhelmed me. So this was the end of it all. I rushed from the house like a mad woman and walked the streets for hours.

Continued in Next Issue

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

On Sale March 5th

No Woman Loves a Weakling

At first she pities him—then she has contempt for him—finally she deserts him! Are you a weakling with hardly sufficient back-bone and courage left to approach a woman or to ask her hand in marriage? Do you tremble at the thought of what might be the situation in your home were you to marry a lovely girl and she realized you have deceived her—that you were only half a man?

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The Perfect Man

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It may be that heavy responsibilities overtax your strength and nerves, or perhaps sexual excesses have made serious inroads on your health, BUT it is within your power to rise above any unhealthy condition. You need only be told HOW to build up your body and restore your health so you can once more gain self respect, attract friends, win the love of a woman who loves a manly man, and accomplish big things in life. Drugs and tonics will only impair your health. What YOU need is a scientifically applied upbuilding system which is based on nature's curative powers. That system is "Strongfortism."

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The Way to Happiness

(*Continued from page 64*)

being served as I had served that girl.

When I was unable to work, the money I had saved and the money Harry had left, carried me through safely. The baby, the little girl I had prayed for, was born dead. And perhaps it was better so for the poor little mite of humanity, though at the time my grief was so great I felt I could not stagger on through life without it.

In a month I had gone back to work again, but life seemed very empty and desolate with only myself to think of. For nearly four years Harry had been the center of my life. My work, my self-denials, my sacrifices had all been for him. And I could not go home.

TWO months later the chance came to go West to teach in an Indian school in Montana. I was glad of the change, and I certainly found a new interest in these little "real Americans." There were many white people, too, at the Mission, and I began to pick up the social life I had dropped so completely.

I realized then that there had been a reason for my suffering. As a girl I had been selfish, snobbish and unkind. I had wilfully gone against the better judgment and good wishes of my parents. I had married a man whom I knew had deceived a girl, a little girl of seventeen or so. But I had been punished and I hope I have fully atoned. And I resolved then to use my reason and my powers of self-control in the future. I saw now that if I gave my best, my all, to life, surely it, in turn, would give me peace and contentment.

It was not easy. There were days of homesickness, of bitterness. But I threw myself into the work and buried my heartache. I wrote a letter to my parents and received their full forgiveness.

Four years later I moved to Kalispel where I taught in the public schools. While there I read of the death of Harry Dixon in Texas where he had been involved in an oil swindle. He had been shot by the police in resisting arrest. I did not grieve over the item nor rejoice in my freedom. My main thought was of regret for his wasted life; and regret too, that my influence had been too small to hold him.

AFTER two years in Kalispel I again moved, this time to Great Falls where I met the man I later married. Realizing that truth and honesty should be the basis of all marriages, I told him the entire story and it was with complete understanding on both sides that we were married. He had a little boy by his former marriage, a fine, honorable little chap, very much like his dad.

Our marriage has been decidedly happy. It is based on a foundation that cannot be destroyed—on right, on love and on reason. In his capacity as school superintendent he has the opportunity to do a great deal of useful work, a work in which I gladly join him, for I know now that "no man liveth unto himself alone."

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."
—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done "if" —"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me."

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of black heads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

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How to remove wrinkles;
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How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
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How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A591, 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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- The Wickedness of Woman
- A Voice from the Grave
- The Mouth of Hell
- The American Middle Man
- A Disgrace to Civilization
- Some Cheerful Liars
- From the Gods to the Gutter
- The Children of Poverty
- Balaam's Ass
- The Woman Thou Gavest Me
- Evolution or Revolution
- The Cat
- Driven to the Devil
- The Seven Vials of Wrath
- Adam and Eve
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What Satisfied Users and Physicians Say

Trixie Friganza, well known actress, says: "Cheerfully do I add my praise for Vi-Rex. It is *wonderful*. It cured my brother of neuritis. As for myself, I use it for facial treatments and general massage. I cannot say too much for it."

K. L. Allen, D. C., 205 Boone Building, Boone, Iowa, writes: "I have had some very good results with the application of high frequency current in cases of Paralysis, Rheumatism and Neuritis, and think it a great help in drugless healing."

Dr. Daniels, Lisbon, North Dakota, says: "Have used the Vi-Rex in such cases as Goitre, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Neuritis, Neuralgia and Lumbago, and find it very beneficial. In fact, I would not be without it in my office."

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True Story Magazine

April 25 cents

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

She Wouldnt Marry Blindly

Page 26 Tells Why

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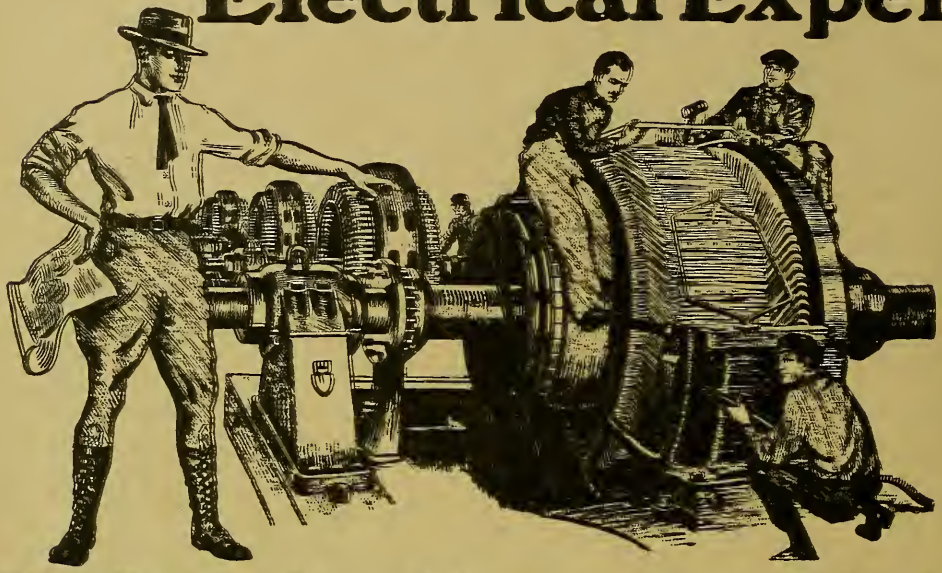

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Chicago Engineering Works

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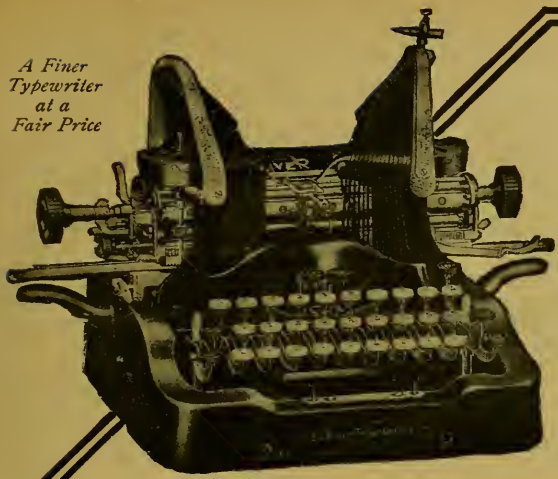

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1994 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
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Street Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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True Story Magazine for April

Volume IV

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Ches. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Speaking of Opportunities

A MOST unusual one has been opened to True Story's readers and writers and its editors by the Prize Life Story Contest closing February first.

For the Contest has not only provided incentive for the writing of a host of remarkable life stories but has furnished True Story's editors a broader diversity of human documents than ever before submitted to them.

The "All Aboard" signal closing the Contest may give some interested folk a chance to sit back and breathe more easily. But not so with the judges of the Contest. That is another story.

THEIR work just begins in earnest when the Contest closes. Every story submitted must pass through the hands of several, and should it merit it, a half dozen preliminary readers, before it goes to the judges.

Incidentally, those who read True Story manuscripts are not governed by the celebrity or even the craftsmanship of the writers of the life stories they pass upon.

THE results of the Contest will be announced at the earliest moment fair consideration of every manuscript entered will permit. Announcement of these results will appear in the very first issue of True Story thereafter published. As you perhaps know, each number of the magazine is perforce closed many weeks in advance of the month of issue to insure placing it on sale from Maine to California simultaneously at a proper date.

Two more of the One Hundred Dollar prize stories will appear in the next two issues of True Story—and then the Five Hundred Dollar Prize-Story.

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(*Continued on page 6*)

"All Right Then—I'll Go To Hell!"

"It was awful thoughts, and awful words, but they were said and I let them stay said."

It had felt good to be all washed clean of sin and to be able to pray—but Huck couldn't tell on Old Jim no matter how sure it would make him of going to Heaven.

So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while.

Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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How It Brought this Man $1000 in Thirty Days!

MY earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1,000" writes Warren Hartle of 4425 N. Robey Street, Chicago, whose picture you see on this page.

Yet previous to this he had worked for ten years in the railway mail service at salaries ranging from $900 to $1600 a year. What was the secret of his sudden rise from small pay to such magnificent earnings?

It was the same secret that has brought hundreds of others success, independence and money beyond their fondest dreams.

The stories of these men's amazing jumps to the big pay class read like fiction; but they are matters of record and can be verified by any one on request. Here are just a few examples, as told in the words of the men themselves:

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"My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356." J. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

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Perhaps you will say that these men represent those rare exceptions who seem destined to success—those favorites of fortune who every so often come to startle the average run of men with their whirlwind rise to the top.

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Then *in the next five minutes* you can take the same first step that brought to them such extraordinary success.

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Warren Hartle

What Makes a $10,000 a Year Star Salesman?

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Listen, you men who Sell and you men who never had a day's Selling experience: There are Secrets of Selling that only Star Salesmen know; there are certain fundamental rules and principles of Selling that every Star Salesman uses. There is a way of doing everything that makes success easy and certain. There is a Science of Salesmanship.

Once you know these fundamental rules and principles you are qualified to take *your* place in the ranks of the Star Salesmen. And you can learn the Secrets of Selling in your spare time at home—in the odd moments that you now pass fruitlessly. If you are earning less than $10,000 a year, then read the following carefully.

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The success of the men quoted above—and the success of hundreds of others like them—dates from the day they mailed a coupon—a coupon just like the one shown at the bottom of this page. This coupon brought them, just as it will bring to you, an amazing story of the way to quick success in Salesmanship. It brought them complete and irrefutable proof that they, too, no matter what they were doing or what their past experience had been, could quickly become Star Salesmen. It brought them full particulars of the wonderful system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service of the National Salesmens Training Association.

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In short, the simple act of mailing the coupon or writing may mean the turning point in your life as it has been in the lives of so many others. It is the first step toward the amazingly quick success that awaits you as a Star Salesman. Take it NOW. Address

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(*Continued from page 4*)

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"Universal Star"

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Cordially,
MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG.

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What Is Nerve Force?

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

EXACTLY what Nerve Force is, we do not know. If we did know, we would know the Secret of Life. We know this: it is generated by the Nervous System through which it travels at a speed greater than 100 feet per second. It is the Master Force of the Body, the force that controls every heart beat, every breath, the digestion of every mouthful of food we eat, the action of every muscle, and the life of every cell. It is the force that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power and energy—the Force that Drives us On, On and On.

Every mental impulse and every bodily act uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. If we expend more Nerve Force than the system can develop, we necessarily become Nerve Bankrupts, and we then have a condition known as Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration or Nerve Exhaustion. Since the greatest drain of Nerve Force is by way of the brain, it can easily be understood why mental strain, worry, grief, and of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, wreck the nerves so readily.

Nine people out of ten have weak nerves and are not aware of it. They think because their hands do not tremble, muscles twitch, or knees shake, that their nerves are perfect. Bear in mind that our nervous system consists of two great branches, the External and the Internal. Organic derangements and ailments are due to weakness of the Internal Nervous System, and not the External System, which mainly governs the external muscles. Note the accompanying diagram.

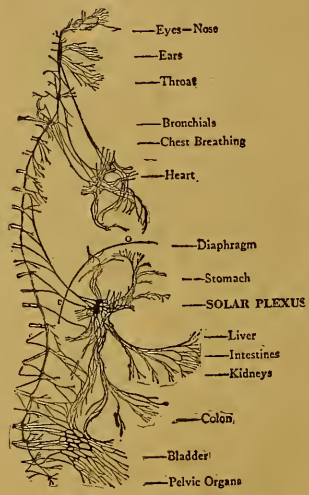

Diagram of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System, showing the location of the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the "abdominal brain." Mental strains, especially grief, worry, excitement and anxiety paralyze the Solar Plexus, which in turn paralyzes the vital organs, causing weak heart action, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, clogging of the blood with poisons, etc. Thus mental strains start a circle of evils that account for the cause of nearly all human ailments, weaknesses and distresses.

The symptons of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism; and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Hundreds of books have been written by Nerve Specialists intended as a guide in caring for the nerves and restoring nerve force. Unfortunately, these books do not meet the need of the general public as they are written in technical and complex language. I have written a 64-page book entitled "Nerve Force," which in the simplest language explains hundreds of vital points regarding the nerves and their care; information every person should know. Students of the subject, including physicians, pronounce the book the most practical work on the subject which has ever been written. Large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Physicians recommend it to their nervous patients. Extracts from the books have again and again been reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of real merit. The cost of the book is 25 cents, Bound in substantial leatherette cover 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 209, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money PLUS your outlay of postage. So send for my book To-day, subject to my guarantee.

How I Made $350.00 On One Short Story

And How I Learned to Write, In Only a Few Evenings, Stories That Actually Sell Themselves

EVEN as a child I wanted to write stories that people would read, and talk about, and remember. Often when vague ideas suggested themselves to me, I longed for the means of expression—I longed to put down on paper, in glowing words and phrases, the thoughts that surged up within me. Often I felt the strong desire to write about my hopes, my disappointments, my joys, my sorrows,—so that all the world would read and understand.

I Found Myself in the Office of One of the City's "Big Business" Men.

But youth has a way of slipping mysteriously by, and before I realized it, I found myself in the office of one of the city's "Big Business" men—as his secretary. Gone were the dreams of brilliant authorship! Gone were the dreams of fame and fortune! As so many other budding young writers before me, I had swerved from the path of glory through the lack of proper training.

Yet, often, as I watched the teeming life about me, and studied the different faces I saw every day, I felt that same irresistible urge that I had felt in childhood—the impulse to write my impressions of this world and its people. I wanted to weave into fascinating stories my little daily experiences and the characters who played a part in them. Most of all I wanted to do bigger things, enter wider fields, do something really worth-while.

Are Writers Born or Made?

And so I tried to write—poems at first, then articles, then stories. But somehow I did not seem able to put down in words the thoughts and emotions that ran in rapid confusion through my mind.

What did I lack? Why couldn't *I* write stories in that subtle, interest-arousing way that kept one absorbed to the very end? Why couldn't *I* write the kind of stories that editors paid high prices for, and people read eagerly?

One day I was glancing idly through a magazine. I began to picture my name in big, black letters at the top of the page. I began to picture my story printed for thousands of people to read. It sent an inexpressible thrill through me, and looking up suddenly, I said to Dad, "Do you know, I think I *can* write stories."

"You! Why, my dear, you have to be *born* to be a writer."

I glanced back at the magazine in my lap. The table of contents included the names of as many women as men. Were they, then, all geniuses? Were they all "born to write"? I read some of the stories and was frankly puzzled. Here were plot-ideas so simple a child could invent them—and yet they held the interest to the very end.

Often ideas had occurred to me for stories—ideas certainly more interesting and striking than these—but I could not build up the story step by step as these authors had done. If I could find the right words and expressions, the sympathetic touch of human nature, the correct technique—

Technique! That was what I needed! I didn't know how to begin my story. I didn't know how to introduce my characters. I didn't know how to create interesting complications and weave around the main characters tense emotional effects.

Were writers really born after all? I began to wonder—and hope.

I Do a Bit of Investigating

It seemed suddenly that all my long pent-up ambitions gave vent to an overwhelming enthusiasm. I started to read books on short story writing. I started to study the technique of plot-building, the laws of short story writing. I read all about authors, and made a thorough investigation of the different methods used by the teachers of short story writing.

I was just the least bit disappointed at first. Despite all my study, the stories I wrote failed somehow to hit the mark. After a few rejection slips I began to feel rather discouraged.

Then, one day, I came across an interesting article about Prof. Walter B. Pitkin. I found out that practically one-third of all the big writers in this country actually had studied his method, which he has been following with extraordinary success for over ten years. I found out that his method of teaching short story writing is used in more than two hundred of the greatest universities and colleges in America. I found out that some of our most popular authors go to him for help and advice in working out the plots of their stories.

The article filled me with new hope. It told all about the wonderful success young writers had made, not only in the short story field, but as novelists, playwrights, editors, and writers. If these people could *learn* to write, I could too. I told myself firmly. Dad was wrong. Writers were made, not born.

I Sell My First Story

Of course, I could not give up my position and go to Columbia University where Prof. Pitkin teaches Journalism—but I could study his wonderful methods at home in my spare time. I sent for his course "How to Write Stories" and it has proved the most important step I ever made.

Prof. Pitkin's course is a veritable gold mine of information. It revealed to me the secret of creating interest. It taught me how to give my story that subtle touch that appeals to the editor. It taught me how to hold the readers spell-bound. Best of all, it taught me how to find ideas for stories in the most trivial happenings. I know this last sounds impossible. How could anybody teach a person to find ideas? And yet he does it, and in a way that nobody would ever guess.

A Newspaper Heard of Me and Sent Me to California.

And so I studied Prof. Pitkin's splendid course in my spare time, and while I studied it I wrote a story based on one of its plot suggestions. I sent it to one of the biggest magazines in the country, confident that the technique was faultless, that I had woven setting, plot and characters into an absorbing narrative.

With the passing of a few days I received a check for $350.00—a check that meant the beginning of a new life for me, a foothold on the ladder to fortune and fame.

I Now Write "Movie" Stories for Big Pay

That was the beginning. After that I found it was very easy for me to write an interesting little tale in only a few evenings—just by following Prof. Pitkin's methods. I found that I could build up a story slowly, leading up to an emotional effect that leaves the reader breathless. Editors and publishers began to write to me, asking for my short stories and offering me startling prices.

Soon I found that I had to give up my position as secretary. My writing brought me such a fine income that I felt that I must devote more time to it. A newspaper heard of me, somehow, and sent me to California to get material for a series of short stories. It seemed as though a new world had opened up for me—a world filled with pleasure, happiness and hope.

And my friends! Formerly they were indifferent, but now they were proud of me, eager to introduce me to others, as their friend. My social circle widened to a surprising degree; I found that I was wanted everywhere, that folks were always pleased and proud to have me present.

Well, now I am writing "movie" stories. I realized early that there is a very big demand for them. And the valuable information I gleaned from Prof. Pitkin's "How to Write Stories" enables me to write the kind of stories that producers actually clamor for. I usually write one or two a week, and spend the rest of my time travelling about in my car, seeking new experiences, new characters for my writing. Oh, it is a glorious life!

"How to Write Stories" By Prof. Walter B. Pitkin

I have been asked to mention here, at the end of the story that I have written in gratitude for Prof. Pitkin, that any man, woman or child who has any desire whatever to write stories, who has any ambition to succeed as I have, can have Prof. Pitkin's wonderful course on "How to Write Stories" sent to them absolutely FREE for five days.

Whether you believe that you can write stories or not, I would strongly advise that you send for this remarkable course. It costs you nothing to see for yourself what a splendid help it is. Each page is crowded with valuable information. From cover to cover, each book is a revelation.

Don't send any money. Just mail the coupon which has been added for your convenience, and Prof. Pitkin's course will be sent to you at once. Glance through it. Read a page here and there. Decide for yourself whether or not you want to do without it. Then, after five days, if you are thoroughly delighted send us $5 in full payment, or return the course and you won't be out a cent.

Remember, the portals of successful authorship open easily to those who have mastered the technique of short story writing. Don't delay. There is big money in the field for every one. With a little training, you too may soon be turning out stories at big prices. Mail the coupon NOW.

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True Story Magazine

Don't Turn Love Out of Your Life

By Bernarr Macfadden

LOVE makes the world move on.
Its power is boundless, limitless.
Its wonderful, mysterious force brings us here.

It envelopes, dominates and rules the universe absolutely. We are all enveloped by its magic power.

Love is born in you—an instinct of body and soul, that developes into a higher and more beautiful thing as you yourself develope.

It takes you in hand from the first moment you open your eyes to the world.

When but a toddling "kiddie," mother pulls at your heartstrings. Her affectionate caresses become a necessity. They are like food and drink to you. Your world revolves around her.

And as you grow older, the creative instinct is born in you. Sex, the mating instinct, comes to life.

You become a part of the eternal growth of the world.

THEN your life really begins. You find emotions, feelings, evolving within you that are sometimes beyond your understanding, beyond your control.

You are often rent from top to toe by experiences that turn your life into a temporary hell or heaven.

The more splendid your manhood or womanhood, the more completely these new forces dominate you; and the harder it will be to keep the path clear and straight before you.

You sometimes find yourself enslaved, enthralled. But usually it is a willing slavery. You are simply doing your duty as a man or as a woman. You are treading the beaten path.

Love calls and you answer as dictated by your femininity or masculinity.

SOME try to live outside of love. Their world is often cold, sordid, meaningless and lifeless. Life then loses its savor. They must pay the penalty for breaking the higher law.

Let love take you in hand. Let it guide your footsteps from the beginning to the end. It will lead you into paths filled with resplendent experiences.

Tragedies may come your way; there may be "rough places," but these are only character tests. They make you show your mettle. They are stepping stones to higher spheres.

Do not let a wrong idea of success lead you astray. Love of the right sort unfailingly compels success. It helps you to dominate every situation. It gives you the strength to meet every emergency.

Do not turn love out of your life. Harbor it at every opportunity. Cling to it at all times. If you should go astray for a time, get within its folds again. For only when you are obeying the laws of Nature, the demands of your highest instincts, can the fullness of life be yours.

Only then can you hope to experience the Life Beautiful.

The Girl Who'd Rather Walk

Alice Lands in Wonderland—via the Joy-Ride Route Too

THREE o'clock of a summer's morning—Stygian darkness and gravelike silence—then, out of it all, a woman's wild scream.

A shriek, incredibly shrill and harrowing, piercing the muggy gloom of the sleeping countryside and shuddering in reverberant echoes through the windbreak and across the mist-shrouded corn fields. . . . Then . . . thick silence again, broken only by the harsh croak of frogs down in the marsh.

Jerry, his muscles suddenly taut, his heart drumming like a trip-hammer, sat petrified on the lower step of the porch. He was conscious of a quick bristling sensation over his scalp, yet the one question that occurred to him at the moment was whether that shocking outcry had awakened his father and mother from their sleep upstairs in the darkened house.

FARM life was hard and uncongenial to Jerry. It was the only existence he had ever known, yet he longed, vaguely, for other things. Twice, in the past month, he had dared assert himself against the parental will, threatening to run away to the city where he could "make something of himself." Now he hoped the "old man" hadn't been scared out of his sleep by that fearful yell. Jerry didn't want his father to know that he had been sitting out there on the steps all night, brooding over his grievances.

But no light appeared in the windows; there came no stir from within. Nor was that harrowing cry repeated.

It had come from the high road across the fields—from the state-macadamized highway over which innumerable big, expensive automobiles sped on mysterious errands daily, killing farmer Wigham's chickens and leaving nothing in exchange but choking clouds of dust. That road led straight into the great city, linking it with intermediary towns and roadhouses where overbearing, cold-eyed people from the metropolis held rendezvous, and drank and behaved in a licensed fashion. Mulcahey's Inn was only two miles further down the road past the Wigham farm.

NIGHT after night, Jerry had lain in the cheerless upstairs bedroom, listening with hungry, insatiate ears to the roar of high-powered cars whizzing by with cut-outs open. When there was a wind it wafted back to him wisps of maudlin song, the coarse voices of men, the hysterical

"It was so stifling hot in the store . . . Mr. Skinner . . . offered to take us riding in a big car"

laughter of women. The sounds shocked and repelled the boy, yet held him with a curious fascination.

As there came no repetition of the shriek from the highway, Jerry's nerves gradually steadied and a poignant curiosity seized him. A series of screams for help would have been more comprehensible. But a single, prolonged cry, so vibrant with the terror of a soul teetering on the brink of hell . . . That was less easily understandable to the country boy.

It took him ten minutes or more to make up his mind to investigate the matter. When he did set out in the direction of the main road he avoided the gravel roadway of the lane that led to the main road in favor of the wet grass where all sound of his footfalls was deadened. There was no moon to speak of and the mist waved thin and ghostly over the whispering cornfields. The croak of the frogs came steadily up from the creek, inexpressibly depressing.

". . . I let him have a slap right across the eyes. The next thing I knew I was out of the car in the middle of the road and . . . they was driving right on"

JERRY took a short-cut across the fields, threading his way cautiously through the corn, mindful that the joy-riders who frequented Mulcahey's were hostile to inquisitive prowlers. The boy had not the slightest desire to interfere with their nocturnal performances, simply an insatiable craving to see what was going on.

Presently he came to the edge of the damp fields where the empty road stretched away like a ribbon on either hand. There the silence was unbroken, but off beyond the wooded rise, where the Henning farm lay, a dog howled mournfully.

Satisfied that the road was deserted, Jerry slipped out of his concealment and stood staring in the direction of the city which was the goal of his inchoate ambitions. Rebellion against the humdrum routine of daily toil in the fields swelled within him until he seemed choking with desire for a new life. His cravings were vague, inarticulate, yet he knew that he wanted to wear snappily cut clothes like the automobilists he had seen; like men wore in the magazine advertisements. He wanted to get away from the reeking odor of the stables and from the evening chores; wanted to lay his bursting heart at the feet of just one lady who wore dainty, frothy underthings and clinging silken gowns and long ear-rings, as he had seen them in the movies at Carlinsville on a Saturday, when he drove in with a wagon-load of garden truck.

HE wanted to know a woman who would not giggle inanely at every remark he made, who could talk about something besides baking recipes, new babies at the neighbor's, or how dress patterns in the big Chicago mail order catalogues might be copied.

He wanted—but what was the use of wanting? The old man never would give him money enough for a decent start in the city. His mother was old-fashioned. She still read the ponderous family Bible by dim lamp-light in the sitting-room every Sunday morning. She had her heart set on his staying on the farm with pa and her. You couldn't reason things with folks like them. He must deliberately break their hearts by running away, or stay there to inherit the farm and do as they had done, all the rest of his life! The years stretched before him, a gray, endless procession.

A little breeze had sprung up and was soughing plaintively through the leaves of the poplar windbreak. Unconsciously, in the throes of his indignant ruminations, Jerry had been striding down the road. Now, all at once, a curious, alien sound froze him suddenly, with straining ears, in his tracks.

THERE it was again, on the wind—the faint pitiful tremolo of a woman's sobs.

Jerry hesitated. He could catch the sound of no other voices, could hear no movement. Yet what would a woman be doing away out there, twelve miles from nowhere, at that hour of the night? Was she the woman who had screamed?

He pondered this heavily while he listened. Then he advanced again, stealthily, hugging the tall corn at the

side of the road, until suddenly he came upon her, half-indistinguishable in the mist and gloom.

Even so he could see that she was a mere slip of a girl. She was sitting huddled near the fence by the roadside, head and shoulders sagging dejectedly, the most pitiful, forlorn figure Jerry ever had seen. Her sobbing had an uncontrollable insistence and monotony, wholly devoid of hysteria, that told him she had not, at any rate, been seriously injured.

Her sorry little story burst forth in a muddled, incoherent flood of words

LURKING in the concealment of the cornstalks he considered her for several minutes. Plainly there was no one else about. Fifty yards along, in the middle of the road, he saw her hat lying. Without looking at her he strode out, picked up the battered bit of straw and silk, and brought it back.

"Here's your hat, ma'am," said the farmer boy bluntly.

Although the girl jumped nervously and shrunk with fear-widened eyes from the hat he extended to her, she did not scream nor attempt to run. She just sat there, looking at him and shivering in the clammy mist.

"Don't you want your hat?" asked Jerry, when the silence between them had grown unbearable. The sound of his voice seemed inordinately loud in the silence of the night, so he lowered it cautiously.

"What you settin' 'way out here alone for, at this time o' the morning?" he brusquely demanded.

RENEWED shudders agitated the girl's figure and now Jerry was amazed and shocked to see that the flimsy fabric of her gay-colored waist had been torn nearly to shreds, so that it hung half-open in front, exposing something white and lacy, with ribbons running through. Her hair was tousled and in wild disarray. Her skirt, scarcely covering her knees, had a great smudge of dirt and an ugly, irregular tear, as if she had fallen heavily in the road.

"Better mind your own business and leave me alone, young fella!" The girl spat at her questioner, suddenly resentful of his frank stare. And then, still sniffling plaintively, she made futile endeavors to catch the remainder of her waist over her heaving breast.

Jerry was nonplussed. This was entirely beyond the range of his experience. Yet he essayed one more well-intentioned effort to assist her.

"No need of your getting mad at me, ma'am," he protested mildly. "All I want to do is to help you. You're a stranger hereabouts, I guess. I don't recollect your face, and anyway nobody 'round here wears clothes like them."

Had the dawn been further advanced the boy might have seen a slow flush crimson the girl's throat and face under his quiet scrutiny. But her fears of him abated as he continued to stand immovable, awkwardly twisting her dilapidated hat in his calloused, brown hands. Suddenly she began to cry again, this time more naturally and unrestrainedly. Big tears ran down her cheeks, streaking the rouge and powder.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she moaned, rocking to and fro in an excess of grief that moved the boy to deep pity. He knelt beside her, trying to pat the thin, shaking shoulders consolingly.

"There, there, ma'am," he murmured in confusion, "don't take on so! I'll do whatever I can to help you. What's happened? How did you get 'way out here all alone?"

TO the boy's utter consternation she suddenly let her head fall to his shoulder and put both her slim arms about his neck like a little child seeking comfort from one whom it trusts implicitly. Her mop of tangled hair blew

"As I said once before tonight—I'd rather walk—providing it's alongside of you, Jerry"

"WELL, him and me had took in the movies a few times, and afterwards I'd let him buy me a soda and take me back to the door of the boarding-house, meaning no more than any good girl would, but playing wise all the same. You gotta make 'em think you're wise, y'understand, if you wanta be treated right. Then this afternoon it was so hot in the store and us girls all felt so sticky and all in, that we was ready for any old thing that would get us out where it was cool. Well, when we got out on the walk at six, there was Mr. Skinner and two friends of his and they offered to take us riding in a big car. 'Come on, girls,' they says to me and Ethel Peters, 'we'll take you out where the breezes blow and the cold drinks flow!'

"I'd never been on a party with Ethel before. She always travelled with a crowd of her own gentlemen friends, and she sported a lot better clothes than most of us. Well, we made Skinner and his friend wait round the corner near my house till I ran in to change my dress and Ethel just made up a little."

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted patient Jerry at last, befuddled by the conglomeration of unfamiliar details and phraseology that was new to him, "but you was going to tell me how you got out here alone on the road, all mussed up this way, ma'am!"

"Well, ain't I tellin' you, fast as I can?" the girl snapped back at him. "And what do you keep saying ma'am to me for in that simpy way? Tryin' to kid me, huh?"

"Not at all, not at all," Jerry reassured her hastily in the face of her rising resentment. "I didn't mean nothin' but what was right. I was brought up to say ma'am to ladies. And I was anxious to find out about you."

THE girl regarded him with hot, suspicious eyes for several seconds, apparently oblivious to her grotesque appearance. Finally:

"Well, you're a funny one, I'll tell the world!" she grumbled grudgingly. Swiftly, reminiscent fury seized her again, and she flamed up in a way that quite startled her mild companion.

"The dirty muckers!" she sobbed, with quivering lips. "We went riding with them until about ten o'clock, after we'd got some eats and some cold bottles. It was wonderful going through the country, so nice and still, with the wind in our faces. I got to feeling great. (*Continued on page* 71)

ticklingly into his eyes, nose and mouth. Her warm flesh and the heaving of her breast were against his; the breath from her panting lips fanned his throat hotly where his collar was unbuttoned.

Her sorry little story burst forth in a muddled, incoherent flood of words.

"I've clerked in the ribbons at Polsheimer's in the city for two years, and I've kept straight—and that means something, I'll tell the world!" she cried fiercely. "There's a Mr. Gerald Skinner, a big stock salesman, who makes good money and he's been after me for a long time, but always nice and refined like, y'understand. I met him first when my hat blew off in an open car and he made the conductor wait while a boy brought it to me. Ever since then he's been kidding me along, but I'm no fool if I do make my own living and live in a two by four hall-room. I acted like a lady and made him keep his distance, until—until—"

A fresh burst of sobs shook her, so that she continued with difficulty.

April Fool

A Wife's Prank and What She Paid For It

TWO months in a hospital is a long, long time! It gives one an opportunity to realize the whys and wherefores of a great many things. During the months I was a patient at the Flower Hospital I was thrown upon my own thoughts for amusement and companionship for the first time in my life.

The doctor said I could go home tomorrow. Home to Bob, and the pretty house he had built for me four years ago. Dear, unselfish Bob! I would make him much, much happier than ever before!

Long, weary months before coming to the hospital, I had been vaguely unhappy and discontented. Bob was a successful lawyer and was able to surround me with every comfort. But something had come between my husband and me—something I could not define. His kisses were less ardent—or did I only imagine it? His business trips became more frequent—could he help that? They were of such a nature that he could not take me with him as he once had—why was that?

I had brooded and sulked and pitied myself, but never once had I talked the whole thing out, frankly, with Bob. Then my illness came, and now, looking back, I was convinced that it explained everything. I had not been well. My disease coming on slowly, had shattered my nerves, warped my judgment, and made me foolishly sensitive and morbid. Bob loved me, as he always had. I was going back to him, and to a greater, deeper happiness.

Impulsively, I put my hand under the pillow and drew out the little framed picture of my husband that I had kept there, all through my illness. How many times I had looked at it, kissed it, talked to it. I glanced at the little clock on the mantel. In an hour he would be with me, for the last visit before I went home. In all the weeks of my illness he never once had missed the afternoon call. Of course he loved me! How silly I had been to doubt it!

THE nurse came in, smiling, and dressed me in my prettiest negligée, the one Bob liked best. "Your husband will fall in love with you all over again," she laughed. "I've seen many a man who was sorry his wife was coming home. Be thankful you're not one like that!"

I was thankful, *very* thankful! But somehow as I lay waiting for the well-known step, my doubts stirred again, faintly. And then I began to form a silly, childish plan of proving Bob's love for me, and as the minutes slipped into a half-hour I perfected the details of the crazy "test" I made up.

How many times I have looked back through the dreary years and thought, "If only Bob had not been late that day!"

At last a firm, quick step in the hall, the step I knew and loved so well, told me my Bob had come. Though I smiled my prettiest smile for him, and my heart beat happily at his kiss and his laughing compliments, my foolish obstinacy bade me go on with the plan.

"That will settle your doubts, once and forever!" the little imp of mischief within me whispered. It did, alas! Settled them for all time—for all eternity.

I COMPOSED my face to seriousness. "Sit here, beside me, Bob," I began. "There is something I *must* tell you before I go back home. Something that my conscience tells me you should know. You see, you see—" I pretended to falter, to hesitate and then to go bravely on, "since coming to the hospital I have fallen in love with a man. It's a man who has been with me for hours at a time. I've talked to him when I was lonely and—and I love him better than I ever loved before in my life, Bob."

"Alice!" he gasped. "You don't mean it! It isn't true!" There was a queer, bewildered expression on his face—a look that puzzled me; a look that was half horror, half something else. Almost it seemed that it was half relief.

UNDER the coverlet my hand was clutching the little gold-framed picture of Bob. At this point, I had meant to draw it out with a "Here's the silent friend who has made me fall in love all over again!" But now something drove me on relentlessly, as if my will were snatched and controlled by a power beyond my own.

"But I do mean it," I insisted. "I never knew what real love was, until these last few weeks!"

And suddenly I saw my Bob's face illumined with a light of joy. The little lines of care that had come in the last year smoothed themselves away, his shoulders squared, he lifted his chin with the old gesture of confidence and determination that I had loved so well in the days of our courtship.

Just for an instant I saw him thus, and then he had risen and was at the door. Panic seized me, my throat seemed paralyzed. I could not speak—and Bob was going!

"Never mind, little girl," he said, reassuringly. "Everything is going to be all right, for both of us. You'll hear from me in the morning."

Will I ever forget that long miserable night? Weak in body, tortured in mind, the Devil himself possessing my very soul! I fought desperately to reassure myself that he would come back, so that I could explain, and that everything would be all right. But in the bottom of my heart I knew the truth; that never again would Bob belong to me; that the old happy, loving life was gone forever!

Toward morning I fell into a restless sleep, dreaming that I was in Bob's arms. When I awoke terror overwhelmed me again. The minutes dragged along. It was a relief when a messenger boy brought a note in my husband's familiar handwriting.

DEAR ALICE:

I have thought all night of you. I want to thank you for your dear, honest candor which opened the way to happiness for us both. You are bigger than I am, or ever hope to be. A year ago I fell in love with another woman. I could not help it. I never meant to tell you, I was too cowardly. Then, too, I felt that your life and its happiness was in my hands, and that I could not shirk my responsibility. But now you have opened the way for us both. My lawyer will see you as soon as you want him. If ever I can serve you in any way, you have but to speak, for I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere admirer,

BOB.

THAT was all!

I buried my heart in the ashes of dead hopes. I saw the lawyer, obtained my divorce, and even sent Bob and his new wife a wedding gift! Bob never knew the truth, nor will he ever know. It was not his fault. I still believe that if I had gone home in my new health, with my nerves restored and my heart full of tenderness and unselfishness, he would have loved me again. But with my own foolish hands I tore down my castle of delight, and now I must live amid the ruins without marring his happiness. But always, through life, through death, through eternity, I shall love—Bob!

The Candy Kid's Story

In Which He Woos Lady Luck by Force and Wins More Than Gold

"Well, Kid," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "what my intentions are toward her, concerns only Eva and myself"

WHEN I was nineteen I went to Alaska with the old song of "gold!" ringing in my ears. Business had little interest compared to this. But I soon found out that it wasn't as easy to pick up that precious metal as I had thought.

When the little money I had was about gone, I had the luck to meet up with Big Neal Johnson, owner of the "Midas" gaming-house. He offered me a job as "stick-man" and "caller-out' at his dice table, and, as I was down to my last dime, there was nothing for me to do but accept.

This wasn't much of a job, but Neal taught me other things about his business, and, before long, I was one of the best faro-dealers in the North and was given a table to operate on a commission basis.

I was the youngest man in Circle City, and being of a rather carefree disposition, was something of a favorite. I did not drink at all, but had a hearty liking for candy and all kinds of sweets. This made the big, rough men of that country look at me with amused tolerance, and it wasn't long before everybody was calling me the "Candy Kid."

I HAD been working at the "Midas" for about two years, when Neal asked me one day:

"Kid, when are you going home?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, this isn't exactly the best place in the world for a young man who still has his life before him. Why don't you pull out and go back to Illinois where you can make something of yourself?"

I hardly knew Neal in this serious mood, but I felt too cheerful to let him dampen my spirits.

"Not on your life," I grinned. "I've grown to love the North and I'll probably stick indefinitely."

He looked at me keenly, and laying a hand on my shoulder asked:

"Has Widow Craig's little daughter anything to do with your—love for the North Country?"

"No, you got me all wrong," I said. "Eva and I are just pals."

"Well," said Neal, after a short pause, "I'm going to pull out, Kid, and I thought maybe you'd go too. But if you won't, I'll offer you the 'Midas' at your own price. You've got a good pile of dust in the bank and you know how well this place pays. You're twenty-one now, and can run the place O. K. And, Kid, if you buy it, always shoot straight. Don't ever run a crooked game. It might mean a little more coin at the time—but in the long run it never pays. And don't let no crooked dealer or crap-callers work for you."

I jumped at the chance of buying him out, of course, for I knew the "Midas" meant money for me; quick money and lots of it.

MRS. CRAIG was the widow of a man who had been killed in a fight over a salted mine some years before. And now she and her little daughter Eva had to support themselves. They washed for the men of the camp, and did other hard work. The girl was sixteen at the time I bought the "Midas," and very pretty. She was like a breath of fresh air from the good old home States to the lonely men out there. And her mother, knowing the dangers that lay before so beautiful a young girl, watched her and guarded her carefully.

Eva and I had been chums since I first arrived. I was pretty much of a kid myself then, and Mrs. Craig had sort of taken me under her motherly wing. She soon knew that I could be trusted and was glad to let Eva go with me, for then she knew her child was in safe hands.

I had a fair education, and as Eva was eager to learn all she could, I often helped her. So, altogether, we had been together quite a lot; but though I was fond of her, I had never exactly thought of being in love with her.

The spring and summer following Neal's departure, business fairly outdid itself at the "Midas." And when winter came, I found myself well on my feet in a financial way. All this time, I found myself caring more and more for the little girl; and the miners and townspeople, all except one man, were beginning to look at it as a settled affair. This man, Frank Hawley, had come into Circle City in the summer. He was a dashing, cock-sure sort of fellow, who made friends rapidly. Before he had been a month in town he had started a gambling house of his own a little distance down the street from the "Midas," and was doing a pretty good business.

He had tried to buy me out, and when I refused to sell, he told me he'd break me if I didn't. Of course, I told him to go ahead.

THAT winter Mrs. Craig contracted pneumonia. I did all I could to help out, and saw to it that the local doctor gave her all the care and attention she needed. Poor little Eva was almost frantic; and both she and her mother seemed to feel safer and happier when I was there than any other time. Once Mrs. Craig asked me to see Eva in safe hands in case she should not live.

All our care was of no use. In February, Mrs. Craig died, leaving Eva, at seventeen, with very little money and no living relative in all that great frozen land.

After her mother's burial I asked Eva what she was going to do. She told me she did not know, but that perhaps she had better try to get back to the States when the boats came up from Vancouver and Seattle in spring. I told her to keep the cottage till then, and that she must let me help her out with the rest. She did not want to let me, at first, but there was nothing else for her to do, and so I had my wish. It just made me feel good to know that I could be of use to her, to save her worry and suffering; and, best of all, I was the happiest man imaginable to know she trusted me absolutely.

And then, when everything between us was running smoothly, Frank Hawley began to call at Eva's cottage. At first I didn't worry about it, but when his visits began to get more and more frequent, I wondered what I ought to do about it. I didn't like Frank Hawley, and I felt responsible for Eva.

ONE day I met the man coming from her house and stopped him.

"One moment, Hawley," I said.

"Well, half of that is gone," he answered laughingly.

"What are your intentions toward Eva," I asked, coming straight to the point.

"O-ho, are you her father?" he sneered.

"No, but her mother asked me to look after her, and I mean to do it."

"Well, Kid," he said, drawing himself to his full height, "what my intentions are toward her, concerns only Eva and me. In other words, it's none of your d——n business!" And then he walked off without so much as another glance in my direction.

My first impulse was to go straight to Eva and warn her against this man. But on second thought I realized that I would only antagonize her if I did it that way. It would put the man in the light of a misjudged, injured martyr. So I determined to bide my time, and, meanwhile, to keep my eyes open.

I pushed my man aside and took charge of the wheel myself Hawley bet ten thousand dollars off the reel

THE next week old "Pop Hendricks," who had charge of my roulette-wheel at the "Midas," was taken ill and I was forced to hire a new man whom I did not know. Soon after his arrival, Hawley began to visit the place more often, playing heavily and with varied luck at the roulette-wheel. I didn't like having him around one bit. But as it was a public game and a public place, I couldn't bar him. About this time reports began to show that the wheel was losing steadily.

One night when I came in unexpectedly, there was an excited crowd around the roulette-wheel. I elbowed my way through, and there in the center of the crowd stood Hawley, his face flushed, triumph in his every movement, and in front of him was an enormous amount of money.

"What's going on?" I asked calmly, though I didn't feel that way at all.

"The wheel's losing," said my man.

"Yes," said Hawley, in a sneering tone. "It's my turn now. And I'll back my luck to the limit."

I pushed my man aside and took charge of the wheel myself.

"So you mean to run it," laughed Hawley. "Well, it's all the same to me. So here goes."

Hawley bet ten thousand dollars off the reel on nineteen. I turned the wheel. All eyes were upon it as it moved slower and slower and stopped, at last, at nineteen.

I called the cashier and sent him for a hundred thousand dollars, and the game was on in earnest. Hawley took a stiff drink, and I munched at some candy.

THAT night is one that went down in the history of Circle City. Hawley won all along, with only slightly varying luck; and by morning I was completely broke, except for a few hundred dollars.

When the crowd had straggled away, and I was left alone to think things over, the growing suspicion came over me that it hadn't been fair play. I went to the roulette-wheel and examined it carefully, and found that I was right: The wheel had been tampered with. It had been made to lean very slightly, but just enough so that it stopped on the numbers from nineteen to twenty-seven every time.

I was furious at myself for not having given in to my suspicions sooner. Now the discovery did me little good.

I went to my room and, as I sat brooding over my troubles and wondering what I would do in the future, there came a tap at my door. And before I could answer, it flew open and Eva stood there, flushed and breathless.

"Oh, Fred," she cried, "I heard about last night. I'm so sorry!"

"Don't worry," I said, smiling in spite of myself—for who could look at Eva without smiling? "Maybe it was for the best," I went on. "I might have stuck here always in this business."

"Yes," I answered, "I doped them just as you doped my roulette-wheel . . ." Hawley reached for his gun, but . . . the old Canadian had him covered in a flash

I TOOK her hands in mine and looked down into her beautiful face. Her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Did you really care—like that?" I asked, feeling almost humble.

She dropped her eyes and I could see the flood of color spreading over her face. And then, in a sudden rush, it came to me how very, very much I loved her. I took her into my arms and, wonder of wonders, she raised her lips to mine—and I kissed her.

It seemed the irony of fate that I should have discovered my love for her just when I had lost all I had.

"Sweetheart," I said after a moment, "how can I ask you to be mine when I have nothing to offer you."

"It doesn't matter," she said softly. "Just so you love me." Then she told me that she had intended going back to the States on the *Prince George*, which had docked just the day before, and was leaving for Seattle in a few days. But now she insisted that she would stay on until I wanted to go too.

As I looked at her and thought of all the hardships she'd gone through, and how she was willing to go through more poverty with me, a new determination grew in my mind.

"I'll get my money back!" I cried. "And we may leave for the States sooner than you think."

Eva begged me not to do anything reckless. And I assured her I'd be careful.

I took her home; and then came back to make my plans. I was going to play Hawley's own game. I remembered what Big Neal had said about always being square, and how I had agreed with him at the time. And now I thought I was playing square enough when I was only paying a man back as good as he gave.

THAT night at about ten o'clock, when I knew the play would be at its height, I strolled into Hawley's gambling house, with all the nonchalance I could muster. At first the crowd seemed to think I had come to make trouble, but after I had bought a round of drinks for the house, they were more at ease. I then proceeded to the crap-table.

In my pocket I had all that I had left of my fortune, eight hundred dollars. I watched the play for a little while and then picked up the dice and declared myself.

"I might as well be broke as badly bent," said I, as I threw down five hundred dollars. "I shoot it all."

While the game-keeper was covering the pile I reached into my pocket for a piece of candy with the hand that held the dice. The game-keeper started to remonstrate, but, seeing that I quickly withdrew my hand again with the dice and the candy together, he let it go.

"Shake, rattle and roll," he cried.

I shook the dice and let them go.

"Eleven," said the caller.

"I shoot it all," I went on, coolly waving a hand at the stakes on the table.

"Let 'er roll," cried the keeper as he covered my thousand.

I shot again.

"Eleven," he called once more.

"Two thousand goes."

"Shoot," cried the keeper.

I repeated the performance.

THE news of my turn of luck evidently spread like wild-fire through the town, for in a short while a group of miners and strangers had pushed into the room and gathered close about me. I played on calmly, and in the course of half an hour had won fifty thousand dollars. This wasn't as much as I had lost the night before, but I thought of Eva, and determined to be satisfied with this much rather than risk losing it all and leaving Eva destitute. My fingers fairly tingled to go on, but I turned around, pocketed the money, and then, just as I was about to leave, Frank Hawley came in with Eva at his side.

I didn't know what to make of it. Eva—my little Eva—it couldn't be that she wasn't playing fair with me after what had happened this afternoon. And Hawley—well it made me see red.

I dropped the money and seized the dice again.

"It's a hundred thousand or nothing!" I cried. "Does it go?"

Hawley went to the safe and almost emptied it. The game-keeper quickly covered my pile.

"Yes, shoot," he said as calmly as he could—and not so calmly at that.

"Where am I?" I asked stupidly . . . "Aboard the *Prince George*," she smiled. "And we're going home"

I LIFTED my hand above my head and rattled the dice. All eyes were strained in my direction and everyone in the room held his breath. I rolled the dice; they

clicked together, bounded over and over and stopped.

"Eleven," cried the game-keeper.

I raked in the money with a short laugh, put it into a bag and handed it to Angus McLean, one of my men.

"Now," I said turning to Hawley, "we're even."

Hawley had picked up the dice and was examining them closely.

"These dice are loaded!" he shouted.

"Yes," I answered, "I doped them just as you doped my roulette-wheel last night."

Hawley reached for his gun, but Jacques Trudeau, the old Canadian, beat him to it. He had him covered in a flash.

"By Gar, Monsieur Hawley," he said, "I think de turn about eez de fair play! Now when you want to make de beeg fight, you fight like a man. No guns but onlee de hands!"

"That suits me," cried Hawley, who at least wasn't a coward.

WE both turned over our weapons and stripped off our mackinaws. The crowd made room for us, and there in the dim light of the oil lamps with dozens of men and one woman as spectators, I fought the greatest fight of my life.

Hawley and I charged each other like two mad bull moose. We locked and swayed, tearing and battering each other. It's no use trying to describe that struggle, but enough to say that if it hadn't been for an old wrestling trick that I had learned at college, I would have been knocked out pretty quick—if not actually killed.

I remember that just when I was beginning to feel the edge of exhaustion coming on, I gathered my last ounce of strength together and managed to throw my enemy from me, and at the same time land a well-aimed blow just below his ear. Hawley went down like a log, and I stood there tottering—gazing at him—and then I fell to the floor in a dead faint.

WHEN I came to, I was on a snowy white bed—a bed such as I hadn't seen since I left home. I raised my heavy lids and saw Eva bending over me. I sat up on the edge of the bed and reached for her hand.

"Better keep still," she said tenderly. And then I noticed that my head was swathed in bandages.

"Where am I," I asked stupidly, for it was certain I was neither in my own rooms nor in Eva's cottage.

"Aboard the *Prince George*," she smiled. "And we're going home." She bent down and kissed me, and I lay down again with a sigh of wonderful contentment.

I didn't bother my mind about who took the "Midas" or what became of Hawley. I was satisfied that I had my little girl, that I was going home, and that we had one hundred thousand dollars safely locked in the ship's safe; one hundred thousand dollars with which to start our new life *together*.

The Chorus Girl Speaks

I AM a chorus girl. I am eighteen years old and have been raised in the theater; and my inborn love of it and my respect of myself will not let the people outside of the theater believe that it is as black as it is painted.

When I was just able to walk I began playing my first part in my father's repertoire company, and I continued to do child parts until I was six. Up to that time, I knew only theater life—the constant study, playing, and travel. The word home conveyed no meaning to my mind, other than a second-rate hotel. Yet I had all the parent-love and care that any child brought up in the ordinary way could possibly have.

When I was six, my father died and I went to live with an aunt of mine in Massachusetts, and seldom saw my mother, who kept on working in a stock company. My two brothers, older than I, went away to a boarding school. When I was eleven, I once more went to work at summer amusement parks, but in the fall when school started again, I went back to Massachusetts and my classes. The following year, however, with my eldest brother, I toured a southern vaudeville circuit "doing a double." That was the last work I did until I was sixteen. I then finished grammar school, went for one year to a high school, and two years to a private school. I decided that I must start to repay my mother for part of the things she had done for me.

Then, suddenly, my mother was taken ill, and in four days died. The blow was the greatest I shall ever have to suffer, I know.

After the realization came that I must do something to support myself, I went immediately to New York and up to the Putnam Building to see a couple of managers who had booked and handled us before, and who knew my father. But they only further convinced me that I was no longer a child, and that I was not trained for the work of a grown woman on the stage.

WITH all those years of experience, I had to start at the bottom as others do and begin all over again. It was no trouble to get into the chorus and I immediately began rehearsals in Bryant Hall for a Broadway show. That was last year. I was eighteen last month and have definite plans formed for a future, if I am allowed to carry them out.

But enough of that. Now that you know a little about me, I want to try to change the opinion that you probably have of stage life. I have to my credit all those years with my Puritan aunt in Massachusetts and so I have a knowledge of the world outside the theater as well as inside. I have learned that wherever we go there is evil. There is evil even in the church. And I have also learned that there are those who deliberately look for evil. Also, good is everywhere, in the theater as much as anywhere else. Some of the noblest, best-hearted people I have ever known have been actors.

CHORUS girls are usually referred to as coarse, immoral creatures not fit to live on the earth with decent people. That may be true of some, just as in any other walk of life, but it is surely not true of all. I have known, intimately, women who belong to the Ladies' Aid Societies of a Massachusetts town. And I have lived with and worked with chorus-girls. And I think I have found more real friends, more human kindness and big-heartedness among the latter than among any other group of people. Managers, too, are much as any other men you know. And let me assure you that there are fine men among them.

Certainly, a girl learns much of life on the stage. But knowledge cannot hurt her—it is a protection rather. Weak girls choose the easy things of life, but the strong ones are made stronger. And on the stage just as off the stage the good usually outbalances the bad.

For Cleaner Pictures

Bebe Daniels
Gloria Swanson
Param
Billie Burke
Paramount
Bebe Daniels

Flowers that bloom in the Spring — and in Screenland

May
Allison
Mary Thurman
Billie
Burke
Universal
Paramount

Apples of Eden —A Tale of Today

SUPPOSE you were a young girl—as perhaps you are—and saw little ones come to your home so quickly one after another that health and welfare were inevitably denied to them and to their mother. Suppose, when the time came to fulfill your destiny, this lesson was burned deep into your heart, yet those most able to teach you to avoid that unhappy mother's fate, declined to do so. Suppose they were to turn a deaf ear to you even though your children were to inherit drunkenness, vicious appetites, ill-health or insanity. Could you be blamed if in desperation you turned to other sources of information?

Here's a story of a girl who faced this problem in real life.

"Jim gets so peevish when things are dirty. . . I'd like to see him shut in here with the kids just one day"

THE welcome though hideous voice of the gong clanged from basement to roof of the big store. The last tardy shoppers scurried for the front doors, were turned back by a firmly polite potentate in green and gold livery, and hastened humbly away to find the "west side-exit only, madame!"

In the bargain basement, Maisie, wan of cheek, tired of eye, straggly of hair, listless of step, snapped a rubber band around her sales-book, threw the soiled linen cover over her much depleted stock of pink satin camisoles and hurried up four flights of dizzy stairs, to the stifling coat-room—to emerge in five minutes faintly pink of cheek, radiant of eye, fluffy of hair, tripping lightly, humming a gay little tune—her daily metamorphosis.

"SAY!" chattered Sadie of bargain gloves, overtaking Maisie on the last flight down, "they's some advantages to workin' in the basement. Our class o' trade don't hang 'round till the last gong rings. They gotta beat it home and start the fryin' pan to smokin' up the flat before the old man comes in hungry. Gee, they got my sympathy! No weddin' bells for little Sadie!"

Maisie murmured something, absently. Her mind was far from Sadie's babblings. As they punched the time clock and emerged on the broad sidewalk at the back of the store, the flush in her cheeks deepened, her eyes veiled themselves with their black lashes. Sadie, grinning good-naturedly, dropped behind as the reason for Maisie's metamorphosis detached himself from the long line of reasons which edged the curb.

"'Lo, Maisie!"

"'Lo, Joe!"

"You're certainly some little hustler when it comes to makin' a getaway. If I stop to wash my hands I lose you. How d' you manage it?"

"Sadie was just talking about that. You see we get a chance to add up our books and tidy stock before six. Bargain basement shoppers are the kind that's got to be home to get supper for their men. Sadie's sorry for them."

The last words held the slightest inflection of contempt for Sadie's attitude. An eager hope leaped in Joe's eyes like a flame.

"*You* don't feel sorry for them?" he hazarded.

"Why should I? They wasn't forced into marrying. Let them take what's coming to 'em!"

THE flame died in Joe's eyes, leaving them with the hurt, bewildered expression of a child whose treasure is suddenly snatched from its grasp. He was silent for so long that Maisie's lashes lifted to let a swift, provocative glance go up to his face.

"Silly!" she laughed, and the light flamed again.

"Maisie, listen! I got promoted today. I got a dandy raise. I'm head o' stock, and it means thirty a week."

It was not a change of subject, and the girl's heightened color showed that she knew it. "Just fine!" she trembled. "I'm awfully glad for you, Joe."

"But I want you to be glad for yourself, too. You know what it means, don't you?"

They had reached the door opening in from the sidewalk to the narrow hall and the long flights of stairs which Maisie must climb. He stepped inside with her and laid one hand on her shoulder. She quivered deliciously at his touch and he slipped his free hand beneath her chin,

lifting her face. It glowed up at him like a flower.

"Maisie! You—you know. Kiss me!"

In the gray twilight of the bare hallway they kissed, and a golden haze unrolled to carpet the dingy stairs up which they ran— a mist blurring the blue of Maisie's young eyes, a laugh that was almost a sob catching at her throat.

One flight up, cabbage. Two flights, turnips. Three flights, fish—the McCarthy's were good Catholics. Four flights, onions. From every flat, noisy voices, the tread of heavy feet, shrill wailing of infants, clatter of dishes. To Maisie, every odor was orange blossoms; every sound a wedding march. She was humming under her breath as she flung open the door of her sister's apartment.

The odor of potatoes plunged in sizzling fat rushed to meet them. Jen, her married sister, peered at them from the blue fog that floated about the gas-range in the kitchen. The whole family gathered to greet them.

"Set the table, will you, Maisie?" the older woman said with a touch of irritation in her voice. "And do you think you could tidy up a little? Jim gets so peevish when things are dirty. He seems to think I spend the day readin' novels! I'd like to see him shut in here with the kids just one day." At which the tactful Joe, still smiling, made his exit into the hallway.

"Sure, I'll fix things up," said Maisie, still smiling. She threw off her hat and coat and went to work with swift and efficient movements. The floor was brushed, a duster applied hastily to obvious surfaces, the table-cloth turned, the wailing baby caught up from his crib and cuddled into peace.

"Where's the others?" holding the baby on her left arm while she filled the sugar-bowl. The touch of the warm little body filled her with vague pleasure.

"I spanked all three of 'em and put 'em to bed 'while ago. They came out when Joe was here. But they know better than to let me see them outside of the bedroom now. Well," at Maisie's troubled look, "I can't get a meal with them all whinin' under foot."

"I know. There! Everything's ready. Jim's late. Come out on the fire-escape and get a breath of air."

OUTSIDE, Jen's face relaxed a trifle. A breeze came up from the river. The glow in the sky lingered, softening the garish ugliness of brick walls and dirty roofs Maisie looked into her sister's tired face.

"Joe's got promoted. He'll get thirty a week now," she said suddenly. She looked toward her sister with a little questioning air.

"That's good." Jen threw a sharp glance toward the younger girl. "Still, you want to remember thirty a week ain't so much."

"It's quite a lot, just for two."

"Yes—but how long's there goin' to be just two? Oh, I know girls don't like to think of such things," as Maisie's quick color rose. "But Maisie, you *oughta* think! No use shuttin' your eyes to facts and then wakin' up when it's too late. There was just two of us when we got married, five years ago. Now there's six in the family, and before winter comes on there'll be seven."

"Another baby! Oh, Jen, I didn't know! It's too bad! But I hadn't oughta say that. You love your babies so!"

"Love 'em. Of course—after they come. They bring the love with them. But that ain't sayin' I want a new one every year."

MAISIE gasped as Jen went on, the flood of dammed-up thought spilling over turbulently.

"I tell you, Maisie, it's all wrong, somehow. There oughta be some way to stop it. Look at me! No woman living ever cared more for babies than I did. Why, I was the proudest, happiest thing in the world when my first one came, and my second, and even the third. But I wasn't proud nor happy when I knew the fourth was coming. I was sick and bitter and scared. Seemed like I couldn't live through it again so soon. But I did, and I suppose I will this time, and a dozen more times! But I'd rather be dead! I wish I was!"

"Oh Jen! What would the babies do? And Jim?"

"Jim? He'd get another wife and kill *her!* I hate men! If you knew the nights I lie awake, lookin' ahead and thinkin' till I'm crazy. He won't never get any better wages than he gets right now. If we had just two or three children we could give 'em enough to eat and decent clothes and maybe send 'em through high school. What can we do for 'em now?"

THE words ended in a sob. A heavy step came across the kitchen floor and Jen turned to step through the open window. But she glanced back, searching Maisie's sensitive face with a kind of fierce tenderness. "I don't like to scare you so, Maisie. I know how you feel. I was just crazy about Jim."

Maisie leaned against the rusty iron railing, wide eyes staring, new vistas opening swiftly, new, horrible thoughts crowding irresistibly.

For weeks the girl's mind had been full of vague, unconfessed dreams, in which one picture stood out clearly: A little flat . . . four rooms, maybe . . . a parlor with wicker chairs . . . one could make pretty chintz cushions . . . a blue and white bedroom . . . cretonne is cheap, by the yard . . . a spick-and-span kitchen . . . a

teakettle boiling on a shining range . . . Joe coming in, kissing her . . . a jolly meal at the little round table set for two.

NOW, by Jen's ruthless words, the castle of her dreams had been changed to a huddle of untidy, crowded rooms, through which she moved wearily, dreading Joe's hungry homecoming. The blue and white bassinet which her fancy had placed—so shyly and breathlessly—in the corner of the bedroom was suddenly a thing of grim, threatening unloveliness. With a quick gesture she placed her hands tightly against her closed eyes.

Through the open window came Jim's harsh voice: "Nice thing to do! Put them in that stuffy little room on a day like this. Wonder they hadn't smothered. Ain't you got *any* sense?"

"No! If I had I wouldn't be here!" Jen's voice cut like the snap of a whip.

"I was just crazy about Jim!" Was it a moment or a year ago that Jen had said the words? Maisie shuddered, flung out her hands in a helpless gesture, and ran in to help with the supper.

Jim ate sulkily, the children fretfully, Jen not at all. Maisie, with her newly-sharpened perceptions, saw the unveiled criticism in Jim's eyes, the smouldering hostility in Jen's. Had those two ever thrilled with sheer delight when their eyes met? *Had* Jen—Jen of the tired eyes and sunken cheeks—dreamed rosy dreams too?

The doctor rose, to signify the interview was over . . . "When you are older, my dear, you will understand that these things are not to be trifled with"

JOE, waiting at eight o'clock at the foot of the stairs, sensed a new expression in Maisie's face.

"You're dead tired!" he accused. "Helping with the work, I suppose. You hadn't ought to do it, after slaving all day. You pay Jen for your board. Of course, when she's sick, that's different, but—"

"Jen's always sick, and I guess she always will be!" The fierceness of the interruption made Joe stare. "She works a million times harder than I do, and nobody thanks her for it! She's a good sister, and—and—" The tensed nerves demanded payment. Maisie began to sob, chokingly.

"Why Maisie! Why, little girl! What's happened? There, there! Don't try to talk now. We're most to the park, where we can have a seat. Then you'll tell old Joe all about it."

On the park bench, in a quiet corner, with the full moon keeping watch, Joe spoke masterfully.

"Once you get away from the grind in that basement, you'll be a different girl. A nice little flat, just for two. Does that listen good, little girl?"

"No!" White in the moonlight, Maisie faced him with the courage of desperation. "I did think—I always—I mean—I—I—Joe, it wouldn't *be* just for two!"

"It wouldn't be—I don't seem to get you, little girl."

"There was just two when Jen and Jim got married, five years ago. I tell you I never realized before what it means to be married. Life's awful for a woman, Joe."

"You mean," Joe's honest face reddened painfully. In his circle, fellows didn't discuss such things with girls, but Maisie had started it. He went on, bravely, "you mean you wouldn't want to have any children."

"Of course I don't mean that! You oughta know me better. But don't you see, everybody has too many? Look at Jen, all wore to a frazzle. She's only five years older than I am! Look at all the women in our block! But the women's suffering's not the worst of it. It's the poor little kids with no decent show in life. I don't know why I never thought of all this before, living with Jen as I have. But I never did—not till tonight!"

SHE began to sob again. Poor Joe struggled valiantly for expression.

"Please don't, Maisie. We won't have so many. Everybody don't. Lots of folk only have one or two children. There's my boss, now," with sudden inspira-

"And you went to a doctor, and a parson's wife! Childie . . . you had the right hunch when you come to a poor sinner"

tion "His wife was down to the store yesterday, had their two kids with her. Little boy's ten and the girl's eight. Cute as they could be. And there's my Aunt Kate, only one child and it's most twelve years old."

Maisie caught her breath, sharply. "There! You've put another thing into my head!" She sat for a moment, white-faced, brows puckered in thought. "It's the folks who could afford to have a lot of children who have a few. And the ones that oughta have just one or two have a dozen. Your boss has got money; your Aunt Kate married well off. That's the way it is."

"Well?" Joe ventured. Maisie was lost in thought again. The girl had always been an independent, intelligent thinker. She grasped ideas quickly and carried them to their logical conclusions. Joe, watching her anxiously, saw the tension relax a trifle, saw her eyes lighten, and obeying an instinct as old as Adam slipped his arm about her at just the right instant. She yielded, with a little sob of relief.

"There, little girl. Everything 'll be all right. Now we won't worry anymore, will we? Love your old Joe?"

TWO blissful hours later, in the narrow hall, he asked blithely:

"We'll go flat-hunting tomorrow afternoon, yes? Great way to spend the first half-Saturday!"

"Not tomorrow afternoon, Joe. Now please don't be mad. I got something very important to do. I can't tell you now. Tomorrow night you be on that same bench at eight. I'll tell you then—if I come."

"If you come! Maisie! Whatta you mean, if you come?"

In the dimly-lighted hall she faced him, clear-eyed, resolute.

"If I come, we'll go flat-hunting next Saturday. If I don't, we'll never go! No, don't argue, now! I can't! I—I *do* love you, Joe!"

The flash of her white dress up the dingy stairs, a gesture, half love, half renunciation, from the first landing, and Joe stood alone, listening to the high heels click-clicking toward the top floor.

"Women's queer!" he sighed patiently. "It's this warm weather. She'll be all right when she's had a night's sleep."

MAISIE awoke the next morning with a distinct sense of something important to be done that day. A moment's reflection brought back her plans of the night before. All morning, while hands and voice sold pink satin camisoles, her mind ran ahead to the afternoon's enterprise. When, at one o'clock, the big store emptied its two thousand holiday-spirited souls to the sidewalk, Maisie boarded a surface car. It carried her away from the hurly-burly of downtown, into the quiet of an avenue of solid, respectable brown-stone fronts, most of which bore neat, gilt-lettered cards.

"E. L. Russell, M. D.," read the card beside the bell which Maisie punched. When she faced the doctor in his very costly modern office, chin up, cheeks flushed, eyes brave and bright, he smiled appreciatively.

"Well, Maisie, you don't look as if you needed me. Nothing wrong with your sister, I hope."

"Nothing more than usual, Doctor," plunging straight to her errand with youthful directness, "I came to you because you were my mother's doctor, and you're Jen's doctor, so you've always known us. I thought you'd help me now, with some advice."

"Yes, Maisie." There was a hint of apprehension in eyes and voice. "What's troubling you, child? You're feeling badly?"

"I'm not sick. But I've been going out with Joe Carson. You know his folks. I think a lot of him. I expected to marry him. But now, I don't know *what* to do!"

The apprehension deepened to a look of pitiful understanding. "Ah! Joe doesn't wish to marry you now? I thought better of the boy!"

"Of course he wants to marry me! He's got a raise. That's all we were waiting for. He'd marry me today, if I would."

RELIEF shone from the doctor's eyes. It was not as he had thought, then.

"But then why—?" Maisie answered the unfinished question.

"I want to be married. I want to have a nice little home and be a good housekeeper and a good wife. But I

don't want to be like Jen—have a baby every year till I'm not fit to have children nor take care of them after I do have them. I thought you'd tell me what to do."

"You thought I'd tell you how to *avoid motherhood!*"

Icy coldness had replaced the kindliness. Maisie, scarlet-faced but determined, met the shocked gaze squarely.

"Not how to avoid it. I love children. I just don't want to have too many. There's some way to manage."

"There is no *right* way. You cannot safely go against the laws of nature. Wise men recognized this when they made a law forbidding the dissemination of such information. If I gave you this advice you ask I could be sent to the penitentiary."

"A law against telling a woman how to do what's best for herself and her children. A law that men made! I begin to see why women wanted to vote! But just the same, somebody *does* tell. Look at the rich women who have only one or two children. They know, some way! Why should they be able to keep their families small, while the poor just have to go on making themselves poorer? It's not fair!"

THE doctor rose, to signify that the interview was over. He patted Maisie's shoulder and smiled a tolerant, indulgent smile.

"When you are older, my dear, you will understand that these things are not to be trifled with. Motherhood is the highest, holiest function of womanhood."

"I know—the right kind of motherhood!" Maisie protested stubbornly, loth to go. "But does that mean bringing children into the world to be hungry and miserable? You've only got two children yourself! Why didn't your wife have a dozen, if it's against the law to avoid big families?"

"I'm sorry, but I have an important consultation at three." The doctor's face was flushed, his manner was hurried, almost brusque; still, he went to the door with Maisie, and gave her shoulder another little pat. "Don't worry, you'll be all right," he said to the wistful eyes and rebellious lips that were Maisie's at that moment.

But when he had closed the door, and gone back to the very costly modern office, he stood quite still for a moment, and his face wore a curiously baffled, uncertain look.

"I wonder," he said, shaking his head slowly, "I wonder—"

MAISIE, disappointed and dismayed, had no thought of giving up. She walked slowly down the shaded avenue, and turned into a street of broad green lawns and handsome, one-family houses.

"There must be someone who'll help me!" she told herself. "It's got to be a woman. Men hang together with their stupid laws and their talk about high-and-holiness! They don't understand—I don't know as we can expect them to!"

Her mind was running through her list of married friends but she shook her head sadly at its inadequateness. Not one of them qualified for the rôle of advisor. "Because they're all poor," she thought, a bitter little smile curling her lips. "I got to find somebody though—there!"

The last word came out aloud, a sharp, triumphant exclamation. Going up the steps of one of the prettiest homes was a woman whom she recognized. She was the wife of the pastor of the church whose Sunday School Maisie had attended all through her little-girlhood.

"Mrs. Saunders!" Maisie ran forward eagerly. "Excuse me. I'm Maisie Weston. I used to be in your Sunday School class."

"Why, Maisie! How grown up you are, child. It's a long time since I've seen you. Won't you come in and have a little chat?"

"I'd like to, if you have time for me. I need some advice. Can you spare me just a few minutes?"

"Of course." She led the way into the house. "Here's Marion, my big girl," as a tall, pretty girl in an exquisitely dainty frock rose from an easy chair. "Marion, this is Maisie Weston. And you're all ready for the party? Well, run along.

"That's her first real party dress." The mother's eyes followed the graceful figure down the walk with evident pride. "She's eighteen next week. And my boy is almost thirteen. How children do grow up! Now sit down here comfortably and tell me what I can do for you."

(*Continued on page* 86)

The moon came out just in time to light Maisie's path to... where Joe waited

Jack Goes Ashore

And Finds at Last a Real Antidote for the Wanderlust

AS the tramp steamer came into its dock in the big seaport town, I swung the line to one of the men standing on the wharf to receive it. As he rapidly drew it in, dragging the big hawser through the water after it, I turned to the man standing beside me. He was a big, blonde giant of a Swede named Peterson—a shipmate of mine of many years.

"Pete," I said, "we go ashore tonight."

"Yas," he replied, "we get our pay and go ashore. We bane get drunk."

"Right, old boy," I replied. "We do just that."

"After we get drunk we bane clean out town," continued Peterson, gazing calmly, placidly, out over the town.

I had started aft and did not reply.

TEN o'clock that night found us in a water-front dive, a bar-room in front, dance-hall in rear.

Peterson was drunk. I was a close second. We were seated at a table with a couple of girls, drinking. A husky quartet of longshoremen were seated at the next table.

Suddenly the girl I was with pulled me by the coat-sleeve.

"I know that bunch at the next table. Watch them, Buddy. They are going to start something."

"Come on, Swede," I pushed him before me, and we got into the alley, the girl clinging to my arm

She spoke in low tones but Peterson caught the words. His back was to the men but he rose to his feet, turning around and facing them.

"Yust get up on your feet and start something, you d_____ bunch of dryland dock rats."

The music had just ceased and Peterson's fog-horn voice roared through the hall.

I had quietly arisen also and was edging around the table to his side, my eyes never leaving the four men at the other table. Suddenly one of them drew back the heavy beer glass from which he had just started to take a drink. I had a beer bottle in my hand. Instantly I took aim and fired it straight at the fellow's head. As I sprang to Peterson's side to meet the others, I saw the fellow at whom I had thrown, slide from his chair beneath the table.

We could have disposed of the other three with ease, as Peterson was a regular lion in a fight. As for myself, the Swede claimed I was the only man he had ever met who could handle him.

BUT the whole thing looked like a frame-up. It seemed as though every man in that rough-house joint was coming toward us. We were fighting our way along the wall toward the rear door. Lucky that the wall was behind us.

A little Dago was coming at me with a knife and I swung full on his jaw. He lit on his neck in the center of a table behind him, rolled completely over and landed in the lap of a girl who crouched, trembling with fright, behind the table.

With a shriek she pushed him from her and jumped to her feet. A bottle thrown at me from behind her grazed her hat and struck the wall beside me.

"Crawl under the table," I shouted to the girl.

I saw her go to the floor. The next moment something heavy fell against my shoulder and slid downward along my side. I glanced down quickly. Peterson was lying there immovable. As I started to look up I saw the girl crawling toward me from under the table.

"Oh, my God, take me out of here," she whispered.

There had been a sudden lull in the fighting and everything was strangely still. I looked about, and crowding into the room from both front and rear entrance, were a number of uniformed men, clubs in hand.

IN a moment the fighting broke out afresh but this time I was forgotten. They had turned their attention to their permanent enemy—the police.

The girl was now clinging to me. I reached down and lifted her up, placing her in a chair, then seized Peterson by the shoulders, shaking him roughly.

"Come on, Swede," I said, "let's beat it while the beatin's good."

I helped him to his feet. For a moment, a path was clear to the door. I pushed him before me, and we got into the alley, the girl clinging to my arm.

Peterson's face was streaked with blood and I wiped it off with a handkerchief, and the fresh air revived him.

"Next joint," he said laconically, starting down the alley.

THE girl and I followed him, and we soon turned in at the next dimly-lighted doorway. It opened into a combined saloon and dance-hall, practically the same as the place we had just left. There were rows of those whiskey-reeking, noisy places in that district.

We seated ourselves at a table and Peterson and I ordered whiskey. I glanced at the girl. Her face was protected from full view by a wide hat, somewhat the worse for wear.

"Do I have to drink?" she asked faintly.

At night . . . she would instruct me. My old pal, Peterson, would drop in too, when in port. How patient she was with my colossal ignorance!

There was something strange in the way she said it. I thought she was probably still nervous from the fight.

"Hell, no," I answered. "Not if you don't want to. But a whiskey would do you good."

"Whiskey started that fight," she answered.

"Big Swede started that fight," chimed in Peterson. "And Jack, here," nodding toward me, "finished it. It hane good wan."

The waiter brought our drinks, and gulping his down, the Swede arose.

"Wait. I'll be back," he said.

AS he was leaving, the piano struck up a two-step. I turned to the girl.

"Won't you please come home with me, Jack? I've hunted for you all night"

"Want to dance, kid?" I asked.

"If you want me to," she answered.

The lifeless meekness of her manner gave me a spell of the blues.

"I don't want you to," I answered shortly.

I ordered another whiskey. Peterson had not returned when that was gone and I ordered another. I ordered a third. As I was drinking the last Peterson came in.

"I got big double-room full of whiskey and a girl," he said. "Let's go."

"Got two?" I inquired.

"Wan." He glanced at the girl beside me. "Bring her."

I didn't know what the girl looked like, but I was drunk.

"Come on," I said briefly.

WE followed Peterson into the street and into a rooming-house across the way, up a rickety flight of stairs into a room from which a door was opened into another. I could see a gaudily dressed girl in the other room. Peterson went in to her, and, somehow, their coarse talk irritated me in my gloomy mood. I walked over and closed the door between us. Then, going over to a stand I took up a tumbler, poured out a small drink of whiskey and offered it to the girl.

"Do I have to drink it?" she asked.

The strange spell that had been growing on me reached its climax.

"D—— it, no!" I shouted. "You don't have to do a d—— thing. What in h—— is the matter with you, any way? You don't even have to take off your hat and let me get a look at your face, though I would like to know whether you're white or black before we go any further."

I poured more of the whiskey into the glass and drained it.

THE girl raised her hands to her head and even in my drunkenness I noticed that they trembled. After a few moments she removed her hat, dropping it to the floor.

For a long time I gazed at her in silent wonder, then placing the bottle and glass on the stand I walked slowly toward her.

Suddenly she sprang away from me, striking the bed and falling across it. Desperately she fumbled with a small purse she had in her hand while I watched in maudlin fascination.

She opened the purse, took out a small vial and quickly raised it to her lips.

With one bound I reached the bed, knocking the bottle from her hand, taking her by the shoulders and drawing her to a sitting position. I was perfectly sober.

Her face was death-like. Her eyes were large with the

Gradually, under the peaceful spell of her presence, my mind became normal

fear of worse than death. A stray curl of beautiful golden hair clung to her damp forehead, offering up a mute appeal for mercy.

I DID not understand—my experience was not in that line, but I knew I was meeting something sacred. Something that had never come into my rough, ugly life before.

Her lips barely moved, her voice was scarcely audible and I leaned close to hear.

"I thought I could do it but I couldn't. I would rather die. But you have saved me from death. Saved me for yourself. Oh, God! Oh, Jack! Let me die—let me die, please!"

I felt as if the whiskey must have affected my vision. I could not believe that the delicate beauty of her was real. I brushed my hand across my eyes, drawing it down and noting wonderingly that it was wet.

I made several attempts to speak but at first the words would not come. My hand trembled as I awkwardly touched the beautiful mass of golden hair.

Finally my voice came to me but it sounded strange and unreal.

"Little girl," I said, "I have never met anyone like you in my life. I have read about you but I have never met you. I knew you were different when I first saw you tonight but I didn't know how. May the God you know strike me dead, and the fiends of the hell I am headed for come and get me tonight, if I harm you."

She fell toward me and I took her in my arms and held her close as a mother would hold her little child.

AFTER awhile I helped her gently to the bed, removed her shoes and covered her with the blanket. She was still unconscious.

I got up and moved restlessly about the room, but I had no desire to drink. In a short time I heard her calling and I went to her side. Her eyes were open but the fear in them disappeared as they met mine.

"Don't leave me, Jack," she said faintly. "I am afraid with you away."

When morning came I was sitting on the bed holding her hand and she told me her story. It wasn't a long story, but there was a world of tragedy in it.

Her first name was Marie. When a mere child she had been taken from an orphans' home by a wealthy bachelor. He had loved her and had treated her as a daughter but had failed to make a will and had neglected to adopt her. At his sudden death, a year before, she was left penniless and friendless.

She had never worked. She had a good education but knew nothing of practical use. The man who had reared her always expecting to provide for her.

SHE had drifted from one position to another unable to make good. Her financial condition became worse and worse until, finally, buying a small bottle of poison, she had drifted into the hell-hole where I had found her, penniless and desperate.

When she finished her story I spoke, acting from impulse as I always did.

"Marie, little girl, I can give you a job. I was born in the slums of this city. I grew up among the worst element in the world. I went to sea when I was eleven years old and have followed it ever since. I have never known any life except the life of the sea. The only people I have ever known are the kind you saw me with last night. I have read much and have a better education than most of those I have known. But I want to learn more. If you will keep house for me and teach me some-

thing of what you know, I will stay ashore and work and pay you for what you do."

A LITTLE later I saw Peterson and told him something of what I had decided to do. It just about took the heart out of the big fellow. We had been shipmates and had travelled the seas together for eight years. There were a lot of things Peterson lacked in morals and in education. But he was like me—he had never known better things. Many splendid characteristics he had, which others of more refinement lacked. He was honest, he was courageous, he was loyal to his friends.

When we bade each other good-by he blubbered like a baby. I was deeply affected myself but I had cast off all lines and was headed for a new port. I could not put back.

I secured a little flat in a respectable part of the city. I gave Marie half of the money I had with me, which was all I possessed. She hesitated about accepting it, but I persuaded her by telling her she would have to get the groceries and that she would have to get books.

For a year I lived a new existence. I secured work in the shipping department of a large manufacturing concern. All day long I worked; and at night I would go into Marie's room and she would instruct me. My old pal, Peterson, would drop in, too, when in port. How patient she was with my colossal ignorance! About ten-thirty I would retire to my room, and in the morning she would call me for breakfast and the day would start again.

ONE evening I did not go home for supper. I met an old shipmate and we went into a saloon to get a drink. It was the first I had tasted for a year. In place of one, we had several drinks together. Subtly the thin veil of restraint and refinement, which the past year had built about me, slipped from my shoulders. Again I was the reckless, carefree Jack of the sea.

Without knowing how I got there I again found myself in the drinking place where I had first met Marie, but she was forgotten. It seemed I had just left the big tramp steamer with Peterson. The early hours of the morning found me almost helplessly drunk. I was at a table, a girl on my knee, her arms about my neck.

"Come, you are all in. Let's go," she said.

Stupidly I arose and went with her, she supporting me as I staggered along. We were going out the door when something barred our progress. I could not see, but a tragic voice came to me.

"Won't you please come home with me, Jack? I've hunted for you all night."

That voice! It awoke in my whiskey-deadened brain broken fragments of memory which I tried to piece together.

Home! I pressed my hands to my head in a desperate endeavor to think.

Gradually my vision cleared, and—I saw Marie. Her face was white and tragic with suffering. The dim light of the entrance from which we had just come touched the golden mass of her hair, and the grief on her beautiful face, uplifted to me, made me ache dully.

I broke away from the girl by my side and held out my arms to Marie.

"Take me home," I said brokenly.

I do not know how we reached home. I am sure neither of us spoke on the way.

She came into my room and helped me to bed. My head ached terribly. She brought cold water and bathed my temples and gave me medicine of some kind.

Gradually, under the peaceful spell of her presence, my mind became normal.

SHE was sitting on the bed beside me and her gaze did not leave my face. There was a look in her eyes I could not understand. She spoke to me very softly and her voice was wonderfully sweet.

"Jack, I have tried to make this a home for you; and you have been so kind and generous to me. But I have failed in one way. I did not realize until I saw you with that other girl. I can't stand that."

She paused a moment, closing her eyes, and then continued slowly.

"If it will only keep you away from anyone else I will be anything you want me to be, Jack, for you are life itself to me."

She threw her arms about my neck, sobbing pitifully. Her lips were pressed to mine in the first kiss I had ever received from a good woman.

At the touch of her lips to mine, a wonderful truth dawned on me and I held her close.

"Why, Marie, sweetheart," I said, "I love you. I want you to be my wife."

Her grip tightened convulsively about my neck.

We were married that day.

I DON'T know. Some claim our hell is suffered here on earth. If it is, Marie and I suffered ours in the first chapter of life. For now we are supremely happy.

With Marie's help I have been able to gain a fair education. But, best of all, she has awakened in me ambition and a hunger for knowledge. I have complete charge of the shipping department of the concern for which I first started to work. My wife and a little golden-haired Marie of about four years occupy all my time not devoted to business.

At irregular intervals a big, blonde Swede calls on us. He is the life-slave of Baby Marie.

Where's Your Life Story?

PERHAPS you have lived a bigger story than any ever told in TRUE STORY'S pages.

Why don't you write it?

It may help you turn an otherwise unprofitable experience into cash.

It matters not whether it deals with romance, adventure or business, you can help others with their life-problems and also earn a sum that will repay you for setting it down.

REMEMBER, also, TRUE STORY'S Prize Contests. February first was the closing date of the most recent one. Results will be announced soon. Three out of the five One Hundred Dollar prizes have already been awarded. Watch for the big Five Hundred Dollar prize for the best story of all.

TRUE STORY is a magazine you may get something out of, not merely by *reading* but by *writing*.

Even The Village Has Its Follies

AT least the best-known Village of America, as some *will* call a certain part of Manhattan Isle, has a set all its own. Between ourselves, even with a Greenwich Villager it must seem a bit strange to fit the word Follies to the Beauties—flesh and blood and otherwise—of this production of sheen and shadows, silks and satins, art and atmosphere.

But then, it is true that among the ah-ahs evoked by such feasts of loveliness as seen in miniature on these pages, the clever cast of the Greenwich Village Follies provides, equally irresistible excuse for ha-has from those who see and hear them.

Follies Off and On Broadway

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD came to New York from Chicago and showed Broadway that Follies need not be ugly or wicked after all. Now his kind of Follies are just as well known on many another thoroughfare—even beginning life on the Atlantic City Boardwalk on occasion. Mr. Ziegfeld is to be thanked by those who take—or are taken—to entertainment that barrages the revealing rather than the concealing of feminine beauty, with the individualized comedy of the American farceur and vaudevillian. Also, the Man of Follies knows, as well as he knows just how to please such playgoers, that their name is legion.

ALL of which tells the story of the success of Zee Follies off as well as on Broadway—where they have midnight as well as other kinds of 'em. Truth to tell, the New Amsterdam Theatre, from the Roof down, brightens the corner where it is by day and night with *some* Ziegfeld Show, even if it must turn away just as many folk as the Follies. This happened with Sally Marylin Miller in everyday life—and her fellow-players whom we find looking-over the Follies girls from the page across the way.

Peggy and Her Past

A Real Story of a Real Girl of the Old Southwest

A GENERATION ago, when the old Southwest was new to white men, Peggy met there Buck Blakewell. He won her heart—and then, through a minor misdemeanor was forced to flee the country before he could make her his wife. Peggy's little one came to her fatherless to spend its short span of life. After her baby's death, the neighbors' attitude toward Peggy grows less friendly, although she finds one champion in the brother of the missing Buck Blakewell.

Her sister's husband was not a large man, but his clothing was certainly not designed for Peggy's slender form

MRS. AINSLEY looked up as her daughter entered. The girl came over to the hearth and stood trembling by her mother's chair, in her eyes the pleading of the hunted brought to bay and knowing that escape is hopeless. The horror of the experience she had just gone through at the dance flooded her whole soul with a helpless, hopeless misery.

The older woman saw and understood. Whatever words came to her she left unsaid and reaching out her hand she drew her daughter to her side. Something passed between the two women, some subtle current of understanding, and the girl sank to her knees by her mother's chair and sobbed out her grief upon the older woman's breast.

With broken voice Peggy told her story; of the loneliness which prompted her to go, the humiliation of her reception, of the gallantry of the missing Buck Blakewell's brother. She dared not raise her eyes through her recital. She felt her mother's body quiver with repressed anger and heard the nervous scraping of her father's feet upon the hearthstones.

There was a long silence in the room as she finished, broken only by the snapping of the firewood and the ticking of the clock. Then her mother's voice came to her as from a great distance, bidding her go to bed. And Peggy went from the room. For a long time she stood at the window staring out into the dark.

AT last she crept quietly into her cot, but sleep would not come. She could hear her parents talking; her mother's decisive tones, her father's milder utterances. With surprise, she realized that her father was taking the initiative, and was proposing to sell his lease upon the acreage and move to some other place. "To give Peg a chance where folks don't know her," she heard him say.

The girl sobbed in bitterness of heart. That her father would give up the fruit of his toil, just now coming into a measurable productiveness, that he would relinquish the work of his hands, the unceasing labor of years—no! she would not let him sacrifice all that for her. She clenched her hands, hardly able to restrain herself from rushing in to her parents, crying out her protest. Her father must not do this thing!

Then the obvious solution came to her; she herself would go away. She should have gone before as she had thought of doing before her baby died. Her weariness vanished; she was now wide-awake, planning her resolve.

THE first wan light of the winter morning found her astir. Pitiably few were the preparations she had to make for her departure; her few clothes, some simple trinkets, Buck's picture, that was all she would take with her. Martha's husband had left a small satchel, which she decided to take, and in this she found a suit of his clothes.

She was anxious to discard her masculine garb for she knew her appearance was ridiculous and would deceive no one

The find seemed providential. She had dreaded the idea of making her way along strange roads, but dressed as a boy she would have no fear of arousing comment or being molested. She thought she would go to Douglas, a little town some fifteen miles away, and try for work, anything she could find to do.

She slipped into the masculine garments and surveyed herself as best she could in her mirror, and for a moment almost forgot her bitterness in an irrepressible laugh. Her sister's husband was not a large man, but his clothing was certainly not designed for Peggy's slender form. The trouser-legs were miles too long, the coat lost all semblance of a coat and became a shapeless thing of wonderful extent, the sleeves flapped mournfully about her knees.

There was no time for any tailoring operations now, and she hurriedly did the best she could with the suit by rolling up the sleeves and trouser-legs until her hands and feet were free. A few safety-pins gave a feeling of security, and with a discarded cap of her father's to cover up her curls, she slipped out of the doorway, the satchel in her hand, and softly drew the bolt.

SHE paused a moment on the threshold, for a full realization of what she was about to do suddenly rushed over her mind. Every log of the humble home was dear to her; the simple efforts at decorating the rough walls, the crude furniture, the hearth at which she had dreamed away long evening hours. An ache came to her heart, a poignant suffering too deep for tears. Her home—she was leaving her home. She wanted to cry out, that her parents might hear and make her stay.

Someway she steeled herself to close the door behind her, and with hurried steps took a path that would bring her to the Douglas road. The air was chilly; she drew on her mittens and wrapped the coat more securely about her, pulling the cap down over her ears. No one was astir in the few cabins she passed, and even the cattle in the fields seemed to feel the raw dampness of the winter morning and crowded together for warmth.

SHE reached the road and turned to the North. Her steps had been brisk and she was no longer cold, but a healthy appetite reminded her that it was time for breakfast. In her haste and excitement at leaving home she had forgotten to provide herself with food, and now she must make out as best she could. She squared her shoulders and continued on her way.

The miles slipped away and she came into an unfamiliar neighborhood. People were now stirring about their homes, the men looking after the stock and the women folks preparing the morning meal. A tantalizing odor of frying bacon came to her and she was tempted to stop and invite herself to breakfast. She would have been welcome, she knew that, but her attire—how could she explain her masquerade?

HER spirits dropped to zero. Hunger is a poor companion for an undertaking such as Peggy's.

Her pace grew listless with indecision. She realized the extent of the step she had taken—putting herself away from the protection of her home, throwing herself upon a world she knew nothing about. She thought with growing respect of people she had read about: boys who had stalked forth and fought their way and triumphed against all odds. Their strength seemed wonderful, for she was so frightened, so discouraged, she was almost ready to turn back at the first buffet.

She took sober stock of her intentions. What were they, really? To make her own way; to spare her aging father the necessity of a struggle with new and untried land; to let her parents keep the home she knew was dear to them. And if she returned—if she went back to her home? No, she could not do it.

She heard the rattle of an approaching team and then a man's hearty voice:

"Hey, Bud! Where ye going with that valise? Get in and ride!"

The horses were stopped with a loud *whoa* and Peggy clambered into the big wagon. The driver was a middle-

"Well! If it ain't little Peg Ainsley! What ye doing here, Peg? Ain't you got a kiss for me?"

aged farmer, wearing an immense fur coat and with a rough knitted scarf about his throat. He looked at Peggy with kindly interest. The girl's heart thumped for a moment, but soon she felt quite safe again, for it was evident that he took her for a boy.

HE was a talkative individual and as he seldom waited for a reply Peggy was not called upon for much conversation. It appeared that he, too, was going to Douglas and when later he produced some huge sandwiches and a bottle of coffee, still warm, in a heavy wrapping of paper, Peggy's waning spirits rose, and the future seemed to hold more pleasant possibilities.

Douglas was little more than a village, but Peggy had never been in a place of even its inconsequent size and was greatly interested in all she saw as they drove up its principal street. For women born and raised in the scattered settlements of a pioneer country there is small opportunity or necessity for traveling about. Their minds may wander through the world portrayed in school geographies and occasional books of travel, but the countryside fifty miles away is usually an unknown land to them.

The farmer headed his team to the "wagonyard" of the place, a valued institution of those days. Roofed stalls gave shelter to horses and wagons, and for those who wished to spend the night, there was a large room where pallets might be made up upon the floor. In the center of the room a stove gave out a cheerful warmth and could be used to make coffee or prepare warm food. A small fee

"Poor little girl," she said . . . "Come away with me . . . I know the folks here love you . . . but there will be a difference"

was charged, and though the discomforts were many, the patrons were not critical and found it a great convenience.

PEGGY jumped from the wagon as it entered the enclosure. She was anxious to discard her masculine garb, for she knew her appearance was ridiculous and would deceive no one if she ventured about. She found a stall screened by several wagons and slipped from the coat and trousers which she had put on over her dress. Leaving the garments where they fell, she took her satchel and went out into the street of the little town.

It was still early and she walked aimlessly about, looking into the store windows with a growing feeling of loneliness. People passed by; well-dressed men, so different from the roughly-clad men of her neighborhood; women with well-shod feet and warm, comfortable cloaks. A few girls came by, chattering among themselves and apparently without a care in the world.

PEGGY felt forlorn, indeed. Her rough shoes, her dress, her cap, all proclaimed her as being from the "back country." But fortunately no one seemed to notice her at all. She would have been embarrassed if spoken to, for she felt out of place, out of her sphere, entirely.

How was she to make a start; what was she to do about finding a place to work, what kind of work could she do? In those days in Indian Territory, women were no factor in business affairs. A merchant's daughter might possibly help about in her father's store, but the clerks were usually

men. Peggy was unfamiliar with any phase of business; she was nothing but an untrained country girl and never before had she so realized her limitations.

She left the business block and walked down a side-street. It seemed more friendly; there was a blacksmith shop with a livery stable nearby, and a butcher shop with hams and sausages in the window. In the next block there were some rough but comfortable-appearing houses, with children at the windows. A little tot waved his hand to her as she passed and she managed to smile in response.

BUT Peggy felt that life was very drear. She knew she should be making an effort to find something to do, but she did not know how to go about it. Who was she to see, what could she say she was able to do? She bit her lip to keep from crying, but the tears would come and she broke into uncontrollable sobs.

On the corner of the block was a large, one-story building with a wide porch. There were rocking chairs on the porch, looking out of place in the coldness of the winter morning, but Peggy sank into one and buried her face in her hands. She knew she had made no effort to find employment; she knew she was giving up without a struggle, but an over-powering sense of helplessness took possession of her. She felt the futility of effort; she was out of her little world and she was lonely and afraid, and bitterly tired of it all.

SHE heard a step on the wooden floor and looked up with a startled glance. A man in his shirt-sleeves had come out of the door and stood peering at her from beneath shaggy eyebrows. He seemed mildly curious, but his face was kind. Peggy rose hurriedly and reached for her satchel.

"No, no," said the man. "Don't let me scare you away. This is a hotel; maybe you would like to come in by the fire. It's cold, these winter mornings." His voice was pleasant and agreeable.

Peggy stood irresolute. It was cold, and since she had discarded the coat she had worn on her journey she had felt the need of it. She looked up and the man saw the tears in her eyes and noted her trembling hands. He became decisive at once.

"Tell the missus about it after 'while, if you want, but come inside and get warm. You need a cup of hot coffee or something to warm you up, or you'll shake yourself to pieces!" He picked up the satchel and took the girl's arm, leading her into the hotel office.

IN another moment Peggy found herself in a comfortable chair, enjoying the genial warmth of an immense stove. Her new friend went out of the room, and she could hear his pleasant voice calling for "Mrs. Davis," and then a woman's voice in response.

In a few minutes the man reappeared, and with him a middle-aged woman of motherly manner and appearance. She bustled up to Peggy and took off the girl's cap and patted the curly head.

"I'm Mrs. Davis, and this is my husband, Mr. Davis," she said by way of introduction. "Mr. Davis said you seemed to be in trouble, and while the Lord knows there's lots of trouble in the world, I don't see why a mite like you should have any!" She looked into Peggy's face with keen eyes, and what she saw seemed to satisfy her for she smiled and patted the girl's cold cheeks. Peggy's lonely little heart warmed towards the woman at once.

"My name is Peggy Ainsley," she said. "I guess I'm a little coward. I came from back in the country to see if I could get work, and everything was so strange and different that I—I didn't know how to go about asking for something to do. It's so lonesome—" she hesitated for a moment— "it's so lonesome out where we live that I—I thought I'd like it better in town. Do you know where I might get something to do?"

Mrs. Davis and her husband exchanged glances, and the man nodded.

"You can stay with us," said the woman. "We need someone to help with the meals and around the house. Our boy has been helping us, but he is going to work in the drug store after school hours and we were wondering what we would do without him."

And so it was settled.

BACK in the little cabin she had left, two heart-sick parents mourned their absent daughter. Peggy had scrawled a little note and pinned it to her pillow before leaving the house. It told why she was leaving; it asked forgiveness for the unhappiness she had brought upon them; begged them to believe she would be a good girl and would come back to them someday.

A neighbor brought another letter on that day; a letter from Buck Blakewell and addressed to Peggy. With trembling hands the mother opened the envelope and read:

"MY DEAR PEGGY:

Do you remember what you told me on the night I went away, that you loved me and would marry me? And you know I said I loved you, and I love you now.

I have had some bad luck, little girl, but it has changed and now I am able to make you a good home. If you can forgive me for not writing, I want you to come and be my little wife. Will you come, Peggy dear? I will always treat you the best, for I think all the world of you, and it was only because I had bad luck that I didn't write before. But that is all over now.

Someway I feel that you have not forgotten your old Buck, and that you will come to me and let us be happy together. We will have a regular church wedding.

As I told you once before, there never was such a sweet little girl as you are.

Please say you will marry me, and I will send you a railroad ticket. And you can tell your folks you are not afraid that I won't make you a good husband.

With my best respects to your father and mother, and hoping you will let me hear from you right away, with all my love I am.

Yours always,

BUCK BLAKEWELL."

It was from Vicksburg. Mrs. Ainsley laid the two letters side by side—the tear-stained note from Peggy and the well-written pages from the man who had brought all the unhappiness upon her home. The mother's lips moved in a prayer of thanksgiving that her daughter was not a thing cast aside and forgotten, and she held both letters to her heart and fought back tears of mingled grief and joy. But the letter was unanswered.

THE days passed happily for Peggy. Her sweetness, her quaint, old-fashioned ways, her beauty, all touched and held the hearts of the couple who had befriended her. She had her hours of yearning for her home; a craving to be with her mother, to talk with her father. But homesickness was set aside in the knowledge that she had spared her parents the cruel hardship of breaking up the ties which held them to their acreage; and that she was making her own way and was a care to no one.

The hotel had a number of permanent guests; the telegraph operator at the railroad station, a young lawyer, a doctor, several clerks employed by the stores of the little town. An occasional traveling man stopped overnight, sometimes there would be a number of them. Peggy helped with deft hands in serving the meals. That she would not flirt or accept tips was a perplexing problem to the breezy, good-natured "drummers." It was discovered that she liked to read and was not averse to offerings of candy, and after this momentous discovery was made she never lacked for (*Continued on page* 68)

Eloped —at Last

Sometimes Romance Comes High, But We Must Have It

Ed threw pebbles at the window . . . but Nettie . . . had gone to bed . . . telling herself her heart was broken

EVERY once in a while I hear some cynic say "Romance—bah! There isn't any such thing!" If I know that he has only indigestion and not an ingrown grouch, I take him over to the Bayers' house.

Ed Bayer is big and prosperous-looking. On hot evenings he sits on the porch with his coat off, waving a palm leaf fan and gulping down great quantities of lemonade from the big pitcher on the table nearby. Nettie, his wife, is plump and jolly, and well past forty. They're the happiest, most contented people in the block.

To look at them you would never suspect them of having even the slightest notion of the meaning of the magic word "romance." Ed weighs close to two hundred and laughs so hard he gets red in the face and jells all over; Nettie runs him a close second in weight, does her own cooking because she likes to, forgets her corsets half the time, but is always ready to listen to the stories of love's young dream that the young people bring to her.

If fifteen minutes with the Bayers doesn't get at least a grin from Friend Cynic, I take him away, but on the way home I tell him their story. It's as romantic a one as was ever squeezed between the covers of a magazine. Just listen to it.

BOTH Nettie and Ed were born and reared in Cherubusco, Indiana. Her father, Old Man Simonson, owned a big farm well-stocked with dairy cattle. The family lived in one of the best houses in town. Ed Bayer was a big awkward lummox of a boy, a willing worker, whose fortune consisted of a horse and a decrepit old buggy as full of squeaks as the town gossip was of stories.

When he was nineteen and Nettie was seventeen, they fell in love with each other. Ed was clerking in Si Barnes' combination hardware and grocery store and was collecting a weekly wage of eight dollars. Nettie's father owned something like four hundred acres of land, the most fertile in Allen county, and had money in the bank, and Nettie was his only child. However, such differences in fortune mean little around Cherubusco, provided the boy is willing to work and has a clean record. Somehow, though, Nettie's father could not quite approve of Ed as a son-in-law. He did not dislike him, but he felt the young people were too young to be married. He had too much sense, though, to forbid them to see one another; he just suggested that they wait a little while until Ed was making more money. Then he forgot about the matter, believing that they would, too.

But Ed's old buggy was Cupid's chariot so far as the young people were concerned, and being honestly in love they decided to elope.

NETTIE, with feminine forethought, decided to be married on the night when papa was with his cronies at a lodge meeting. It was full moon on Wednesday when she and Ed made their plans. She was more thrilled by the idea of eloping with Ed than she was with marrying him, and her active brain devised the whole scheme.

Ed was to drive around back of the barn as soon as her father was safely out of the way at the lodge meeting. Then, if the coast was clear, get the ladder out of the wagon-house, drag it across the corner of the orchard and raise it to her window. Then she would climb out of the window and Ed, like a romantic hero, was to carry her down to the ground and out to the waiting buggy, and off they would go to Fort Wayne to be married. They knew her father would forgive them when they returned.

Ed was one of those hard-headed practical country boys who could do more work and waste fewer motions than anyone else in the county. He argued with Nettie

Ed stood the displeasure of Nettie and the chuckles of the town for just three days

door, ran to the buggy and goaded his slow old horse to unguessed bursts of speed, in an effort to reach Nettie's house before her father did.

When Ed arrived at the big white house, silent and, it seemed to him, disappointed-looking in the moonlight, he was panic stricken, for Nettie's window was closed tight, on that hot summer night! Ed threw pebbles at the window, tried to shout in a whisper, whistled and called in desperation. But Nettie, after waiting for her errant knight for an hour, had become angry and, locking the window, had gone to bed, telling herself her heart was broken. But Nettie was healthy and, as a matter of fact, she had stopped crying and was sound asleep long before Ed arrived at what was to have been the romantic scene of the now sadly incomplete elopement.

and declared he couldn't see the reason for carrying her down a ladder when all she had to do was come down one flight of stairs, lift the latch on the door and walk out to the buggy.

But seventeen-year-old Nettie, wrapped in the rosy aura of Romance, was adamant. Down the ladder or no elopement, said she. And Ed, being very much in love with the determined maiden, finally acquiesced to her demands.

IT was a dull day in the store Thursday, and Ed was asked to help with the haying. Si Barnes, the owner of the store, believed in making Ed earn his eight dollars. Si was a lodge member, too, and when he was ready to go to the meeting he asked Ed to keep the store open until nine.

"When you lock up put the key at the side of the door because some of the boys may come back for cigars after the meeting," said the thrifty Si.

Ed went home for supper, put his best clothes on and drove back to the store in the buggy. At nine o'clock he put out the lights and sat patiently in the dark, waiting for ten o'clock and time to elope with Nettie.

The day had been warm and sultry; Ed was tired from haying and clerking. He nodded a few times and—I've got to say it—he fell asleep.

He was awakened by the lodge members coming to the door. Poor Ed! It was already 11:30 and he had to let them in and sell cigars to the crowd.

IT seemed hours, I suppose, until the last man had left the store. Then Ed, in a frenzy of haste, locked the

Next day she would not speak to Ed. She passed him with her dainty little nose in the air, refused to listen to explanations and sent back his notes, unopened. She confided in her dearest friend, exacting a promise of secrecy, but that afternoon the dearest friend did the same thing to her dearest friend and by supper-time everyone in Cherubusco was laughing at Ed. Not only that, but they came into the store the next day to chaff him about sleeping on his elopement night.

ED stood the displeasure of Nettie and the chuckles of the town for just three days. Then he took his wages, drew his savings from the bank and left town after writing a pitiful little note to Nettie.

"Your cruelty has wrecked my life," he wrote, and he believed it, too.

He went to Chicago and stayed there, working hard in the coal business, saving his money, getting into ward and then city and county politics.

Nettie was twenty before she finally gave up hoping that Ed would come back. She was pretty and popular, and it was but natural that, when good-looking Bill Easton, a successful young farmer, proposed to her, she should accept him.

But Nettie's married bliss was of short duration, for Bill died four years later. With two or three paying farms and her inheritance from her father, Nettie was the richest widow in the county. And she was also the handsomest.

In the meantime Ed, in Chicago, had married also.

He grew in wisdom and stature, and in wealth also. When his wife died seven or eight years after their marriage, Ed was left with a son and a daughter, a fine big house and lots of money and property.

IN the midst of his prosperity Ed began to experience an acute nostalgia. In other words, he became homesick for Cherubusco. Finally, he drove out there in his car, showed the children his old home, and renewed acquaintance with the townsfolk. Most of them had forgotten about his affair with Nettie, especially since she, too, had moved away, first to Fort Wayne, and later to Chicago. There were a few who still laughed at the man who had failed to attend his own elopement, but by this time Ed could laugh with them.

Ed asked for Nettie and promised himself he would look her up in Chicago. But he somehow failed to remember to do that when he returned.

Then, one fine morning, he boarded an elevated train at the Birchwood station to go downtown. The train was crowded and when it stopped at the Loyola station many were compelled to remain standing. Over the top of his neighbors' newspapers, Ed observed a comely woman who had just entered the train. He arose and requested her to take his seat. She murmured a word of thanks then, suddenly dimpling and breaking into smiles, she gave a little cry of delighted surprise, and then:

"Why, Ed Bayer!" she exclaimed.

"Nettie Simonson," he cried in glad surprise.

"Easton," she corrected, still smiling.

"Oh, I forgot," he said, contritely. "I heard—someone told me in Cherubusco—I'm sorry."

"Bill was a good man," she said seriously. "But—it has been a number of years since he died; you see I no longer wear mourning. And Mrs. Bayer?"

"She, too, died a few years ago," said Ed solemnly.

BEFORE they reached the Loop, Nettie and Ed were chatting, laughing and recalling childhood days. They were enjoying the reunion so much that Ed proposed luncheon in Fields' so that they could talk longer. Nettie confessed she had nothing but a bit of shopping to do and that that could wait. The children came in to meet Ed after awhile, and Nettie kissed the girl affectionately and gave the boy a warm but unobtrusive squeeze, thereby winning his eternal affection.

"It's not every day I meet an old friend after years of separation," Nettie told Ed. "But I'm surprised you remembered me."

"I'd have known you anywhere," he asserted positively. "You're just as pretty as ever. I never forgot you, Nettie, and I never quite got over your jilting me."

"Nettie Simonson," he cried in glad surprise. "Easton," she corrected, still smiling

"Jilted you? Why Ed Bayer! You know you were coming to elope with me and you forgot all about it—left me waiting for hours while you slept. And at last I crept into bed heartbroken!"

"Not much heartbreak when you could sleep through the rain of pebbles. The window came nearer to being broken," sniffed Ed, as the memories of that summer night's disappointment came back to him through all the years.

It was four o'clock before they finished luncheon and parted.

Ed took away Nettie's address with him; and in the weeks that followed his calls were frequent. The children adored her.

IT was but natural that their friends should come to the conclusion that they would be married. They were a fine-looking pair, hale and hearty, with similar tastes; both were wealthy and his home needed a mistress. And how the children loved Nettie. Besides, there was their youthful love affair.

Three months after their meeting in the train Ed proposed to Nettie again. She accepted him, conditionally.

"I do care a great deal for you," said Nettie, "I'm ready to marry you, Ed, any time you carry out our original program."

"How's that, elope?" smiled Ed, after kissing her warmly.

"Yes," she answered.

"Fine," said Ed, enthusiastically, "that will do away with all the fuss of a big wedding. Set the date Nettie, and make it soon—I won't go to sleep this time."

"I'll be ready whenever you come with a ladder and carry me down," Nettie announced.

Ed laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That's rich, honey," he said. "I'd never say you were fat, but you'll have to admit you're more of an armful now than you were then; and I'm not so light on my feet myself," he added ruefully. "It would be some job to carry you down from the fifth floor of the apartment house you live in, even if I could get a ladder to reach the window."

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"Doggone it, you don't think I'm doing this for fun, do you? *You* insisted," he sputtered . . . "Oh, Ed," quavered Nettie, "I'm afraid I'll fall"

Pardoned Innocence

A Prison Story of a Girl's Wrong Made Right

THE warden examined the commitment papers, and a frown creased his brow. The name on the papers was Blossom White, the age, eighteen, and the term, twenty years. His frown deepened as he thought. In all the years that he had been associated with prison-work, he had never become hardened to the idea of imprisoning a woman. True, never a man entered here that he did not sympathize with, worthy or not. But a woman, even though the crime merited punishment—it seemed unbearable. Since the beginning of time man had set himself up as woman's natural defender, and this acting as her judge and prosecutor did not seem to him consistent. Men should condone woman's faults and help her overcome them, not punish her.

"Blossom White," he smiled sadly at the pathetic little name. She was so young, and though her crime had been proved, he believed it had been more the result of ignorance than intent. She had been convicted of stealing the jewels of the wife of a politician of state-wide, even nation-wide power. And though the jewels had been recovered, the politician had been bitterly relentless in prosecuting her.

Warden Malcolm was puzzled over the case and felt that there was more to it than appeared on the surface. Still, he could do nothing about it, and as the papers were all regular, he gave orders that the girl be admitted.

He felt an overwhelming pity for her as he saw her led away to her cell. The memory of that mute, hopeless figure being led away to her prison haunted him through all the hours of the night.

NEXT day he decided to send for the girl and hear her story.

She was carried rather than led into his office, and collapsed in the chair he brought for her. He dismissed the guard and the girl sat with white face bowed down as if she had not the courage to face the new blow she feared fate was about to deal her.

"Poor child," he murmured. "Look up. I am not going to hurt you. I sent for you because I want you to tell me your story. I want to help you if I can."

The eyes she raised to him were almost blank with suffering. Their expression gave him an uncanny feeling. She sat there staring at him without a hint of intelligence.

"Don't you understand me?" he asked very gently. "I am telling you that I wish to be your friend, and to help you if I can."

His voice was kind and his stern gray eyes softened with compassion. He studied her as she struggled to understand him and respond to his question. She was worn with shame and suffering, but he saw that she must have been very pretty before all happiness and gladness had been taken from her.

"You aren't afraid of me, surely," he insisted.

AT last she seemed to arouse herself, and then with the conviction of his friendly intentions came a feeling of self-pity which broke the stony mask of her emotions, and she burst into tears.

"There, there," he soothed, "that is better, crying will do you good." He arose and going to her put a comforting hand on her shoulder He let her sob unrestrained for a few minutes. After awhile she grew quieter.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I haven't had a kind word spoken to me since I was—a—arrested," her lips trembled on that word as if she could scarcely bear the shame of even speaking it. "You are kind," she cried, after searching his face with tearful eyes, from which the deadly look of blankness had now gone. "You are kind, and I think you will believe me when I tell you I didn't mean to keep those jewels. No one else would believe me, but I never meant to steal them."

"Of course you didn't, I am sure of that," he told her.

"OH, thank you," the color flooded her face at this faith in her. Then with new courage she hurried on. "I had been working at Mr. Duffield's house several months. I came from the country and didn't know nobody in town and I hadn't had one good time since I'd been there. I was afraid to go out alone. Then one night a maid who worked in the same block asked me if I wanted to go to a dance with her. I hadn't been to a dance for a long, long time, so I told her I would. I put on my best dress, and then when I was dressing I thought how nice I'd look if I could wear some of Mrs. Duffield's jewels, so I went to her room to ask her to lend me some."

Malcolm smiled to himself at the ingenuousness of this; truly she must have come very freshly from the country, not to realize the absurdity of such a request.

"And," the girl went on, "I knocked at her door and no one answered, so I pushed the door open and looked in. There wasn't anyone in there. I looked around and then I went over to the bureau and right in the top drawer was a lot of beautiful jewels. I took them out and put them on just to see how I would look. They looked so grand I couldn't bear to take them off again. I didn't suppose she would care if I borrowed them, so I wore them to the dance.

"I HAD such a lovely time at the dance, but I guess nobody thought my jewels were real for some of the boys laughed and called me the 'princess.' Anyway, I had a awfully good time." Here she sighed in pathetic reminiscence. "Well, when I got home it was so late I thought I'd better not take them back 'til morning, because I didn't want to wake Mrs. Duffield up. Then the next day I forgot all about it 'til about noon, and what made me think of them then was that everybody was excited and running around saying there had been a big robbery and madame's jewels all stolen. I started to get them, then I thought if I did they would think I stole them, so I got scared and hid them. I tried to get a chance to take them back without being seen, but there was always somebody watching and I couldn't. And then a detective found them in my room and they arrested me, and said I was a thief—and they sent me—here! And—" she broke down again and began crying.

"Don't cry any more, little girl," begged Malcolm.

"I—I'm glad poor Mama is dead," she said. "She couldn't have stood to see me in this—in prison."

"So your mother is dead?"

"Yes, she died a year ago; my father died before I was born, and when I came Mama said I was so like a flower, she named me Blossom." Her eyes flashed with a remnant of pride. "She said I was all the joy in her life, her little Blossom." Again she bowed her head in humiliation.

"Don't cry," he comforted her, "I am sure you were a joy to her."

"Yes, I was," she declared. "Mama and I was so happy and then she died and I was all alone—and I went to the city to work, and—oh, I wish I had died with Mama."

He struggled to find words of encouragement, but could think of none. What encouragement could he give her? Her case seemed entirely hopeless. He knew that Duffield was a close friend of the Governor's and this precluded any hope of a pardon.

"Why did Mr. Duffield persist in punishing you after the jewels were recovered?" he wanted to know.

A frightened look came into her face and she looked around the room apprehensively.

"No one can hear you," he assured her. "Don't be afraid to tell me all you know."

"You're sure?" she asked.

"Yes, sure."

"He—he—" she stammered, "I haven't dared to tell a soul, but all the time I was working there, he tried to make love to me. I wouldn't listen to him." She tossed her head and her eyes flashed. "Mama always told me, 'Blossom, you haven't got anything more than your honor. But keep that. Don't let any man fool you!' I knew he didn't mean me good, so I told him to go and make love to his wife. You had ought to seen him." She smiled wanly at the recollection. "And one night he met me in the hall and kissed me. I slapped him in the mouth, and, my, but he got mad. He said, 'I'll fix you for that, young lady.'

"When the detectives arrested me he told them to let him have a talk with me. He took me into the library and shut the door and tried to put his arms around me. I asked him if he wanted another slap and he backed away and said in a terrible way: 'Very well then, to prison you go. If you had been nice to me, I would have let you off, but as you see fit to sneer at me, you can go to prison and rot there.' "

The warden had listened to her confession with deep interest and when she came to the part involving Duffield's conduct, he straightened up in his chair and his eyes darkened with anger—he had known that something lay behind his unusually stubborn prosecution of the girl. This explained it, he was avenging his outraged vanity, by punishing the humble girl who had dared repulse him.

"Do you think you can help me?" begged Blossom.

"I don't know. I'll try," he promised. "I'll see what I can do. And in the meantime, you are not to worry. Remember, I am your friend, and will do all I can for you."

"Thank you," she murmured, and her eyes were starry with hope as she followed the guard out.

All that night he pondered and pondered. He had bid her hope, but he could see none. No board of pardons had been yet established in his state and there was small hope without gubernatorial intervention. And that seemed impossible as Duffield would make it clear to the Governor, by fair or foul means, that the girl was not worthy. He studied the case from every angle and could see no hope for Blossom, yet he could not bring himself to tell her so. He had her come to his office to cheer her up as often as he could without arousing suspicion that he was unduly interested. Her faith in him was pathetic; it seemed the only thing that kept her from utter despair.

Several weeks went by and Malcolm was constantly thinking of Blossom's problem, but could find no solution. It was by this time becoming his problem as well, for Malcolm, the quiet, kindly reformer, who had scarcely ever given a second thought to a woman, suddenly discovered that this little maid, ignorant as she was and with the prison curse upon her, meant all the world to him. He loved her for the pure white soul of her and her utter womanliness, and he meant to make it his life work to free her. Nothing else mattered now but getting her out of this grim Bastile. He would bend every effort to that end.

One day the Governor was making a visit of inspection and Malcolm decided to make an appeal to him. Although he felt sure it would prove futile, still he could try. In the course of conversation, Malcolm casually asked him if there was no chance of pardoning Blossom White, and the Governor replied emphatically that there was none. She had deliberately committed a crime and hidden it until she was discovered, and therefore deserved the punishment she was getting. This thing of pardoning women just because they were young and pretty had to be stopped, else matters would get entirely beyond control, and law and order a thing of the past. Malcolm saw immediately that Duffield had already put in his ugly, unclean words against the girl—and that the Governor believed him.

Malcolm reminded him that he had not expressed such sentiments a short time ago. What about Nancy Jenkins, whom he had pardoned a year ago?

The Governor answered that that had been an entirely different kind of a case; it had been up to him as a southern gentleman to see that she was freed; also, it had been quite within keeping with the law that she had been pardoned. There was an old law, still in force, which provided that such cases be pardoned.

Malcolm let the subject drop there, as he saw that he would only injure his case by further insistence. Nevertheless, he was greatly discouraged by the Governor's attitude, he realized more keenly than ever that he was not to be moved. It was perhaps natural that he should be inclined to take Duffield's word rather than that of a stranger, especially in a case that concerned Duffield so closely. For Duffield had long been a personal friend of the Governor's.

Malcolm felt that he faced a blank wall as he sat at his desk that evening. Suddenly, he began thinking of what the Governor had said about pardoning Nancy Jenkins. He recalled the circumstances which brought about her pardon. He was getting the germ of an idea. Going over to the shelves, he took down a book and looked feverishly through it.

Yes, there it was—the old and almost forgotten law! Then the plan, full-formed, came to him. At first he fought against it. It was the only way out—but how could he propose such a thing. He wondered at himself that he could be guilty of entertaining such thoughts. He could not rid himself of it, however, and for hours paced the floor in torment. And so he fought the hardest battle of his life. At last, he came to the decision that there was no other way, that it was not dishonorable because he loved her—that is, if she only loved him as much and would trust him absolutely.

When he had fully decided on his course of action, he sent a trusty for her. She came in and he noted with a start how pale and thin she was. It was plainly to be seen that she could not bear the shame and the confining, ugly life much longer.

She sat down and raised adoring eyes to his. No need to ask if she loved and trusted him, her every look expressed it unconsciously.

Observing his serious manner, she asked tremblingly:

"What is it, oh, what is it?"

"Don't be alarmed, child," he told her while he searched her face. Then he asked, "Blossom, do you love me?"

She paled at the abruptness of the question. A moment later her cheeks were suffused with a rosy glow and she dropped her eyes, then raised them, radiant.

"Yes," she said simply, "I do, I—I worship you; you have been so good to me. You are the best—the only friend I have in the world!"

"Poor, little girl," he murmured softly. "But do you love me enough to trust me implicitly?"

"I reckon I do," she answered, with a tender little tremble in her voice.

"Enough to do as I say, even if you think I am wrong?" he insisted.

"You couldn't be wrong," she said indignantly.

"I might appear to be, but God knows I have no wish to be. Blossom, I have been trying all these weeks you have been here to find a way to free you, and I could find none. Not one chance to get you out of here, until today I was reminded of an odd case which occurred about a year ago. I went over the statutes very carefully and I find that the law is still in effect. That and the fact that I love you very dearly may save you."

"Yes," she said breathlessly, "what is it?"

HE sat down facing her and took her hands in his—it was going to be very hard to explain to this innocent child.

"I scarcely know how to begin," he said gently. "I don't know how I am going to make you understand. But, first of all, Blossom, I want you to know that I have never cared for a woman as I care for you. My whole aim now is to free you and make you happy. You believe that, don't you, dear?"

She nodded, sobered, and somewhat troubled by his gravity.

"It's wonderful to know you love me," she said simply. "I don't see why you do. 'Course I just couldn't help loving you."

"No more could I help loving you, dear. My love for you is greater than anything in the world. I hope it is going to be great enough to save you. Do you love me enough to do as I ask, no matter what it is?"

"Yes," she answered, and her eyes shone with perfect faith and confidence, but he knew she could have no conception of what his plan was.

"LISTEN, my dear," he said, "there is an old law in this state which provides that a woman who is going to have a child cannot be kept in prison, that she must be released."

"Yes," she said, and blushed painfully at his plain speaking, still he could see that she did not get his meaning.

"Now," he said as calmly as he could, "that is the only law that can save you, the only possible chance for you to get out of here."

"But," she faltered confusedly, "I—I'm not—going to—"

"No, of course not. But if you should be going to—" He broke off helplessly, then, collecting himself, went on. "I have told you that I love you, and you admit that you return my love—"

"Oh," she said, her face clearing, "you mean that we are going to be married."

"I wish to God we could," he fell on his knees before her. "Oh, my dear, dear child," he murmured, "nothing would give me greater happiness than to make you my cherished wife. But I can't do it now. It is hard for me to have to tell you this, but, you see, if it were known that we purposely—voluntarily planned this, it wouldn't help us any. It would only set them against us all the harder; and then your last chance of freedom would be gone."

All the brightness and hope went out of her face.

"Then how?" she asked.

HE rose to his feet and took her tenderly in his arms. "I told you what I was going to ask would seem perhaps wrong to you, but I do not intend it so. If you give yourself to me as—as my wife—you may get out of here."

Understanding came to her at last, and her eyes fell.

"I don't know," she said. "How could it be right?"

"It would be right because our love is right and there is no other way."

"I know you wouldn't want me to do wrong, but I don't know. Let me think," she sank into her chair and he walked to the other side of the room and waited for her decision. She was silent some time, then she said in a troubled tone, "I can't tell, I don't know what to do."

He came over to her and as he spoke, his voice was deep with feeling.

"Dear one, I want you to know what this means to me, and you'll be better able to judge whether my motives are honorable or not. It will mean that I shall have to go away from here and give up the work that I have dedicated my life to. It will mean that I shall have to live the rest of my life in obscurity. But I am willing to do all this for your sake. If you get pardoned, I will provide you with funds to enable you to go away to a different state, somewhere in the North or West. A little later I will hand in my resignation and join you—and spend the rest of my life making up what you've lost."

He stopped, choked with his emotions, and as Blossom, ignorant as she was, came to a realization of the greatness of his sacrifice, a feeling of unworthiness came over her.

She came to the arms he opened to her and buried her face on his shoulder, "I'll do whatever you say," she whispered.

SOME three months later, Malcolm made out a recommendation for pardon for Blossom. In a few days Mr. Duffield came to see Malcolm about the matter. Scornful at first, his attitude changed when he saw that Malcolm knew the truth about his behavior toward Blossom White.

Malcolm knew that of all things in the world that this man was most afraid of, was the danger of having things of this kind come to the ears of the public just now. It was near election time and he must be particularly careful.

When Duffield left, Malcolm was pretty sure that he had managed Blossom's release. But he knew he had aroused Duffield's antagonism, and also, that he was suspicious of him; and he knew that he would have to be most circumspect in his relations with the little girl while she remained there.

He did not tell her anything about the pardon until it was, at last, safely in his hands. Then he sent for her and handed it to her, together with a sealed envelope, in the presence of the guard. He could scarcely bear her pained, puzzled expression as he told her in a formal manner that she was free, and bade her take the carriage that was waiting for her outside. But he was afraid to risk having an interview with her. One wrong move and Blossom White might lose her chance at freedom for all time.

The guard started out in advance and then Malcolm grasped the opportunity to clasp her hand tenderly for a moment in passing and whisper:

"Courage, dear. The envelope contains money and instructions. Do as it tells you, and I'll soon be with you."

She nodded comprehension and smiling bravely through her tears left the dark room, and stepped out into the world of living people once more.

A MONTH later Malcolm handed in his resignation. And after a few days he joined Blossom in the Western state where he had directed her to go. He found her there waiting trustingly, but anxiously, for him, and overflowing with joy at what she called his "homecoming." They were married immediately and took up their residence in the new and thriving town.

Malcolm never regretted giving up his prison-work for Blossom. She was all he had dreamed and more. She made a true and splendid wife and a wonderful mother.

He found, also, that his usefulness was not lost because of his change, for with his knowledge of law and his broad understanding of human nature, he became a man of power and station in his new home city; a man who was loved and trusted.

Eunice Finds Herself

The Story of a Girl Who Fought the Good Fight—and Won

Here's a $100 Prize Story!

ITS author writes of it, "Since this story is true in all details, the writer submits it for possible publication with the condition that her name will not be used."

EUNICE GRAYSON'S parents educated her in all things save one—a woman's place in life. Unchecked in her self-indulgence she resents Jimmy Smith's repeated comments on her short skirts and invites an attack upon him by young roughs. She becomes the secretary of Herbert Graham, who showers luxuries upon her with a never-fulfilled promise of marriage. Only when she gives everything to him does she learn that Graham is not only married but has a daughter nearly her own age.

"This is the twentieth century. Wake up! Why, such things don't amount to anything"

I WALKED the streets for hours after I left the Graham home, oblivious of everything about me. Suddenly a wildly driven automobile drew up at the curb beside me and the high-pitched voice of a woman invited me to "Come on in, kid." My mind was a blank and I cared not what happened. Automatically I complied and stepped into the tonneau where one man sat alone. The other couple were in front.

"Now that the party's complete let's break the speed records for the Red Feather Inn," the other girl suggested merrily. "Our name is Mr. and Mrs. Smith, what's yours?"

"Ours? Ours is Mr. and Mrs. Jones," my companion returned with a rough laugh. "Ain't that it, sweetie," he demanded of me as his arm encircled my waist and he drew me toward him.

"Just as you say," I agreed listlessly, welcoming anything but thought.

"That's the stuff," he propounded in true admiration. "Just as I say. Stick to that and you and I will get along fine. What am I going to call you besides lovey dovey names?"

"Call me 'Cleo.' "

"All right, Cleo. Well, here's the old Red Feather. I've been there many a time. Don't forget that we're married. Come on."

THAT was irony, indeed. Married? The debacle of my self-respect had come. Who cared? Surely not I. I was a moral suicide. I would gamble everything recklessly, wantonly now, in the scarlet maelstrom of garish mockeries called life. What mattered it? Who cared?

A few days later I wrote a letter to mother telling her that it was all for the best and that I had left home for awhile but would return some day. I warned her that it would be best for us all that I should stay away and that it would be useless to search for me. I could not help the tears as I thought of them—poor, overworked, kind mother, and poor old dad. Why had I been such a fool? Why had I been so wicked? So this was the price—it was, indeed, an exorbitant one.

A few days later as I was dragging my weary feet along in a rather wearisome search for employment which would be both profitable and not too public, a familiar voice sounded in my ear and Herbert Graham drew up beside me in his roadster.

I WAS so tired that I sank gratefully into the seat beside him and answered his commonplaces without any marked anger in my tones. He drove to the Silver Seashell, a roadhouse, where in happier times, he and I had

"Cheer up. Don't lose your grit. Go straight and—" With something like a sob he started up and . . . pressed something into my hand

spent many blissful hours. How carefree I had been then!

I followed him listlessly to a private dining-room which was only too familiar to me. He offered me the menu card but I waved it aside and he selected a rather sumptuous repast. When the food and wine were brought and the waiter had departed smiling over his generous tip, Herbert, or rather Graham as I called him from that time, turned to me with an enigmatical expression on his handsome selfish face.

"I ought to give you a good spanking," he said, "for upsetting the family teapot over my head. I've forgiven you this time, but you must promise to be good in the future. I'll tell you I had some little time fixing things up with the wife and Florence. It's rather rich when you think it over. I had a good laugh over the whole thing—it's rich, isn't it—your mistaking my daughter for a rival?"

HE laughed heartily. But I did not join his mirth.

"It may be funny to you," I said at length as coolly as I could for I was determined not to betray my feelings to this monster, "but there's nothing very funny in it for me."

He laughed again and endeavored to chuck me under the chin, but I drew my head away while involuntary repulsion crept into my expression.

"Why what's the matter with you? You haven't lost anything have you? You've had a good time, have had plenty of money and things you've wanted, and who gave them to you? And now you have the nerve to sit there and act like that—is that gratitude?"

"I feel that I *have* lost something," I returned soberly, still fighting not to betray the feelings that crowded my tortured heart.

"Oh, wake up out of the gloom," he said jovially. "What's the use of being a sob-sister. It might be different if I had thrown you over for what you did. Most men would make it hot for you. But I'm good-natured and I'm going to see that you get along fine, provided, of course, that we still remain friends. Eh?"

"Then, after ruining my life, you refuse to help me unless I consent to continue as we have been?"

"OF course I do and you're a fool if you don't take my offer."

"Are you really the monster you seem?" I asked in genuine amazement. "After taking from me by deceit that which a girl can lose only once—reputation and self-respect—you have the hardihood to tell me I have lost nothing and to encourage me to continue in wrong-doing?" He moved closer to me under pretense of aiding me to remove my coat. Then, with an air of irony and a sardonic smile he went on.

"You are a fool. Lose your reputation and self-respect. Trash. What's that? Why, you can go somewhere where nobody knows you and be Miss Virtuous. This is the twentieth century. Wake up! Why, such things don't amount to anything. It would happen to you sooner or later, anyway, so what's the difference. Oh, you little beauty, kiss me. Come here, I say—come!"

As he stretched his arms towards me and endeavored to grasp me in his arms I struck him in the face with my fist—once—twice—three times—with all the strength of my quivering young body, and so violently that he fell to the floor without a sound. Then I ran into the dusk, anywhere away from the soft lights, the dreamy music, the shining drapery and sparkling glasses—which had been my ruin.

I DRANK in the crisp air with deep, sighing breaths. Were it not for the secret which I nursed in my breast I am sorely afraid that I would have tried to kill myself. Was it worth while bringing that life into the world? An

illegitimate child. What fate would be his, or worse, hers? Despised in the sight of men, a creature apart, sin-stained before birth, what would happen to it? In that hour of agony I cried aloud to God. How had I merited this? What an awful price to pay for a few hours' pleasure!

But for the child's sake I would try. I would rear it by the toil of my mind and body and I would never allow its father to know even of its existence. I would have flown from the city but I feared strange places, and as the city in which I lived was very large, I felt safe from discovery both by my parents and from Graham.

I FINALLY secured employment in a leather remnant factory. The work was very hard. My fellow-workers were lewd and rough. But I persevered and managed to make far better wages than I would have been able to make in an office or store. The foreman was rather a kind man and treated me well, and I was fairly happy as I was able to save some money.

But I had not been there a month before a new foreman was appointed and, as luck would have it, or rather, ill-luck, the new arrival was one of those creatures who consider it their whole purpose in life to prey upon helpless women.

He made me several insulting proposals and at last told me flatly that my job depended upon my assenting to his will. I left and secured other employment. By the time I was compelled to quit work my faith in human nature was sadly shaken. Only one thing saved it, the kindness of my landlady.

MRS. THOMAS was a widow about fifty years old. From the first day I spent under her roof she had showered me with kindnesses. In fact she had often begged me just to remain at home with her, promising me anything she could give me. But not wishing to impose upon her goodness, I refused. But her kindness finally melted my icy reserve, and one day I told her my story.

She wept over me and kissed me, and begged me not to worry—telling me that she would arrange everything and prevailing upon me to give up work much sooner than I would have done ordinarily.

And so I received every care and kindness and my baby was awaited with joy instead of dread, for it is the greatest joy a real woman can experience, to have a child, even when, as in my case, it has no father. Instead of feeling that my sin had reached the climax I felt instead that the coming of this little girl somehow wiped away the stain. Three wonderful days I spent gazing upon the little redeeming form, while love triumphed and I was determined to fight the whole world to give that tiny creature what it deserved—a good mother.

"This is the twentieth century. Now *you* wake up! . . . You dare to come here and plead for your daughter, when you plunged me—someone else's daughter—into the mire"

BUT despite the efforts of the doctor, good Mrs. Thomas, and my poor helpless self, it died. And with its death the saving grace died within me and I became again a drifter.

As soon as I was able, I slipped away quietly, leaving a little note for Mrs. Thomas. I wandered about the streets watching the splendid automobiles whisk by laden with carefree mortals. Why? Why were they so happy in their wealth and ease and I so abject and miserable? Laughter—what was it? It seemed to me I could not remember how it felt. My heart lay in the cold clay with my baby. In utter weariness I seated myself upon a bench in a park and sobbed uncontrollably. A tiny stocking that would never now be filled lay next to my suffering heart. It was the only thing that kept me from ending it all.

"Hello, kid," a rough insinuating voice whispered in my ear.

I shrank against the seat and raised my face wet with tears.

The man who had seated himself boldly beside me removed his cap awkwardly and shifted uneasily.

"DON'T cry," he said contritely. "I'm sorry if I frightened you. But what's the matter?"

Oh, how I longed to tell some creature the pent-up anguish that was worse than death. Even this hard-featured ruffian might help me bear the load.

"My baby—my baby's dead," I whispered huskily.

"I'm sorry. It's hard. My mother died and since then—well I haven't cared. But—cheer up. Don't lose your grit. Go straight and—"

With something that sounded like a sob he started up and was walking away with long quick strides, but not before he had pressed something into my hand. I looked. It was a crumpled dollar bill. Poor fellow. A new deluge of tears came; but after awhile I was able to control myself again and I arose and went away into the darkness.

I secured employment teaching dancing and endeavored to bury sad memory in a riot of dissipation. My beauty and grace drew a host of admirers to me and as my wages were good I dressed fashionably and persuaded myself that at last I was enjoying life. I knew all the dance hall frequenters and was foolishly proud of the popularity I enjoyed.

. . . It was—Jimmy Smith. Recognition brought him partially to his senses and a look of pain and disappointment crossed his face

ONE night Milton Williams, a dashing automobile salesman, who had been my "steady" for some time, expressed himself to the effect that he was growing a little tired of me, and, in fact, confessed that he had a new girl who was "crazy" about him. I told him I had no objections to any line of conduct he might pursue as long as it did not concern me, and reminded him that I would not be lonesome despite the fact that he would give me no more of his company.

A few days later a middle-aged man with a pronounced stoop entered the dancing studio. I raised my eyes to his haggard face to recognize—Herbert Graham! I greeted him with a cold impersonal smile.

"Do you wish to take a dancing lesson?"

He was no longer the masterful man of a few years ago. He was aged and broken far beyond his time. He winced before my irony.

"I HAVE come to you on a rather peculiar errand," he said and his voice was no longer vibrant and virile as it had once been.

"I hear that you have great influence with a certain person by the name of Williams," he went on as I said nothing, "and that you were, in fact, his—that is you were very intimate with him. Now I want you to help me to deliver my child from his clutches before it is too late. I know you can do it and I will pay you anything within reason."

"Then Florence is his new girl?" I asked, simulating insolent indifference.

He felt the humiliation of his position and of this acknowledgment in particular, and simply bowed his head in affirmation.

"What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to keep Williams away from her. She has been causing her mother and myself untold suffering by her conduct, and from the reputation which this man bears, we know that something disastrous will happen if we don't get her away from him. She's madly infatuated and the only thing to do is to lead him away. We have had detectives on her track ever since she has left home but could do nothing more because of the publicity which would ruin all of us. I have reasoned with her but she refuses to listen to me. Name your figure. Anything within reason."

"YOU mean that I should offer myself as a sacrifice so that your child shall escape the price of the folly which she has wilfully chosen for herself?"

"Call it that; anything you like," he exclaimed in desperation. "But do something and relieve the terrible suspense which is killing both her mother and me. Think of her mother suffering day and night, worrying. And Florence—oh, it's too much."

Then the whole torrent of fiery wrath which had seethed within me until it was now like molten steel burst forth in one vast eruption and my soul flung aside its shackles and rose into the ether, freed of a monstrous burden.

I was avenged.

"Listen," I mocked him, "and let me tell you something. Your precious daughter is more than three years older now that I was when you took advantage of me and ruined my life. I haven't forgotten what you said to me that awful day at the Silver Seashell when you assured me solemnly that I hadn't lost anything. Why, reputation and self-respect are trash! Let Florence have a good time and then go somewhere where nobody knows her and be Miss Virtuous. This is the twentieth century. Now *you* wake up! Such things (*Continued on page 76*)

Rainbow's End

Life Is Sometimes What We Make It

ON a bench in the park of a Colorado summer resort sat two men, idly watching the passers-by.

Across from them, some distance away, a woman occupied a seat under a rustic arbor. Vines covered it in profusion, making a secluded spot.

The man with gray hair and wrinkled, kindly face turned to his younger friend.

"Look at that woman over yonder," he said. "Observe her closely. I have a story to tell you about her presently."

The two turned their eyes upon the unconscious figure. She sat with her hands clasped lightly in her lap, staring straight ahead as if she were thinking of something far away. It was a young face though the hair was quite gray. Her eyes, big and dark, were wistful and the lips wore an air of patient strength. As they watched, a tall, handsome man slipped up behind her and leaning over placed his hands across her eyes, saying something.

Like a ray of sunshine after a storm the woman's face lighted. The man drew her to her feet and they moved away, she with her hand on his arm looking up at him adoringly as she talked.

"I'VE known that girl all her life and this tale I tell you is absolutely true," resumed the older of the two men left behind. "I had part of it from her, some of it I saw with my own eyes and the rest came from a person who was intimately associated with her."

The friend settled himself comfortably and the older man went on.

"I lived next door to the family for years. Lila's mother was one of these frail women, sweet and submissive, who depend entirely upon somebody else for guidance. She had no individuality of her own. After her husband died she drooped pitiably, like a roughly-handled flower, until another man appeared. He wooed her in a masterful way and despite my friendly warnings she married him.

"It was just as I expected. He wanted her for her money and ruled the household with a hand of iron. He did not like Lila. She had a will of her own and did not bow to him servilely. I've been so incensed I could have cheerfully killed the brute when the girl would creep over to me after one of his outbursts. Occasionally he struck her, and her mother dared not interfere. I don't think I could have stood much more had something not happened then to change affairs.

"LILA was sixteen then; as beautiful a girl as one could find. The love of gaiety was in her, as it is in all normal young things, but it was precious little fun she had.

"A young man came to town. I did not know him well. He was a brother of one of our townsmen, but had been away for years. His family was good, but one can't tell from that what the individual members will be. The natural thing happened. Cecil saw Lila, met her, fell desperately in love, though he was twelve years older than the child, and they ran away and married.

"What did that young girl know of love? She was absolutely unsophisticated. The man knew the ways of the world, he was charming in manner, good to look upon and a fascinating talker. He swept the girl off her feet. She was in love with love, and she wanted eagerly to get away from her miserable home-life.

"LILA came over and told me what she was going to do, bless her heart. And I gave her no word of censure. I couldn't. She was so happy, so sure life held nothing in store for her but gladness, I could not dim her rapture with gloomy forebodings. She kissed me goodby and told me I'd been her only comfort.

"Of course, the stepfather raised the roof off the house. He said Lila had disgraced her mother, and he made his wife disinherit the girl. But I knew that nothing could have pleased him better than to have Lila out of the way. Then I blew up. I went over and relieved my feelings. But of course, that didn't do any good.

"Lila and Cecil went far away and for some time did very well. Cecil was a mechanic and made eight and ten dollars a day. That was lots of money at that time. Lila wrote to me often, always sending some loving message to her mother which I took pleasure in delivering. Cecil was good to her, she said, and she was very happy. Presently the letters were fewer, and instead of being frank and like herself they were short and constrained. After awhile they did not come at all and I knew things were not as they should be. I worried a lot about her for I loved the child.

"Once in a while I'd hear things about them from people who had met them, for the world isn't so very big after all, you know. They moved about a great deal, and that never speaks well for a man. At first I used to ask Cecil's brother for news but he was so secretive and surly I soon quit that. By careful inquiry I learned that Cecil was the skeleton in the Ruston family—the black sheep. And that's why his family kept quiet about him.

"It wasn't until years later that I finally got the straight of the whole story about Lila and her husband, but here it is.

"CECIL drank and did all the things that go with it. He got into all sorts of trouble and while it didn't affect Lila's character it naturally reflected upon her reputation. But that girl had fine stuff in her. She was refined and sensitive; she must have suffered keenly at the insults and the brutal treatment, but she stayed with him.

"I've never pretended to understand the feelings of a woman, but their loyalty is, to me, the eighth wonder of the world. Lila couldn't have loved her husband after the disillusionment but she stayed with him. There were many ugly tales as to his unfaithfulness but I'll skip that part.

"At this time there came into Lila's life Bernard Walton. He was a big debonair fellow whose greatest fault was taking life too lightly. If he wanted a thing he'd move Heaven and earth to get it, just for the sport. But, to be frank, he never had to wish long, because of his good looks and winning manner. If he held out his hand, an enamored woman would put hers into it, willingly.

"BERNARD met Lila and promptly fell in love. It was but natural, for falling in love was easy for him and beauty appealed to him as to few people; it drew him as a magnet does steel.

"No one could long be in the small town where they lived then, without knowing of Cecil's wild dissipation. The infatuated Bernard made it his pleasure to see Lila as often as he could manage a seemingly chance meeting; he invented excuses, used every wile. Soon he found she was not like the others who had held him for the moment,

and the fact that she kept him at arms' length made her even more desirable.

"One day after an orgy in which Cecil was taken home dead drunk Bernard accidentally met the girl in a park. He was one to take advantage of every opportunity the gods offered, and leading her to a secluded spot he appealed to her to leave her husband, get a divorce, and marry *him*.

" 'Your husband is not good to you, Lila. You haven't said so, nor acted so, but I know you cannot love him. Come to me and let me show you what happiness is.'

" 'Impossible! I couldn't be happy doing a thing I consider wrong. That isn't my way!'

"'I'M mad about you—you're the most beautiful thing God ever made,' he murmured passionately. 'You'll be happy with me, darling, and never regret the step. There's nothing I can't give you. We'll go far away.'

" 'You don't know what love means, Bernard Walton,' she told him calmly. 'To you, it's a beautiful face or figure, the satisfying of your desires, the playing at life. You admit frankly that I appeal to you because I please your eyes. You don't love the real me—my soul. You love only the flesh.'

" 'Certainly. What else does one love? I love your bright eyes, your wonderful complexion, your youth—every bit of you. I want you. Come to me, sweetheart.'

" 'Hush! You have no right to talk so to me. I'm a married woman.'

" 'I'm asking for the right. You're a little prude, but perfectly adorable.'

" 'How long would you care, if I were homely? I'm not at all sure that beauty is a blessing.'

" 'Why look at that side of it? I can't imagine you anything but exquisite. Don't look too far ahead. Enjoy the present—live today!'

" 'There's always a tomorrow. I married one man who loved me only because he found me good to look upon. I would not care to try it again, even if there were no bar.'

" 'Little coward,' the man said fondly. 'Look at me, Lila—squarely. Now tell me you don't love me.'

"His sunny blue eyes held hers and under his glance, intimate as a caress, the blood slowly ebbed from her face and her lips quivered.

" 'There! I knew it. You do love me, you blessed angel,' he cried in triumph and swept her into his arms.

"SHE fought him like a tigress, and when she had succeeded in loosening his fervent clasp, faced him indignantly.

" 'How dare you touch me! What sort of woman do you think I am? If I loved you better than my life I'd not do as you ask. When I became Cecil's wife I promised 'for better or for worse.' I've some sense of honor. This is not right—it isn't right!'

" 'Oh, you are beautiful!' Bernard went on, gazing at her.

"Lila threw out her hands in a helpless gesture.

" 'You do not understand,' she said sadly. 'How could a man of your type? But listen to me! Cecil is jealous and unreasonable. If he suspected this, your life would not be worth a penny. For your sake, as well as my own, I ask you not to try to see me again.'

"He shook his head, smilingly.

" 'Don't ask the impossible. Would one deliberately shut one's eyes to the beauty of sunshine?'

" 'Good-by, Bernard. I hope I may never see you again,' Lila answered. And then she left him.

"SHORTLY after that Cecil had the offer of a place he thought he'd like better and once more they moved. Lila was glad. She realized fully the dangerous attraction Bernard Walton held for her and was relieved that she was no longer called upon to resist him. There's an end to anyone's endurance and while she was brave and loyal it is hard to fight always. One never can tell when a weak moment will come and sweep away one's own scruples.

"Finally Cecil and Lila drifted to Old Mexico. Cecil had employment there. It was during the revolution. He began doping. Do you know the horrors of that? I shrink every time I think of what that poor girl must have suffered. When he was drunk on it he was really cruel to his wife. He struck her; he dragged her about the room by the hair of her head; he reviled her.

"He was naturally insanely jealous and that developed ten-fold under the excitement of dope. When he came to his senses he was all contrition and wept and begged forgiveness. And with the goodness of an angel she always forgave.

"About this time Lila's mother became very ill. Mr. Penton pretended to have written to Lila, but did not. Then when the mother had died he sent her a telegram:

" 'Your mother died this morning. You killed her.'

"That was all she ever heard about her mother's death.

"BERNARD WALTON went to Old Mexico on business, and as fate would have it he was placed in the room next door to the one Lila and Cecil occupied at the hotel. It was before Cecil lost his job and he insisted on living in the hotel. He was always one to make a show. One night Bernard heard a commotion in the other room, the sudden cry of a person in pain, a fall and then deadly quiet. He stood for a minute uncertain what to do, then the suspense became unbearable and he went to the door.

"His knock was not answered. The silence was penetrating, then he opened the door. In one corner of the room Lila crouched, her face white, a livid bruise across it, her eyes wild with terror, her dress torn and disheveled.

"Cecil, sprawled out in a chair, was pointing a pistol at her, a wicked smile on his distorted face.

" 'I've got you this time,' he snarled, 'and I'm going to send you to Heaven or Hell—don't know which.'

"Lila saw the man in the door and gave a quick negative shake of the head, a sign for him not to interfere.

" 'Thought you'd give me the slip, eh, did you?' Cecil sneered. 'Not this time, my girl, nor yet the next—you're mine to keep.'

"He struggled from his chair and moved toward her as a panther creeps upon his prey. Then as the intruder started toward him, he wavered, the pistol fell from his nerveless fingers and he dropped heavily to the floor.

"Lila was the first to reach him and together they put him to bed.

" 'He's often quite wild, but he's never been this bad before,' she told Bernard calmly.

"HE was shocked beyond measure, trembling with pity and horror, and big drops of perspiration stood out on his face.

" 'My God, Lila, this is awful! It is suicide for you to stay with a madman,' he raged. 'Why do you stand it? A woman isn't called upon to bear everything—from such a brute.'

"Lila shook her head and smiled patiently.

" 'He isn't a brute, just weak, and when under the influence of a drug he is a different man. How could I leave him in such a condition? He is helpless and I don't have the heart to go away. He might kill himself or someone else.'

"Bernard gazed mournfully, almost resentfully, at the wreck of the beautiful girl he had loved.

" 'I'd never have known you. (*Continued on page* 94)

Alan Cather's Spirit

Received No Credit on the Sales Manager's Books and Yet—

"BRAVO! Bravo! Bravo!" rang from the thousands of people in the crowded opera house.

Signor Caruso had finished singing in "La Tosca," and was met with the usual wild appreciation. I, being rather reserved and not given to displaying my emotions, did not join in the applause. The people about me hardly knew what to make of me, and an elderly gentleman at my right eyed me with frank amazement.

"Judging by the amount of your applause, young man, I should say you were disappointed," he said to me as the tumult about us died down and everyone prepared to leave.

Of course, I defended myself. And, as we walked down the stairs together and out into the street, we became involved in a most interesting conversation. And so it was only natural that we should drop into the restaurant of the Knickerbocker Hotel together to continue and to stimulate a very delightful chance acquaintance.

"WELL, since retiring from active business," my friend said, munching the while on a wee bit of chicken's wing, "I make it a rule never to miss a Caruso night. That's five years back now; so you see I'm a pronounced Carusoite; which accounts for my remarks to you when you failed to applaud."

"I'm extremely fond of music myself," said I, "and make it my business, when I come to town and conclude my sales, to take in the opera or some good musical entertainment. Music has no rival among my affections."

"Ah! so you are a travelling man, I take it."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm on the road with cash-registers and adding-machines. I have just finished my work here this trip, and am leaving for the West tomorrow. My headquarters are in Chicago."

"Well, well, young man, you are in a very interesting business. No doubt you come in contact with all sorts of people, and have many interesting experiences."

"Yes," I acknowledged. "Only this afternoon, I sold one of my adding-machines to a Chinese, who conducts a big restaurant. Funny thing about it too, I was all the while trying to make him purchase a new cash-register."

MY new friend laughed heartily over this, and seemed much interested in other incidents I related in connection with my work. When I had finished he proceeded telling me of a quaint, old-fashioned man who had an immense drug store in one of the busiest parts of the city, and had neither a cash-register nor any other kind of a machine in his place. He allowed over twenty clerks to take in a tremendous amount of cash daily without any other record than their own pencils would compute. Needless to say, I was all ears at the tale of this very singular character, as his idiosyncrasy was intimately connected with my business.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," I said, scarcely able to control myself. "Do you mean to tell me that his soda-counter alone yields over a thousand a day, and this in face of such a hazardous system?"

He went on telling me other details about this curious man until I remarked that I'd make it my business to stay over a day, call on him and try to get him to install my machines. This decision my friend greeted with laughter of a very significant nature.

"I DO admire your spirit, young man," said he. "It's typically American, but it won't do in this case. No one can sell or tell this man anything he doesn't want to buy or hear. Hundreds have failed. If your time is valuable, don't waste it on old Cleggins. Cash-registers and he are mortal enemies. You see, I know him well. He's a distant relative of mine. We don't live up to the attachment, however. Five years ago we severed relationship, due to a son of mine who was with Cleggins in his business. But all this has nothing to do with your case. But I'd like to remind you that there are two places where Cleggins won't be seen on business; his store and his home. Avoid both if you wish to even get within talking range of him.

"I SORT of take to you, young man, so I'll tip you off where you might get a few moments of his time, if Providence and yourself are in harmony, and that's at his club. He's a bit negotiable there—at least, he's communicable if cornered and in good humor. But whether he'd be there for you tomorrow night is more than I can say."

"Let's 'phone," I said, eagerly, "and find out if there's anything important happening there tomorrow night."

He hastened to do so with an interest that was commendable, and came back with the happy news that an election of officers was to be held. "That'll certainly fetch him there," he remarked. "You're in luck in that respect, my boy."

On parting for the night my friend extended me his card, saying: "My name's Cather—Alan Cather. Let me hear from you in regard to this matter. Good night, and good luck—oh! by the by, please be so good as not to mention my name in connection with your dealings with Cleggins. Personal reasons prompt me to make this request. However, should you succeed, remember, there is a seat awaiting you at the opera on your next visit here."

THE next morning I was in Cleggins' emporium making a few purchases, and incidentally scrutinizing the peculiar gentleman whom I intended to attack that night. From the little I saw of him, I came to the conclusion that he was the very apotheosis of obstinacy. How could I hope to break down such a man? I felt like a tiny David about to assail a ponderous Goliath. And, as I observed his adamantine features, I momentarily lost heart. I almost decided to call the thing off then and there, and go for my train.

With that thought in mind, I planned to make one strike at him on the spot—win or lose. Bracing for the attack I tremulously approached him and quietly asked if I could see him on a matter of business. He turned about without further notice and imperiously called a dignified young man over to talk with me. Thus I was defeated at the first blow. But that was the blow that determined me. Without entering into any conversation with the young man I departed, swearing inwardly that I'd get him at the club, for I felt the sting of his silent rebuke.

THAT evening I was at the club fully an hour before crossing his path, and was on the verge of despair when suddenly he appeared with all the hauteur of a king. However, there was the vague semblance of what

might materialize into a smile before the evening was spent; this helped me considerably to a little hopefulness. I never lost sight of him a moment during the entire evening, and after the ceremony of election was over I, by a carefully contrived ruse, succeeded in having myself introduced to him as a man having an important business proposition.

After the introduction he relieved me of a slight nervous trepidation by starting the conversation himself.

"I see, young man, you have me cornered in my own lair. Gad! but my club has become a veritable rendezvous for salesmen lately. Word must have gone abroad that I can be subdued here; my evenings don't seem to be complete now unless some one tries to sell me something. I just succeeded in 'shooing' two off downstairs.

"You're the first one who ever got upstairs to me. You must be a true 'knight of the road.' Well, since you got so far, I won't spoil your visit altogether. Let's sit down in this corner. Here, smoke this cigar and proceed. You have, I presume, some new concoction to sell, guaranteed to put pep in—"

"NO!" I protested, and then apologized for interrupting him. "I want to sell you something you abhor—despise; something you haven't got in your store yet; something just as essential and as necessary to a well-regulated business as a clock."

"Well, now," he said, "that sounds as interesting as a riddle. What is it?"

"Cash-registers and adding-machines."

"My boy, let's not waste time. You must be familiar with my attitude regarding such things. It would be useless for you to start your train of talk here. I know beforehand what you would tell me; I've heard it many times."

"That may be," I answered, manœuvering for a point, "but you know there is a tide in the affairs of men, taken at the flood, and so forth. Don't you think its high tide for you in this matter?"

"NONSENSE! I'm a very rich man. For thirty years I have been in my present place of business, and have never used anything resembling a cash-register. Had I desired it, I could have been trebly as wealthy. But I am one of those very extraordinary creatures who don't believe in amassing money for money's sake. I am well aware that I have been cheated of considerable revenue by dishonest employees. That's what many of your profession thought was my vulnerable spot and they thought to sell me those machines on the strength of it.

"But it's a fallacy. I am certain of my monetary loss, yet I go on trusting in those I employ. My men are engaged for me by a religious organization; consequently I secure choice moral youths. I believe this; if there is a dishonest one working for me he will eventually expose himself. Once detected he is either dismissed or legally punished, according to the extent of his offense.

"In the past ten years I have discovered more than fifty. Yet I am determined to go on in my old-fashioned way—money, as I have already said, is not the sum and substance of my life. I have established a reputation for my benefactions, endowments, and so on. I have wronged no man, and for this, the world calls me a good man.

"So there, young man, is a five-minute exposé of myself. How can you expect to sell such things as you are peddling to a man so predetermined? Have you ever tried hurling a sand-stone at Gibraltar before? Speak out now, for there's just five minutes of my time allotted you."

TAKING him at his word, I determined to make capital out of the specified time; so I began calmly: "I must say your antipathy towards what is acknowledged to be a paramount essential to proper business is most unique. I won't dwell upon that point at all, for my time is limited. According to your own remarks you are admittedly a noble man, a charitable man, a man of the highest moral and social standing. Now, what would you say if I were to put my hand on your shoulder and tell you that you were under arrest? You would laugh. I would add: for being the ring-leader of a gang of thieves, many of whom are now behind prison bars. You would be horrified at such a hideous accusation.

"Well, I can't do that, but, nevertheless, I must tell you that you are morally guilty; you are sponsor for the existence of many a young thief. You have inculcated the terrifying virus of stealing into many a young man's veins, indirectly through your failure to have cash-registers. Far-fetched? Maybe.

"WHAT protection have you provided for the young men who came to you honest and upright? None. Instead, you surrounded them with the luxury of temptation. Cash-registers and adding-machines would have eliminated that temptation. Who is responsible? Let us briefly, and without undue bias, review an individual case. A youth coming from the kind of a source you mention is, naturally, clean and honest. The volume of your business pours its money in fast. Accidentally, at first, money finds its way to his pocket in the rush of making change and so forth. Thus, a habit is formed that gradually grows stronger. Then comes the moment when he begins to look for the 'easy money.' He opens his eyes and 'easy money' is right there. A thief is born right under your eyes. Who is responsible?

"Detection is followed, say, by immediate discharge. The germ, however, is not discharged. It develops. He secures a new position. Cash-registers prohibit his getting 'easy money' such as he was accustomed to; hence, he creates opportunities. He openly steals or forges. Then—prison bars. Who sent him there?

"You, sir, with your detestable methods, dictated by the basest selfishness. The man who is wholly antagonistic to sound business principles is an enemy to efficiency and integrity. There, sir; my time is up. I have been your conscience and have convicted you."

NEEDLESS to say, I was a trifle worked up after this impromptu, but emotional arraignment, and had chewed up the best part of my cigar. From a casual glance I noticed he was a bit affected by it, too, for I could discern drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead. He hesitated in an attempt to say something directly, but, after a few moments, he apparently regained his composure, and said with derision:

"Very good drama, boy, very good drama. Now you make your little bow and exit. Since I am a principal actor in this scene, what is my cue? What am I to say? Am I supposed to pat you on the shoulder and say: 'Henceforth I'll use your machines; here, take my order'?"

"No" I retorted harshly, piqued by his irony, and feeling strangely the call of ulterior things; "I came here for just that single purpose; to sell you my adding-machines and cash-registers—but, since entering here I have become filled with a far different purpose. At this moment I don't give a picayune if you never see a cash-register. I am here now to expose you—to yourself."

"You did very well so far," said he, evidently flustered at my unconcealed vehemence. "Here—throw away that and smoke this new one, and tell me who you are."

I TOOK the proffered cigar, and, feeling something of the sublimity of an inspiration, continued: "Who am I? I am the spirit of a man who came to you an honest boy bubbling over with enthusiasm to begin my business career. Now I am a criminal, exiled from my own people, and my future wrecked—because of you. Had you not let temptation criss-cross my path (*Continued on page* 95)

Suzanne of the Studios

Her Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

SUZANNE from earliest girlhood knew she was pretty—so did Wally Prince, son of the richest man in the small mill-town where she began life as Susan Lester. She accepts Wally's attentions despite the objection of Barry Morton, for whom she has a real affection. Leaving home to meet Wally Prince in the city, and to seek fame and fortune in the photoplay studio, she sends him away when he disillusions her as to his motives. She learns that screen success is not a simple matter, and meets among others, Jimmy Snell, a director who is an acknowledged Don Juan, and a wealthy Mr. Harker who seems to be of a quite different sort.

I COULDN'T get the thought of Jimmy Snell out of my mind; it made me uneasy in spite of myself. Nevertheless, I bought my new waist and took it home. Then I set about getting ready for my first evening out, with all the gleeful anticipation of a child, notwithstanding that my uneasiness concerning that evil smile of Jimmy's would keep recurring.

I was ready long before the appointed time and would have waited with my hat and coat on, only that I wanted Mr. Harker to see me and be sure that I wasn't likely to discredit him with any of his friends who might see us.

I don't think I had ever looked prettier. The waist was cut rather low, showing my plump, white shoulders and a great deal more of my neck than I had ever exposed before. I blushed when I first saw myself in the mirror, but I knew it was the fashion for the best women to go out in public so dressed; and I had often seen the stars in the moving pictures showing a great deal more of themselves than that. So I soon accustomed myself to it, and felt quite at ease.

WHEN Mr. Harker came, which he did a little before the time set, I opened the door and let him come in. Until then he was the first man who had entered my apartment since I had turned Wally out. I felt odd as he came in and that thought flashed through my mind; and my feeling was accentuated by the way he looked me over, his eyes resting particularly long on my bare arms and shoulders. His glance seemed full of real wonder.

"You beautiful creature!" he said slowly. "You beautiful creature!"

His admiration was so genuine that I was pleased; and yet there was a new

"How would you like a nice ring to put on one of these pretty fingers?" he asked me

something in his devouring expression that made me uncomfortable. Jimmy Snell's smile leaped to my mind, and I would have been glad of an excuse for not going out with Mr. Harker.

I had no excuse, however, for I had obviously been waiting for him and besides it seemed silly to have such a feeling now. I made some inane answer to his exclamation and hurried into my coat and hat.

"You won't need the hat," he said; "ladies don't wear hats when they go out in full dress."

"Of course," I murmured, more embarrassed than if I had been guilty of a much worse fault.

The limousine that waited at the door was of such luxury as I had never even conceived, and I sank back against the soft seat with a sigh of delight. Mr. Harker took his place beside me and the car started at once. Evidently the driver knew where he was to go.

If Mr. Harker sat closer to me than was necessary I paid no attention to it at the time. I was so impressed by the luxurious appointments of the car that I gave little thought to anything else.

OUR talk during the long drive was commonplace enough, though I was dimly conscious that my companion was markedly less paternal than he had been at the studio. I dismissed any slight uneasiness caused by his change of manner by reasoning that since I was taking the place of a more mature companion, I must expect to be treated in the same way. But all the while there was within me a growing, if repressed, uneasiness.

I won't dwell on this almost subconscious discomfort of mine, however, and only mention it at all because it had some bearing on what occurred later.

The place he took me to was a well-known road-house, called "The Three Whistles." As I learned afterward, it was equally famous for its food and wines, and for its private dining-rooms.

It was brilliantly lighted and noisy with music and laughter. Mr. Harker was evidently well-known there and plainly had been expected, for we were shown to a private dining-room with a ceremony that bordered on servility. I was greatly disappointed at this, for I had hoped to see a gay throng and beautifully gowned women.

MR. HARKER helped me to remove my coat with a solicitude that was almost tender; and then dinner was served at once. He was much concerned when I refused to drink my cocktail and urged me to it more than I liked; but I persisted in my refusal, explaining that I was not used to drinking liquor.

"I'm beaten," he said huskily. "Don't cry, little girl. . . . By the way, do you still want to go to California?"

During the dinner he betrayed so much chagrin over my avoidance of the champagne that I finally drank some, and then a little more till I was frightened by the way it exhilarated me. I was, if not frightened, at least disturbed by his growing familiarity; for if I drank little, he made up for it by drinking much. Not that he showed any signs of intoxication, however, for he did not; but he did throw off all reserve and made no effort to hide his admiration for my looks, expressing himself freely when the waiter was out of the room.

He said a great many things to me about his wealth and his power to help anybody he took a fancy to. He assured me he was bent on making me a star of the first magnitude in the film world, and repeated over and over again that he had been greatly taken by my beauty and intelligence.

"That's more like it," snapped Jimmy. "If you're in this business long enough, you'll learn how to protect your virtue, maybe"

"And I love that innocent face of yours," he said, his eyes not so much on my face as on my neck, however.

FINALLY the waiter brought a fresh supply of wine, asked if there was anything else he could do, and left the room. I realized then that it was intended that we pass the evening there, and once more my uneasiness returned.

There was a short silence after the departure of the waiter, and then Mr. Harker reached across the table and took my hand. "How would you like a nice ring to put on one of these pretty fingers?" he asked me.

I pulled my hand away quickly. "I don't want any rings," I answered, understanding fully now that he was like the others. "I want to go home."

I started to my feet and went toward where my coat lay on a chair. He intercepted me and caught me in his arms. I realized with bitterness that I had walked into a trap, and my first impulse was to fight and free myself, but a second thought told me that this was not a situation to be dealt with in that way.

"Not so fast, little one," he said, pressing me to him. "You haven't been very encouraging, but you must listen to me now. I've been good to you, haven't I?"

I was thinking very hard, you may believe. I saw that all this had been carefully planned; and I was sure I saw Jimmy Snell behind it. His smile had meant just this situation, and I was afraid it was more serious than I fully comprehended. I might scream and call for help, but perhaps that had been provided for.

. . . They threw themselves on me and had me gagged and bound before I could utter more than one scream of terror. Jimmy Snell was behind them, and I knew it

"Yes," I answered as calmly as I could, "you have been very good to me. Won't you keep on being good?"

"If you will be a sensible little girl, you will find there is no end to my goodness," he answered, turning my face up toward his. "One little kiss won't hurt you, will it?" He was smiling with an air of being master of the situation.

I THINK I hated this man more than I did the others, for he had deceived me with his hypocrisy, but I felt that I must use my wits now to extricate myself from this predicament. I thanked Heaven I had been wise enough to drink so little that I was now in full possession of all my senses.

"You wouldn't want to kiss a girl who didn't want to be kissed, would you?" I demanded. His lips were not a foot from mine at that moment, and I could feel his hot breath on my face.

He laughed. "I'm going to kiss you whether you like it or not," he said; and with that put his lips on mine and pressed a long kiss there.

I made no resistance whatever, but remained perfectly quiet. I was sure that if I struggled it would give him the determination to conquer me. I think I was right, for when he took his lips away, he looked at me curiously and relaxed his hold on me.

I withdrew myself from his arms. "If you had a daughter, and perhaps you have, would you like her to be treated as you have treated me tonight?" I did not raise my voice or betray my perturbation in any way as I spoke.

"If I had a daughter she wouldn't have come here," he answered.

"I thought you were a good man or I would not have come. I am sure now you are a good man and will offer me no further indignity." (*Continued on page* 78)

The Message

The Story of a Woman's Dream and What Came of It

I LAY for hours listening to the storm wind. Once and again came the owl-like hooting of a far-off locomotive, with that falling cadence at each note's close which we never notice save when the sound comes to us through miles of darkness. I can recall a melancholy conviction that I should not sleep until my brother was in the house. But before I knew it, my bed became a boat which drifted slowly down a dark and wintry stream. Then twice I heard my name called in a voice of terror:

"Anne! Anne! Help me."

It was my brother Francis who called me. Then for endless desperate seconds I struggled to go to him, with my eyes glued to a sight that slowly froze my blood.

I started up in bed in a cold sweat of fear. My brother had been murdered before my eyes.

EVEN now the horrible thud of the iron club wielded by the robber re-echoed in my ears. I had seen Francis emerging from the side-street that led from the railway station into the lighted, main thoroughfare, and casting apprehensive glances over his shoulder at some vague menace in the shadows behind him. He had crossed the street at a rapid walk; and then I had seen two slouching figures come from the side-street and pass under the arc-lamp. Their faces were hideous with a greedy and deadly purpose.

In a moment Francis had turned the corner and was coming straight toward me along the street upon which our house stands. His face was grey with terror, and his eyes seemed starting from his head. The two ruffians turned also; and now one crossed the street on a half run, and on the opposite walk came abreast of their victim. Then Francis broke into a run. How he ran! And how I strained to help him! It seemed that such efforts must result in a speed like that of a hunted fox, and that in a single instant he would reach the shelter of his own doorway. But, oh, the horror of it! The robbers ran likewise and more swiftly still. Foot by foot they gained upon him. They came nearer and nearer and nearer, till their clutching hands almost grasped his shoulder. Then my brother stumbled and fell. In a flash they were upon him; I saw and heard two vicious blows. Then . . .

WAS it a dream after all? I gazed about me, shaking with the horrible reality of the dream. I had been frightened before by these terrors of the night that fade in a single moment's waking consciousness. But the vividness of this vision surpassed anything I had ever dreamed. The seconds seemed ages as I sat there so paralyzed with fear that I could not move. Then at last, I climbed from my bed and turned on the electric switch with a hurried touch.

The hands of the nickeled clock on the mantel pointed to five minutes past one. With a new shock I realized that it was far past the time for Francis' return from the city, and that he was not in the house. I never missed hearing him at the front-door and on the stairs. Madly I rushed into the hallway and to the door of his room. It stood open, and in the moonlight I could see that the room was empty.

Tremblingly I slipped to the window of my brother's room and stood there staring down into the street. A blustering wind had swept all the clouds from the sky; the air was bright and cold, and all the familiar objects before me stood revealed with almost daylight clearness.

Suddenly a powerful impulse, vague, mysterious and not to be denied, sent me from the bedroom and down the stairway to the front door. There I stood in my nightgown, shivering with cold and with the haunting, maddening terror that had wakened me. Pressing my forehead against the glass, I peered along the path by which my brother would return. Oh, if only I could be sure my dream had been but a dream!

And then I saw him. Out of the misty, moonlit vagueness of the block beyond the car-tracks his figure emerged.

HE was walking rapidly, almost as one in a race, and his head and shoulders were thrust far forward. Then I saw behind him two bulky shadows that quickly took on the shapes of men. As I watched with my tongue frozen to the roof of my mouth, one of these left the other and ran diagonally across the street to a point abreast of the man they were trailing. Pursuers and pursued sent glances up and down the way in search of the helmeted form of a guardian of the peace; but none was in sight, and the trio walked swiftly on.

Then, even as I had seen it in my bed but five minutes before, my brother lurched forward and ran. At once the two men sprang forward to the chase; and for the second time that night I was a helpless watcher while the being nearest and dearest to me fled, helpless and despairing, before the imminent danger of death.

ONCE more I stood there agonized, tortured because I could not help him. Oh, surely my love and my terror must reach him somehow and give him new strength! But no—the cruel chase was even as before. The robbers ran like hounds on the trail, and foot by foot they gained upon their victim. The street, a moment before so silent, re-echoed with the pounding of their feet. Now I saw in the right hand of the foremost of the pursuers the same short, iron club which I had just seen so murderously wielded in my dream.

On they came. The robbers reached clutching hands at the shoulders of their quarry. Once—twice they grasped at him, but my brother by a desperate concentration of his last bit of energy gained one more finger's length, and in a moment dashed into our open gate and plunged toward the steps and the door behind which I was standing.

On the upper step he stumbled and fell headlong just as the feet of the robbers struck the lowermost one. At that instant I snatched open the door, and Francis fell half-way across the threshold. I seized his shoulders with the strength of frenzy, and in one furious second, pulled his body within and slammed the door, with its stout spring lock, in the faces of his pursuers.

We have often wondered since then just what power or influence we had to thank for this strange warning.

Thinking men and women do not say "It is impossible" in dealing with such things in these days.

There are a thousand and one theories by which such occurrences as this are accounted for. Theosophists, psychologists, those who believe in mental telepathy, and those who believe in the interpretation of dreams, theorists and scientists—all would give it a different interpretation.

But whatever we may think about it we cannot pass it by, for it is a part of life; and sometimes, as in this case. it is a very important part of life.

To what source do you ascribe my warning?

An Experiment in Love

Superman and Superwoman May Meet, and Yet Not Mate

WHEN Harry's father called, Mr. Mowbray was not at home, but Elizabeth heard his voice in the hall, and came running down to greet him. She was dressed in bloomers and made a very charming picture in them. Mr. Thorne could not help making a comparison between her, radiant with health and strength, and developed into a robust roundness, with the slight form of Ruth.

Ruth had irritated him even while she had compelled respect and admiration for her character; Elizabeth soothed him at once. He smiled affectionately as he took her strong hand in his and listened to her.

"Uncle isn't home; gone to New York. Where's Harry?"

"He's in New York on some business of mine."

He had not meant to do such a thing, but even his strong nature demanded sympathy, and of a sudden he determined to take Elizabeth into his confidence in regard to Harry. He knew she had no nonsensical notions about marriage to make his confidence dangerous.

"Beth; I want to talk to you about Harry. I meant to talk it over with your uncle, but perhaps you will do even better."

"About Harry?" and she frowned in perplexity.

"Yes. Sit down, Beth. Yes; you have noticed that he has not been here much lately?"

"Yes."

"Well, he has not been busy over my affairs, but his own."

"His own?"

"I am sorry to say he has become interested in a girl, a school teacher in the district school over on the Berkeley road."

"Really!" said Beth, in a tone of kindly interest.

"He thinks he is in love, Beth."

"HARRY in love! Isn't that funny? What sort of a girl is she?"

"A slight, frail thing, no more fit to be a mother than she is to fly. A very clever girl, I will admit, but she has no strength to give a child."

"Why don't you go see her and explain? What a pity if our beautiful experiment should fall through! Oh, we mustn't let it. Tell me all about it!"

It was a great relief to him to have this strong, serene, well-balanced girl to discuss the matter with, and he told her all that had taken place between him and Ruth.

Elizabeth listened judicially. When he had finished she said:

"I am sure that when she thinks it over she will see that she is wrong. She seems to be conscientious. Of course, she must see how foolish she is. I suppose she is lonely, and Harry is a dear fellow, you know. It isn't strange that she likes him, is it?"

"No; but I'm afraid she won't see our side as readily as you think. But never mind! I feel better for having talked it over with you. You have such poise, Beth. I believe, you know," he added, as he regarded her with profound admiration, "that if I could get you and this girl together for Harry to make a comparison, it would end his singular infatuation."

"It might be a good idea," she assented gravely. "It would be a pity to spoil our experiment."

Mr. Thorne went home in a more hopeful frame of mind; it seemed to him that perhaps it did not rest altogether with Ruth to say whether or not the experiment should take place; perhaps an absence of some weeks, and then a comparison at close quarters between the two young women, might effect the proper result.

Elizabeth pondered about the matter a great deal, and the next day, in her matter-of-fact way, came to a conclusion. She would go and talk to Ruth, and try to make her understand how much this experiment would mean for the world.

She knew where the little school house was, and timed her visit so that she would reach there at closing time.

It was not by intention that she looked very beautiful. The fact was that she would have had to try not to look so; and she had given the matter absolutely no thought.

RUTH was ending a school day of keenest distress by patiently helping a few of the duller children with the next day's lessons, when she looked up to see what was, indeed, to her, a hateful vision of blooming health and beauty enter the little room.

She comprehended in a moment that Elizabeth came filled with the knowledge of her love for Harry: and anger, resentment and dislike took possession of her. What had that magnificent animal to do with her love?

"This is Miss Warner, of course?" said Elizabeth in her self-assured, breezy way. "I am Elizabeth Mowbray. You know of me. I thought school would be over by this time. Shall I sit down and wait? I want to see you about something. Or can you send the children home?"

"You may go now," Ruth said to the children, who were staring hard at the beautiful visitor.

The children got ready to go with exasperating deliberateness. When they were finally gone, Ruth turned to her visitor and said icily:

"Now I can listen to you."

"I can see that you are prepared to dislike me," said Elizabeth, in her calm, self-confident way. "I am sorry for that, for I know from what Mr. Thorne has said of you that I shall like you."

"I do not suppose it makes a great deal of difference either way," answered Ruth stiffly. She had been having a hard fight with herself during all that long day, and was irritable and nervous.

Elizabeth gazed at her in her imperturbable way, as if

HARRY THORNE'S father tried to make a superman of him through education and athletics. He believed he had succeeded, too. Then he went a long step further and chose a superwife for his son—and succeeded again, so he thought. But dispassionate science was not destined to control fate quite so readily. For when Harry met Ruth Warner, who knew but little of eugenics and race building but believed that Love was the real foundation for marriage, things began to happen. Harry's father's business is threatened by business rivals. Both Ruth and Harry believe that several tramps who have attacked the girl and whom he has put to flight are really the tools of Mr. Thorne's enemies and that they are guilty of destroying the Thorne factories by fire. In the course of his discussions with Ruth over this and other matters, Harry finds himself in love. To cure him of his folly Mr. Thorne gives Harry the job of tracing the criminals in New York, and then tries to persuade Ruth to give up his son. She promises to give him her answer the next day.

she were trying to understand the cause of her curtness; and the expression of her calm blue eyes did not tend to mollify Ruth.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, impartially, "it does make a great deal of difference, because I want to talk with you without the element of prejudice obtruding itself."

"You may wish to discuss a subject which I do not care to discuss at all," was Ruth's cold response.

"I came to talk about Harry."

ELIZABETH spoke with uncompromising directness, yet with a heartiness and kindliness that would have won Ruth at any other time. As it was she replied shortly, and with suddenly flashing eyes:

"I prefer not to talk of him—with you."

"Why not, please?"

"If you cannot understand why not I am powerless to make you. It must be enough that I will not discuss Harry with you."

Elizabeth had seated herself on one of the desks. She took up a pen from the hollow at the top of the desk and began to tap reflectively with it.

"Well," she said, soberly and slowly, and then breaking into an engaging smile, "what do you say if we discuss love? Mr. Thorne says you believe in love."

"Of course, that seems absurd to you," cried Ruth hotly.

"Oh, no, not absurd, but hysterical. Now, don't take offence at that. What I mean is that when one is really well, robust and normal, the sort of love that sends young people into spasms of eternal vows is simply nerves."

Elizabeth, the very embodiment of health and vigor, serenely stated her views of the matter, punctuating her phrases with little dabs into the air with the point of the pen-holder. Ruth closed her white teeth together and drew a deep breath. She understood fully why Harry had never loved Elizabeth, her wonderful beauty notwithstanding.

"Of course," she cried out, goaded into it by Elizabeth's calmness, "when one is so much more an animal than anything else, it is quite natural to feel as you do."

Elizabeth settled herself comfortably as one in her element.

"What do you mean by anything else than an animal?" she asked.

"What do I mean? Why, you talk as if we were brute creatures without souls; whereas it is our souls that demand the most from us. The animal is a thing of appetites."

"And what is an appetite?" demanded Elizabeth, with infinite zest. She dearly loved definitions and—controversy.

"A desire," snapped Ruth, briskly.

"And what makes the desire?"

"Hunger."

"You are delightful," cried Elizabeth warmly. "So many persons refuse to define because they fear an ambush. Now, has the soul no appetites, no desires to indicate its hunger?"

"Of course it has; and love is the food it craves."

"Then," said Elizabeth, with the calmness of finality, "it seems that the soul is also a thing of appetites; and that, therefore, according to your own showing, you have proved nothing against the animal in saying that it is a thing of appetites. I only brought you to this admission so as to emphasize my protest against your wish to belittle the animal."

RUTH tossed her head in vexation, and was half-minded to turn her back on her visitor and walk out of the school house; then, by one of those sudden turns of sentiment by which persons of a certain temperament are governed, she broke into a smile and sat down, saying:

"There! I didn't mean to have a word to say to you, and I really don't wish to now, but—Oh, well! I'm unhappy, and I have something unpleasant to do, and so I will listen to you. Go on! I was wrong to belittle the animal. What else is there?"

"This is very good of you," said Elizabeth; "for I know I must annoy you. I do annoy some persons when they first know me."

"Well," said Ruth, quite in control of herself now, and smiling rather sadly, "you did annoy me at first, because I was nervous—hysterical, perhaps you would say—but I am not annoyed now, only interested and amused. I want to say that I do not despise the animal, but was led to express myself as I did because I was cross with you."

"And you will discuss the matter with me?"

"Do you mean Harry when you say 'the matter'?"

"Yes; Harry."

Ruth started up from her chair, and walked up and down in front of her platform several times before answering; then said, going close to Elizabeth and studying her face curiously:

"No, I won't discuss Harry with you; but if you like I will take you with me to see Mr. Thorne. I have something to say to him, and a discussion of Harry may be involved. It is evident that Mr. Thorne has told you of our conversation; so it will be just as well for you to be present at this interview."

"I think we would better have a little talk first."

"I think not, and I know best," said Ruth, with decision. "But I am glad you came to see me, even if I did resent it at first. Harry has told me a great deal about you, and I am glad to see you. Do you mind if I say that I think you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw?"

"And isn't Harry the handsomest man?" demanded Elizabeth, appropriating the compliment as if it were too patent a truth to be noticed.

"Yes, he is; but he is more than a fine animal."

"I am too, even if you don't see it now. You know, Miss Warner—what is your given name?"

"Ruth," was the wondering response.

"There! You look like a Ruth—to me. I mean you are gentle and wise."

"Wise? Huh!" said Ruth. "And I don't think I was very gentle to you when you first came."

"Oh, that wasn't you," was the cheerful response. "Now that you know me a little better, you begin to like me, don't you?"

RUTH fairly laughed aloud at this, and if her liking had not already been won, this naïve and perfectly frank question would have gone far toward accomplishing it.

"Really," she answered, "I think I could almost love you, only that I am afraid of being hysterical."

Elizabeth laughed in a hearty, joyous outburst, but stopped suddenly and said, with perfect seriousness:

"Yes, you are a Ruth, and I am going to call you so. Call me Beth, won't you? But what I was going to say was this: I am a beautiful woman; about as fine in health and muscular development as you can find: and Harry is the same sort of man. You agree to that, as you say. Then doesn't it seem a pity to you that he and I shouldn't have a child to prove to the world that it would be wise to adopt a more rational theory of marriage? You see what we want is to set the world (*Continued on page* 83)

"WHAT will happen when you are tied to each other; when you are cut off from the friendships of other men for you and other women for him? . . . Can't you see that this enforced companionship with each other is inevitable, and that therefore they should love each other with the deepest sentiment of which they are capable before they join hands and fortune?" Ruth Warner asked Elizabeth Mowbray.

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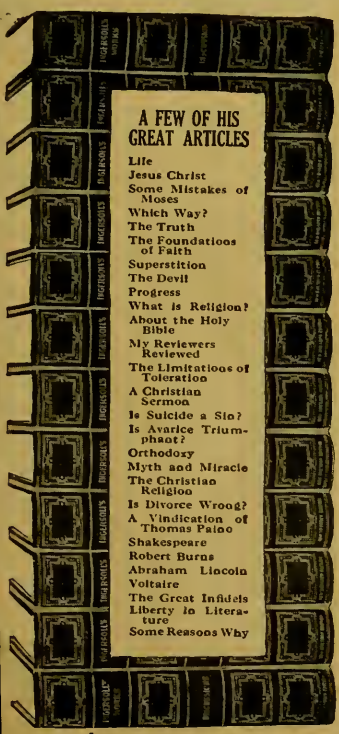

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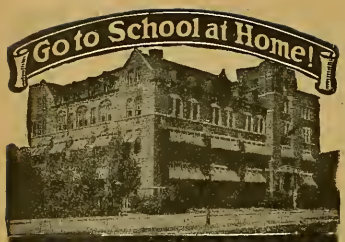

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Peggy and Her Past

(*Continued from page* 44)

magazines or bon-bons, or other goodies.

AMONG the permanent guests was a woman. She sat at a little table apart from the rest and ate her meals in solitary state. Her name was Mrs. Bryant, "Allie Bryant to her friends," as she once confided to Peggy. Her attire was plain, but of expensive material and design. She had some wonderful rings, set with diamonds and pearls, and was plentifully supplied with money.

To Peggy she was at once attractive and repellant. Perhaps it was her manner; her sleek complacency that was suggestive of a well-fed cat, purring with gentle content yet ready to show its claws at some fancied injury. Not that Allie Bryant had ever shown her claws, yet it always seemed that she might do so. And it seemed to Peggy that Mrs. Bryant looked upon men with an odd interest, at once speculative, appraising, and with an undercurrent of scorn. Peggy was often perplexed at the quizzical smile of some "drummer" as he observed the demure woman alone at her little table.

FROM time to time, a Mr. Bryant would come to the hotel and stay a few days. He was rather extreme in his attire and had cold, gray eyes and thin, bloodless lips. His hands were almost too delicate. He was a quiet man and soft-spoken, but there was always the suggestion of schooled repression in his voice and manner. It appeared that Mr. Bryant traveled extensively, for Peggy would overhear references to St. Louis, New Orleans, Fort Worth, and smaller places.

After every visit Mrs. Bryant would have some new piece of jewelry; sometimes a brooch or breast pin, but more often a ring or bracelet.

But Peggy's favorite at the hotel was Rupert Davis, who, by working at the drug store, had made a place for her. He was a little older than the girl, but of slender physique, and the two might have passed for brother and sister. And brother and sister they seemed in the sweet friendship which grew between them. The boy was sweet-natured, and free from the taint of precocity, and Peggy never gave a thought to the sentimental possibilities of their companionship. Their pleasure in each other was whole-souled and frank.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis did nothing to discourage the friendship. They had come to look upon Peggy almost as a daughter.

Spring blossomed into Summer. Cattlemen and buyers were astir. As a railroad shipping point the little town had many visitors. Business was brisk at the little hotel.

ONE day, as Peggy was about her duties in the dining-room, a rough hand seized her arm and whirled her about, and a rough voice greeted her in strident tones:

"Well! if it ain't little Peg Ainsley! What ye doing here, Peg? Ain't you got a kiss for me?"

With a scream of terror the girl wrenched herself from the man's grasp and fled to the kitchen. But she had caught a glimpse of his face and recognized him as Jap Smith, a disreputable character of her home neighborhood.

At the girl's cry a dozen men leaped to their feet and crowded to the table at which Smith was seated. The man was drunk and waved them back with tipsy good-nature.

"No offense, gents! Didn't mean to scare the little girl; known her for years and ain't seen her for a long time!"

The men stepped back; there had been no great harm done and it might be that the man did know the girl.

Mr. Davis heard the confusion and hurried to the dining-room; his wife had told him of what had happened. He ordered Smith from the house, but the man was drunkenly talkative.

"Never mind, Davis! I knew Peg afore you did. Know her whole family: the hull lot of them. Peg got running with one of the Blakewell boys. Got in trouble by him. Yes, sir! Baby died and Peg left home. Surprised, ain't ye? Well, you ask her!"

A HUSH came over the room; men's eyes sought the floor.

Davis grew white with anger. Whipping a revolver from his pocket he held the weapon against Smith's chest and backed the man to the doorway and into the street.

"Don't ever enter my place again!" he told the frightened and now half-sobered wretch.

Peggy sat huddled on a box in a corner of the kitchen, her head buried in her hands, her body shaken by terror, grief, shame. Mrs. Davis was crying as her husband came back into the room. He was tense with excitement but his voice was even and kind as he asked Peggy if anything was true that Smith had said. She looked up abjectly.

"My folks—he said they were bad, but they are not; they are the best parents any child could have. I am a good girl—I loved Buck Blakewell—I didn't know. My baby died. Oh God! I wish I were dead, too—" Her voice sank to a moan of despair.

MRS. DAVIS crossed the room and took the weeping girl to her motherly bosom, soothing her with whispered words. Down the long hall they went to Peggy's little bedroom, and the girl was persuaded to lie down and rest.

"Don't worry, dear! Everything will come out all right. Be still and rest this afternoon. I'll look in every few minutes." She kissed the girl's tear-stained face and tenderly arranged the pillow.

As the door closed Peggy heard Rupert's boyish voice demanding that his mother tell him what had happened. In the whirl of excitement and grief Peggy had not thought of him, and now she was sickened at the thought that he would know. She buried her face in the pillows and beat the bed with clenched fists.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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(Continued from page 68)

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THERE was a knock at the door, but Peggy gave no heed. The knob turned and Allie Bryant came into the room. Peggy looked up quickly but turned her face away on beholding her visitor. The woman crossed the room and sat down on the edge of the bed, her cool hand finding the girl's feverish forehead and resting there. She said nothing but her very presence was a consolation in the dark hour.

There was silence in the room and under the spell of this unexpected kindness Peggy rose to a sitting posture and rested her head upon the woman's shoulder. Mrs. Bryant smiled down upon the little face, drawn by suffering, but there was sadness in the smile, and understanding.

"Poor little girl," she said. "You poor little thing." And then after a moment she went on. "Come away with me, Peggy; I will take you away from here. I know the folks here love you and things will go on again, but there will be a difference."

She paused, and Peggy nodded a mute assent. She knew things could never be the same. Mrs. Bryant smoothed the girl's tangled curls.

"I have been through the same trial, Peggy, long, long ago. But I was never the good girl that I know you are—and were. I was always bad. I don't know why." She made the statement dispassionately, half-curiously as if in an attempt to analyze herself.

"All that is neither here nor there," she continued after a pause, "but I know how hard it is, how fruitless it usually is, to try to live it down. There is always someone who knows—and proclaims it from the house-tops." Her voice was bitter.

PEGGY looked up quickly; this was a new Allie Bryant who was speaking. There was a mistiness in the woman's eyes and a sombre light which flickered and went out. Impulsively the girl threw her arms about the woman and kissed her cheek.

Peggy might have realized that in the end the mother-love and affectionate understanding of the hotel-keeper's wife would prove more stable and dependable than Mrs. Bryant's cynical, though philosophical attitude, but all her thoughts were of the immediate moment. She felt that she could never face her benefactors again without a sense of shame and unworthiness. And Rupert, her "chum"; she could sense his dismay, his pained wonder. And when she thought of all this she felt that it would be best to accept Mrs. Bryant's offer and go away again.

THERE was a knock at the door, and Mr. Davis and his wife came in. They loved Peggy as a daughter, and though Mr. Davis was never demonstrative in his affection for the girl her presence about the place was a tonic to the man. He eyed Mrs. Bryant in no friendly manner, and Peggy feared further unpleasantness. She sprang from the woman's side and crossed to where the couple stood.

"Mrs. Bryant says she will take me away, and I want to go. Not that I want to leave you," her voice trembled. "You don't know, you never can know what your goodness has meant to me. Please don't think me ungrateful, please don't think that! But I can't stay. I can't; nothing would ever be the same!" Her voice broke into sobs and she clung to Mrs. Davis and buried her face upon the woman's shoulder.

The man turned to Mrs. Bryant, who had remained seated on the bed. "Allie Bryant, we can't keep Peggy here against her will, but we can demand that she shall be in safe hands. And I don't think you are a safe person to be entrusted with her care."

The woman winced at his words, but before she could reply the girl cried.

"Please, Mr. Davis! Mrs. Bryant has told me that you might object, and why. Maybe I should be frightened, maybe another girl would not go, but my mother had a saying: 'To yourself be true.' I can be true to myself and to Buck. Sometime he will find me and my troubles will be over. Until then I am not afraid to take care of myself; I have had my lesson and have learned it well."

THE next day Peggy left her benefactors with Allie Bryant. She did not see Rupert; without a word upon the subject all seemed to understand her feelings and she was spared a leave-taking which might have been difficult. Mr. and Mrs. Davis had been more than generous; she had never wanted for neat clothes since being with them, and in the little traveling purse, thrust into her hands at the last moment, were ten crisp five dollar bills. It seemed a fortune to the girl.

They went to New Orleans by easy stages. To Peggy, who had never been on a train, who had never seen one until she came to Douglas, the trip was delightful beyond words.

Mrs. Bryant had chosen to go by way of Kansas City and St. Louis, and to Peggy these big cities were at once a revelation and a torture.

Always they stopped at the best hotels, and it was long before she felt at ease. She loved the comforts of their apartment, the soft, shaded lights of the big dining-rooms, the deft, obsequious servants. But the people, coming and going about their various affairs, the general indifference of everyone to everyone else, was almost terrifying to her. It was hard to realize that all were strangers to one another and to one another's interests. The bigness of the world she was now living in was almost incomprehensible.

It awed and frightened her, but she never murmured a word about it, and Allie Bryant understood and admired the spirit of the girl.

Continued in Next Issue
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
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The Girl Who'd Rather Walk

(Continued from page 15)

"Then this Mr. Skinner friend of mine says, 'We'll be running out to Mulcahey's to top off the evening.' I thought it would make it too late but the rest of them kidded me and I hate to spoil a party, so I kept still. We had some drinks there and everybody got to feeling frisky, but didn't really start gettin' rough till we set out on the road back. Then Mr. Skinner started getting fresh with me and I wouldn't stand for it.

"He got sore and says 'Well, I'm telling you, kiddo, if you don't like the way I behave you'll have to get out and walk. And don't forget it's a darn long way back to town.'

"'Where d'you get that stuff?' I came back at him quick. And he says right back, 'Slow up the car, Jim. Now, kid, d'you want to walk, or—'

"Well, when I felt his fat, sweaty hands pawing me, I let him have a slap right across the eyes. The next thing I knew I was out of the car in the middle of the road and they was driving right on. I guess I must of yelled because I was pretty scared by then, and . . . Well, here I am, and now I don't know what to do. I—"

HER little, pointed chin began to quiver again as flaming memories were dissolved in tears. Jerry didn't know what to say to her, much less what to do. He could only partially comprehend the drab recital of her night's adventure. The substance he gathered was that here was a self-respecting little girl whose confidence had been betrayed by some moneyed brute—a girl who had preferred to walk as an alternative to that other.

"And oh, my Gawd!" he vaguely heard her gasping. "If I don't get back to the store by seven-thirty A. M. I'll lose my job. They'll can me, sure!"

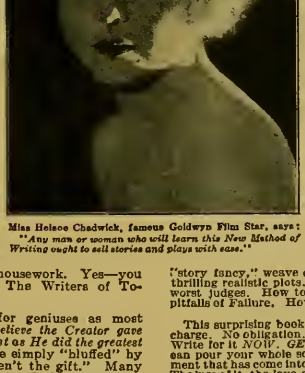
Here, at any rate, was something Jerry could understand.

"I know, little girl. I can see exactly how that makes you feel," he sympathized. "I only wish I had a job in your big store in the city, where there's so many chances for an honest young chap who's willing to work hard to make his fortune. I've been thinking that over for a good while. But pa and ma own a hundred acres hereabouts, and they won't let me go. They keep telling me to stay here and I'll own the farm after they're dead and gone. Of course, it's an awful good farm, and with the stock and all. But I hate it! It's lonesome! No pleasure, no excitement, no chance to see anything or be anybody. I want to go to the big city where I can see things and meet big people and make a fortune!"

"SAY, young fella!" burst out the girl. She jerked away from him now and sat up very straight on the stone, her eyes round and blue in the wakening dawn. "What you giving me? D'you mean to say that when you can have all this grand scenery and the cows and pigs and chickens and radishes and new-mown

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.



Miss Heloise Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By practicing a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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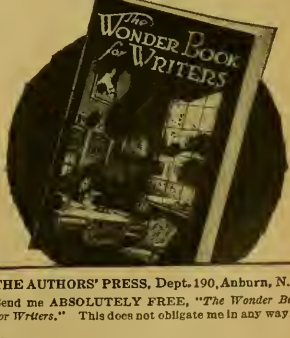

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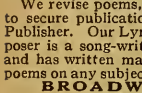

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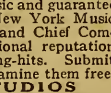

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hay and horses and sunsets and celery and house and barn and apple-trees, you'd chuck it all for a job in Polsheimer's? Who told you that stuff about makin' a fortune in the city? Let me tell you, you've been trying to sell yourself a gold brick! That room-at-the-top-for-the-worthy stuff is all bunk, kid. There may be room enough if you could get there, but you got about as much chance of climbin' the ladder as a cockroach has of developin' a canary bird's trill. Take it from me, I know! Polsheimer's is full of half-starved clerks that 'd jump at the chance you got. Think of ownin' a swell home out here—no rent, no milk bills, all the eggs and cream and vegetables you want, no gas-man blowin' in to read the meter! W'y, you oughta be thankin' Gawd for what you landed!"

"You don't mean to say that any girl who ever lived in the city would want to come out here on a farm?" The wonder in the boy's voice almost choked his utterance. "Think how lonesome she'd get. How she'd miss the bright lights, the gay restaurants, the theaters, the wonderful parks, all the things she's used to in the city."

"WAKE up, wake up, brother! We're talkin' about regular girls—honest-to-goodness working girls. Where d'you think they ever see all them things you're dreamin'? In the movies, maybe. Do you realize that one meal in a good restaurant with a girl would cost all you'd earn in a week in Polsheimer's? Theaters? The gallery perches are a dollar a throw now. Parks? Say, kid, I never been inside a park since I got my workin' papers. The ribbon counter six days a week. Sundays for laundering and mending. That's the way the honest working girl spends her time, if you ask me. And I'll say I know!

"You're in soft out here, kiddo. Just smell the nice clean air. Look at the sky over the tops of the trees. Say, if you ever smelled and seen and heard things around the third floor rear of Mrs. Dempsey's boardin' house in the cold gray dawn, like I do, you'd be wiser!"

"You mean *you'd* like to live here—but of course you don't mean that."

"Would I like it? Say, brother, would you ask a little starved, mangy alley cat if it'd like to be took where it could sleep on a rug and lap cream and have a chicken bone with some meat left on? Think of the fun it must be to feed the chickens, and have a dog come runnin' out, wagging his tail, like in the movies. I bet you fellas even take your girls out buggy riding without asking for all you can get before you'll take 'em home again."

"We don't use buggies around here much anymore," ventured Jerry. "Our Ford runs pretty well, though, of course, it can't make the speed of these big city cars."

"Oh, a Ford!" cried the girl, suddenly brought back to her dilemma. "Couldn't you run the old bus out of the barn and jazz me over to the trolley? I could get to the store in time, then. The milking could wait for once, couldn't it?"

"Ye-es, I could do that. It's what I've been meanin' to offer, all along. But—but—you needn't go back to the city at all, if you'd really like to stay."

THE girl's brows knit in quick suspicion again; the blue eyes narrowed to keen, steely slits.

"And just what does that mean, brother?" she asked. There was doubt in her voice, yet a little note of wondering hope too.

Jerry cleared his throat and essayed an embarrassed laugh, but his eyes met the steely look bravely.

"Well, you see, ma hasn't been feeling so awful well lately. That's one reason I've hung back about going away. She's said a hundred times, I guess, that she wishes there was a nice girl in the house to be comp'ny for her and help like my little sister would if she'd lived. 'Course I spose it's a silly notion, but I was a thinkin' if you really *meant* all you said, maybe you'd like to stay out here with us. My mother's the finest in the world, and I know you'd love each other, and—it wouldn't be so lonesome."

"But you don't know me. And the way you found me here in the road! How do you know I wouldn't run off with the best spoons? How do you know—*what* I am?"

Jerry shook his head slowly, with tightening lips.

"No, ma'am, you wouldn't do anything wrong by us," he said gravely. "And if you hadn't been decent you wouldn't be here now—you'd of gone on in the car with that man."

For a long moment the girl stood with bent head, while Jerry waited, anxious-eyed but silent. When she lifted her face it was a little pale, and there was an awed expression in her eyes.

"I'm on, then, brother," she said, trying to laugh; but there was a little catch in her voice. "Lead me to home and mother. You—why, you're too clean and good to be true!"

"Mom's true anyhow, and the house," he grinned. "Oh, yes, and Towser, the dog. You'll hear him in a minute."

"Gee!" she breathed. "If—if I can only make them like me, so I can stay!"

A SHYNESS had crept into her manner, her voice had lost its artificial hardness. In the rosy light of the sunrise her hair was clear gold and her eyes shone like twin stars.

"What's your name?" she demanded, and then, as he told her, repeated it after him softly. "Jerry—Jerry. I like it."

"And yours?" he asked.

"Alice," she told him. And then, "I—I'm a little scared, Jerry."

"Come on then," he said, holding out a strong, brown hand. "Get it over as soon as possible. But you needn't be afraid, sister. Pop and Mom'd do more'n this to keep me on the farm."

Then she said shyly, "I guess your Ford could have gotten me to town in time for work this morning, if it had to. But—as I said before—I'd rather walk—providing it's alongside of you, Jerry."

Hand in hand they went, through the wet, cool corn, across the meadow where the sun turned the dewdrops to dazzling jewels, up the maple-edged lane down which a dog dashed, barking joyous welcome.

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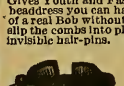
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Eloped at Last

(*Continued from page* 48)

BUT Nettie did not laugh. This was her life's one romance, and it was sacred.

"I'll speak to the people on the ground floor and ask them if we can't elope *via* a ladder from their window," he laughed.

"Don't make fun of me, Ed," she pleaded. "I've set my heart on having the man I love carry me down a ladder and bear me off with him."

This time Ed didn't laugh. There was something in Nettie's determined face that stopped his chuckles. She had said "the man I love." Nettie had loved him all these long years.

"Are you really in earnest?" he demanded.

"I won't marry you until you do as you agreed to do," she insisted.

For more than an hour Ed expostulated with her, but Nettie remained firm. Ed's jaw was getting set the way it did when anyone opposed him in politics or business.

"You're determined not to marry me unless I lug you down that ladder?" he demanded.

"I never could be happy with you, Ed, unless you did," she answered firmly. "I've dreamed of it ever since I was a girl and I've waited all these years—"

"All right," he said brusquely. "Be ready when I come. I'll let you know the time."

"I'll be ready," she promised, on the verge of tears.

Ed jammed his hat on his head and strode out. For an hour afterwards, Nettie admits, she wept, believing he was angry and that he would never return. Twice she went to the 'phone to call him and say she would sacrifice her dream. But she couldn't bring herself to do it.

TOWARD nine o'clock that evening the telephone rang.

"Is that you, Nettie?" It was Ed.

"Yes. Oh, Ed, I'm so glad you called; I was blue—I thought you were angry."

"Blue on your wedding night," he called jovially through the 'phone.

"Wedding night?" she echoed in surprise.

"Yes! Get dressed and be ready when I come."

"Tonight?" she asked, laughing now, and wondering what sort of joke he was playing.

"Ten o'clock—same hour as we originally planned. All arrangements are made so don't keep me waiting."

"All right."

Nettie tried to believe it was a joke. Nevertheless she dressed, not that she believed he would come, but just as a measure of preparation.

Several times she went to the window and looked down into the street.

At a few minutes before ten, there was a clang and a clatter in the street, followed by shouts and the ringing of bells. She rushed to the window. Crowds were running from all directions toward the apartment house. The fire engines were outside!

"The house is on fire!" she shrieked to her maid. "Get my jewels."

SHE started toward her bedroom to gather up a few things when suddenly, the truth burst upon her.

"Oh," she gasped, as she slumped down in a heap in the nearest chair; "Ed is coming to elope, and he's using the fire department through his influence in politics."

Alarm struggled with indignation; and between the two emotions she found herself regretting that she hadn't put on her blue georgette instead of her simple street clothes. She went to the window and looked out. The big extension ladder was being dropped in against the building and Ed, with an assistant fire marshal and a ladder man, was starting upward. The street was crowded; excited residents of the apartment building were rushing through the halls, screaming and shouting and striving to find out where the blaze was.

Hallboys were striving to make themselves heard above the din; Nettie could hear their shouts as she gazed as if hypnotized at Ed and the two men coming up the ladder.

She hesitated, wondering whether she should wait until Ed reached her window and then rebuke him for creating such a scene, or whether she should flee before he could reach her.

NETTIE was about ready to run when Ed, rather out of breath, clambered through the window, with the aid of the fire marshal and the expert ladder man.

"Ready, Nettie?" he puffed.

"Ed," she exclaimed, indignantly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The idea of making a spectacle of yourself and of me before the entire neighborhood!"

"Doggone it, you don't think I'm doing this for fun, do you? *You* insisted," he sputtered. "You insisted on having it this way and it's going to be this way, whether you want it or not, now!"

"Oh, Ed," quavered Nettie, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

"No chance, unless you start kicking," said Ed. "I've got the two best ladder men in the fire department, and they'll take care of us on the ladder."

He put his arms around her, lifted her, got red in the face, and with a real effort carried her through the window and out onto the ladder, the firemen holding him and guiding his feet to the rungs.

Nettie still insists that Ed carried her all the way down the ladder—but eye witnesses declare that Ed held her against it and let her slide from rung to rung!

In three minutes they reached the pavement, the crowd cheering wildly what it believed to be an heroic rescue. Ed, puffing hard, led her to the waiting auto, shoved a roll of notes into the hands of the firemen and then directed the chauffeur to the church where the minister was waiting.

A block from the scene of the "fire" Ed recovered his breath and whispered:

"I wish we had the old horse and buggy, Nettie."

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By A. L. Pelton

My name is Pelton—Albert L. Pelton. Four years ago I was as poor as a church mouse. I was out of a job, $300 in debt, and my wife and two children were living on starvation rations. Yes, I've known the bitterest kind of want.

Today I have money and all that money will buy. I have my own home. I have no worries about high prices of food or clothing or rent.

Even if I never make another nickel, I don't think I will have to worry about money matters.

During the past three years I have been making on an average of over a thousand dollars a week.

That's quite a change from the time I was "on my uppers," isn't it?

Now let me tell you how I did it.

You will probably think I'm funny when I tell you that for twelve years I held in my hand the secret that at last won me riches.

But it's true.

For twelve years I struggled—with gold right in my hand.

It was this way.

I used to sell books—from door to door—eking out a poor man's living.

One of the books I sold was written by Dr. Frank Channing Haddock.

I never thought much about the book—although I sold a few from week to week.

For twelve years I never even took the trouble to read it.

It was called "Power of Will."

I didn't know anything about will-power.

What's more, I didn't care.

I thought it might be a good book for fellows who *had* to read it.

But I was too busy earning a living to bother about will power.

Probably I thought then, as tens of thousands think today, who've heard and read about this great book—that will-power was some myth, or impractical thing for dreamers.

You see—I hadn't analyzed the lives of the world's greatest men then, and discovered that will-power is the mightiest force men have ever known.

I was fooling myself—cheating myself fearfully, as I found out later.

One day I ran across a man who had purchased the book from me a few months back.

He stopped me on the street and said, "Hello, Pelton, say, I'd like to have another copy of that Haddock book,—can you send it up right away?"

I told him I would. Then I asked him casually if he liked it.

What he told me made me go home and *read* the book myself—for the first time since I began to sell it twelve years before.

That same evening I borrowed $300.

The next day I was in New York.

I secured the exclusive selling rights to the book.

Then I spent $150 for a page "ad" in the Review of Reviews magazine.

It brought me about $2000 in cash.

As fast as the money came in I shot it back into advertising.

When I got $2500 in cash I bought a half page "ad" in the Saturday Evening Post.

The first year I spent $50,000 in advertising.

The next year I spent nearly a hundred thousand.

I guess I've spent over half a million dollars since my first $150 "ad," and already 450,000 men and women—including great executives, international diplomats, famous authors, etc., also have taken up this study.

At first some people said I was crazy to advertise that book.

When they found that the book was selling—and that I was spending as high as *$20,000 a month* telling people about it, they said I had more nerve than sense.

But, my friends, all this time I was simply taking my own medicine.

I was telling people that the will was the motive power of the brain—that a strong will could batter down every obstacle to success—that weak will-power could be made strong, as easily as the muscles of the arm could be made strong—and that simply because they didn't *use* their will power.

I had strengthened my own will and was *using* it when people were calling me "crazy." And it was my *will-power* that people called "nerve."

Anyway, it was the secret of my success. Without it I might still be plodding—still canvassing.

Or even if I had gotten up enough courage to advertise I might have made only a piker's success.

It was my will-power that got me the $300 loan.

It was my will-power that got me exclusive sale of Dr. Haddock's book.

It was my will-power that made me plunge into advertising instead of going slowly.

And finally, it was my will-power that made me say to the public—"Send No Money—Read Power of Will 5 days free. Pay me if you decide to keep it—Send it back if you don't want it."

That was a new sort of proposition to most people. They had nothing to lose—and a lot to gain, if the book was worth while.

So the orders came in by the hundreds—then by the thousands.

At times I was 15,000 orders behind—just couldn't print books fast enough.

And letters from readers came pouring in so fast I simply couldn't read them all. Col. A. W. Wilke of Roscoe, S. D., wrote that one day's study of "Power of Will" netted him $300 cash, and that four years later, by using the methods Haddock formulated, his earnings had risen to nearly $100,000 a year. V. P. Coffin of Rochester, N. Y., wrote, about *one month* after getting the book—"'Power of Will' already has produced an increase of $5,000 a year in my income." J. F. Gibson, of San Diego, Cal., said that since reading "Power of Will" his salary jumped from $150 to $800 a month.

Men like Judge Ben Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Asst. Postmaster-General Britt, Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, Senator Capper of Kansas, Governor Ferris of Michigan—and a host of other big men, show the class of leaders who have studied Haddock's methods.

Surely there must be something in "Power of Will" for you, my reader.

It helped me. It has helped half a million others. I could send you a circular mailed with hundreds of letters from readers. But, better still, see the book and read it 5 days *free*.

All you lose, if you don't think "Power of Will" will increase your earnings, is a two cent stamp.

It may make $300 for you next week—it might carry you upwards to $50,000 or $100,000 in a few years—I don't know. I do know it has made a lot of money for its readers.

I do know, too, that if you pass this offer by—if you are a scoffer and a doubter—I will lose only the small profit on the sale of a book—but you—you may lose the difference between peanut money and real money.

It costs only 2c stamp to mail the coupon.

Don't wait 12 years—as I did. You may have gold within your reach and not know it. Send for "Power of Will" *now*. You've seen my ads before—now answer this one and see if this masterful volume doesn't contain the one little push you may need to make your life rosy-red. Begin training your will by sending in the coupon *this very second*.

A. L. Pelton.

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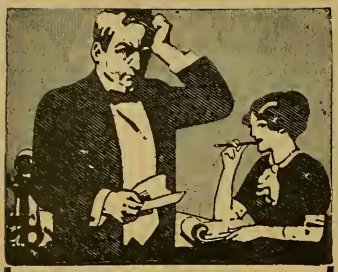

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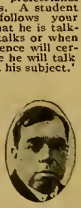

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Eunice Finds Herself

(*Continued from page 55*)

amount to nothing. It would happen sooner or later anyway, so what's the difference? How does all that sound to you now? That's what you told a girl whom you had ruined, that's what you told the mother of your illegitimate child—"

HE raised his hand involuntarily to his face as though warding off a blow. He actually staggered.

"My God! Not that!" he moaned.

"You may well flinch before me," I cried. "You dare to come here to plead for your daughter, when you plunged me—someone else's daughter—into the mire and left me helpless. You dare to call upon your wife as a mother, when my child and yours died because grief on my part had robbed it of the very elements of life. You are that child's murderer and you stand before the tribunal of Heaven responsible for the errors of my unhappy life. I have waited for this day. I knew it would come. It had to come. Get out of here before I forget myself!"

WITH tottering steps he descended the staircase while I stood motionless upon the polished floor, my breast heaving and my hands clenched.

Wasn't there some way by which I could punish him more? Why hadn't I led him on and then disappointed him instead of arriving at a conclusion so suddenly? It would have given him vastly more pain. Unconceivably monstrous creature! What did he think I was? It would make a good story to tell my friends. Friends? Were they really my friends? What was a friend? Mother? Mrs. Thomas? I was crying. Poor little baby, if it had only lived. For its sake I would have rescued Florence. No—yes—it would be the greatest triumph—to return good for evil. Oh, what satisfaction surged through my heart at the very thought. I would be straight hereafter. The little life which had existed but for three days was going to perform its wonderful mission after all—my redemption. And so I laid my plans and went to work.

I GOT Florence away from Williams simply by getting her aside, one day when he was drunk, and telling her my own story. And a glorious sense of new hope was in my heart when I left her at the door of that same house where hope had first deserted me.

Even the rather burly figure of Milton Williams standing under the shade tree before the door of my lodging house, when I returned, failed to daunt me, so happy was I and so full of new courage. I was about to enter the house without a word when he seized me by the wrist.

"Let go," I commanded quietly.

He laughed drunkenly, and muttered a terrible oath.

"You've robbed me of one girl tonight and you've got to take her place," he leered.

"Let me go. After this I'm straight," I said, still very quietly.

"You straight? That's a good one."

He laughed again. I wrenched my wrist free from his grasp, and walked calmly into the house. I could hear his curses as I mounted the stairs.

That night I slept the sleep of the just and awoke feeling much refreshed. I studiously avoided my former gay companions from that day on. I went to night school, prepared myself for a business position; and soon I was drawing a fairly good salary as a stenographer.

ONE evening some girls insisted upon my attending a party with them and as I had had little recreation for some time, I yielded. The party soon assumed aspects that were entirely too gay to correspond with my new mode of living and I went out to the back porch to rest a few moments before returning to my room. I was sitting there watching the moon and thinking of what an adventurous life I had led, when somebody seized me from behind and imprinted a hot kiss upon my unwilling lips. I was furious and broke away from my assailant's grasp. I glared into a silly drunken face. And then—oh, it could not be—it was—Jimmy Smith. Recognition brought him partially to his senses and a look of pain and diappointment crossed his face.

"Euny, not you here with this bunch?"

I was as much surprised and disappointed as he. Through it all I had always retained the impression of Jimmy Smith as he had been in high school days. Apparently both our idols had fallen. It had always been a consolation to think of the one real lover whom I had had as the soul of honor and probity.

"Do you still hate me?" I asked suddenly.

"Hate you? I never hated you, Euny. I love—"

"Then no one told you about—about Norris and Flet?"

"Of course. But that didn't make any difference with me. The thing that hurt, kid—Euny—I mean, the thing that hurt was your going out of my life. I couldn't stand it, so I got kind of wild."

Then he told me his story and I told him what I have told you. We found comfort and strength in each other.

A SHORT time later we were married. Today we have three children, the dearest things in the world.

To both of us the past seems like a hideous dream. I am still a very young woman. Have I been successful? I think so. For if success means happiness, and what else can it mean, I have finally attained it in the highest degree. In the eyes of the world the sad experiences through which I passed have, of course, injured me, but in my heart it has wrought a great transformation.

Yes, I have been successful—because I have overcome my weaknesses and have reaped the reward. I have been hurt, bitterly hurt, but I have not let it crush me. I have suffered and I have learned what the real values of life are: Love, unselfishness and simple, whole-hearted living.

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I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a **quarter of a million graduates.** Their thousands of grateful letters to me, only a few of which are reproduced here, will convince you better than anything I could say, of the true merit of my system.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—without risking a single penny.

I want you to judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason whatever you are not satisfied with the course or what you learn from it—then it won't cost you a cent. Obviously, I could never make such a sweeping statement unless I were convinced that my lessons would do all that I claim.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music.

There are no dull and uninteresting exercises, no agonizing scales, no torturous finger gymnastics, no reprimands from a cross or impatient teacher. Nor is there any need of joining a class pinning yourself down to certain hours of practice, paying a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher.

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So easy is my method that children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished singers or players. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who have never before taken a lesson—have found my method equally easy.

And my lessons are just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing **by note.**

Think of the pleasure and happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play! Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind. And think of the good times you can have and the money you can make. Thousands of our students now play in orchestras at dances, etc. Many have orchestras of their own and go away each year to play at the seaside or mountain resorts. Why can't you do the same.

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Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page 63*)

HE put his hands in his pockets and drew back a step; then looked me over slowly, an odd expression on his face. "Are you sure?" he queried. "Do you know that you are completely in my power here?"

"I do not doubt that I am," I answered, a sickening sense of my helplessness overwhelming me, though I believe I did not show it.

"You are," he said. "You might scream your loudest and if you were heard, which is doubtful, no one would pay any attention."

"Nevertheless, I think you will let me go in safety. I would kill myself, Mr. Harker, if you did me any harm," I assured him.

"Even if I assured you of a brilliant future?" he asked.

"Nothing you could do afterward would ever compensate," I told him. "I have been told before that if I would pay the price I would be pushed into success. I would rather die than pay that price."

"What are you doing in the movies?" he demanded abruptly.

"I must earn a living somehow, and this offered," I replied.

He studied me for a few moments. "If I let you go will you give me a kiss of your own free will?" he asked.

I hesitated. It was a thing I loathed to do, but if it would bring me freedom—"Yes," I answered.

"Come kiss me then, you damned little icicle! Kiss me as you would kiss your lover, and you shall go free."

"On your honor, Mr. Harker?" I breathed.

"You don't think I have any honor, you little Puritan."

"I think you will keep your word. A great many men who would not hesitate to dishonor a good girl will yet keep their word," I answered as bravely as I could.

"GOOD Lord!" he ejaculated; "I have known a good many women, but I never met one who would stand and argue calmly in a situation like this. Have you nothing but ice-water in your veins?"

"I am fighting for more than life," I said pleadingly.

"But you will kiss me?"

"Yes, sir, I will kiss you."

"You are not afraid?"

"Not after your promise."

"Come, then," he said, and held his arms open.

I went to him with a wildly beating heart. I knew I was venturing a great deal, but I knew no other way. I went to him and put up my lips. He shook his head.

"Not even you would kiss your lover like that. You would put your arms about his neck, I'm sure."

I remembered how I had kissed Wally a few times. I reached up and circled his neck with my arms. "Please don't torture me," I pleaded. "I mean to kiss you in good faith."

He bent his head until his lips rested on mine, and there held them until I pressed my lips to his. Then I suddenly burst into tears. And what do you suppose that strange man did? He held me close against him and patted my shoulder while I sobbed on his breast.

"I'm beaten," he said huskily. "Don't cry, little girl. You are as safe with me as you would be with your father. Come, dear! Don't cry any more; the danger's over. Put on your coat and I'll take you home. You won't mind riding with me, will you?"

"N-NO, sir," I sobbed.

"Well, dry your eyes like a good girl; and try to forget what has happened. By the way! Do you still want to go to California?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"I guess you didn't read that contract very carefully."

"I didn't read it at all."

"Good Lord! You're as innocent as you seem. That contract is worthless. But don't worry! You shall have a perfectly good contract and you shall go to California with the rest of them. I had meant to keep you here if—But you shall go."

"Thank you, sir," I responded meekly.

"You don't need to," he said. "I'd hate to see you around after this. You're too damned pretty, and I like you too much. Only I can't help you much out there. You'll have to take care of yourself. However, I guess you can do that."

"I'll try to keep out of danger," I said, drying my eyes.

"You'll be clever to do that in this business, my girl; and try not to forget it. Be particularly shy of men of my age. I don't know why they're the worst, but they are. Here!" he added with sudden gruffness, "put your coat on."

He helped me on with it; and then we went out, found our car and soon were on our way to my apartment. No doubt the chauffeur was very much puzzled at being called so soon, but what he thought gave me no concern. I was fully taken up with the joy of having made my escape.

MR. HARKER left plenty of space between us, and for a long time we rode in silence. It was he who spoke first.

"Are you sure you want to go to California?" he asked.

"Please," I answered.

"All right!" he said, "you shall go. I can get you out there, but I can't do much for you when you're there."

"I'd like to go." It seemed to me that I could not get away from New York quickly enough.

"Just as you say."

"Thank you," I murmured.

He relapsed into silence again and did not speak for some time. "Look here!" he broke out suddenly, "I want to tell you something. I've been kidding you, little girl; you'll never make a screen actress. You've got the looks and you're intelligent; and I suppose you could be licked into shape. I don't know, though. Take my advice and try something else."

"Oh!" I gasped.

"You don't believe it, of course," he said coldly. "All right! Take it or leave it. I've told you the truth. Come in tomorrow and I'll give you a good contract."

I DIDN'T see Jimmy Snell again until I was on the train on my way to California. Yes, Mr. Harker had been as good as his word, and I was on my way with a good contract in my bag. As good a one as I was likely to get, at any rate.

Jimmy Snell wasn't in the same car with me, and the first I knew of his being on the train was when he came in, smiled at me in his own peculiarly hateful way, and sat down beside me.

"So," he said without the least preface, "old Harker didn't get you after all. Lord! if you could act for the films as you can in real life what a success you'd be."

I wanted, in my indignation, to order him out of the seat, but I knew that would create a scene, so I simply ignored him and pretended to go on reading. He chuckled as if greatly amused.

"SOME little queen, I'll tell the world," he said. "Go to it! Ride your high horse if you want to, but you are going to have something to do with me whether you like it or not, and I thought the square thing would be to have a little explanation right now."

"Square!" I snapped angrily.

"That's what I said. Harker's out of it now, and you're on your own. Maybe you think you acted your part in that last thing you did. Well, you didn't. I did it for you. Think back, Girlie."

It was true, and I knew it. It was his drilling and bullying that had pulled me through with any credit at all. Still I was sure the next time would find me better equipped.

"I learned something," I said sulkily.

"Mighty little," he retorted. "You're not an actress and you never will be. Besides, pretty as you are, you don't screen well. Did you notice that?"

It was true enough. I had hoped it had no especial meaning and that the next time I would show up better. "Well?" I asked. I knew he was not telling me this without a purpose, and I wondered where he was leading to.

"Well, it depends on me the next time and the next—if there is a next time."

"I have a contract," I said stubbornly.

He laughed. "Contracts are made to be broken. And if you make a failure, yours will be broken. Don't fool yourself."

I hadn't any doubt he was telling me the truth. "Well?" I queried again.

"Then what I want to say is that I can pull you through again, or I can be just square with you. Do you want me to pull you through or do you want me to be just square?"

"You mean will I pay the price," I said defiantly.

"I mean I can make you in spite of yourself, or I can let you go to a dead failure by being just square. It's for you to decide. You don't have to answer right away. I'll be back again."

HE started to get up. "You needn't wait for an answer," I said hotly, "I'll never pay the price. If you had a spark of manhood, you would stop persecuting me."

"Just as you say, Girlie," he answered, smiling as he rose. "You have had your choice between war and peace, and you have chosen war."

"You said you'd be square," I cried, frightened.

"Sure I will," he answered, walking away.

I was frightened. I knew how much a director could do to make or mar even a good actress, especially a clever director like Jimmy Snell. What would he do to me? I couldn't put away the feeling that I was in the coils of a serpent. I had seen in the Zoo a poor little rabbit waiting to be devoured by a boa-constrictor that was slowly making its sinuous way toward it. Yes, that was it; I wasn't in the coils yet, but the threatening head was approaching me.

Jimmy Snell did not speak to me again during the journey, though whenever his eyes lighted on me he smiled. I would have liked it better if he had talked to me. His silence filled me with a sense of foreboding.

WHEN we reached Los Angeles, by a queer stroke of Fate, I was quartered with a lady named Roberts. I had no suspicion of it at the time, but it was the most fortunate thing that had happened to me up to that time. She was a widow of about forty, was making a good living writing scenarios, owned the little bungalow she was living in, and had room for just one person in her house.

She was very kind to me from the first, and when we became well enough acquainted for me to tell her of my troubles, she gave me a lot of good advice. Luckily I was so chastened by this time that I profited by it.

They were hard days, for while I could not see that Jimmy Snell treated me any worse than he did the others, yet somehow it always fell to my lot to do disagreeable and even dangerous things. Some of the "stunts" that show on the screen are "faked," but many of them are genuine, and the actor who is cast for the part must do them.

I was obliged to take wild rides on horseback when I hardly knew how to ride. Once I fell off my horse and was nearly killed. I escaped only by sheer accident. I had to allow myself to be thrown off a high place into the water—deep water. And I couldn't swim.

It would be wearisome to recount all my unpleasant experiences. The worst of it was that I wasn't making good. I knew I wasn't, and would have known it even if Jimmy Snell hadn't "bawled me out" in his most ferocious or most contemptuous way. He was a past master at that sort of thing.

I should have been dropped, but somehow Jimmy never suggested it. I suppose I was useful enough in a way from having learned the technique of the studio. I had wit enough for that, anyhow. But how he did abuse me!

I REMEMBER one scene where I was supposed to be a girl in a Western dance-hall, and was having a struggle

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with a drunken cowboy. I hadn't any too much clothes on, and the cowboy was expected to tear off most of what I had on, leaving me very much exposed. As I was only a subordinate figure on the scene, not much of this would show on the screen, but it had to be realistic, nevertheless. I didn't like it at all, but some of the other girls had to go through the same act, so I made no protest since they made none.

"For Heaven's sake," yelled Jimmy at me, though he used worse expletives, "do you like having your clothes torn off?"

"No, I don't," I retorted angrily.

"Then don't act so. You're not a log of wood; you're a live woman. Don't you know how a woman would act if she was being assaulted by a man? Fight a little. Who ever heard of a woman holding a man off by saying 'please.' Do that over again! and act as if you objected. Even that kind of a woman would fight."

Evidently Mr. Harker had told him how I had acted that night, and he was clever enough to let me know in that way. Also he was showing me that he had not forgotten anything.

I was young and strong and active, and in my anger I made such a fierce fight that the man had some ado to play his part properly and tear my waist.

"More like it," snapped Jimmy. "If you're in this business long enough you'll learn how to protect your virtue, maybe. Now do that for the camera."

I OFTEN thought about my people and wished I could write to them to tell them that I was all right; but I knew I was not all right and that I might lose my place at any time. It all depended on Jimmy Snell. How long would he keep me in suspense? I think I was more afraid of him than I had ever been of anyone else, or have been since, I'm happy to add.

I often thought of Barry, too. I wondered what he had done when I left home. I wondered if he had found some other girl to love, and was now married. What wouldn't I have given to see his strong, dear face. I had thrown him away for Wally, and now I knew I loved him.

Mrs. Roberts advised me to quit, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, though I knew by that time that I really never would make an actress. It simply wasn't in me. If I had screened well, I might have done a quiet, smiling part where there was no need to show emotion, but such parts never came my way. Jimmy Snell took good care of that.

I had been taught not to hate anybody, but right or wrong I hated that man. Mrs. Roberts warned me that he was only biding his time, and I knew it as well as if he had told me so. I passed every situation in review and could think of no way in which he could harm me if only I was careful. It takes a great deal to convince a foolish girl of her folly.

JIMMY SNELL, meanwhile, never took the slightest notice of me, excepting when I was in the studio, and then only to abuse me as he did most of the other actors when anything went wrong. Yes, he was biding his time, as I was to know one day not far off. Oh, that day!

I had been in none but small pictures, and had just finished one of these and was taking a rest, when to my amazement Jimmy Snell came up to me.

"Think you're much of an actress?" he asked me.

"I'm better than I was," I answered coldly.

"Well now, really!" he laughed. "You don't look very good to me—that is, as an actress. However, we're going to give you a chance this time in a seven reel picture. Got the nerve to try it?"

"I'll do my best," I answered, eyeing him curiously.

"Quite a part, too," he said smiling.

"Maybe I'll be killed in this," I said tartly, exasperated by his smile.

He laughed as if appreciating a good joke. "Oh, there are a few thrilling situations, but you ought to live through them. I sure hope you will, anyhow. We go to the mountains for some of the scenes. Let you know all about it as soon as we're ready."

MRS. ROBERTS listened while I made my report to her. "Don't go, honey," she begged. "Throw it all up and come help me till you find something to do. He's up to something mean."

"I don't know," I said fatuously, "it might be something I can do. I'm getting better, I think."

"But, dearie," she protested, "you told me yourself the other day you knew you couldn't act. Besides, that man! I was told only yesterday that he never gives up."

"I don't see what he can do that he hasn't done," I objected obstinately.

"He's up to something, I'm sure. And this time you'll be in the mountains. Better stay here with me, safe and sure. I'd make it worth your while," she coaxed.

"I don't like to give up; and really this may be something I can do. I don't see how it can be any worse in the mountains than here. I want to try just this once."

"And if you don't get on any better will you give it up, dear? I hate to think of your working with that man."

"I promise I'll give up if I don't do any better this time," I agreed, glad to end the discussion.

I wonder if anyone can explain why I persisted when my own fears were troubling me? Nothing Mrs. Roberts could have said would have come near to voicing the disquieting premonitions I had. Something kept rising out of my subconsciousness to warn me, but all the while I refused to listen.

I suppose it was ordained that I was to have one more bitter lesson. Or it may be that fate has its own ways of working out one's life. Perhaps, even, if I had known what was in Jimmy Snell's mind, I would have had to go to the mountains with him.

SOME of the work, as Jimmy had said, was done in the studio. I had a really good, if small, part; and marvel of marvels! Jimmy did his best with me so that I had the feeling that I was doing better than ever I had done before.

Mrs. Roberts continued to warn me against this change in Jimmy, and indeed I was made uneasy by it even while I rejoiced in it. It was impossible not to be pleased by the better showing I was making, and no doubt I was for that reason less suspicious. Moreover, Jimmy gave me my full share of "bawling out," and until the studio work was over, never addressed a word to me in private.

One day, however, just before we started for the mountains, he met me apparently by chance and gave me one of his smiles. "Well," he said, "feel like an actress?"

"I hope I'm doing better," I answered.

"Not half bad," he said with a queer look. "Shows you can do it when you really try."

I knew he was only playing with me, so I tried to placate him by admitting my indebtedness to him. "I owe it to you," I responded.

HE laughed aloud, "What d'you know about that! The haughty maiden unbends. You don't really think you owe it to me?"

"I know I do, Mr. Snell, and I'm grateful to you."

"Wonders will never cease! Sounds almost like an overture for peace," he jeered.

"I don't want your enmity, Mr. Snell; I never did," I said half-pleadingly.

His disturbing smile parted his lips. "All right!" he ejaculated, "let's be friends. Shake!" he held out his hand.

I hesitated, my distrust of the man difficult to overcome. "Are you in earnest, Mr. Snell?"

"Surest thing you know. I've always wanted to be friends."

It was useless to remind him that his idea of friendship and mine were not the same. I shook hands with him. And I couldn't help noting that he didn't hold my hand unnecessarily long; just shook it and let it go.

"The signing of the pact of peace," he laughed. "And now to prove my *bona fides*. You admit you're doing well because I'm making you. That's true. You think it proves you've got it in you. That's not true. You'll never make a great actress. But I could pick plays for you and coach you so that you would be a star. You don't film well, but I could fix that, too."

I drew back, my teeth set. It was the old story again. "No, no, no!" I cried vehemently, feeling that I had been tricked into listening to him.

"What a hot-tempered kid you are!" he laughed. "I might have known you'd put the worst construction on my words. You've got me wrong this time, though. I'm not asking you to pay the price; I'll pay it myself, this time."

I LOOKED at him questioningly. I didn't understand. What I did see, however, was that there was a new expression on his face.

"It's like this, Suzanne," he went on, as if in answer to my unspoken question; "I guess I'm what you'd call in love. I want you as I never wanted anything in my life before. Will you be my wife?"

I was dumbfounded. Of all the things I might have expected from Jimmy Snell,

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this was the last. And there could be no doubt that he was in earnest—deadly earnest, for his face was white and set as he spoke; and he trembled as he waited.

He must have guessed the answer that quivered on my lips, for he forestalled it by bursting out, "Think a minute, Suzanne! You are the one girl I want. I can make you; and I will. I have a play coming next that will just suit you. I'll give you the lead and I'll make you a success if that's your ambition; or if it suits you better, you needn't work any more. I have plenty, and I can give you everything you want. You've got to marry me."

To repeat his words can give no idea of the passionate intensity of his manner. The old, sneering, evil Jimmy Snell was swallowed up in the fierce eagerness of his pleading. I was more moved than I can express, but underneath every other feeling was a fear of the man that could not be overcome.

"I can't, I can't," I cried. "I don't love you."

"I'll make you," he said hoarsely. "I'll be good to you. I'm not a good man, but I'll make you a good husband. And you can make me a good man. I've been watching you right along, Suzanne, and you've proved yourself. You're good through and through; and you've got the iron will to keep you good. You're the prettiest and the sweetest thing on earth. You've got to be my wife."

"I love someone else," I said falteringly.

HE stared at me for a moment and with convulsed features turned away and left me. I had thought I had been frightened by him as much as I could be. I thought the depths of fear had been plumbed by me. Now I knew a terror that was all the greater because it seemed so utterly unreasonable. Why should I fear the man who loved me, as he certainly did?

When I told Mrs. Roberts what had happened, she begged me to drop out and have nothing more to do with the play. "Don't go away with him, honey," she pleaded. "You'll regret it if you do."

Nevertheless I went. Who can avoid his Fate? I am not superstitious, but I believe I simply had to have that terrible experience. Perhaps I needed to know that purity of purpose cannot alone save a girl from ruin. Certainly I returned from those mountains with a gentler, kindlier feeling for the girls who have succumbed in the battle of life.

OUR headquarters were in an old mining town, now partially abandoned. We were scattered about in the huts and made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. I was alone with a native Californian family who paid no attention to me beyond feeding me very well on the simple food that was available. I came and went according to the exigencies of our rehearsals in the mountains; and excepting for exchanging smiles of greeting, had nothing to do with my hosts.

I realized afterward that all this had been carefully thought out by Jimmy Snell with a view to the purpose he had in his mind.

The work up there was more pleasant than I had expected it to be, and aside from its strenuousness we all had a jolly time. It was a rugged but picturesque country and lent itself to the wild, exciting events of the drama to perfection.

One of the thrilling episodes of the play was my abduction by two Mexicans and my subsequent rescue by the hero. This scene had to be rehearsed many times before I acted in a sufficiently realistic manner to suit Jimmy Snell; and as the others were not needed there, they usually retired to some distance and amused themselves in their own way, leaving Jimmy Snell and me and the two villains to perfect the scene before the camera man was brought in.

I should say here that Jimmy had never once reverted to our talk but had borne himself as if nothing had happened to alter our relations to each other. He "bawled me out" and made me repeat my scene over and over; and although the spot where we were rehearsing was a very lonely one, I never felt uneasy because of the two make-believe villains who were always lurking in the background, out of sight until they received their cue.

THEN, late one afternoon, Jimmy called on me for a rehearsal so that we would be ready for the camera the next day. I remembered afterward, when it was too late, that no one saw me go, and that Jimmy acted as if he was busy with another scene. I had always made it a point to obey orders, so I went to the place of rehearsal, though I saw nothing of my two villains when I reached there.

I sat down to wait, and presently I heard the sound of stealthy footsteps. I called out to let whoever was coming know that I was there, when the footfalls quickened, and two men who were entire strangers to me came into view around a big rock.

I wasn't at all frightened, though the men looked the part of ruffians far better than the pretended ones who were to capture me. I did not even move but looked inquiringly at them, waiting for them to explain why they were there. Instead of explaining, or even saying a word, they threw themselves on me and had me gagged and bound before I could utter more than one scream of terror. Jimmy Snell was behind them, and I knew it.

It would be idle to tell all I thought when I was picked up and carried, helpless, through ravines and gullies into a part of the mountains quite new and strange to me. The men talked in low tones now and then, but as they spoke in Spanish I could gather nothing from their conversation. To say that I was terrified gives no conception of what my feelings were.

Continued in Next Issue
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
On Sale April 5th

Experiment in Love

(*Continued from page 66*)

thinking about the terrible mistakes it is making in going on in the old, criminal way of thinking that procreation is the least of duties, and a thing so vile anyhow——"

"Oh, please don't go on!" wailed Ruth piteously. "I know all that. And I even agree to it all; but you will make me hate the truth if you will insist on seeing only one side of it. Besides, I don't want to discuss the matter anymore. Come with me to see Mr. Thorne, and perhaps you won't think, afterward, that it is worth while to waste any words on me. You see, I agree with your contention about the animal side, but you disagree with me on the spiritual side; so what is the use of talking?"

"WELL, come along!" said Beth, starting up. "I suppose I do get a little bit didactic over this theme; and perhaps there is more in what you say than I can see, because I am so impressed with the paramount importance of physical fitness in parents."

"But what is the use of physical fitness if the parents dislike each other, as they certainly will do if they are not spiritually, intellectually, temperamentally mated?"

"They should respect each other. Harry and I do respect each other."

"Now, yes; but what will happen when you are tied to each other; when you are cut off from the friendships of other men for you and other women for him?"

"But bless me, Ruth! There is no need of that. We marry for the procreating of children—not to be jailers to each other. Why, Harry can have as many women friends as he wants to. I hope to goodness, since you and he are so fond of each other—well, love each other, then—that you will always be good friends."

"I don't know how to answer you, how to talk to you at all. Why, if marriage were really what you seem to make it, why marry? Why bind yourselves to each other? Why not just bear children as the lower animals do? Can't you see that this enforced companionship with each other is inevitable, and that therefore they should love each other with the deepest sentiment of which they are capable before they join hands and fortunes. You can't make the experiment and draw out of the partnership if it should prove unsuccessful."

"That's the mistake," said Beth, judicially; "when married folk cannot be happy together they should be allowed to separate. Divorce should be made easy."

"But it isn't what should be, even if I grant your contention; it is what is. If you and Harry marry, you are tied together for all time. You say I can be Harry's friend even if he marry you. Do you really believe that? What do you think the world would say of me if I were intimate with him, no matter how pure our relations, if you were his wife. But there! I didn't intend to discuss this with you, for I know it is useless. I will say my last word to Mr. Thorne."

MR. THORNE stared in amazement when Ruth and Beth entered his

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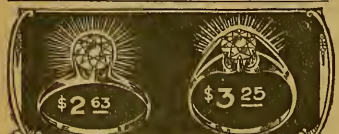

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library together, but the latter explained at once in her direct way.

"I suppose I had no right to do it," she said, "but I couldn't help going to see Ruth——"

"Ruth?" he said, in surprise.

"Yes, I asked her to brush away formality. If we are going to be friends, as of course we are, it is useless to waste time and words."

"And you have agreed to be friends, then?"

He looked from Beth to Ruth, as if he would fathom this altogether surprising and unexpected conjunction.

"It takes only one to make a bargain with Miss Mowbray——"

"Beth."

"——Beth. She came to me and wanted to discuss Harry. I refused and was very rude to her, I suppose, but I can't help liking her, and so I did discuss as long as I could. But I am so tired, so utterly weary of discussion that I asked her to come with me to you so that she might hear what I had to say. I think there will be nothing more to say when I have spoken."

"I hope——" he began; she raised her hand for silence, and went on:

"I have considered all you said yesterday, and other things beside. I am satisfied that you are wrong, but I am not satisfied that I am right. I have been unable to satisfy myself at all. I know you are being cruel to me, and I think you are being unjust to Harry. He loves me and wishes to make me his wife. I love him and think I could make him happy. I agree with what you say when you insist that no woman has any right to undertake motherhood unless she is fit; but I think I can make myself fit."

"The point is that you are not fit," said Mr. Thorne.

Beth started to argue for the sake of the experiment again, but Ruth stopped her.

"Oh, you funny child!" was Beth's response to Ruth's vehemence.

"I don't mean to be funny," said she, with a piteous smile. "It is all tragedy to me. I mean to give Harry up——"

"OH!" cried Mr. Thorne, in a tone of profound relief.

"Of course, I was sure you would," said Beth.

"What an easy affair life is with you!" murmured Ruth, shaking her head. "Yes, I have determined to make no answer to Harry's letter. I will be perfectly frank with you. If I could see my duty clear I would not swerve a hair's breadth from my course, but I don't see it, and so I yield to your insistence."

"You are very good, and I owe you——"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing," Ruth interrupted, almost fiercely. "I do nothing for you. But I hope you may never know how much I have suffered in coming to this decision."

"But you do give way?" he asked almost unbelievingly.

"To this extent: I will not answer Harry's letter asking me to be his wife."

"You have such a letter?"

"I have it, and shall keep it. I wrote him yesterday before you came to see me, saying I loved him and would be his wife when I was physically fit. That letter I shall not send to him."

"You will destroy it?"

"No; I will not destroy it. It was written as an answer to his letter. I shall keep that letter to give to him if ever he comes to ask me for it."

"Then your concession, your pretended yielding to my wishes, is nothing. You know he will write again and again, perhaps; and that he will probably someday seek you here. Why you are——"

"I am going away from here, leaving no clue whatever behind me. When I give Harry no answer to his letter, when I take the risk of his turning from me because of my silence, when in addition I hide myself from him, I am doing all I can or shall do. If you are not content with so much, reject my terms. I shall be glad to have you do so."

"I have no choice but to accept."

"And you could not ask her to do more," said Beth. "I think it is very fine of her, Mr. Thorne. She is very unhappy in doing so much, and if I were not convinced that the interests of humanity are higher and greater than the interests of any individual I would not let her make this sacrifice. Of course, we know that she will soon get over this feeling, which is purely nervous in its——"

"Oh, Beth! Won't you stop?"

"I don't understand, but I'll stop. Of course, hysteria takes on so many forms, owing to the power of suggestion, that it is always difficult — Did you ever think how this eternal love myth owes its origin——"

"Good-by, Beth!" Ruth broke in. "I don't care for your exposition, but I am glad to have met you and to have learned to know you. If Harry should marry you, let me beg of you to cultivate love a little more. If you can learn to chin yourself with one hand, you surely can learn—But there! I can't pretend to be flippant when——" She turned away, catching her breath and trying to choke back the sobs.

Beth was by her side in a moment, her strong arm about her waist caressingly, as if Ruth had been a child.

"IT does seem to be asking a great deal of you, Ruth, dear; and if I were not so sure it was for the good of humanity I would never consent to let you go."

"Do you mean to leave your school now?" Mr. Thorne asked.

"I shall have to ask you to arrange that for me," Ruth answered. "I don't know what to say to the trustees. It is your problem, not mine. You will have to find my excuse for going, and you will have to provide a new teacher."

"I will do it," he answered.

"If you can't do better I will take the school," said Beth.

"And you will need some money," said Mr. Thorne. "You may call on me for whatever sum——"

"Do you really believe I would take a cent of your money, Mr. Thorne? No—not if I knew I was going to starvation."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Beth. "You should have known that, Mr. Thorne. He is so intent on this great experiment, Ruth, that he does not think of the little things. I know he meant no harm by his offer."

"When will you leave here?" Mr. Thorne asked.

"The moment you have arranged matters for me. I will go home now, and you may consider that you have everything in your own hands. If you wish to see me you will find me at the farmhouse."

IN spite of an appearance of composure, which Ruth had fairly well maintained, she was really in what Beth would have called, and with some reason in this instance, an hysterical condition. She felt herself on the point of giving way, and was eager to save her pride by getting out of the house and by herself, as quickly as possible.

"I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart——" Mr. Thorne began, when she interrupted him bitterly:

"Your heart, Mr. Thorne? Is it so active a member as that?" She turned away, then, "I leave the field to you now, but I tell you frankly that if ever Harry finds me, and asks me again to be his wife, I shall not refuse. Good-by!"

She hurried from the room. Beth followed her after staying long enough to say to Mr. Thorne that she would see him later in the evening. She overtook Ruth on the driveway, and put her arm about her. And so it was that in spite of herself Ruth found comfort in the calm, kind-hearted girl. And when they parted they were friends still.

IN one sense Harry waited for an answer to his letter to Ruth; yet he lost no time while he waited, but maintained a constant activity in carrying out his scheme of fixing the burning of the factory on its author.

He became a little heavy-hearted at not receiving any response to his letter. But his plan of campaign was now sufficiently well-matured to enable him to go on with it as if nothing was disturbing him. At this time he hunted for and finally engaged a room that he could make his headquarters when he chose. It was an artist's studio, and here he could come and go unnoticed. Later he bought some garments from an old-clothes dealer's, meaning to make himself a disguise.

All this was sufficiently exhilarating, but when three days went by, without a word from Ruth, he became wretched.

On the theory that his letter might have miscarried he wrote a short note to Ruth, saying that he had already written a longer and most important letter, and begging her to answer at once, saying whether or not she had received it. This note he sent by registered mail, and three days later received a notification from the post-office authorities that Ruth Warner was not at the address given, and that she could not be found.

IMMEDIATELY he sat down and wrote to the farmer with whom Ruth had been boarding, as well as to the postmaster, asking for full particulars as to her wherabouts.

During the period of waiting for the effect of his registered letter he had donned his second-hand clothes, which had converted him into a very seedy specimen of humanity, and had rendered recognition still more difficult by wearing a beard of short, ragged cut.

So disguised—and remarkably well disguised, too—he made a tour of many cheap lodging-houses, seeking the tramp he had captured and who had betrayed the plans of the incendiaries. He was sure he should know him again for he had studied him especially the night he caught him. But he pursued his work weighed down by a wretchedness that he was unable to drive away. A refusal from Ruth he could have understood, but this singular silence accompanied by the surprising statement that had come to him in regard to her change of residence, and the inability of the post-office authorities to find her, was something he could not understand.

MORE than once he had been on the point of giving up his work in New York for awhile, in order that he might make a flying visit to the farm-house, but each time he was restrained by the feeling that he was pledged to pursue his work of bringing his father's enemies to book.

One day he went to the branch post-office, where he now had his mail sent, and there he found the two letters for which he had been eagerly looking—one from the farmer and the other from the postmaster.

The one from the postmaster was business-like and to the point. Miss Warner had received all letters to her address up to the time when she had suddenly left that address. The one from the farmer was neither brief nor business-like, but it contained one bit of information, or one paragraph with two bits of information:

"Ruth give up all to onet, and didn't say why nor what fur. Your pa saw the trustees about it, and now a Miss Mowbray—I guess you know her—is keepin' school in Ruth's place. I kin tell you the boys jest flock to school these days; and they do say thar's goings-on in that school that never was afore. But thar's been order sence the day Miss Mowbray trouneed that big Ben Lewis fer makin' open love to her."

He saw clearly now that his father had put him upon his detective work in order that he might separate him from Ruth. At first he was all wrath, then a ray of hope found its way into his heart at the suggestion that Ruth might love him, but was withheld from writing to him by something his father had said to her. But that ray faded on the reflection that there was nothing to prevent Ruth writing if she wished to do so.

Then anger came again, and whether Ruth rejected him at his father's desire or not, he still felt himself bitterly aggrieved.

Harry walked slowly and moodily back toward his room. He found it difficult to make up his mind to come to an open rupture with his father by going at once to make inquiries after Ruth; and yet how could he do otherwise?

"I will go in my disguise," he suddenly decided; and strode to his room filled with determination.

Continued in Next Issue
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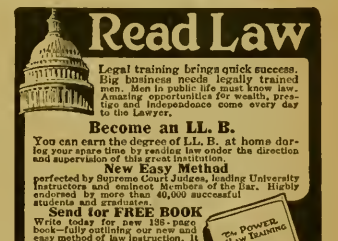

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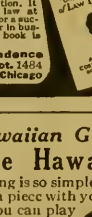

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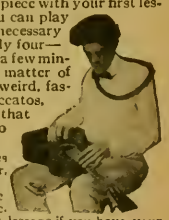

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Apples of Eden

(*Continued from page* 30)

MAISIE, put at ease by the unaffected cordiality of the older woman, plunged straight to the heart of her subject, as she had done in the doctor's office. Here was a woman, a mother of two children, who would understand. It was some minutes before she felt the tenseness of Mrs. Saunders' attitude, saw the look of pained surprise in her eyes. Then the flood of speech wavered into anxious silence.

"Maisie! You do not realize what it is you are asking. Dear child, you are all wrong. It is God's law you would set aside. Man's law, which you think so unjust, only follows the divine law. We cannot rightly break it."

"But God can't want us to bring children into the world to suffer and be neglected and ignorant. Don't you see what I mean, Mrs. Saunders?"

"I realize that you do not mean to be wicked. But who are we, to question God's great purposes? Even when we do not fully understand his laws, we must obey them."

"But just the same," again, in desperation, Maisie made the personal application, "you only have two children. And they're most five years apart!"

A flush leaped to the woman's cheeks, but she spoke with carefully controlled voice.

"As I said before, we cannot question God's purposes nor his gifts. If He gives me fewer children than my neighbor has, He knows why."

THE light that flamed in Maisie's eyes was anger. Her voice held rebellion, and biting scorn.

"Well, all I got to say is, if it's God that sends only two or three children to folks like you and Doctor Russell, with your big houses and nice yards and plenty to do for your children with, and then sends ten to Bridget McCarthy in her four rooms in our block, and eight to Mrs. Benson with her man only earning eighteen a week, and five in five years to my sister, He's got most awful poor judgment!"

"Maisie!"

"I don't care! I suppose you mean right, but it's hard for me to realize it. When I look at your daughter, and then at myself—think of the difference in us! My mother died when her seventh was born! I don't *believe* God meant it to be so! You folks talk as if you thought He hadn't got common sense! And you know, but you won't help me!"

Down the steps like a whirlwind went Maisie, shaken out of all self-control by the storm of her indignation. Mrs. Saunders, aghast, stared after her until she whirled out of sight at the corner of the street.

Then she turned back to her beautiful living-room and sank weakly into a chair.

I wonder," she said, shaking her head slowly. "I wonder . . ."

IT seemed to Maisie that she had been walking for days through the staring

(*Continued on page* 88)

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(*Continued from page* 86)

whiteness of sun-baked streets when the cool green of a little park called to her. She dropped on a seat and sat staring at the fountain, her mind boiling with a tumultuous current of thought.

"If I believed it was wicked, I'd give up. But it can't be. God never meant it so! It isn't fair! It isn't fair!"

Presently she became conscious that a man and woman had been pacing up and down a length of shaded path near her for some time. The woman laughed frequently, a pleasant, throaty gurgle which was oddly familiar. Maisie frowned perplexedly, caught uncertainly at dim associations. Whose laugh was that?

"All right, Minna. Think it over." The man's step crashed off down the gravel walk, followed by the throaty laugh. Maisie's puzzled face cleared. Minna! Of course! The young woman who had left the basement for "an easier job," and who came back, frequently, to flaunt her costly clothes and white, jeweled hands before the half-envious, half-scornful eyes of her former associates.

"POOR Minna!" Maisie sighed. Then, out of a clear sky, somehow the thought came. She pushed it aside, horrified, but it rushed back at her insistently. "Why not?" it said, "*she* must know. And she won't talk to you about law and religion and high and holy gifts!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" Maisie answered the thought, decidedly. But an instant later, as the woman came down the path toward the fountain, she sprang to her feet.

"Minna!" she cried, breathlessly.

"Well if it isn't little Maisie Weston! You're getting pretty as a picture, Childie. But you're looking tired. When you going to get married?"

"I don't know if I ever will. Oh, Minna, would you help me? Give me some advice, I mean."

Minna stared. "Me give you advice? That's a queer one! I'm not usually considered just the kind to advise an innocent chee-ild!" She hesitated, scanning Maisie with cool, long-lashed eyes. "Why, you're trembling all over! You come on over to my apartment, it's just a step. Of course I'll do anything I can for you."

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(*Continued on page* 90)

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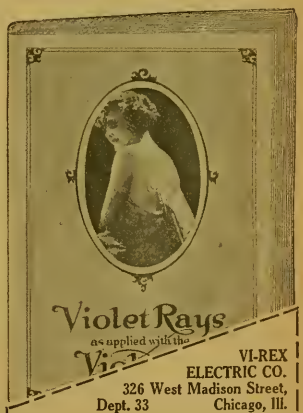

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(*Continued from page* 88)

themselves in Maisie's vehement speech. When she paused, Minna was eyeing her with undisguised wonder and admiration.

"Well, Maisie! Who'd a thought you had it in you! You're some little independent thinker, all right. And you went to a doctor, and a parson's wife! Childie, you doped that out all wrong. You had the right hunch when you come to a poor sinner. I'm not so decent and law abiding that I can't help you out. If it's a sin—and it's not—one sin more or less won't matter much on my record! Now, listen, Childie."

It was a half-hour later that Maisie rose to go. "I don't know how to thank you, Minna. I just can't tell you how I feel, but I'll never forget it. Joe'll be waiting for me over in the Circle Park in an hour, and it's a long ride there, so I'll have to hurry. But I can come to see you again, can't I?"

MINNA, with her slender, over-vivacious body, her too-pink cheeks, her too-modish toilette, sat very still for a moment, looking up into Maisie's sweet, sensitive face. In Minna's too-brilliant eyes there was, just now, something almost like a tender mist, and out through the mist shone something strangely like the light of mother love!

"Not on your life, you can't, Childie! This is no place for you. But listen! You go to your Joe now, and you marry him right soon, hear me? You stick to him and make a happy home and have a reasonable number of kiddies. And when you have a daughter, you see to it that she knows something about herself, so she won't have to be so hurt and scared as you've been. And if ever any good honest girl comes asking you good, honest questions, you see that you give her good, honest answers. Then she won't have to go to somebody like me!"

"You're good!" Maisie burst out impulsively.

"No, Childie, I'm not good. But I gotta heart—and there was a time, a coupla million years ago, when I had a Joe of my own. If I'd been brought up as a girl oughta be, to look at marriage right, and to know—" She broke off with a hard little laugh. "Mercy! That's regular Jane Cowl stuff! Good-by, Maisie. Good luck to the little flat!"

THE moon came out just in time to light Maisie's path to the bench where Joe waited. In the white silence they kissed, solemnly, as after long separation.

"I knew you'd come. Everything all right now, little girl? Got rested and feel better, don't you? I thought so! Going to tell old Joe all about this afternoon now?"

"Not just yet, Joe. I'd rather talk about our little flat. You don't mind?"

"Little flat listens good to me. What you think? I looked at some places all by my lonesome. One of them was a peach. A tile bath, and all white enamel paint, and the prettiest blue paper in the bedroom, just exactly the color of your eyes."

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Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit or my money will be refunded.

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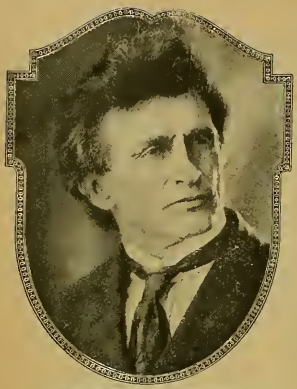


BERNARR MACFADDEN
President

Share In The Profits

of

PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

and our new

MOVIE WEEKLY

10% Dividends Paid in 1920

O. J. ELDER
Vice-President and Business Manager

CARL EASTON WILLIAMS
Editor—Physical Culture

During the first part of last year we gave our readers an opportunity to secure a part of the one hundred thousand dollar allotment of stock which our corporation put out at that time.

This allotment was quickly sold, and those who took advantage of our offer have already had two five per cent dividends declared on their stock.

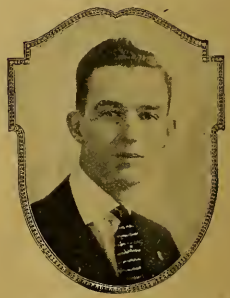
You are here presented with another chance to secure a part of a second allotment of ten thousand shares, which we are now offering to our friends.

We have every reason to believe that this allotment will also be quickly sold. Therefore, if you have any funds which you would like to invest profitably, be sure to let us hear from you immediately.

The Physical Culture Corporation is now one of the big publishing enterprises of the country and growing every day.

JOHN BRENNAN
Editor of the True Story Magazine

CHARLES MENDEL
Managing Editor and Director of Printing



HAROLD ARTHUR WISE
Advertising Manager of the True Story Magazine

Note Our Astounding Growth

1918	Total Business	$350,000.00
1919	" "	700,000.00
1920	" "	1,250,000.00

CHARLES H. SHATTUCK
Manager of our Chicago Office

Use the coupon on the opposite page ☞

METZ B. HAYES
Manager of our Boston Office

Don't Speculate—INVEST!

"While money can be earned by labor, it can be multiplied only by INVESTMENT."

THIS quotation is time proven. Of your own knowledge you must realize its truth. A dozen times—or more—you have read of the luxuries you *might* be enjoying today IF you had gotten in on the ground floor of Standard Oil or the Ford Automobile Company with $1,000.

Today, it is too late for you to make a fortune on these two stocks. The golden opportunity has passed. But it is never too late to learn the lesson these facts demonstrate.

You can deposit your savings in a bank and get 3½% or 4%. Those who *invested* their savings in Physical Culture Corporation will earn 10% the first year. 5% was paid on the first six months' business. Some may have borrowed money at 6% in order to make this investment. It was good business to do so.

Physical Culture Corporation is not a new venture. It is the successor of the Physical Culture Publishing Company which had behind it many years of successful operation. The business was incorporated in order to handle in the most practical and approved manner the wonderful opportunity for expansion which presented itself.

Physical Culture Magazine

PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine is not only one of the most popular of periodicals, but also holds a conspicuous place in the advertising field. It is universally admitted to be one of the best paying mediums for advertisers in the country today. When you stop to think how much of the success of a magazine depends on the advertising it carries, you will appreciate what a remarkable money maker PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine is for its owners—that is, the stockholders of this corporation.

True Story Magazine

The old saying is right. "Truth is stranger than fiction." Being firmly convinced of this, Physical Culture Corporation started the TRUE STORY Magazine less than two years ago. Its steady growth both in circulation and advertising proves that readers are not only attracted by True Stories, but that their interest is continually held, as well.

It was a stroke of business genius to get into a field like this where there is an unlimited, enthusiastic market for the output. TRUE STORY Magazine has an even more universal appeal than PHYSICAL CULTURE. It has already become a source of unusual profit to the company.

Expansion

Physical Culture Corporation is dedicated to a program of profitable expansion. A business cannot stand still.

It was decided, therefore, to enter another field—one linked with the country's fifth greatest industry—Motion Pictures. The MOVIE WEEKLY has already been launched and bids fair to equal in popularity its sister publications, PHYSICAL CULTURE and TRUE STORY.

Through careful, scientific manufacture and sales, the MOVIE WEEKLY should be profitable from the start. In order to finance it to the best advantage, buying in quantities at the lowest price, taking all discounts for cash payments, etc., a small additional allotment of stock is offered—10,000 shares selling at par, $5 a share.

Opportunity for Quick Buyers

We do not want more than $50,000 and will not sell more than 10,000 shares. To have more stock outstanding than the business demands, means dividing the profits into more and smaller parts. Orders will be filled as received until the allotment is subscribed.

Many people have the mistaken idea that it requires a lot of money to invest in reliable stocks. Physical Culture Corporation invites the small investor. We feel that this is an exceptional opportunity, and we want just as many of our readers to share in it as possible.

If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity, act at once. Tomorrow may be too late

USE THIS COUPON

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Dept. T.S. 4, 113-119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

You may reserve for me . . . . . shares of stock in the Physical Culture Corporation at the par value of $5.00 per share.

I enclose herewith $ . . . . . to bind my reservation. I am prepared to send the balance due on my subscription as soon as I am notified that the stock is ready for issuance.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . STATE . . . . . .

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that "Fairyfoot" is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you, absolutely FREE, entirely at my expense.

Bunions are different from corns, calluses, or other foot troubles, and require entirely different treatment. Plain reasoning will tell you that any preparation claiming to cure all foot troubles will probably cure none, because what is good for corns is not good for bunions.

I don't care how many such so-called cures, shields, pads or other preparations you have tried without success. I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure—For Bunions only. And I have such absolute confidence in it—that I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.

It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain. It removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing your ordinary shoes with perfect comfort. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent to you promptly in plain sealed envelope, together with my valuable booklet Foot Troubles. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 80
Chicago

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton too (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

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Mme. BERTHE, Specialist,
47-D, 12 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Rainbow's End

(*Continued from page 57*)

How you must have suffered,' he said softly. And, knowing his love for the external, Lila smiled with pitiful understanding.

"'Didn't I tell you beauty fades? You see—how broken I am,' she said.

"He groaned.

"During his stay there he tried in every way to help her. But she was proud and would not accept charity.

"She at last had to support Cecil and herself. He contracted tuberculosis and rapidly grew to the stage where he wasn't able to do anything at all, and they were penniless. Having no training Lila could find only the roughest work to do. But no work was too hard for her to do for his sake. She cared for Cecil and guarded him when he was so wild she had to strap him to the bed.

"At last he died, and she had to bury him there. It cost too much to bring a body across the border. His family did absolutely nothing to help her.

"Well, Lila worked on there, alone, until she had enough to come back to the States. She took a course in stenography, and got work. She supported herself and made friends. But the mark of those horrible eleven years of suffering could not be erased.

"ONE day, three years after Cecil's death, Bernard Walton came into the office where Lila worked, at closing time. His eyes, with a starved look, swept her quickly from head to foot.

"'I'd like to go home with you, if I may,' he said in a quiet voice.

"On the way he told her how he'd gone back to Mexico, after awhile, and how he had searched for her ever since. His eyes, once so laughingly careless, were serious and tender.

"'I've learned many things in the years I've known you, my dear,' he said. 'I tried to play at life, as I'd always done before, but somehow the game had lost its zest. I never could get rid of the thought of you. Lila, won't you be good to me and make me happy? You mean more to me than I can tell.'

"'But I'm so changed,' she faltered. 'How could you love me now?'

"'To me you're the loveliest woman in the world. In former years I loved you for your youthful attraction. I knew nothing of beauty of soul and spirit. Now I love you—just you as you are. This love I'm offering has gone to the very depths of me; it has been tested and I know it will last. Lila, you are—precious. Tell me you love me. Can you, a man like me?'

"He held out his arms, yearningly. Then all her years of reserve broke down, and she confessed that he was dearer to her than anything on earth.

"He's crazy about her—worships the ground she walks on, and she's entirely happy with him. So that makes me believe that every act has its punishment or its reward. And it shows that no adversity can tarnish the brightness of a strong heart. It makes me know that peace and joy lie at the end of the rainbow."

A Thin Neck Mars Your Beauty

—no matter how pretty your face or figure. If your neck is unsightly, you need not suffer this embarrassment longer. It is easy to fill out these hollows in neck or shoulders if you know how. CELL-BIRTH is a peculiar method that brings surprising development. If CELL-BIRTH does not produce results quickly, you stop in FIVE DAYS and it costs you nothing.

Striking Development

This new method will remould to classic beauty the neck, chest, shoulders or back, in a surprisingly short time. No appliances, no creams, no medicines. Three fingers in three minutes starts this strange law acting. If you want striking neck and chest development, let us teach you CELL-BIRTH. Also quickens the nerve centers of spine and brain to super-activity.

Write to-day for information of this scientific method FREE—your name on a post card—NOW.

Physical League, Dept. S, Manitou, Colo.

SENT TO YOU FREE TO WEAR 10 DAYS

Just send your name for a beautiful Rosebrite ring. Wear this wonderful new sparkling stone ten days at our risk. All the dazzling fire and brilliance of a genuine diamond. Mounted in solid **SEND NO MONEY!** gold ring, men's or women's style. Simply write today, stating style and finger size (send strip of paper just long enough to meet over second joint of ring finger). When ring arrives deposit only $4.75 with postman. Wear it 10 days. We guarantee to refund your deposit if you can tell it from a genuine diamond. If you keep it send $5.50 a month for four months. Write today before this amazing offer is withdrawn. 30 North Dearborn Street

Rosebrite Diamond Co. Dept. 34, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause

of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my improved Instep Support for weak arches.

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THE METROPOLITAN STUDIOS
914 So. Michigan Ave. Room 222 Chicago, Ill.

Alan Cather's Spirit

(*Continued from page 59*)

at every corner of your store, when I was an innocent boy, I would have been as I wanted to be: honest! You have placed me here in this hell-hole of a prison. Do you understand?"

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Mr. Cleggins, jumping from his seat, and mopping his head nervously. "I see through it all: you are no salesman at all. That's just a ruse of yours to get me cornered. You came here for revenge. You're in the interests of that young scoundrel, Alan Cather, who, five years ago, was arrested in my store for stealing; and who hysterically accused me of his downfall. I see through it! Are you, or are you not interested in the case of Alan Cather?"

I instantly informed him that I had never heard of Alan Cather, although, at the moment, the name did sound strangely familiar. I had momentarily forgotten, due to the excitement of the thing, that it was the identical name given me by the companionable gentleman I had met at the opera.

"I don't believe in the occult, the mystic, or in spiritism," I said, gathering my thoughts, "but somehow, I can see from behind prison bars arms outstretched to me; the one they belong to, apparently, is begging me to say something for him to you. The cry is: 'Let him know, let him know!'"

HE seemed terribly worked up at this stage, and, I must admit, I was sort of regretting the unusual trend the thing had taken, for I had subconsciously lost control of my real self, and felt I was going down into a bottomless pit. So I grasped my hat, and started to go.

"Mr. Cleggins, I'm sorry," I said, "I had no idea of arranging anything like what has unfortunately taken place. I want you to believe that I bear you no ill-feeling. Fate has a peculiar way of playing with us mortals sometimes. I must go now. I leave for the West tomorrow. Perhaps in the heat of the moment I used you harshly. But it's all over now. It seems I had a mission to fulfill, and, well, I feel better now. I guess you do too. Here's my hand. Won't you say good-by?"

He extended his hand rather reluctantly, and in a somewhat bewildered fashion.

"Don't go yet. You've set me to thinking like no one ever did before. I'm beginning to see things differently now. By God! Your view is right. My unconscious selfishness in clinging to the old-fashioned ideas and ideals has brought sorrow and ruin to others. I must change, and at once. But how can I expiate for the harm that's already done? I can't forget Alan Cather. He was a relative. I must buy him out of prison at any cost and fix him right. But I'll need a forceful man like you to help me. A man who seems to comprehend those things from an inner self. You must assist me. Will you do it?"

"I will, Mr. Cleggins," I answered, quite calmly, considering the immensity of the metamorphosis; "I'll do all I can. But I must be going now. I'm already one day late. Here is my card—communicate with me at Chicago."

THE next day while I was in my Pullman seat reviewing the rather dramatic events of the foregoing evening, my hand carelessly found my pocket and brought forth the card my friend of the opera had given me. As soon as my eyes had completely analyzed it I kept repeating over and over again to myself: "My God! it's his son!" I then determined I'd free him no matter what happened. Before the train arrived in Chicago, I had mentally visited the sheriff, the Governor, the President and had earnestly pleaded for young Cather. The train coming to a full stop in the depot arrested the trend of my phantom thoughts, and permitted the normal arrangement of my ideas. I tried to subdue myself with the thought that I would at least have to await word from Cleggins. Would he change his mind?

A week later I became the recipient of two registered letters from Mr. Cleggins. One contained an order for a dozen and a half cash-registers and adding-machines. The other contained a detailed account of Alan Cather. How he came to the store, just as I had described in my vigorous denunciation: how the slip-shod methods of the Cleggins establishment had undermined the honesty of the youth—which resulted in his fall, and subsequent arrest for embezzlement. He pilfered some bonds, it seemed, and was sentenced to ten years in Atlanta, four of which had expired. In this letter Mr. Cleggins pitifully begged me to do all I could to liberate the boy at any cost.

Well, at the conclusion of my business I didn't go direct to Cleggins in New York, but, instead, set out for the prison where Alan Cather was confined. In the course of three months of strenuous work I succeeded, with the aid of a celebrated lawyer, in getting my case into the office of the Board of Pardons. Two months later Alan Cather was freed. The unfortunate youth had been rated a model prisoner and had attained to the highest office permissible. Restitution, however, had to be made for the stolen bonds. Mr. Cleggins heroically and most willingly paid the required amount.

AFTER all the transactions were concluded I don't know whether Cleggins, Cather or myself was the happiest mortal alive. I like to believe it was Alan Cather. After he and I arrived in Chicago, en route for New York, where Mr. Cleggins was going to do something big for him, I telegraphed the following message to my good friend who "never misses a Caruso night" at the opera:

"Mr. Alan Cather, New York City.

"Will be in New York Thursday. Claim seat and your esteemed company for opera per your promise. Cleggins is putting in cash-registers and adding-machines. By the way, have another seat for the opera as I am bringing someone you'll give the world to see."

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."

—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done "if" —"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me."

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of black heads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women. All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles;
How to develop the bust;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A616, 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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Pocket 50% and more by buying 5000 mile **Conqueror Double-Tread Tires**, made only from the best selected materials, in our own factory by thoroughly experienced workmen, insure maximum mileage at ¼ to ½ usual cost and are placed on the market with an

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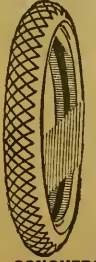

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33x4½	9.75	2.50
34x4½	10.00	2.65
35x4½	10.50	2.65
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Sins of Society, Fakes and Frauds Sham and Hypocrisy EXPOSED *By the Wizard of Words*

THE world gasped in amazement! Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor! They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to silence him. Alone he defied the world! Was he master of the passions of men that he could craze with hatred and hypnotize with love? What was his strange magic that held hundreds of thousands spellbound? Why did one man give his own life to take the life of Brann the Iconoclast?

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He tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth. With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud in Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful.

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- Is Civilization a Sham?
- Speaking of Gall
- A Sacred Leg Show
- Satan Loosed for a Season
- The Wickedness of Woman
- A Voice from the Grave
- The Mouth of Hell
- The American Middle Man
- A Disgrace to Civilization
- Some Cheerful Liars
- From the Gods to the Gutter
- The Children of Poverty
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And now you may have this beautiful twelve-volume set for five days free examination. If, at the end of that time, you decide that you do not want to keep the set, you are at liberty to return it and the trial will not have cost you a cent. If you keep the set as you doubtless will, pay for it on the amazingly easy terms as shown on the coupon. Each of the twelve volumes contains 320 pages, making a total of over 3800 pages. Address, The Brann Publishers, Inc., Dept. 604, 130 East 25th Street, New York City, and the set will be shipped prepaid at once securely in a wooden box.

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We hope our heads won't be turned by the praise heaped upon us. The first issues of the MOVIE WEEKLY were not half as good as we expect to make the future issues. In fact, the March numbers are 100% better.

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The Gem in the Man's ring weighs about ¾ carat

Send the Coupon and We'll Send You a Lachnite

FOR MORE THAN 3,000 YEARS, men have tried to create a jewel to match the diamond tests of radiance, acid, fire.

Now, at last, a famous chemist, working in a French laboratory, has succeeded. In heat as intense as the heat of the earth's core, where diamonds themselves are made, he has crystallized a gem which meets the three great diamond tests of beauty, acid and fire. He has found a secret by which men can make a gem to rival the Koh-i-noor.

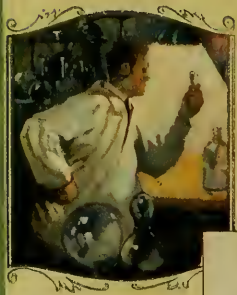
The new gems are called Lachnites. They are cut by the diamond cutters of Europe—and mounted in solid gold. Their radiance is guaranteed eternal.

If you will send us your name and address on the coupon below, we will send you a Lachnite on 10 days' free trial. Send no money. Simply tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above is your choice.

If You Can Tell a Lachnite From a Diamond—Send It Back

When the Lachnite comes for the free trial merely deposit $4.75 with the postman, and wear the ring ten days as if it were your own. And then, *if you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back* and your deposit will be refunded immediately.

But, if you decide to keep it, you may pay for it at the rate of $2.50 a month, or a trifle more than 8 cents a day. The total cost is $18.75, less than a twentieth of the price of a diamond.



Acid and fire have been the diamond tests for years. No gem but a diamond could exist in hydrofluoric acid or in the flame of the blow torch. But Lachnites withstand these diamond tests just like diamonds. The radiance of Lachnites is guaranteed eternal.

Send the Coupon Without a Penny

Do not send us a penny. Just fill out the coupon and tell us which of the solid gold rings you prefer. Either one will be sent you with the distinct understanding that if you can tell it from a diamond, you may send it back. Please be sure to send your finger size. To do this cut a strip of paper that will meet over the knuckle of your ring finger. Decide now to see a Lachnite for yourself. There is no obligation in sending the coupon. Send the coupon now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
204 So. Peoria Street, Dept. 1984, Chicago, Ill.

In America alone over 200,000 people in all walks of life are wearing Lachnite Gems. And every gem was to be returned if it could be distinguished from a diamond. 200,000 people have found the way to wear exquisite jewelry at a trifling cost.

Harold Lachman Company
204 South Peoria Street, Dept. 1984, Chicago, Ill.

Send me prepaid Ladies' / Men's Solid Gold Ring set with a genuine Lachnite gem. It is understood you guarantee the gem to retain its brilliance forever. When it comes, I will deposit $4.75 with the postman. After 10 days I will either return the ring or send you $2.50 a month until the balance has been paid. Total cost to me, $18.75. If I return the ring, you will refund my $4.75 immediately. I enclose my finger size.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....*State*.....

True Story Magazine

May 25 cents

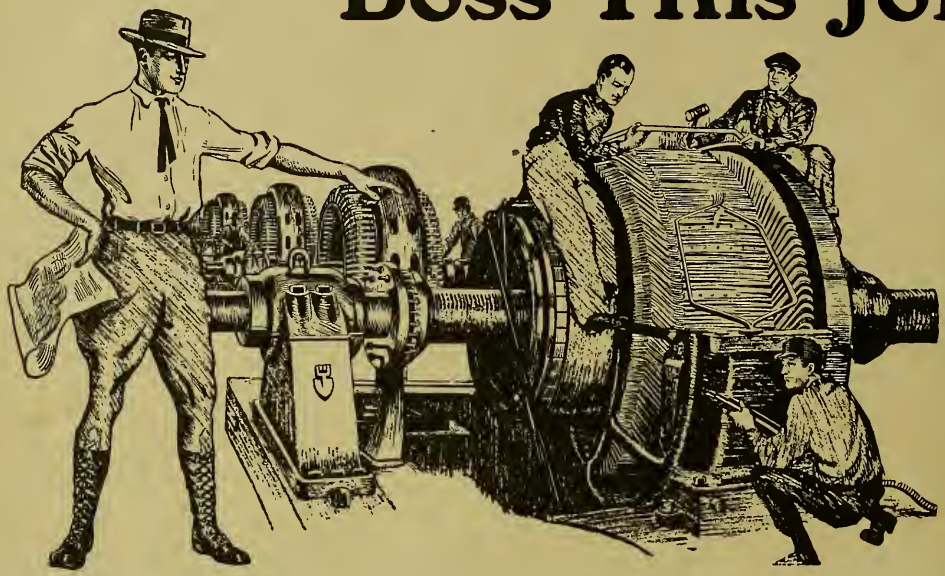
Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

A Stage Door Johnny's Memories

Page 17

You, Too, Can Learn To

Boss This Job



"ELECTRICAL EXPERTS" Earn $12 to $30 a Day

What's *YOUR* Future

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions.

Be an "Electrical Expert"

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay.

Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000. Many are now successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

Your Success Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me you, *too*, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

Free—Electrical Working Outfit—Free

I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

Get Started Now—Write Me

I want to send you my Electrical Book and Proof Lessons both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

Chicago Engineering Works

Dept. 495, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

USE THIS "FREE OUTFIT" COUPON

L. L. COOKE, Chief Eng. Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 495, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

YOU CAN DO IT

The Letter that Saved Me 36% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay $100 for Any Typewriter"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $64?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off $36 of the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the $64 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of $4 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Olivers, saving the company a nice $36 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts — that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month.

Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $36 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $4 a month. Mail the coupon today — NOW.

Canadian Price $82

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1995 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Was $100
Before the War
Now $64

FREE TRIAL
Send No Money

A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

Over 900,000 Sold

Save $36

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1995 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $64 at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation or Business.....

MAR 28 1921
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True Story Magazine for May

Volume IV

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Chas. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

We're All Human!

TRUE STORY is above all else, a *human* magazine.

To begin with, its covers are photographic portraits from real life contrived to provide as close a counterpart as practicable of their human originals.

When a story is presented in pictures as well as words the pictures are really photo-stories of living, breathing human beings, and not creations of brush or crayon.

And in the selection of the stories that make up the magazine, no quality is considered more essential than human-ness.

HUMANITY'S outstanding and most distinctive human trait—one that we share with no other living creature—is man's sense of humor.

Because above all else its editors aim to make this magazine human, you and every other reader to whom TRUE STORY looks for life-stories to fill its pages are urged to prove your possession of that most humanizing characteristic of mankind—the human sense of humor.

Let's Prove It

EVEN though tears and laughter may not be distributed quite evenly in human affairs, an agreeable proportion should not make TRUE STORY any less human.

Don't hesitate then, to send us stories in lighter vein as well as those more serious.

That $500 Prize

for the best manuscript submitted in TRUE STORY's most recent Thousand Dollar Prize Contest, will be announced in the very first issue of the magazine published after the judges' decision has been reached.

Give Me Five Days to Prove I Can Give You a Winning Personality

At my expense examine these amazing yet simple secrets that will give you a commanding personality, win you hosts of friends and materially assist in business and social success

By Arthur Gould

THERE are no strings to this offer. I mean just what I say. You may be the one out of one hundred who I can't convince, or the five out of every hundred who refuse to be convinced. If so, the five day test costs you nothing. It is purely up to you. To any man or woman, any one over eighteen years old, I ask only for the opportunity of placing in your hands the secret of quickly acquiring a winning and dominating personality. Then for five days, you keep this material, read it, study it, and then return it to me or keep it. That's fair enough, isn't it? I show you, satisfy you, before you pay but a trifle of what this secret will bring you back quickly.

And here's a startling fact for you to think over. *A fact*, not a fancy. Half those who are struggling along, just making ends meet, have only the lack of personality to blame for their life of drudgery. Many of them are trained men and women, but they fail to *convince others* because they are devoid of personal magnetism — personality. If you can't convince others in business, how, tell me, can you succeed? You must be seen, noticed, looked up to. Lacking a strong personality, how can you attract that attention so necessary to your success, business or social?

Extracts from letters

"The day I sent for the lessons was a lucky day for me."

"Felt the first lesson alone was worth many times the price of the entire course."

"A lot of my success I attribute to your lessons on developing personality."

The man or woman who has mastered the secret of acquiring a magnetic, dominating personality, does not have to take a seat in the background. They attract attention and *draw people to them*. Their friends or business associates may not know why, but they attract them as the light attracts a moth. There is something irresistible to that mysterious, yet easily acquired quality of personality.

PERSONALITY—The Secret of Popularity

If Mary Pickford didn't have a winning personality, do you think she would be so immensely popular? It isn't merely a pretty face that enables a girl to get into the movies. *Directors look for personality first.* There are thousands of good looking men who can't get into the movies, capable actors. They lack personality, and it is their own fault. Go to a social gathering and one or two men and women dominate the crowd. Every one seeks their company, values their friendship. Others are barely noticed. Why? You know as well as I do, it isn't their looks but personality that draws others to them. Yet this personality can be yours as though by a touch of magic.

Why Personality Governs Your Success

Did you ever see a bank president who lacked personality? I can't think of one, and doubt if you can. Above all things a bank president knows the cash value of a good personality, *and develops his own.* He must to inspire confidence, to make people feel at ease in leaving their money under his management. You see the point, don't you? *They develop their personality* to inspire confidence, to attract and hold confidence. And it's the same the length and breadth of business. Without personality you are badly handicapped,—with it half the battle is won.

Send Me Your Name

I have shown thousands of men and women how to develop their personalities, and thereby win business and social success. Let me send you the same material I sent to them. See for yourself at my expense.

Send No Money—Only the Coupon

Let me mail you the secret of developing a magnetic personality, ten complete lessons in handy form. It can easily mean the turning point in your career, as it has for thousands. Don't send money. Just fill in and mail the coupon. Keep the ten lessons for five days. Read them. Apply some of the simple instructions. If you do not clearly see wherein you can benefit, then mail the lessons back. You will be out nothing. If you feel as thousands have done, that by practicing what these lessons teach you, you can develop your personality, and I say YOU CAN—then send me only $5.00 and there is nothing else to pay. You risk nothing by sending the coupon. *You can lose heavily by not sending.*

ARTHUR GOULD

Dept. A, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

FIVE DAY EXAMINATION COUPON

ARTHUR GOULD,
Dept. A, Masonic Temple,
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your ten lessons on developing a "Winning Personality" at your risk. I agree to remit $5.00 or mail the ten lessons back to you in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-594, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School

Dept. H-594, Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for position checked:

.....Architect $6,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name..... Address.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Agents Wanted

Agents: Big Money Selling Great Household necessity, 125% profit, samples, $1.00, exclusive rights. Write today, Webster Co., 2935 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Double Entry Bookkeeping Mastered In 60 Hours with 8 KEYS: guaranteed: diploma. International Bookkeeping Institute, Dept. 16, Springfield, Missouri.

Books on Sex and Health

Sex Books For Professional And Advanced Adult readers only. The Modern Book Society, 230 West 52nd St., Desk T. S., New York

Sex Books—Authoritative Books On Sexology, For those married or contemplating marriage. Catalog free. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

Help Wanted

Detectives Earn Big Money. Excellent Opportunity. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

Hundreds Government Jobs Open. Men—Women over 17. $135 month. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J55, Rochester, N. Y.

Mail Order Business

I Made $25,000 With Small Mail Order Business. Sample article 25c. Free Booklet. Stamp. Alta Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

Male Help

Men Wanted For Detective Work. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Gov't Detective. 142, St. Louis.

Miscellaneous

5 Master Keys. Opens And Tests Thousands Of different locks. Numerous experts endorse our keys as a precaution, convenience, necessity, and the most wonderful set of keys. They have satisfied thousands of purchasers, and will satisfy you too. Only $1.00 with Novel Key Chain. Master Key Company, 26 Manhattan Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Motion Picture Plays

Photoplays: 5000 Ideas Needed. Working Girl paid $10,000 for ideas she thought worthless. Details free. Write, Producers League, 400, St. Louis.

Personal

If You Want To Sell Or Exchange Your Property, write me. John J. Black, 305th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Astrology—Stars Tell Life's Story. Send Birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 4307 Jefferson, Kansas City, Missouri, Apartment 48.

Lonely People—Send 10c For Our Big Friendship magazine. You'll be glad you did. Thousands waiting to correspond with you. Lasnier Agency, Bathurst, N. B., Dept., T.S.M., Canada.

Photoplays, Short Stories, Etc.

Ambitious Writers Of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for free, valuable, instructive book, "Key to Successful Writing," including 55 helpful suggestions on writing and selling. Atlas Publishing Co., 667 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Wanted—Men And Women Ambitious To Make money writing Stories and Photoplays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 168, Auburn, N. Y.

Photoplays And Ideas Wanted For California producers. Also want Stories, Articles, etc. Plot Chart free—no Correspondence Course or experience necessary. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission (no advance charges). Submit MSS. or write, Harvard Company, 218, Italian-American Building, San Francisco.

Short Stories, Manuscripts Wanted

Stories, Poems, Plays, Etc., Are Wanted For publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau 172, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, Spare Time, Writing For Newspapers and magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 946, St. Louis, Mo.

Song Poems Wanted

Write The Words For A Song. We Write The music and guarantee publication on royalty basis. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 227 Fitzgerald Building, New York.

Write A Song Poem, Love, Mother, Home, Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 659 Reaper Block, Chicago.

The Slave

With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking-hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

It is a plot so exciting—so marvelously planned—so brilliantly solved—that it could have been written only by the master detective

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

ARTHUR B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy — marvelling at the strange, new startling things that detective-hero would unfold.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life!

FREE—POE

10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give, Free, a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—found the solution.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the

POE FREE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

HARPER & BROTHERS, Estab. 1817, New York

HARPER & BROTHERS, 18 Franklin Sq., New York City T. S. 5-21

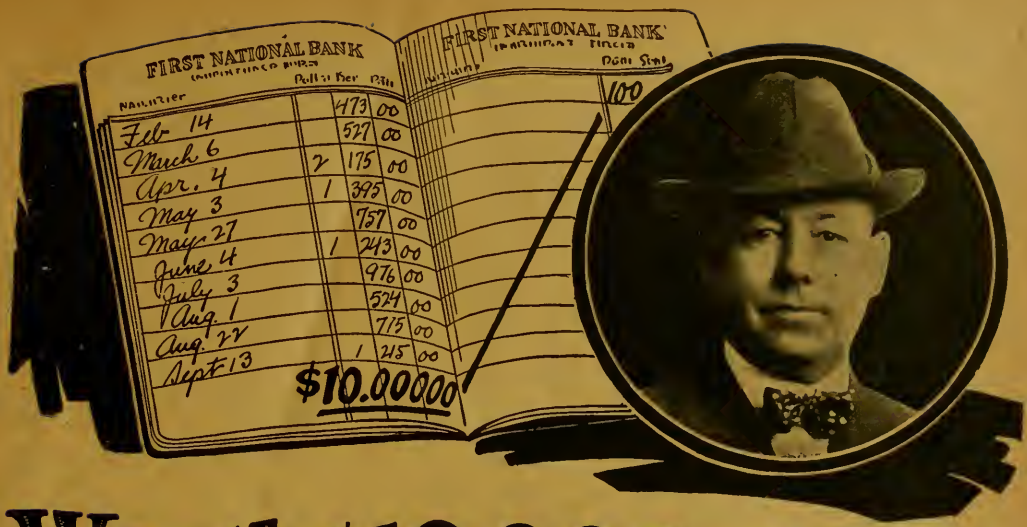
Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve (Craig Kennedy) in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely FREE, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $2.50 within 10 days and $3.00 a month for 9 months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL CANADIAN OFFER



Worth $10,000 a Year and Didn't Know It

For Years Warren Hartle Worked for $18 a Week, Never Thinking He Could Make Much More. Today He is Earning $10,000 a Year! Read the Amazing Story of His Easy and Sudden Rise to Success

FOR ten years he worked in the Railway Mail Service at pay ranging from $900 to $1,600 a year—just bare existence wages, with no opportunity to make more or save. *And now he is earning $10,000 a year!* Yes, Warren Hartle makes as much some months now as he formerly did in a year's hard work on the railroad.

Hartle's sudden rise to real success may sound amazing, almost unbelievable, yet there is not the shghtest doubt that you can do exactly what he did. What was the secret of his sudden rise from small pay to magnificent earnings? *It was the same secret that has brought prosperity to thousands of others.*

Another man I happen to know is J. P. Overstreet of Denison, Texas. A short time ago he was a police officer earning less than $1,000 a year. Now he writes: "My earnings for March were over $1,000, and over $1,800 for the last six weeks while last week my earnings were $356.00." G. W. Campbell, Greensburgh, Pa., was formerly a railroad employee on a small salary. In one month his earnings were $1,562. Then there is Charles L. Berry of Winterset, Iowa, who quit his job as a farm hand and earned $2,140 in one month.

Why Don't YOU Get Into The Big Money Field?

MR. HARTLE, Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Berry are all successful Salesmen. They realized their ambition by landing $10,000 jobs in an amazingly simple way with the help and guidance of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Some time—somewhere back in the past each one of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service, just as you are reading of it today. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. Today they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions, for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. Trained Salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon below.

Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

THE man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for $25.00 a week, never increases his value to the firm. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant, routine jobs.

If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who are in the Selling end, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn such big pay?

Secrets That Only Master Salesmen Know

FROM "greenhorn" to Master Salesman in next to no time sounds almost too good to be true. Yet we accomplish this wonderful transformation year after year because we teach the REAL SECRETS OF SALESMANSHIP. We take you through this fascinating subject step by step—teach you how to get an audience—how to open a sales talk in order to get the prospect's attention—how to make the prospect eager to get all the facts about your proposition—how to get him to act at once instead of putting you off—when to stop talking—and definite principles of overcoming every possible objection that may arise in the process of making a sale.

There are certain ways of doing and saying things in selling—the secrets that only Master Salesmen know—and once you have acquired the fundamental principles—once you are master of these Selling Secrets—your power of accumulating money is almost unlimited. The man who understands the underlying principles of Salesmanship has a two-fisted grip on prosperity. He can sell his services a hundred times over, for there is an enormous demand for his highly specialized knowledge.

We Train You and Help You Land a Job

THE National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed for the express purpose of training men in the science of successful Selling. You do not need to know the first thing about Selling—you need not give up your present position until you are ready to begin actual Selling.

In addition, the N. S. T. A. maintains a Free Employment Service to help its members to positions in the lines for which they are best suited just as soon as they are qualified and ready.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now!

GET out of that rut. Work for yourself! Salesmanship is the biggest paid of all professions. We have made Master Salesmen of men from all walks of life, with no previous Selling experience. These men have jumped from small pay jobs to positions that pay real money. You can follow in their footsteps. Never before have the opportunities been greater. Investigate the great field of Selling and see what it offers you. The facts and proof you will receive will surprise you.

Send for Free Book on Salesmanship Now

JUST mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Master Salesman. Let us show you how you, too, can step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off a minute—write us now. Every day lost keeps you that much further from success. Mail the coupon at once.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 80-E, Chicago, Ill.

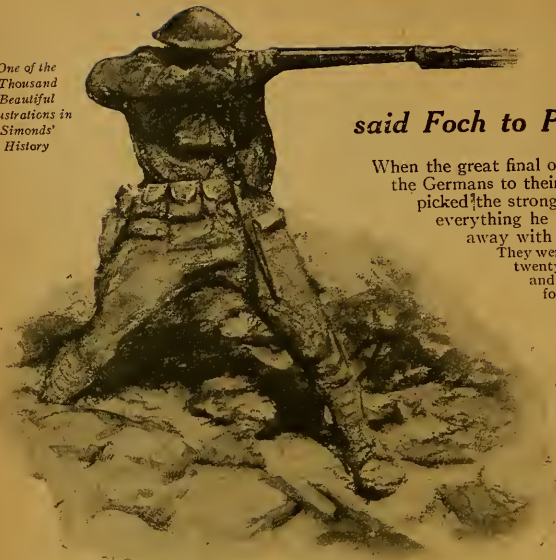
National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 80-E, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without any obligatinn on my part, your free Book on Salesmanship and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



One of the Thousand Beautiful Illustrations in Simonds' History

U. S. Official Photo

"Your Men Have the Devil's Own Punch," said Foch to Pershing, "GO TO IT!"

When the great final offensive was being planned—the offensive that brought the Germans to their knees and put an end to the War—General Pershing picked the strongest, most vital part of the German line and hit it with everything he had. "You'll get away with it," said Foch, and "get away with it" they certainly did.

They went through the supposedly impregnable Argonne Forest, fortified twenty miles deep, as though such things as barbed wire, machine guns and shells did not exist; they stormed the heights of the Meuse; they fought through towns and villages, through fortified hamlets and open country-side; they won through to Sedan, cut that vital line of railway, and bottled up the German Army in Belgium. As Marshal Foch put it, "They were simply superb."

Who Was There That You Knew?

Was your boy in the bitter fighting that broke the Hindenburg Line and wrested Flanders from the Germans? Was he one of the gallant lads that stormed the Meuse Heights? Was he one of those who smashed through the Argonne Forest to Sedan?

Wherever he was, you will want the record of his gallant fight, for yourself, for him, and for his children. You will want the whole story of the war. He will want the historic record of the great battles he was in. He will want to know all that went on around him.

The whole truth, the whole wonderful story has never been published in any newspaper, book or magazine, but now, at last, it is yours in final form, complete, authoritative, from the beginning many years ago to the victorious end. There in France—on the battlefields—in the headquarters—hearing—seeing—knowing was a man who caught all the spirit—all the facts—all the truth of the world war and preserved them forever in a form that will never die—

FRANK H. SIMONDS' HISTORY *of the* WORLD WAR

Now Complete in 5 Magnificent Volumes—Size 10¼" x 7¼" x 1¾"—1000 Illustrations

Ever since the day in July, 1914, when one flaming editorial of his startled the world with its prophecy of the great war, Simonds has been the one preeminent writer on the war. He is quoted by newspapers the world over. The British Government has had his articles reprinted and distributed broadcast. The French Government has conferred upon him alone of all the historians of the War the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The Greek Government has made him an officer of the Royal Order of the Redeemer. He saw all the press dispatches at first hand; he had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the greatest statesmen and generals, and, in addition, he was on the ground himself, seeing, hearing, verifying.

FREE 200 TRUE STORIES of the GREAT WAR

It happens that we have left over from a huge edition a few hundred copies of this wonderful set of books—the real experiences of real people.

There are not enough of these sets to sell in our usual way, so we have decided that to those who send the attached coupon we will give, as long as they last—*entirely free of charge*—one of these sets.

In Frank H. Simonds' History you get the larger aspects of the War. In these two hundred True Stories you get the intimate, personal aspects.

Each and every one of these tales is a story of romance almost beyond belief. In their sum-total they present a picture of amazing audacity and daring that would seem almost mad if it were not so nearly sublime. Here are unexpected endings—here suspense—here terror and despair—here glad tidings—here happy endings.

YOUR LAST CHANCE to Get These 200 True Stories FREE

Send the coupon at once—today—without any money. You will receive, all charges prepaid, Frank H. Simonds' History of the World War in five large, beautifully illustrated volumes. At the same time you will receive—entirely free of charge—this wonderful set of books in six volumes—containing 200 True Stories of the Great War. If you do not like either set, you can return both—otherwise you can keep the Simonds' History and pay for it in little payments and keep the True Stories—FREE!

But remember—there are only a few hundred sets to be given away—just a remnant of a huge edition that was snapped up by eager readers—and a few hundred sets will not last long. So act promptly—don't miss this last chance—*send the coupon today.*

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place New York City

Just a Farmer Boy from County Cork

Michael O'Leary—age 25—the same Michael who looked after the pigs on the little farm in the County of Cork—crept up on the enemy single handed, and before they could swing their deadly machine gun around, shot the crew of five in five seconds—dashed to another trench—shot three more Boches—captured two—took two barricades—saved his whole company from certain destruction—then came back with his prisoners, as cool as if he had been for a stroll in the park!

Once more this war has proved that truth doesn't have to stick to probabilities. Read the story of this Irish lad and his almost unbelievable adventures in

6 VOLUMES

200 TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR FREE

These stories were chosen out of tens of thousands examined and no romancer could even have conceived, a few short years ago, some of the actual experiences here related.

You read of an intrepid prisoner escaping through the deserts of Arabia in the guise of a Bedouin woman, until he lands safely in Egypt. You read of German spies snared by English Noblewomen. You read of an aviator swooping down out of the sky to snatch a fallen comrade almost out of the hands of pursuing enemies. You read the tremendous story of "Thrassel's V. C." at Gallipoli—a story that would stir the blood of a man as cold as a fish. There are 200 stories of exploits like these, and when you are through, you see the war as it really was.

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Please send me, all charges prepaid, the "History of the World War" by Frank H. Simonds and other famous contributors, complete in five volumes. Also the six volumes of "True Stories of the Great War." If not satisfactory I will return both sets in five days, otherwise I will remit $1.00 in five days, and then $2.00 a month for 12 months for the Simonds' History only and retain the True Stories FREE.

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The Price I Paid for One Little Mistake

EVEN before I met Ted Farrel, I felt strangely attracted to him. Whenever any one mentioned his name, a thrill of inexpressible happiness surged through me. And once, when the newspapers wrote up the story of how he had saved a youngster from drowning, I clipped out his picture and pasted it in my scrapbook. Oh, how I cherished that picture, and dreamed over it, and wondered, and hoped.

If I could only meet him—if I could only see him, and talk to him, and tell him how much I admired him. I felt, somehow, as though I had known him all my life. I just *knew* that to meet him would be to kindle an immediate friendliness, a responsive feeling.

Then, one day, came a glorious surprise. An old school chum of mine, from whom I had not heard in a long time, invited me to a little informal dinner at her home. "Ted Farrel will be here," she wrote in her letter, "and I know you will be glad to meet him." Glad! It seemed to me that I had nothing left to wish for in all the world!

I Begin My Happy Preparations

Exulting with joyous anticipations, I began to plan and prepare for that wonderful day when I would meet Ted. Of course, there was nothing in my wardrobe that would do justice to the importance of the occasion. I paid a visit to my dressmaker and confided in her, impressing her with the utter necessity of the new gown being the prettiest one she had ever made.

"I'm going to meet Ted Farrel," I laughed jestingly—but I'm quite sure that she noticed how elated I was.

Well, at last the day of the dinner arrived. My new dress was extremely becoming. My hair seemed to fall in particularly charming waves. Happiness had brought a warm glow to my cheeks, a keen brilliance to my eyes. I felt, as I surveyed myself in the mirror, that I had never looked so pretty before, never felt so well-poised—and confident.

All My Joy Is Shattered

Helen was delighted to see me. "Come," she cried gayly, "let me introduce you to my guests."

As I entered the big drawing room I felt unaccountably restless I knew Ted immediately. He was standing near the window talking with Helen's mother. In a frenzy of impulsive eagerness, I did something which I did not know was incorrect, but which caused the others to laugh at me.

It was over in a moment. Before I realized what had happened, I had committed an awful blunder, an unforgivable breach of etiquette! All my happiness, my weeks of planning, my anticipations vanished in a maze of miserable humiliation. I wanted to run wildly from the room, to hide from the amused glances of the guests. And most of all I wanted to cry.

In my confusion I failed dismally in acknowledging the introductions that followed. Helen acted just the least bit disappointed—although she tried hard to be kind to me, to put me at ease. I noticed that several of the guests glanced at each other. And I began to wish fervently that I had never come—or that I had at least prepared myself by reading up somewhere about introductions and how to avoid impulsive blunders in etiquette.

Then, vaguely, I realized that I was being introduced to Ted—actually being introduced to Ted Farrel! But all the pretty phrases, the pleasing sentiments I had planned to say were forgotten. Instead, I mumbled something about being "glad" and "happy." But I hurried away so that he could not see how miserable I really was.

I Spend a Miserable Evening

Oh, how unhappy I was when I realized what a mess I had made of the meeting that was to have been a triumph! Here I was in the very same room with Ted—just as I had always hoped and dreamed of being—and yet I dreaded to look at him! I had planned to tell him all about my strange attraction for him and about the newspaper writeup; and the clipping. But how could I speak to him after that ridiculous blunder? Oh, if it had only not happened!

Later, at the table, I felt uncomfortable and ill at ease whenever any one looked at me or spoke to me. I was frankly wretched. I began to wonder how soon it would be permissible to leave without appearing rude. And instead of conversing happily with Ted, as I had hoped to, I avoided his every glance.

I was glad when the time came to leave. I wanted to be alone to drown my mortification in a good long cry. When I saw Ted approach me smiling, I wondered, in panic, whether it were proper for me to offer him my hand or just say "Good night." I hesitated a moment—and then with a stiff little nod hastened away.

That evening I cried as though my heart would break. I knew that I could never face Ted Farrel again after the miserable blunders I had made. And bitterly I reproached myself for not knowing better. "I will get a book of etiquette the first thing tomorrow morning," I promised myself grimly. "And I'll make sure that a thing like this never happens again."

I Buy the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette"

The very next day I sent for the famous "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." I determined to find out just what was the correct thing to do and say at all times, under all conditions, so that I would never again suffer such a mortifying evening.

I had always prided myself upon being cultured and well-bred. I had always believed that I knew just how to act—that I followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the serious breaches of etiquette I was making almost every day!

Why, the first chapter I read proved that I knew pitifully little about dinner etiquette. I didn't know the proper way to remove fruit stones from my mouth, the cultured way to use a finger-bowl, the correct way to use napkins and many other similar points of etiquette. If I had only had the book before!

Etiquette at the Dance

I glanced over the chapter called "Etiquette at the Dance." In a few moments, I discovered that I had been making some very bad blunders indeed. I had never known whether it were proper for a woman to ask for a dance; whether she could refuse a dance without reason; whether it were proper to wander away from the ballroom with a fiance. I had never known how many times a young girl may dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette.

And when I read the chapter on introductions, the very mistake I had made was pointed out! If I had only read this chapter before, I would never have made that awful blunder. Instead, I would have been able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between Ted and me.

I found that I actually did not know how to introduce two people correctly! I didn't know whether to say: "*Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith,*" or "*Miss Smith meet Mrs. Brown.*" I didn't know whether to say, "*Bobby, this is Mr. Blank,*" or "*Mr. Blank, this is Bobby.*" I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand up or remain seated. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions. The "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" made it all so clear to me that I can never make a mistake again.

To the Young Man and Woman—

I would like to give you a bit of advice. The world is a harsh judge. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the art of etiquette. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds, and to win admiration and respect for one's self, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by adhering to the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I wanted to run wildly from the room, to hide from the amused glances of the guests.

I will never forget that miserable evening I spent—and the many other miserable evenings that followed because of the memory of it. I can never face Ted Farrel again—Ted Farrel whom I had always longed to meet and talk to—and impress. I am glad to write my story here—glad to help other happy young people from shattering their hopes and gladness by blundering in the important art of etiquette. My advice to men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and finesse of breeding, is—send for the splendid two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette"!

"Encyclopedia of Etiquette"

IN TWO BIG VOLUMES SENT FREE FOR 5 DAYS

The Encyclopedia of Etiquette is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the *right thing* to do.

There are chapters on etiquette at the wedding, etiquette at the ball, dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, dress etiquette—etiquette problems that must be faced almost every day of your life. And each one is solved for you so thoroughly, so exhaustively, that you will *always*, at all times, impress by your absolute knowledge of the correct and the cultured.

For a short time only the complete and intensive two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" is being offered at the special price of $3.50. Don't wait until the happiest day of YOUR life, the day YOU have planned for and looked forward to, is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW, before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." At the end of that time, if you decide that you want to keep it, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books and you won't be out a cent.

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You may send me the complete two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." After 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. This places me under no obligation.

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THE DANGER OF NERVE EXHAUSTION

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

The high pressure, mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble is WRECKING THE NERVES of mankind. This applies especially to people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain?

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness, restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion, sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbance; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

It is positive your nerves are at fault, if you feel generally depressed, tired and ailing, though repeated medical examinations fail to show definitely that some organ is involved. In such cases the decline in organic power is due to sub-normal nerve power.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Arthur T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Submit your case to me, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU*, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and *Psychoanalyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "*Preliminary Diagnosis*" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists; and I shall send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before.

I shall send you authentic records of numerous cases of Nerve Exhaustion I have corrected, which have never been equalled in the history of medical practice. I have corrected thousands of cases of extreme Nerve Exhaustion.

I have for more than 30 years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that nerve weakness (**Neurasthenia**), is the basic cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman. Other weaknesses are simply the **result** of weak nerves. I have learned further, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and of course, sex abuse, are the basic cause of nerve weakness.

I ask **YOU**, how can we reason otherwise? Is not the Nervous System the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell? When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? **It is impossible.**

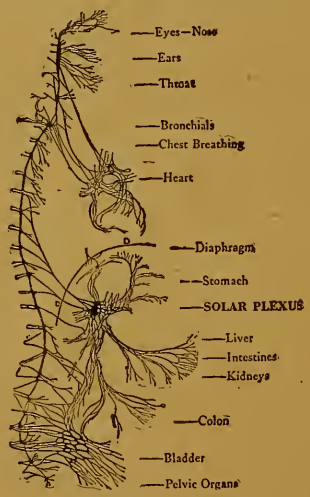

Diagram showing the location of the Solar Plexus, known as the "abdominal brain," the great center of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Mental strains, especially grief, fear, worry and anxiety paralyze the Solar Plexus, which in turn causes poor blood circulation, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, etc. This in turn clogs the blood with poisons that weaken and irritate the nerves. Thus mental strain starts a cycle of evils that cause endless misery, aches, pains, illness, weaknesses and generally lower mental and physical efficiency

The power of the nerves is infinitely great for **good** or **evil.** So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense nerve shock will cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the **strongest man or woman that ever lived.**

Nerve force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. **It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.** My life's work consists in teaching how to control the nerves and attain through them all that life can give.

You should read my book on this subject, entitled Nerve Force. If you do not agree that it is the most instructive book you have ever read, return it and your money will be refunded plus your outlay of postage. The cost prepaid, is 25 cents. Bound in leatherette cover, 50 cents (coin or stamps preferred). I have advertised my books and courses of instruction in this magazine for more than 20 years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

PAUL von BOECKMANN

110 West 40th Street, Studio 201, New York, N. Y.

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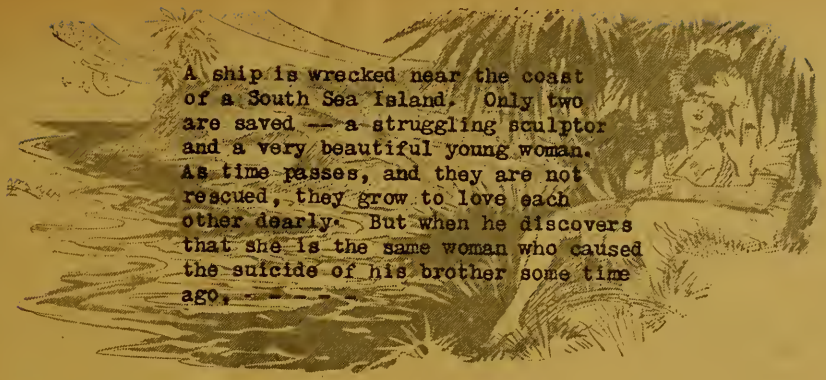

How Would YOU Finish This Story?

WOULD you have his love turn to an overwhelming hatred? Would you have her become so great an inspiration to him that his spark of smouldering genius bursts into flame and in gratitude he forgives the past and marries her? If you can think of any way at all to continue this plot—*you can write salable stories.*

Did you ever read a story or see a photoplay in which the plot was so simple and ordinary that you said to yourself, "Why, I could do better than that myself!" and immediately think of several ways you could have finished the story if you were writing it.

But why didn't you write it? Frankly, because you were afraid—because you lacked faith in yourself. You get the ideas all right, you tell yourself, but you would never be able to express yourself the way real writers do.

Expression Easiest Thing to Learn

"Real" writers were once in just the same position as you are—and they'll be the first ones to admit it. They saw, in the incidents and happenings around them every day, possibilities for absorbing stories. They wondered, like you, if there were some secret twist of expression that fascinated the editor and induced him to purchase the story.

But they were not afraid; that's why they're famous writers today. They wrote story after story, and after about a hundred or so were rejected, they found out what the editors wanted and by constant practice acquired the ability to express their ideas in correct words and phrases. Or perhaps they went to college and made an exhaustive study of story-writing. Or, if they had little time (and less money) they studied the same principles at home in their spare time. But they all succeeded because they were not afraid; they had confidence in themselves.

Expression is really one of the easiest things in the world to master. Prof. Pitkin, who has for many years been an instructor of Journalism at Columbia University, says that it is surprising how quickly his students who have never written before learn to build up a plot, step by step, to an intense emotional climax that holds the reader breathless to the very end.

The quality of expression lies dormant in every thinking person, and it requires only correct training and sufficient practice to bring it out.

The Rules of Plot-Building

There are certain unalterable fundamentals of plot-building that every writer must learn before his stories sell. Prof. Pitkin realized this, and he also realized that many brilliant imaginations sleep for a lifetime because the owner never had confidence in himself, never gave it a chance to develop.

For that reason he has written a comprehensive course on how to write stories, embodying the very same principles that he teaches at Columbia—the same principles that have helped hundreds of prominent writers gain their present exalted positions.

Prof. Pitkin's course is the most complete and satisfactory course in short-story writing ever prepared for home study. It contains a wealth of valuable information, advice, suggestions and ideas for the new writer. It contains all those iron-bound fundamentals that arm the writer for his invasion of the lucrative field of fiction and photoplay writing. It teaches him to find fascinating plots in the most trivial happenings, how to create realistic characters, how to build up slowly to a tense climax, *how to create the kind of stories that sell.*

How and Where to Sell Stories

Not only does Prof. Pitkin's course embrace the complete University course in story and photoplay writing, but it also devotes a chapter to an intensive study of how and where to sell the things you write. Why, he actually teaches you how to typewrite your manuscript, how to fold it, where to put your name, what to write in the letter! And these details, unimportant as they seem, certainly loom big when the editor examines your story.

Every magazine and newspaper in the United States aims to reach certain definite groups of readers with certain definite interests. Every magazine and newspaper, therefore, has need of certain kinds of stories and articles, and they are willing to pay big prices to get them. You will have no trouble in finding the right market for your story or photoplay after you have studied Prof. Pitkin's course. You will know just what your story is worth, just what market it is fitted for.

Tremendous Profits in Photoplays

Prof. Pitkin teaches you how to write as an artist, and sell as a business-man. For instance:

As a writer you may produce an interesting little story that you sell, let us say, for $300. This magazine or paper you sold it to sells the moving picture rights of the story to a producer for perhaps $5,000. If you knew how to sell your stories, the editor could not re-sell your production, and *you* would receive the additional $5,000 for the movie rights.

Never before have moving picture producers been so eager to discover new talent, so anxious to find new writers. They don't want elaborate plots, or long beautiful tales. They want simple, enjoyable, interesting stories—the simpler the better. You can write them—anyone can with the proper training. And the rewards are greater than you ever dreamed of in your fondest hopes!

"How to Write Stories"

By Prof. Walter B. Pitkin

If you have ever had hopes or dreams, if you have ever pictured yourself or your friends in a different environment, if you ever wondered what you would do or say if a certain thing happened to you—then you have imagination and you can write stories. Why not give it a chance? Why sacrifice the opportunity of becoming a famous author, just because you haven't faith enough to *try?* Writers aren't born, you know. Any successful writer will tell you that.

Decide right now that you're going to be a writer! You can keep up with your old occupation, if you want to, until the checks begin to come in pretty regularly. Just use your spare time for a while. It's going to be the thrill of a life-time when you take the folks to see your very own picture in the movies!

Prof. Pitkin's course, "How to Write Stories," will open the door to successful authorship for you. The price is only $5—ridiculous when you consider how utterly valuable it is. $5 for a course that not only teaches you how to write stories, but how to find ideas for them, how to sell them, where to sell them! Why your first story will no doubt bring fifty times that much.

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True Story Magazine

Rejected Love

By Bernarr Macfadden

"MY life is not worth living," said my friend. "Everything dear to me is gone. The future seems empty—meaningless. It holds nothing of value."

I looked at him. He was a young, virile specimen of manhood. I could have laughed, but his expression was so woe-begone that I refrained. He was crestfallen—beaten. He was being tested in the fires of a rejected love.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," it is said, and that is true of a man, too. There is no earthly experience that scourges the soul like a rejected love.

Under the influence of love, human emotion can rise to the tingling heights of delirious ecstasy, and then can fall to the utmost depths of an earthly hell.

Love masters you at such extreme moments. It sometimes twists your mentality. It often distorts your very soul. Some of these hot-headed victims of passion become so violent that they demand life or possession—"Love me or I'll kill you."

"YOU think your suffering is unusual," I said to my friend, "that you have been selected as a martyr. But you are only going through a character-building process. Every pang of suffering broadens your sympathies, assists in developing a more tolerant spirit, increases your reasoning capacities, adds power and poise to your mentality. Until you have been racked with pain, you are only a human clod wrapped up in your own selfishness, and absolutely blind to human needs.

"Suffering is an important part of your educational process.

"And why worry?

"There is nothing permanent. All of life is a continuous, never-ending change. In poetry and song we exalt the love emotion as everlasting, but it is only a phase of the mating season—the call of the parental instinct.

"'I WILL love you forever,' says the popular refrain, but the composer of songs is given unlimited poetic license, which means that he can falsify if it pleases him. For though the real love that comes and grows with marriage should, of course, be a lasting thing, yet a rejected love is not fatal.

"And, my dear friend, if you believe in the divinity of work, you will soon recover. In continuous activity throughout your entire waking hours, you have a certain remedy. If you can not find interesting work, take what you can get, and work anyway.

"And there must be no leisure moments. Work until you are 'dog-tired.' Go to bed every night with a feeling of mind and body closely approaching exhaustion. Then restful sleep will come to you. And in this continuous round of working and sleeping you will discover a cure for your obsession.

"And when your present troubles are ended you will be ready for another experience which may not end so disastrously."

The Devil and the Deep Sea

Rousing a Devil in the Man She Jilted—She Feared in the Other Man Suspicions's Sea

It was made just for two . . . A wistful suggestion crept into my voice . . . "Oh, Don, just twelve hundred dollars!"

ONLY two years before all this happened, my opinions on the subject of the mating of men and women were as harsh and unelastic as those of the proverbial old maid's. I was eighteen at that time. And then, when the evolution of thought and feeling began in me, it came about so gradually that I was hardly conscious of the change.

My fiancé, Dona'd Mallinson, regarded one's giving oneself before marriage as the one real test of love. His arguments were at first firmly met. But when I looked about me and compared unmarried lovers with loveless marriages, I hesitated . . . and then. . . . For Donald was everything in the world to me. Our hearts belonged to each other now anyway. Later, when he had made his start, we would be married legally.

Sometimes there were moments of remorse and fear, of course. But I loved Donald—and I felt that it would be unforgivable of me to doubt him even for a moment.

The fears would not be downed, however. And the thing that hurt most was that I must stand in fear of motherhood—that I could not have a child until I could give it Donald's name. When we came to this point I determined to bring matter to a climax—to make Don marry me, and to begin a new life where the fear of motherhood would be changed to the greatest hope.

Don's alumni held a stag that Saturday. I did not see him until Sunday afternoon. My father—with whom I lived—mother had passed away while I was still in the cradle—had left to spend the afternoon at his club, so I was fortunately alone when Don called. I lost no time in telling him of my thoughts—my wish regarding our marriage.

"ANY time you say, honey," came the quick, earnest response, and my heart sang with joy. After all, I had not misplaced my trust! "Of course," he went on, "it will have to be a boarding-house or furnished rooms for us until we can save enough for that cozy little house we've always counted on."

Before the afternoon was over, however, we both agreed that we would rather save a little more, after all, before we started life together. So we laid our plans for a strenuous régime of saving.

The surprising thing was that we actually stuck to it. There were no more cabarets, no more expensive dinners, no more theaters.

Don proved to be as good at saving as he had always been at spending. In fact, in his zeal as a convert, he became positively penurious. I realized it was for our mutual interests and urged him on, but often I had to laugh at displays of close economy that seemed altogether out of place in him.

The days of saving proved to be the most enjoyable we had ever spent together, for, to make our struggle easier, we shunned our former acquaintances and spent long hours planning our future home. We went over every detail and playfully quarrelled about where we would put certain pieces of furniture—just as if it had all been real, instead of a Castle in Spain.

"Pardon again," he smiled. . . "The vernacular for a car that is out of order is 'piece of junk' . . . without intending any insult to your car"

Our efforts began to show results, and things looked wonderfully hopeful to us. We expected to have the necessary fifteen hundred dollars within the next few months, for we now had twelve hundred. Careful figuring proved that we needed that much to start housekeeping even in a very moderate manner.

THEN, one day, all our plans and savings and hopes met their Waterloo through an automobile.

We had strolled along the "Drive" one evening and had told each other that if it hadn't been for the fact that nearly everybody else in New York rode in an automobile, we would have enjoyed nothing in the world more than walking. On our way back home we were going down Broadway, somewhere along the Sixties, when we both suddenly stopped before a show window. There, resplendent with new paint, was the car for us! And a printed sign over the door of the place announced that the company was the most reliable of all dealers in second hand cars.

My eyes came back to the car and were riveted there. It was made just for two. It was painted red. It had the cutest "shed," a clock, a mirror, in short, it was everything that I thought a car should be. A wistful suggestion crept into my voice against my will as I read aloud the price sign:

"Oh, Don, just twelve hundred dollars!"

"You would look nice spinning along in that, honey. But—"

He left the rest of his answer unspoken, perhaps because he realized that his "but" had not been as firm as it should have been. We should have walked on; instead we stood and read all the signs, one of which stated:

"We give service. When you buy here, we teach you how to drive, teach your wife how to drive. Teach you the fundamentals of taking care of a car."

I would not openly admit that I thought the money saved should be spent for the car, nor would Don. But our voices and our reluctance to pass on betrayed to each other our real feelings. Finally we decided to enter and inspect, though, of course, not buy.

This last decision it did not take the smooth-tongued salesman long to change. We were soon convinced that the car was too great a bargain to pass by; that it would cost next to nothing to operate it, and that, in the autumn, it could be sold at a gain. We were glad we had happened to see the car before someone else had had an opportunity to cheat us out of the bargain. Our marriage was postponed to the fall, and a deposit paid on the car.

WHEN we started using our car we soon found that the salesman had stretched his imagination quite a little in estimating the number of miles we could travel on a gallon of gasoline, the cost of garage space, the condition of the tires that went with the car and other details of expense.

Still, neither of us regretted the purchase, for pleasant trips along country roads helped us to think less of the postponement of our marriage. I learned to drive and we took turns at the wheel.

One evening as I was waiting for Don to call with the car, the telephone rang.

"You, honey?" The tone told me Don was excited. "I have news that is both good and bad. Been in conference at the office till now and so couldn't 'phone before. Must leave tonight on the eight for Chicago, to open a branch office there. Crane is needed here and so they gave me a chance to take his place on this job. I am to stay until things are running smoothly, and then they'll send another man to replace me. I'll be away several months but it'll mean a good increase in salary."

For a moment I couldn't answer.

What recompense was a salary increase for a separation of several months? Why couldn't the company send someone else? A hundred other protests sprang to my lips but the realization that I was being selfish in placing obstacles in his path helped me to control myself. And so, instead of crying as I wanted to, I tried to encourage him.

"You'll be back soon as you can, won't you, Donnie-boy?" I pleaded. "And meanwhile I'll be thinking of you all the time. And, Don, the sooner you get the start, you know, the sooner we can have the little dream-house—so don't mind about having to go to Chicago."

Don promised he would "buck up" and, with some of his pecial pet names for me, hung up the receiver.

FOR two weeks after he left I sulked. I was harrowingly lonely. I missed Don every moment of the day.

There were other men I could have gone about with, also girl friends; but the very fact that Don had unselfishly urged me to "go around" and enjoy myself in his absence, helped to strengthen my subconscious determination to just remain "blue."

The second Sunday was a be utiful day. My father as usual went to the club, leaving me alone. I tried my best to continue my grouch against Dame Fortune but the weather would not permit it. The soft breezes coming through the open windows proved irresistible, and so I started for the garage, my mind made up to take a long drive and then write Don all about it.

I quickly made my way out of the city and drove for hours along the country roads I loved. I noticed that men in other cars stare but the thought that they were staring at me and not the car never entered my mind. So I stared at their cars in return, made comparisons and told myself that they had reason indeed to admire Don's or, rather, our car.

On the way home something went wrong. The engine still ran, in fact it made more noise and seemed more powerful than ever. But the car would not budge. Beyond a vague idea that an automobile's power came from explosions of gasoline, I knew nothing about its mechanism. I knew that automobiles broke down, now and then, but that had not deterred me from taking the drive because I had always regarded our car as being decidedly different—a sort of super-car that would not do such a low class thing as to break down.

So while the failure of the machine to carry on properly surprised me, it did not daunt me. It could not be much, I thought, probably just a chain or something had slipped out of place. What a novice I was!

I WAS soon disillusioned and at my wits' ends. Sitting dejectedly at the side of the car, I had believed faultless, I did not hear the grinding of brakes as a long, low racer stopped alongside. I jumped at the sudden rumble of the driver's voice and faced a handsome stranger.

"She giving you trouble? Perhaps I can help!"

And then without waiting for the permission asked, he jumped from his car and coming to my side began to

"You're not to be blamed, poor little girl," he said gently. . . . "Later on you should have told me; but I suppose it was partly my fault, too, that you didn't"

examine the engine that had me so completely puzzled.

While he was looking for the trouble in my car I examined his, and drew comparisons. Perhaps it was because our car had broken down like an ordinary car that the comparison turned out favorable to his, but there could be no doubt that his car was beautiful with a suggestion of strength and power in every line. And the owner commanded respect in the same way as the car. He was tall, broad, clean-cut and in his quiet, free movements there was the same suggestion of strength and power.

"Master gear," he said, briefly, after trying each gear, "stripped. You're out of luck."

"What?"

"Pardon me. I'll translate my poor English for you. The main gear is broken. The car cannot be driven until that is replaced and, since they no longer make these cars, you won't be able to buy a gear around here. You had better let me drive you home. But first," he took the "driving home" part entirely for granted, and went on, "I'll push this piece of junk off the road and notify—"

"Piece of junk!" I almost shrieked. "Our car—the car everybody admires—you call *it* a piece of junk!"

"Pardon again," he smiled meekly. "I have a habit of using slang that gets me in deep water. The vernacular for a car that is out of order is 'piece of junk' and, in using the term, I used it in its general slangy sense without intending any insult to your car."

SO George Rochester diplomatically smoothed over his bad beginning and in driving me home demonstrated that no matter what certain other cars might be, his was no "piece of junk."

There was no doubt about it. George Rochester's car was a splendid make. It was all style and concentrated power. I became acquainted with every detail of it in the weeks that followed, and incidentally I discovered that there was another strong attraction—and that was the man himself.

"When I started back for New York, it was with the intention of killing you," pressing his pocket significantly

At first I had had no intention of permitting the impromptu friendship to go on. But upon leaving me at the door the evening of the breakdown, Mr. Rochester had announced that he would drive me to the garage where my car was to be repaired the next evening and, without waiting for my consent to the arrangement, had driven away. I had his card but I didn't 'phone to cancel the appointment, partly because I felt indebted to him, partly because I did not like the idea of making the trip by train, and partly because—although I would not then admit it even to myself—I wanted to see him again.

On the way home the second evening, he convinced me that Don's car needed attention. The master gear had been replaced but the steering gear was loose—probably had been when "the gyp" sold the car to me. The engine had carbon, also a knock, the battery was weak, the service-brake did not hold and there was some unearthly rattle in the motor, the cause of which he did not know, but would find out. And he ended by quietly announcing that he would call for me the following evening, go to the garage and "look her over."

To that, I earnestly objected, pleading that I could afford to have the work done. And when he insisted, I even became a little angry, but all to no avail. He *would* call. He could fix it; his time was his own, and so there was no (*Continued on page* 80)

One Night in Ward B-1

The Night-Nurse Hears a Story of the Past in Which She Played a Part

IT was midnight when they brought him in—a fighting, cursing, blaspheming demon. The rough seaman's clothes that covered his huge, gaunt figure were dripping blood from the knife wounds he had received in a drunken brawl over a woman.

It took four of them to get him strapped down to the operating table; and even then, as the young interne stepped forward to administer the ether, the great muscles on his right arm grew taut, snapped their bonds and dashed the cone across the room.

"Go ahead now and get your dirty work finished," he commanded. "Save me for the jailers if you can; but don't use any of that ether. I'm figuring to direct this operation myself."

"We'll save you all right, if we possibly can," assured the surgeon heatedly. "A fitter candidate for the gallows I never saw."

They went ahead, then, snipping, sewing, cutting, all without any anæsthetics. The surgeon, looking from time to time into the eyes of his patient for signs of weakening, found only untamed hostility. Never a wincing movement, never the sound of a stifled groan. The man's endurance and fortitude were stupendous, almost beyond belief.

Sister Wayne—retiring, pretty, sensitive little Sister Wayne—reeled with the sheer horror of it all. Once, when the knife went particularly deep, the massive head turned toward her, and she laid her cool little hands on his burning forehead.

He neither moved nor spoke, but never would she forget the look of gratitude in his eyes.

A merciful fainting spell overtook him after that, and lasted during the remainder of the operation and long after he was laid into bed. When he recovered consciousness, Sister Wayne was beside him, ready with medicine and water. The water he drank thirstily; the medicine he refused.

"SIT down," he commanded, with rough gentleness. His eyes travelled over her appraisingly and finally probed hers in a soul-searching stare. He gave a sigh, at last, a sigh of pity because this beautiful blossom of womanhood was wasting away in these sordid surroundings, spending her life in nursing such scum of humanity as himself. Why was she not married? She should have been the loved and petted wife of some fine man. He sighed again, his gaze more gentle now.

"I'm done for—oh, I know it," he finally said, in a matter-of-fact way. "I'd like you to write a letter for me. Will you?"

She nodded and started for materials, but he detained her impatiently.

"No! You don't understand," he exclaimed. "The letter is for me and about me; but it must not be from me. It's to a girl," he explained simply, "and I haven't written to her for—" he paused, calculating, "for fifteen years."

He was silent a while, gazing with a far-away, reminiscent look out of the window into the dark sky where stood the still, peaceful moon.

"Funny," he remarked irrelevantly, "that the moon should wear its halo tonight—tonight of all nights, the last I shall know."

His nurse started to remonstrate, but he was impatient.

"No! No! I know. It's the end for me, and I don't mind except—except for *her* sake—oh—for her sake—."

There was another long pause. Then, passionately, rebelliously, he went on:

"We grew up together—she and I. Do you understand? Grew up together. But no! How should you understand? How could you know what it means to be playmates, then chums and then—then lovers?" His voice faltered over the last word. "Ah God!" he cried in a voice that trembled, "what lovers we were!"

HE stopped abruptly, gasping for breath, his eyes already so dim of vision that he did not see the tears in Sister Wayne's eyes as he meekly drank the medicine she gave him.

"There never was a couple just like us," he continued, a wistfulness replacing his former passion. "I'm not much to look at now, but I was then. Clean, and strong I was, thrashing everyone who so much as dared to look at her, who was so shy, and loving, and trustful. The very air about her seemed to be sweet with some delicate perfume I have never smelled anywhere else." Then, half apologizing for this show of sentimentality, he continued abruptly:

"Why did I leave her then?" A spasm of pain passed through his body, and then in a hoarse voice came his own answer. "God knows! The sea and adventure called, and I could not but answer. I cast aside everything and left my all—my friends, my family and *her*."

"It was in the summer, in the garden, under a moon with a halo around it, and her eyes were full of tears, but trusting still. And I pointed to the moon and told her that it should be a symbol between us, and that some time, when I was rich, I would come back to her. She cried, then, but did not try to stop me. And she promised bravely to pray for me whenever the mist was 'round the moon.

"I LEFT her standing there in the garden, the tears bright in her eyes—left her for the sea and adventure. And then, before I knew it the sea and adventure . . . had . . . Well, I could never associate with her fresh innocence again. She believed that I would come back. She believes it still, and still prays for me when the mist is 'round the moon. She's that kind." His voice faded to a weak whisper, but he rallied himself and cried passionately: "God! Maybe she is praying for me now! Don't you understand that she must never know how I went out? To her I am a hero. Tell her that is how I died, that I was a captain—anything to preserve her dreams. Do you understand?" He was pleading, passionately, "Promise?" Sister Wayne sat white and motionless, with unutterable suffering and understanding in her eyes. And now, with sudden fear, she saw his eyes glazing.

"I promise! I promise!" Her voice trembled more than the hand that held the glass to his lips.

BUT she was too late. His head already lay heavy against her breast. Suddenly, the nostrils dilated, drinking deep the subtle, illusive perfume that enveloped him. His eyes tore themselves open in a last, concentrated effort and his lips breathed:

"Mary! Mary! You— Forgive! Forgive!"

She drew him closer to her, and placed her lips on his in a kiss of infinite tenderness and forgiveness and love.

A Stage-Door Johnny's Memories

Close-Ups of Some Yester-Nights in the Career of an Ex-Man-About-Town

WHEN the night performance is over, when the orchestra commences the exit march and the final scene is being "struck," that's when the work of a stage-door Johnny begins. I say "work," although many, perhaps, would not dignify it by that title.

For ten years I haunted stage entrances, and my acquaintanceship with fair stage damsels has ranged from the chorus to stardom—which is probably why, even now, I find stage terms creeping into my speech. Yet, despite my past association with stagefolk, I must admit that between them and me there is an almost impassable gulf. A young dairyman who had never been back of a curtain line in his life—or, indeed, one who had never been in a theater at all—could go backstage in many playhouses where I have been known and command more respect than I could. It hurts me to make the confession, but the film has finally dropped from my eyes, after ten years. I can see it all, now that I have quit the game.

Chess players have told me that a person "off the board" could see moves more clearly than those actually engaged in the contest, and, while chess-playing and Johnnying are widely dissimilar, still each has its tricks and its intricacies, and the same principle holds good.

I finally got to the point where I would accompany the showgirls from the railroad station to the theater

ALTHOUGH for years I maintained quarters in the largest American city, I was born and reared in a village far from the glow of Broadway. My initiation into the mysteries of stage-Johnnyism came when I was sixteen years old. I had had several "girls." I believe a village boy goes through this experience at an earlier age than his city cousins. It was no novelty to me to take a girl to the high-school "frat" dance, or to a "huskin' bee" outside the village, or indulge in a little spooning at an occasional marshmallow roast on the shores of a river that ran through the outskirts of our town. At the age mentioned, I formed a friendship with the publisher of our local newspaper. My father had helped to finance his first journalistic venture, which perhaps was why he let me be a member of the "staff" of his paper, as he called it. I had an ulterior motive in the matter, and it had something to do with stage-Johnnying, too.

In the job printing part of the establishment I had some cards printed with the word "JOURNALIST" directly beneath my name. In a corner, in smaller type, was the line *The "Weekly Courier."* As a matter of fact, it was only personals and other small items that I collected for the *Courier*, but when a third-rate "Town Hall Tonight" show struck the village, I was always at the station with a large pad in my hand, ostentatiously poising a long pencil over its surface.

THE show managers, or their camp-followers, some of them with an eye to "kidding," no doubt, and others perhaps scenting some free publicity for their shows, would fill me up with all sorts of information, and in return for this, I would be made friendly with the various members of the troupe. To get acquainted with the girls in the chorus of the small musical shows was my real objective, and I generally accomplished it.

If those managers only knew it, I was as much of a "kidder" as they were. I would appear to take all their information seriously, jot down copious notes, and then, more than half the time, would never turn in the stuff—knowing full well that it would not be printed.

They seemed glad to see me... the waiter hove in sight, bearing a steaming platter of macaroni. Gert . . . not batting an eyelash waved the order aside . . . I paid the check

FOR instance, if a show was to play our town Thursday night, I'd get acquainted with the girls Thursday morning, be around the theater most of the afternoon, and when the *Courier* came out—it went to press about 5 P.M., Thursdays—with only the small amusement "ad" and the paid reader, I wouldn't be present at the theater. Or else I'd go back and tell of a big fight I had over the matter with my "city editor"—and this in a village. No, if any of those showmen who used to give me so much fanciful information, should read these lines and recall the writer, I want to confess right now that I was deceiving them. They "kidded" me and only thought they were getting something. I "kidded" them, and at least I got an acquaintanceship with the girls out of it. As I continued to mingle with the troupers, I found myself developing more and more nerve, and finally got to the point where I would accompany the showgirls from the railroad station to the theater, passing my friends along Main Street. It was a little embarrassing, at first, but after a few times I didn't mind the peculiar stare that my friends always gave me. I think this was the first phase of what is described in some quarters as "stage - Johnny nerve," on which point I'll say more later.

THE town I lived in was a peculiar one in some respects — it had a good-sized railroad station, and a rather lively-looking section between the railroad station and the opera house, as well as a fairly elaborate hotel which the town could not ever have hoped to support if it had not been something of a resort. All this helped me. The showgirls were never in town more than twenty-four hours at the most, and had but little time or desire to make any investigation as to the town's real size. They always regarded it as about five times as big and as populous as it really was. As soon as I discovered this, I thought I'd increase my own importance relatively. I had some new cards printed, and in large type styled myself "DRAMATIC CRITIC." In the corner I had the line, "*The Courier*," purposely omitting the word "*Weekly*." If they wanted to think it a daily, so much more important was I.

THE first "date" I ever played with a showgirl was the direct result of a further piece of small-town trickery. I can well remember now how I boasted to my village pal, Charley Clark, of my achievement in "taking in a city girl." The "Bonded by Death" company reached our town one morning, and I was there with pad and pencil, as usual, taking notes. One of the girls, Alice McCoy by name, condescended to let me carry her suitcase up to the theater, and during the walk I got in what I later described to Charley as "my fine work." I displayed the "Dramatic Critic" card, and ingratiated myself with Alice by making a deal with her. I was to write Alice up as the hit of the show. She was to keep a date with me that night, after the performance. There would be no train out of town until the following morning.

Alice kept her part of the agreement. I am ashamed to say that I didn't keep mine, although there was every evidence that I did. I went back to the shop, and by virtue of an hour's arduous labor at the case, set up a few sticks of type on the "Bonded by Death" show, with many laudatory passages about one Alice McCoy. Then I rolled a clean galley proof of the item, trimmed it neatly with a scissors, and showed it to Alice that night, representing it as an actual item printed in the paper. I guess Alice's varied career had never included working in a printing office, for she never discovered the deception. And thus it came to pass that the first girl I ever waited for in a stage alley was this wise little blondined damsel who had been playing one-night stands for months, but who was fooled, at least once, by a gawky country boy.

ALICE p'ayed a girl part on the stage, but she wasn't so girlish in her street clothes. Charley Clark "copped out," as he expressed it, a girl that the other members of the company called "Peaches" Parker. She was playing ingénue rôles through her first dramatic season, having previously been in the chorus of a musical comedy. Charley and I discovered that Alice and "Peaches" didn't speak to one another. Accordingly, we went to different places to get our after-theater suppers. In fact, we went to the only two different places in town open at that hour, Charley to an ordinary lunch room, and Alice and I to the hotel dining-room. It was my first taste of high-life, and I meant to do justice to it.

To my surprise, Alice didn't drink anything stronger than beer. She ordered a bottle of beer and a sandwich. Since then I have bought luncheons and suppers for many fair coryphées. I can't recall the menus, and I can't even think of the names of half of those who were on the other side of the table, but that first "bottle o' beer an' a san'wich" order stands out clearly in my memory. It struck me as rather an ordinary sort of order for an after-theater supper. I later learned that show-folks' palates are about the same as anybody else's.

THE second girl I went out with gave me a card containing her home address—some number on East Tenth Street, New York. "It's only a few doors from Fifth Avenue, a swell district," she told me. "My father's a rich doctor, an' I'm only on the stage for the fun of it."

She borrowed ten dollars from me—she had not received her weekly allowance, she explained—and I never saw her again. A few days later a traveling man told me just the particular gas-house district the address on the card called for.

I had two or three more of these experiences, when my

"Take your dirty money, an' get . . . out o' here," he yelled. "You can't meet that girl"

father died. In due time I would receive two-thirds of the estate—I was the only child—and my mother and I moved to Chicago, where I was sent to a preparatory school. I followed my natural inclinations, and when the authorities dismissed me from school, I turned towards New York—and Broadway. I had to "pike along" for a couple of years, until I became of age, and came into my fortune. Then I commenced my real "career." The previous experiences had been mere elementary training. My real schooling in Johnnying was to come, and I might add that if this Broadway night school conferred degrees, I'd have an alphabet dangling at the end of my name.

I FOUND that money would buy about anything—well, pretty nearly everything. As a matter of fact, it never resulted in my meeting just the girls I wanted to meet, but I had a good time, or convinced myself that I was having one. Were I to mention my name, I am sure that three-quarters of the girls who were in the chorus several years ago would exclaim: "What! Do I know that John? Just ask me about that. He was one nice little spender." Or some similar remark.

Four o'clock in the morning was an average retiring hour with me, and a good part of the time the counterpane on the little white bed that graced my apartment was never rumpled at all. And yet, at times, I was simply "used" by my boon companions. I recall that at Campanetti's one night, I met Gert St. John and Carol Adair of the Golden Roof-Garden. I joined them at their little corner table, and they seemed glad to see me. Just as I was about to sit down, Tony, the waiter, hove in sight, bearing a steaming platter of macaroni. Gert threw up her hands in dismay.

"Goodness, Tony, you must have misunderstood the order," she prattled. "That must be for some other table." And forthwith she put in an order that ran into a goodly sum, not counting the three quarts of bubble-water we consumed. It was a nice little after-theater supper. I paid the check. And I wasn't through being

I . . felt ashamed when she asked me what I had been doing since I left school. . . . What, indeed? . . . I was—just a stage-door Johnny

good fellow for the evening, even yet—be it said.

"Gee, but I feel like a regular devil tonight," gushed Gertie. "Let's make a night of it!"

She clapped her hands childishly—Gert St. John, one of the "wisest" show girls on the Great White Streak!

Carol was willing, and both of them assumed that I was. We made the rounds, ran into two or three "ham" actors and a couple more chorus friends of Carol's. When we wound up in the last café for a final bottle or two, there were five fellows and four girls in the party. I did all the spending. I was a good fellow. When the café became deserted, and the porter began chasing us around with a vacuum cleaner, I started home alone. The rest had paired off.

ANOTHER time, Rosabelle Moyer found "just a dear of a Syrian café" away down-town. She made arrangements for a party. There were two girls from a musical show, Rosabelle herself, two actors, a press agent who talked much and spent little, and myself. That night cost me a pretty penny. I spent all my cash. The check called for a small balance more than I had with me in cash, and as it was out of my zone, the proprietor wouldn't think of letting me sign the check. The press agent paid the slight difference, and made a few remarks. He was of the old-style circus, adjectival vintage, and he used several profane synonyms in speaking of me to the members of the party. They "lost" me a few minutes later, and I found myself not very far from the Battery, without a nickel in my pockets. That was before I became well known at several garages, and I had to walk all the way up-town to my apartment. If I hadn't been a real Johnny and a real fool at heart, I'd have quit Johnnying then and there.

(*Continued on page 73.*)

Not a Nightcap in Sight

Bebe Daniels the Pensive, and the smiling May Allison, Dorothy Dickson, and Elaine Hammerstein don't need 'em, while Eileen Sedgwick and Priscilla Dean don't don 'em even for burglary.

Realart

Metro

Paramount

Selznick
Universal
Universal

Noblesse Oblige

Nature's Nobleman Proves That East and West May Meet, After All

STANHOPE rode in silence a little in advance of the others, his horse carefully picking the way over the rough game trail. At their back, in the distance, lay the Mau Escarpment. In the middle distance hung the mirage, while beyond, the bold hills rose like mountains from a lake. It was just noon, and the heat waves quivered over the brown African plain.

Williams and Benson rode a bit behind Stanhope, and then came the servants and the few native soldiers—Askiris. It was a small *sefari* of ten people, traveling lightly, as distance must be quickly covered.

Benson was humming scraps of song and smoking cigarettes; occasionally, he burst into vivid abuse of the Sotik and the fugitive German bush-whackers who were inciting the natives to deeds of violence, thus necessitating their presence. Williams answered every now and then, but mainly rode in moist, uncomfortable silence.

"How long before we get to that Mission?" called Benson to Stanhope, who rode stoically in front.

"Few hours," replied Stanhope, without turning, "if we meet no Masai."

Benson muttered something deep in his throat and fingered the heavy service automatic that hung to his belt. He turned in his saddle and surveyed the servants and the native Swahili soldiers. He knew the servants could be depended upon, but he did not quite trust the Swahilis. After all, they were natives. He faced forward again.

"Damned hot," he observed to Williams.

Williams murmured an acquiescence.

STANHOPE smiled wearily, but said nothing. His mind was busy, and his eyes searched the plains constantly. His was an odd face, browned by years of

He picked his way carefully . . . to his bed, and there, with the help of Ahmed, put down his burden

exposure to the tropic sun, his light hair seemed bleached by contrast, particularly so at the temples. His features were rather delicate, and bore a look of thoughtful and reticent calm. The tall, slender and singularly well-knit body was better suited for the jewelled costume of a *Louis Quinze* courtier than the khaki he wore. The clear color, and his calm, imperturbable eyes, which seemed to be either brooding or laughing inwardly, had intrigued more than one woman's fancy. In fact, women looked at him far oftener than they did at handsomer men.

A low exclamation in Arabic drew his instant attention to his personal servant, gun-boy and companion, Ahmed, who had suddenly pushed to his side.

"See, Baas!" he continued, pointing to a huge Euphorbia tree.

A few rhino tick-birds were clamoring in the grass ahead. The entire party stopped. Directly in their trail a huge rhinoceros rose from where it had been resting in the shade of the tree. Evidently it had not as yet scented them, for it turned uncertainly from side to side.

"Don't shoot!" warned Stanhope to the others, "unless it becomes absolutely necessary—I'll tell you when. Keep quiet!"

The big beast, which was about eighty yards distant, trotted around in a circle, grunting, suspicious, its little, pig-like eyes unable to make out any danger. Finally it trotted off to the east.

Again the party moved quietly forward, Ahmed, Stanhope's Arab servant, taking his place at the rear.

AHMED was a peculiar mixture of the races that fused on the East African shore. He had had an Arab father, and a mother who was part native Swahili and part Boer: In consequence, he was a light, coffee-colored, straight-featured man, splendidly proportioned. He spoke many native tongues, and had been Stanhope's companion for years on his numerous missions into the interior.

"Lucky that Arab beggar saw the beast," said Benson, glancing about. "They are ugly when they charge."

"It might also not be so very advisable to do any shooting just now," said Stanhope, quietly searching the plain. "If there are any hostile Masai around, the shot would bring them quickly, and—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Benson eyed the bolt of his rifle speculatively, then he fell to humming a song.

THE trail turned slowly toward a rocky mound of hill. Here and there, the plains were dotted with dark acacias and wizened thorns. A herd of zebra watched them for a moment from a safe distance, then galloped away. Slowly they went forward, until the trail sloped sharply downward between two rocky hills. Gradually the hills came nearer, and finally they made out the Mission House, standing in a grove of flat-topped acacias at the foot of a low, steep hill. A little stream ran at one side of the house, and raced away to the south. To the

"Take my horse," directed Stanhope. "Only the swiftest will do. Make haste . . . I shall be here, waiting"

'Would you mind telling me who you are?' She regarded him with the same blank smile . . . She made no answer

left stretched the plains; torrid, hazy, dotted by great fig and Euphorbia trees.

Through his glasses, Stanhope made out the cattle herds and the Masai Kraals that occupied the banks of the little river a mile or more downstream. No sign of human beings was visible at the Mission House.

"Do you imagine the devils have been here already?" growled Benson, pointing to the Mission.

Stanhope shrugged his shoulders slightly. "We'll soon find out," he answered. "Ride behind me, single file; we'll follow that line of trees, and we can get into the house without being seen from the Kraals."

THEY rode slowly forward and soon were in the house. So far, no sound had come to them from the distant native villages. The Mission seemed to be deserted. After cautioning the servants and native soldiers not to wander from the room in which they stood, and placing Ahmed on guard, the men went fearfully from room to room, expecting momentarily to find the tragedy of the wilderness. But there was not a soul in the house. Upon the rifle rack, Stanhope at length found a note.

As he read it, the others watched him, eager-eyed.

"Well?" demanded Benson.

"Seems all right," smiled Stanhope, passing him the note. "The blacks broke out last night and threatened the house but did no damage. Thornton recognized several of our German friends, who seemed to be leading and egging on the natives. He waited until this morning, then cleared out, taking all his people—says he's striking 'cross country to Kajabi. Says Masais watched him go but seemed afraid to attack."

Williams read the note and nodded his head.

"Good thing he cleared out," said Benson. "If those black devils break loose, they'll be a handful! I suppose they'll loot the Mission now—no one to stop 'em."

Ahmed, Stanhope's servant, was busy taking possession and preparing a meal for the white men and their servants; the native soldiers were preparing their rice, while the other servants looked after the horses.

BENSON and Williams sat and smoked after the meal, while the servants and natives patiently waited the will of the white masters. Stanhope was looking out of the window toward the native Kraals. All seemed quiet there. It was too far away for the Masai to have discovered their presence in the Mission, as many clumps of trees intervened between the two points. They had made very little sound in entering.

"All quiet," said Stanhope to the others. "You chaps can move on to M'guzo Nyanza, and I'll hold the place till the Queen's Rifles get here. They're due here in a few days."

Benson arose, grumbling, and joined him at the window. He looked across the burning plain and grunted.

"I don't like to do it," he announced, turning. "It's not right to leave you here alone with Ahmed—one white man amongst hundreds of these mad dogs!" He waved his arm to indicate the native Kraals downstream.

Stanhope laughed, but said nothing in answer. "Believe

"They come, Baas—the soldiers," Ahmed gasped painfully . . . spent and weary, caked with dirt and dust

I'll clean up a bit," he announced, looking at his hands, and walked out.

WILLIAMS watched him go with curious, weary eyes. "Damned outrage," he murmured, "but what can we do? Orders are orders."

"Orders be damned!" returned Benson. "We can't 'eave him—it's murder! You remember what happened when the Kikuyu dogs went wild!"

"Damn!" irrelevantly answered Williams.

"What'll we do?" continued Benson.

"Nothing, old man. What can we do We have no choice in the matter. We are due at M'guzo Nyanza and—orders are orders!"

"But it's tempting fate to leave him!" Benson was exasperated.

Williams smiled. "Forget it," he said. "He's stronger than both of us—all of us." He eyed his cigarette. "You know he didn't get his D. S. O. for running," he added significantly. "His orders are to stick here until the Askiris arrive."

Benson nodded. "I understand that the Home Office has wonderful faith in him. If half the stories they tell of him are true—"

"They are!" said Williams.

Both men sat in silence until Stanhope returned, then as the sun was sinking, the party made ready to go.

"Be a good night, tonight," said Stanhope, standing at the door watching them get ready. "You chaps will make it by morning easily."

Benson nodded. He was uneasy. "I hate to go," he grumbled to Williams.

"He wouldn't let you stay," answered the stout man. "Says he prefers to be alone. Anyway, he's put many years in on the frontier—knows his business. Don't butt in, Jim, he won't thank you. Turn your boys along that line of thorn trees. We'll be out of sight of the Masai Kraals by the time we top that rise."

"I'm going to report it anyway," grumbled Benson. "Damned outrage!"

STANHOPE watched them out of sight, then went back into the Mission. The sun was low in the west, and it was growing cooler. Presently, from the Masai Kraals, where all had been silence before, came the dim beating of tom-toms. The air had grown still. Stanhope smiled grimly and bolted the doors. A war dance! Well, let them come! His eyes strayed to the well-filled gun rack He went to the window and looked out, using his glasses. A dim form skulked past by the river edge, and he heard the coughing grunt of a questing lion.

The beating of the tom-toms grew louder, then died away. He dared not light a lamp, as that would disclose their presence, so he sat by the barred window and cleaned his rifles in the waning light.

Ahmed was arranging a bed for (*Continued on page* 68

Why the Season's Broadway Bulbs Burned for Them

Lenore Ulric

For Beauty and Youth that temperament's alchemy curiously fuse with dramatic fire and power, and for her triumph in Wizard Belasco's "Son—Daughter" and its story of the new Far East—though she is a true child of the Old Northwest—Minnesota, Vintage '97.

Mitzi

Among other reasons, because she's proven herself at once as clever a boy and as charming a girl as the American stage has known in a long time. As evidence, observe Broadway's welcome to "Lady Billy" --- high water mark of Mitzi Hajos' career since her first appearance on any stage at Budapest in the early '90's.

Ruth Chatterton

Because those who like real American girls best, long have loved her---not even Paddy Longleqs could steal her from them. Also, because in proving that there are some born New Yorkers in New York--she's one--she scored her biggest success in "Mary Rose," while still in the twenties, on Broadway in the forties.

Because about 14 -just her own age then--she stood on tiptoes for Broadway's first look at her. She's kept right on her toes, too, until at twenty, Marilynn Miller's name, with "Sally," glows in bright white lights high o'er Broadway in general and the House of Ziegfield Follies in particular.
Photo-Alfred Cheney Johnston
Marilynn Miller

Rosalie's Story

"I'D like," the real Rosalie told the writer who set down this tale from life, "to have anyone down and out, cold, hungry and discouraged, to read my story. I want them to know that at this very time when things are at their worst, something wonderful may happen—as it did to me. There are good fairies, you know,—but you have to believe in them."

Her Prince Rode Off —But He Came Back

MARCH had come in like a lion, all teeth and claws. I was trying to cross Fifth Avenue, in the face of a bitter wind, that cut like a knife and chilled and bit to the bone. I wore an old serge suit, tragically short, and a childish red cap pulled down over my long curls. My skirts were out-grown, leaving my slim legs defenseless in thin, sleazy stockings. My shoes had holes in them, and the pavements were covered with sharp, dry snow. I could just keep from crying, it was so cold, and I was rather weak from never having quite enough to eat.

I was carrying three hats in large boxes—beautiful

And Happiness Came Back With Him

Easter hats that poor girls dream about and never get. It was too cold to wear them, but they had to be delivered all the same. Easter came early that year, the shop windows were full of colored eggs and bunnies inside, and banks of snow and ice without. The streets were full of happy, warmly dressed people.

My hands were so cold I dropped a box, a big round one covered with striped and flowered paper. Down the street it rolled right toward the wheels of a big car. I sprang to save it; then came a blinding blow, a multitude of stars and then darkness.

I awoke to find someone bending over me . . . "Are you very much hurt, poor little kiddy?"

I AWOKE to find a man bending over me.

"The hats!" I exclaimed, trying to struggle up.

"Hats!" said some one. "D—n the hats! Are you very much hurt, poor little kiddy?"

"Oh, no. But the hats—one rolled away—"

"Here it is," said another man, who came up to us now. "It is quite safe, Miss, and so are the others." This man was in chauffeur's clothes; the other, who had his arm around me, was a gentleman, and looked like a prince. The prince insisted that I must let him take me on in his car. "You're too shaken up to go on alone. I *will* help you," he insisted, and then he half carried me into his wonderful car. I was tired, and with a sigh of relief sank back into the soft cushions. This was like a fairy story; but reality came to the fore again in a moment.

"Let me out," I begged, suddenly remembering my errand. "I must carry the hats—they're rush orders."

"Rushed they shall be. Deliver them, Pierre. Now, sister, sit still."

AWAY we flew, like a great bird. I had never been in an automobile before, and it was glorious to me. I tried to pull down my skimp skirt and hide my miserable shoes under the seat.

"What's your name, kiddy?" said the prince, smiling down at me.

"Rose, sir. I mean, Rosalie West."

"That's a very pretty name. So you're a little milliner?"

"Oh, no, sir. Just an errand girl."

When the hats were delivered I was taken back to the shop in the car; and as the prince helped me out he slipped something into my hand, saying:

"Pennies for candy, Rosalie!"

Pennies! They were gold pieces—twenty dollars! It was inconceivable wealth to me. I hadn't realized what it really was until the car had disappeared around the corner. And I stood there for some minutes after gasping with surprise. Then, the first thought that came clear was that I could have some decent clothes now.

But, before I go any further, I had better tell you how I came to be alone in New York and working for myself.

UNTIL I was fourteen years old I had a lovely home in the country, where I had pets to play with, a wood to wander in and the sweetest old grandmother in the world to love me. I had everything any child needs; and the delight of my life was to go on rainy days into the quaintest old garret you ever dreamed of, curl up on an ancient sofa, tuck round me an enormous wooly quilt, and read. There were all kinds of books up there; I chose fairy tales and love stories from the time I could read.

We stopped under some linden trees . . . Then the prince took a basket from the car

It was a complete surprise to see my soldier walk in . . . "Oh, my poor little darling! My little angel!"—he almost seemed to be crying

The farm belonged to Grandma for life. At her death it was to go to her son. She sent for him when she was on her deathbed and begged him to take care of me for her sake. He promised, and I think he meant to, but he was terribly afraid of Kleines, as he called his wife. I think she was a wicked woman. I lived with her for six dreadful months after Grandma died. Then one day she called me "an insolent bastard," and said my mother was a bad girl, who was never married, but who ran away from home, and died, leaving a brat to be brought up. I never saw Kleines again, nor my Uncle James. That very night I slipped out with my clothes in a suit-case, and in my purse two hundred dollars that Granny had saved up and kept hidden away for me. I walked through the dark to the station, came to New York, and at last found a place in a milliner's shop. I was very ignorant and could be nothing better than an errand girl. It pays to keep errand girls—they are cheaper than delivery wagons, and so it was that I found a job.

AFTER my two hundred dollars were gone, I suffered very much, especially in the winter. My home was a share of a hall bedroom in a dusty, brownstone house in a dingy street. All the houses there were exactly alike. They were disreputably run down, though they had once upon a time been very respectable. I had a pretty hard time, being always cold in winter, and in summer hot and gasping for breath. I was always a little hungry, sometimes painfully so; suffering above everything from wounded pride because I had to wear such dreadful clothes. My room-mate was a girl named Sophy, who always had a cold. When my pay envelope was given me, my share of the rent and food was at once handed to Sophy, who "managed" for both. There would be a few cents left, and these I had been saving up for a pair of shoes. After several weeks I had one dollar and ninety-seven cents. How often I had dreamed of finding five dollars in the street. And now I had twenty!

AT closing time I joined Sophy as usual, and skipped and laughed all the way home. Then I pulled out the one dollar and ninety-seven cents, rushed out and bought a jelly-roll, cocoa, milk, eggs, and cough-drops for Sophy. Sophy reproached my extravagance, and asked, with tears in her eyes, where my shoes were to come from now? Then I told my story, and we hugged each other, and cooked supper hilariously upon the gas-plate in the closet. And next day we went at lunch hour to a place we knew of, and I found a charming little black dress, jacket and hat, all second hand, but wonderfully good and fine. Then I bought two pairs of new silk stockings—that is, silk to as high as my skirt came—and a

pair of sample shoes from a bargain counter, and still had enough money left for a pink waist for Sophy.

On Sunday I washed and brushed my hair till it shone like gold, and curled it elaborately. On Monday, I put on my new clothes and asked Madame for a raise, and received it.

After much consultation, Sophy and I bought a box of white lilac face powder between us. I was perfectly happy in those days and forgot all my troubles. Sophy and I had gotten a start in life, and now we were saving up to dine some Sunday at a dairy lunch, and have creamed chicken.

ONE evening, I shook Sophy and went for a walk alone. The lights were just on, and the square piece of sky above me was all blue and pink, and one great white star trembled there. All at once, some one called me. A great car stopped, and my prince was leaning from it.

"Ah," he laughed. "I thought it was you, but I couldn't be sure."

"No wonder," I thought, "after he had seen me in those old rags! He could look at me and welcome now." I felt that I looked very fine, very smart, in my bran-new clothes.

Then came the second miracle—he invited me to ride. I hung back, but he whisked me in, and tucked a beautiful robe over my lap. I faltered that Sophy would be worried.

"And who's Sophy?" he laughed.

"She's the girl I room with."

"Well, we won't go very far; Sophy won't have time to worry."

But we went miles and miles. He was driving, himself—and how he did drive! The car seemed to leap and fly along. We went across a long, wonderful bridge and left all the dingy streets behind; then we came back to the big city, and had dinner at a Broadway café that was like a palace in fairyland. He wondered at the way I had grown up in a few weeks, and said I was lovely—beautiful. And I believed him.

IT was quite late when he took me home, and we found Sophy on the stoop, wringing her hands and crying, and asking a policeman to look for me. She had a shawl over her head, and was coughing. (*Continued on page 74*)

The day came when I could sit up in a chair . . . and hold my own little Blythe Junior in my arms

Pearls and Orchids

She Who Once Wore Them Finds the Greatest Jewel in the World

I FIRST saw her on board the *Shintu Maru*, outward-bound from San Francisco for Shanghai. She was lounging in her deck-chair, watching a child of the ship, a half-caste Monolai boy of five, who was returning to the Islands with his white mother and native father. Now and then, as the beautiful, haughty little creature came near, the woman would snatch him to her breast and press him close with the primitive, devouring passion of a woman who has either lost a child, or never borne one.

There was the usual far-faring group of newspaper men on board, bound to the outposts of the world on one quest and another; Langley for the *Globe* to get pictures of middle-India temple ruins; Timmons to rip secrets from the bosom of old Thibet, if he could; De Courcey to write up the Molokai district, this last taking colossal nerve, of which he had much; all of them fascinating, sophisticated men, wise of the world and its ways, including woman and her ways.

BEAUTY, in a world full of beautiful women, is no rare thing, but the subtle charm of Mrs. Trent was something more than a mere manifestation of loveliness. Her voice was rich and vibrant, and unspoiled by any artificial inflection. Her walk was rhythmic and smooth with unconscious grace. Her mass of hair was neither bronze nor gold nor Titian, but all three. Crystal lights dartled in the great eyes which flamed and dimmed with her emotions. And the coral of her lips had been kissed much, or I know not women. I am sure the lure of her never eased upon any one of us till we anchored beyond Diamond Head, and she was gone, never to be seen again by any of us, save myself, and then merely by a strange trick of that fanciful jade, Destiny.

I remember Mrs. Trent best as she looked the first night at dinner, in a winsome gown of orchid color, shot with silver, a great strand of pearls down her breast, and a cluster of real orchids fastened in that ravishing spot where the pearls fell to meet them. I saw De Courcey looking and admiring too.

"The Woman of Mystery?" queried Timmons. De Courcey rather demurred at the term.

"That means dark and unwritten and unwritable things," he said. "I prefer to think of her as she is to-night, in those marvelous orchids and pearls. Where does the world produce a lovelier combination than that woman, blending into the things which adorn her? She is a perfect orchid herself, but I trust with a more rugged quality of soul than that frail flower."

We were all mad about her, I think, especially we four. She epitomized to all of us that which lies sleeping deep in the souls of men—love of mystery and romance. But I wondered that her face should show so much pain, like a garden but lately ravaged by storm, and just beginning to rebuild again.

IN the salon one night, the talk fell on the topic of the pure caste Hawaiian, he of the haughty carriage, the flashing eye, the bronze skin.

"Breed?" De Courcey smiled his slow and fascinating smile. "We whites do not know what pure blood is. I remember the first time I ever saw a pure-caste Hawaiian; I felt that in my own veins ran nothing but mongrel blood, for never could I attain to the dignity, the pride of race, the kingly bearing of this native son. For his forefathers were trading in beaten gold and ivory at Nineveh and Tyre at the same time that my own forebears were emerging from the welter of central European slavery. That Hawaiian was a king. I knew it, and above all, he knew it. Mistake not, the pure blood native looks with justifiable contempt on white blood; he knows the strain that goes to make him up, we Americans scarcely know wherefrom we spring."

Later, years later, I thought again of his words. The lovely creature of the pearls and orchids shrugged her marvelous satin shoulders with faint distaste and unbelief. But her luminous eyes rested hungrily again on the half-caste Monolai boy standing in repose for an instant by the great Burmah mahogany table. I see even now the utter perfection of her exquisiteness; an apparition could not have more delicacy and sheer beauty than she.

She seemed to mingle most easily with us of the Fourth Estate, and I presume, because I was the eldest of these citizens of the world, it remained for me to come closest to her. Shipboard intimacy grows rapidly, it seldom grows so deep as did ours in one short evening.

WE were on the port side rather late one night, chairs close together, close enough for confidence. The music of the band came up faintly from the dancing salon, the *Maru* ripped the white spume away from her bow proudly. Our talk had turned on the subject of eternal verities, and what constitutes them.

I held out for courage.

"And love that lasts," she said. I demurred at that. But she clung to it. She turned her face to me in the faint ship's light.

"Love that will last; that is what I seek for. I'm merely running away from one more disappointing lover now. They say it is useless to pursue happiness. I know it, I am enough of a fatalist for that. But happiness will come, it won't matter where I am, my mate will come to me, across deserts, or seas, or through the crowded places. And it will last. Moths, birds, they all find each other—distance has nothing to do with it."

"I hope that isn't mere moral falsity."

"I can wait. Now I merely want rest. Oh, for some anodyne of the spirit, as opium is for body and mind! These clever doctors—if they would only turn their laboratories into places of research for a balm for sick spirits!"

HER fragmentary confession made me crave to see more of the background of the picture before me.

"Some women turn to religion," I offered. She shrugged under an enveloping scarf of crimson.

"Not that." And then she fell into a long monologue, her voice soft against the low hum of the ship's flight. "I don't want to give up the pleasures of the flesh; I'm still of the earth, and life means more to me than the repetition of age-old prayers. I've not exhausted my capacity for happiness. It's cruel, the way women cheat themselves, build ideals, lay all their poor little offerings on one man's altar for him to consume! I married this man, and thought it was the end of my search, the rest, the comfort, the fire and the roof at the end of a weary journey.

"Six weeks of security. Then—Oh, it was degrading. I was to be his servant, waiting upon him and his child, of

which I had known nothing, a poor outcast waif. I ought to have been glad to treasure it, but it was his, not mine. Then months of the slow erosion of disillusionment; in the end I became—just a servant. Niggardliness, cooking, trading, bartering. It seemed as though I had been meant for better destinies. Then at last I knew that it had been merely good fortune for him, a matter of expediency. And I saw a play, with this line in it—'A wife is worse off than a prostitute, she doesn't get any wages.' I couldn't look forward to a vista of years of labor—being a servant, that was unbearable!"

Then, musing as though I were not there, she reiterated her refrain—"I'm not giving up, somewhere it will come to me."

I spoke. "The child? It might have compensated?"

"No. Instead of a bond, it was a barrier. It was merely his, I couldn't feel any share in it. I want that sense of possession. Women do one thing, only one, and they give it fearful importance because it is the only thing they know how to do well—that's—to love."

THAT was the last of our close companionship. The other men claimed her, took her.

We were soon sighting Diamond Head, with its outline of the recumbent lion. And when we struck anchor, and the little brown canoes came fluttering about the ship to take off our luggage and passengers, Mrs. Trent was on deck, ready to descend the ladder. Her arms were full of flowers, and hopefulness irradiated her delicate face.

"I'm to wait here for my passports," she murmured, at the moment of farewell. "I could not wait—there. Here I will have peace for a few weeks at least, until I can go on."

She looked down at the bobbing boats. Her eyes caught those of a helmsman, upright in the prow of the canoe which was to take her. He was one of the magnificent males De Courcey had mentioned, mighty of limb, clad merely in loin cloth.

The woman smiled appreciatively. "I know now why Desdemona admired the Moor!" she said softly, and I was glad that her spirits seemed to be in a measure returning. Then she pressed forward and was off the ship in another minute. That was the last we saw of her, for our ship swung with the tide and passed out of the blue harbor for the far places.

SUCH encounters seldom have an element of permanence about them; these ship-board friendships are usually "out of sight, out of mind," affairs; but some persons leave an impression not lightly effaced. I know that De Courcey put Mrs. Trent in his feature article, "The Woman of the Red Dawn," building a totally fabricated bit of fiction about her. And Timmons, doing better than most sonnet writers, got her into a hand-tooled edition of his poems. And I—well, it was I who, three years later, traveling the same road, out of Shanghai, past Yokohama and Nagasaki, came again to Diamond Head, cast anchor, and found myself on Oahu, walking the well-remembered streets of the island capital. I was alone then, the other men, God knew where, lone couriers of some new and difficult mission of courage, no doubt, requiring the hardiest nerve, the strongest endurance, the keenest writing power.

The whole tropic atmosphere of these islands had always charmed me. The palms, the unparalleled moonlight, the native music, which must be the same as was played in the Courts of the Pharaohs, the infinitely blue water, all gives me a sense of being lulled and drugged. It plays havoc with a man's emotions, that spot; if he is not girded with much armor of the spirit, then had he better beware those witching islands entirely.

IT was quite away from the clustering thatches of civilization that I found again the woman of the orchids and the pearls. It was late afternoon, the tide was out, and someone, a native Kanaka woman, I thought, was digging clams. She was working slowly and painstakingly, throwing the wet shells into a woven basket beside which a dusky child rolled and played and gurgled in the freedom of his utter nakedness. I sat there watching the graceful, stooping figure idly a space, and was just thinking how much like Millet's "Gleaning Woman" she looked, when the beach-comber arose and regarded me calmly.

She came toward me, the long spike in her hands, her native garments rustling faintly about her thighs.

"Is it thou, Hunter of Tales?" she said in liquid Kanaka. I started to my feet, and the distress and amazement which I could not hide made her smile, the old lovely, slow smile of three years ago.

"Thou? Thou?" was all I said, and strove to keep the distaste and shock out of my voice.

"Even I," she replied, leaning on the spike and regarding me with quiet eyes. Her bare feet had made little imprints on the wet sand, which, now, as she stood, oozed up between her shapley, brown toes.

A faint simoon was sucking the rollers back with it and tossing the fronds of the palms. Back of us, a cluster of thatched huts lay in the quiet of coming evening. The sun had begun its gorgeous descent to the sea.

For a space neither of us seemed able to encompass anything save the wonder, the painful sort of mutual joy in meeting. She was the first to recover, in fact, I think she was little moved by my appearance, merely glad with a sort of proud pleasure at my finding her thus. A warm, possessive glow lighted her eyes.

"Come," she invited, leading the way to a bit of dry sand under a sparse sea-pine. "Here we can sit and talk. This is little like dinner on the *Shintu*, but later on, I shall have—almost American clam chowder!"

She called, her musical Kanaka to the naked child who sat in the wet sand, now regarding with sober intensity the slow movements of a land crab, to which in some elemental fashion it seemed related. As she turned to me again, I saw once more the earthy, age-old passion that had marked her expression on ship-board as she clasped the Monolai child to her bosom.

"Mine!" she proclaimed proudly, at seeing my expression of disbelief.

AS she talked, she seemed to put on again the patrician poise and graciousness of the woman I had met on the *Shintu Maru*. But her skin had bronzed now, the golden brown of the white skin long under the tropics; her hair was short as a native's and bound back with strands of the lotus, her breasts confined with a scarlet band of silk, her loins clothed in native grass.

It was the repose in her eyes which fascinated me. There was no strain, no anxiety there now, no mark of the former ravaging pain. She had the certain, imperturbable calm of a woman who has won everything from life and knows that life can never again deprive her of the one most precious thing.

"And you are unhappy over me, Hunter?" She laughed with tenderness. "Do not be. I have found what other women wear their lives out seeking."

"It is apparent," I said truthfully.

"I wonder if you know the slow disintegration which the tropics bring. I think it would break even the strongest. We come here, we whites, so haughty, so superior. Then something happens. Perhaps we drink a bit of *kava*, just out of curiosity. We rage over intermarriage and its results. *We* could never descend to that. Then we lie on the sands, we watch the blueness yonder. We get used to the beautiful nakedness of the children, the moonlight puts a spell upon us. One day we h[illegible] from the hills the throb of the (*Continued*

Roofing a la Mode

Follies and Frolics a la Ziegfeld always offer something new in the way of roof decoration, this years ranging in Period from the French Revolution to Up-to-the-Minute.

Mecca, with its Bacchanale and other things, stands neither last nor least as a test for city shock-absorbers.

Emperor Jones' transition from swaggering aplomb to overwhelming terror, as portrayed by the gifted colored actor, Charles Gilpin, has brought thrills to Broadway as well as Washington Square.

Could they speak, the arms of the chairs of "The Bat's" New York winter-home would tell what effect a really gripping play has upon the furniture as well as the folk that fill playhouses.

Peggy and Her Past

The Story of a Real Girl of the Old Southwest

PEGGY AINSLEY, a little prairie girl, loved Buck Blakewell—and then, through a minor misdemeanor he was forced to flee the country before he could make her his wife. Peggy's little one came to her fatherless to spend its short span of life. One day she leaves her home, and finds work in another town with the kindly Davis family. But even there, her past finds her out, so she accepts the protection of the demure Allie Bryant, and together they journey on to New Orleans.

A FEW more days of sightseeing and shopping and then Allie Bryant and Peggy went on to New Orleans.

As the train bore them into the semi-tropical region of southern Louisiana, winding its way along bayous fringed with blossoming lilies and with brakes of living green, the girl almost wept with sheer delight. Her homeland was beautiful in its season of beauty, but the season was all too short save in the most sheltered glades, and the sun of summer was ruthless in burning up the grass and vegetation. But here it was as if a magic, crystal roof protected the land, and flowers and vines and trees flourished as in a hot-house.

New Orleans did not disturb her as other cities had. People did not hurry so; they seemed to take time to look about as they journeyed through life. There was animation without excitement; business affairs seemed to be carried on with less bickering and dispute, ever thing was marked with repose. And courtesy prevail d among all; if one was treated as a stranger it was as a stranger who is welcome.

THEY stopped at a fashionable hotel until Mrs. Bryant could find a house to suit her somewhat capricious taste. And then the house must be furnished. Peggy had a voice in the selection of the furnishings and the older woman was openly surprised and pleased at the girl's innate taste and refinement, for she knew the simple, almost primitive way that Peggy had been raised. Despite the handicap, the girl knew what was gaudy and cheap and what was sober and substantial.

Peggy spoke of the promised employment, but it was easy to defer the matter for more pressing things. There came the question of clothes, for it seemed that Mrs. Bryant expected to entertain extensively, and Peggy must have a wardrobe. The girl's delight was unbounded; to pick and choose among the offerings of the little shops, to see and be able to buy dainty frocks and evening gowns, billowy things of silk and lace, modish boots and slippers, sheer silken hose, was more like a fairy tale than like reality.

"I want that girl." . . . Dickman's voice lost its well-toned cheerfulness and took on an ominous note

She stopped for a glance into the main dining-room . . . A man pushed back his chair

Peggy insisted that she spend her own money and Mrs. Bryant consented, though the girl could never puzzle out why the sum in her little purse seemed never to diminish, no matter how lavish the expenditures.

Allie Bryant seemed to expand in the atmosphere of the city. The spells of melancholy, to which she had been subject in Douglas, were gone, the demure pose and manner disappeared. It was not that she was brazen, but as one who has left all worries behind and taken on a new lease of life among old friends and familiar, congenial surroundings.

INVITATIONS came thick and fast from old and new acquaintances. There were suppers at the restaurants and hotels, box parties at the theaters, dances to attend. And Peggy was always a member of the party.

If Mrs. Bryant had fears as to Peggy's adaptability to the new order of things her fears were soon dispelled. In conversation, when *bón mot* and wit flew thick and fast, the girl was often beyond her depth, but she never floundered. Her cue was to be quiet and follow as best she could. But in social etiquette Peggy was soon mistress of herself and the situation. The peasant girl can never quite become the lady, no matter what may be her later environment, but in Peggy was a strain of the old Southern aristocracy of her mother's family, which, though it had been latent through the girl's earlier years, made her responsive and easily adaptable to the new and more luxurious ways of living.

The girl became a favorite in Mrs. Bryant's set. It was not a set whose movements were recorded in the social

columns of the papers, though some of the men who made merry with them were men whose names were prominent in civic and business circles. They were mostly young men, and unmarried, and if they laughed loud and long and drank deep of the bubbling wines and had light loves before the real woman and wife came into their lives, it was considered but the due of their youth. And if the other women who sat with Allie Bryant and Peggy at the gay parties were but sleek and pampered bits of beauty and frailty, it was because the iridescent humming bird has equal place with the sober wren in Nature's general scheme of things. But it was dangerous ground for innocence and virtue and for those who would retain either

Peggy was naïve and ingenuous and frankly pleased or perplexed with things as they came along. These traits, with her fresh beauty and daintiness, were a source of delight to all. And if, as on one occasion, she made them laugh gloriously it was excusable. Cocktails were being served and she asked for a "dry Martini" because Allie had done so. But the first taste of the pungent mixture to her unaccustomed throat had almost strangled her.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed when she could get her breath. "Please let me have a wet one; the dry ones are too strong!"

A MONTH rolled by, and then another, swiftly, almost happily. Almost, but not quite. To Allie Bryant time passed as it should; the nights crowded with excitement, the days till afternoon spent in rest and recuperation. Clever and adroit, she thought to manage things so that Peggy would have no inkling of her more intimate affairs; would be unsuspicious of visitors who spent the night at the house "because it's so late and we have lots of room."

But Peggy was not deceived; there was no reason why

"No use trying to get out," was his quiet reply to her disturbed glance. "You're here, so sit down and let us talk things over"

she should be, and her nature rebelled against her surroundings. The jokes and comments of the gay parties were too often risqué and almost always unconventional. And the men she met were too often overbold in their remarks, insulting in their manner. That she lived with Allie Bryant was apparent indication of her status; that she shrank from too friendly overtures added piquancy to what might be merely a novel and rather pleasing manner of coquetry. That she was trying to live a virtuous life among most unfavorable conditions and circumstances was, probably, never considered.

She felt, instinctively, that everyone knew her past; that some Jap Smith had pursued her even here and was telling her secret. She realized that while she made her home with Mrs. Bryant she would be considered as being of Allie's class.

The promise of assistance in finding employment had been deferred again and again on one pretext or another. Mrs. Bryant was more than kind, in her way, but it was a dangerous way. All that made for physical comfort was given freely, lavishly, and never by suggestion or otherwise was Peggy advised as to her course of conduct; she was left a "free agent," as had been promised. Sometimes she wondered if the woman was not playing a waiting game.

ONE afternoon there was a caller at the house; a man prominent in the political affairs of the city and state. His name was Dickman, and he spent lavishly on an income of generous proportions but of dubious origin. Immaculately dressed, polished in speech, urbane of manner, he might have passed as a successful lawyer.

He had met Peggy several times at various gatherings and had been politely persistent in efforts to gain her favor. But the girl centered her interest on no one met under such circumstances and, (*Continued on page* 76)

Dickman gave a short laugh of satisfaction . . . The curtains rustled . . . and a man approached with quick, but cat-like steps

Miss Sherlock Holmes

She Began Her Career a Frightened Girl in a Closet—Now

A THEORY is an excellent thing—when it works. I have a theory that success lies largely in finding the groove into which one was intended to fit. That found, with a reasonable amount of effort to keep going, one should attain success.

My Aunt Phoebe used to say, with a sort of mournful satisfaction, "Well, anyway, Sara Ellen has had every advantage, and the *best* education."

And this was Aunt Phoebe's idea of advantage and education: I had been given piano lessons until I acquired a parlor repertoire with fair success, and I had been sent to the most expensive and exclusive private school that our small mid-western city could boast of. I knew a very little French, mostly "picked up," for I never really studied. I knew quite a little of English and literature, for which I had a natural taste. But I knew no mathematics, history or chemistry, which required work and study. And as for geography! To this day I could not tell you with any feeling of certainty whether Timbuctoo might not be the capital city of Canada!

But I had a lovely parchment diploma! If a girl weren't promoted regularly, a parent might withdraw her from the school, and as that meant financial loss, you may depend upon it that we were promoted.

AND so, at nineteen, I found myself with a diploma in my hand, nothing in my head, and with the prospect of nothing in my stomach very soon. My father was no longer young. He had lost his health, then his position, and finally his courage and faith in himself. Father went to a hospital; at last, and then Aunt Phoebe went to live with another brother, leaving me in the care of Providence! I went to a boarding-house. For the truth had come out: We had no money. We had been living for years up to the last cent of father's salary. Nothing had been laid by, and the rainy day had come upon us.

I went out to hunt for work. Work! What did I know about it? I scarcely knew how to spell it, let alone find it or do it when found.

I invented experience readily enough, and so obtained a position as salesgirl in the children's hat department of a drygoods store. But outfitting whole families with wash hats at ninety-eight cents apiece, and Sunday straws at anywhere from two dollars up, and figuring up the sales-slips, were too much for me. I knew no arithmetic! I was discharged. I had had two weeks work at twelve dollars per week, and had to find something else right away.

NEXT I got a job in the window-shade department of another emporium, but after I had dropped off into day-dreams repeatedly, and had neglected customers outrageously, the buyer of the department told me that he was not "running a rest cure," and urged me to go home and never come back. I was convinced, after that, that my vocation was not in the field of department store clerking.

But what was I to do?

I knew nothing about a typewriter, and shorthand might have been Egyptian hieroglyphics for anything I knew to the contrary.

The money I had earned had just paid my father's hospital bill with something like a couple of dollars left over. Meantime, my own board bill stood unpaid, and my landlady was becoming quite strenuously urgent.

Then, one day Success came to me. Opportunity had not knocked at my door. I realized that I must go to her. But I could not seem to find out where she dwelt.

I was spending my last fifteen cents. I recall that I had bought oyster soup and crackers, and was wondering what I would eat for supper, or rather, whether I would eat at all.

AND then two men came in and took seats near me. It was in one of those "armchair" lunch rooms. They were so near I couldn't help overhearing their conversation. One of them said:

"That's the very detective agency, over there, across the street." I turned my head a little and saw in a second floor window: "Routh's Secret Service Agency."

"And to think," went on the speaker, "that they lost the case! I always said that if they'd put a woman operative on the case, they'd have got the goods."

"A woman!" said the other. "Do they use women in such cases?"

"Certainly they do! A good, clever woman, with an eye for detail could have cleaned up! Old Routh admitted it, but he said he didn't have a young enough woman he could trust on the case. Women are so sentimental! Shame they lost the case. . . ." There was more said, but I didn't hear it. I choked down the last oyster, paid my check, and went out into the brisk autumn air, trying to tell myself that I had not lost my mind, that anything could be done if one tried, and so on.

Then I tucked up my hair, set my hat at its most businesslike angle, and went up the stairs across the way.

THERE was a boy in the outer office. I had met office boys before. I told him I must see Mr. Routh on business.

"Watcha biznuss?" said he.

"Very personal and private," I replied, trying to look like an injured wife about to hire a detective to trail my faithless spouse. "I must see Mr. Routh personally, and at once."

The youth disappeared. After a time he came back and said, "Wanta hire a detectuf?"

"I do *not* want to transact my business with you, young man," said I, swallowing my heart again, and looking stern. "I can seek some other firm if Mr. Routh is too busily engaged to see me."

"Wait a minnit!" said the youth, disappearing rapidly, and reappearing even more rapidly to usher me into the presence of Mr. Routh.

HE was a short, fat man, not thickset, somehow, but puffy and white, pasty and bloodless-looking—"loose-hung together," as my Aunt Phoebe would have said. I did not like him; I was tempted to turn away, but something told me he was to be the keeper of the doorway to my success.

"Well, young lady," he began, eyeing me unfavorably, "what can I do for you?" I was so obviously nineteen; and what could a girl of nineteen want with a detective?

"I want work!" I answered, almost vehemently. "Work as an operative of your agency. I understand you employ women operatives."

"A job you want!" Routh fairly roared. "Well, of all

the nerve, and you got in, all the way to me! What do I hire that office boy for? You want a job? Who sent you here? What experience have you had?"

"Nobody sent me here. I saw your sign and came up. I've had no experience, but I want the job. I can do anything—anything I'm told to do. And I'm young, but I can be trusted. That ought to count for something."

He looked at me keenly for a moment, then: "You've been reading novels," he said contemptuously. "Say, what makes you think you could be a detective, anyway?" I could see that the interview was coming to an end. He was about to press the button to call the boy to dismiss me.

So I gathered up my remnants of courage and answered him.

"I've an eye like a camera! I've a memory like a dictaphone! I never miss the smallest detail. I forget nothing, and I need money badly enough to do *anything* honest to get it."

He didn't press the button. He leaned over and looked closely at me. Then he thought a moment.

"Listen here, kid," he observed at length, "you talk good! I've got a client coming in here, due about now. See that door? That leads to a private office. You go in there and wait till I call you. Maybe I'll take you on."

I got up and walked into the other room.

I SHALL never forget it. It wasn't really an office. It was a sort of junk and storeroom. To be sure, there were a desk and swivel chair there, but they were laden with undisturbed dust. There were old paint cans, a decrepit hat-tree, with an old, dust-gray raincoat hanging from one branch; a discarded umbrella, an old electric battery, and on the wall hung a dusty picture—the old whiskey advertisement of "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky." I took it all in in a glance, and then the door shut behind me with a little click that told me I was locked in. I began to feel the chill of fear. Then I took hold of myself firmly. Either I would get out of here all right—or I wouldn't. And being afraid wouldn't help any. I sat down on the dusty chair, gritted my chattering teeth, said over the Ninety-first Psalm about being delivered "from the snare of the fowler," and awaited developments.

Some hundred years later—seven minutes, to be exact, by the wall clock in the outer office—there was a rattling of the lock on the door, and Routh's command to "come on in."

"Sit down!" said he, when I was back in his office. "You say you got an eye like a camera," he chuckled. "Well, what did you see in that room, for instance?"

I told him.

"Were you scared when I locked you in?"

"Yes," I told him. "There's no use lying."

"Well," he replied, "all I got to say is—you didn't act scared. You got a good line of bluff, and the gift of gab and personality and pep! Kid, I'll take you on. You'll work by the case at first, so much for every case where you make good. And if you prove up as good as you talk up—well, I'll take you on the regular payroll."

I DO not remember the trip out of that office distinctly at all. I was walking on clouds! It was a little past noon, and he sent me out on an assignment at once.

I was to go to a certain small hotel in the suburbs of the town, engage a room, and keep watch until I could see a certain man. I was to find out the number of his room, its position on the corridor, and whether or not he shared his room with any other person. If he did, I was to find out, if possible, who his roommate was.

I got the information and returned to the agency by seven that evening. I was paid five dollars and my carfare and my engagement was assured.

It wasn't work to me. It never was, even when I worked as a scrubwoman in an office building while operating on one case. Ten dollars a day was good pay for a scrubwoman.

I NEVER failed in but one case, and that was not in any way my fault, but due to the blunder of another operative, who gave me away.

I had found my groove, and with little effort, I slipped along, up and up, to success. After awhile, I was put in charge of other women operatives on the staff. Routh's Agency operated all over our state, not merely in our one small city, and I had many big cases in other places.

And at last, with a reputation built up, I came to New York and after a time, with one of the agencies here, went into business for myself.

I am married now—perhaps that is the greatest success of all.

But that's another story.

Where's Your Life Story?

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TRUE STORY'S editors are not swayed by the past success or even by the literary equipment of those who submit manuscripts to the magazine. Most of the stories that appear in its pages are probably the maiden efforts at writing of those who tell them. It does not even insist that manuscripts be typewritten, although this *does* insure prompt and thorough consideration of a story.

REMEMBER, also, TRUE STORY'S Prize Contests. February first was the closing date of the most recent one. Results will be announced soon. All except one of the five One Hundred Dollar prizes have already been awarded. Watch for the big Five Hundred Dollar prize for the best story of all.

The Contest has provided incentive for the writing of a host of remarkable life stories, and has furnished TRUE STORY'S editors a broader diversity of human documents than ever before submitted to them.

Please bear in mind, that those who read TRUE STORY manuscripts are not governed by the celebrity or even the craftsmanship of the writers of the life stories they pass upon.

TRUE STORY is a magazine you may get something out of, not only by *reading* but by *writing*.

"Fired!"

The $100 Prize True Story for May

"EXCEPT for disguising names, firms, lines of business, and for a slight change of locale to protect a man's reputation, this story is TRUE in every particular," writes the author of "Fired!" . . . "I could if my informants would permit it show readers of TRUE STORY proof positive."—

But you'll see, ere you finish the first page, why the story wins the $100 monthly prize in TRUE STORY'S $1000 contest.

Proving Once More That a Man May Be Down But He's Never Out

"THEN—then—you mean that—that I'm fired?" stammered Raymond Charles Forsyth, sales manager of the Sunburst Silk Mills, Inc., his face turning whiter than his immaculate collar.

At this the head, neck and ears of Michael G. Toole, the latest of a succession of eleven general managers with which the Sunburst Mills had been inflicted within the past twelve years, became even redder than the mahogany desk at which he was seated. He fingered his fountain pen which he had taken from his vest pocket and seemed at an utter loss for words. Finally, apparently not finding the words he sought he assumed an air half apologetic half nonchalant.

"We have no fault to find with your work, Mr. Forsyth. Really, we marvel at the great amount of work you have been able to do and the universal satisfaction that you have given, but as I said a moment ago we have carefully considered everything and have decided that we will at the end of the month arrange to put a new and older man in your place."

"But, may I not ask, why I am fired?"

"But, may I not ask, why I am fired? . . . As for my youth, what does that matter? Has anyone complained of me?"

FORSYTH in his righteous anger drew himself up until he seemed inches taller than his every-day five feet two.

"If my work is satisfactory and you have nothing against me, why am I fired? As for my youth, what does that matter? Has anyone complained of me? Didn't I sell the exclusive Silk Shops of Atlanta last month without losing the trade of Levy-Cohn & Company, the big department store there? Did you know that the order which the Levy store gave me was the largest individual order ever placed for Sunburst Silks?" The questions came in a veritable flood. Then, with his courage returning, he got a better grip on his feelings, and without waiting for the general manager, who seemed decidedly uncomfortable, to reply, he went on. "Don't you think, after my showing, that it would be only fair to tell me what the real reason for discharging me is? Might there not be some mistake or misunderstanding? You say 'we have decided,' may I not at least ask to whom you refer as 'we'?"

WHETHER it was to avoid answering the several questions or because he was actually offended, it was hard to tell; but, at any rate, Mr. Toole arose, and very coldly asked:

"In what shape are things in the sales department? How soon can you turn it over to your assistant to handle until the new sales manager arrives?"

Now Raymond Forsyth came from the South, from the land where people are said to think and act slowly, but certainly this was not true of him.

"I shall be ready to leave within an hour," was his instantaneous answer. "It is now four o'clock."

Then, with what was perhaps an over-courteous bow, he returned to his own private office. Quickly he slipped into a brief case some private papers from his desk, called his stenographer and in almost normal tones dictated two or three letters on matters which had come up during his recent absence which no one else had been able to take care of.

TRUE to his estimate, promptly as the whistles of the factory, adjacent to the office building, blew the hour of five, Ray Forsyth put on his hat and walked out of the front door of the Sunburst Silk Mills, Inc., a discharged employee. It was the first time he had ever been fired, a novel experience in his fourteen years of business life during which period he had worked for a half dozen concerns—always discharging his duties faithfully, and with intense interest.

The Sunburst Silks had, during the three years of his régime as sales manager, more than trebled their sales, only a small portion of the increase coming as a result of the war.

Before joining the Sunburst organization six years before as assistant sales manager, Forsyth had been, successively, sales manager of the Hamilton Hardware & Stove Company at Piqua, division manager of sales for the Bubbles Breakfast Food Company of Battle Creek, and salesman for the predecessor of the latter company.

Fighting to restrain his feelings, Ray told what little there was to tell to the woman he had hoped shortly to make his wife

Despite his slight stature—he was barely five feet two, thin of frame, small of build—he had thus proved his ability to all with whom he came in contact after having successfully sold cereals, stoves and silks.

The Sunburst's fiscal year had closed a short time before, the last reports of the sales department had been audited and turned over to Mr. Toole, the general manager, just before Ray, following his usual custom, had left for his mid-winter vacation.

It was general talk among the employees of the Sunburst offices, at that time, that Ray was slated for a big increase in salary effective at the end of the first month of the new fiscal year, and it was also understood rather generally that the traveling force of nearly one hundred salesmen would be considerably augmented.

AS Forsyth, with that supreme control of the body which comes from consciousness of accomplishment, firm of step, and clear of eye, had walked into Toole's office that afternoon and cordially but not effusively, shook hands with the latest of general managers, had he been expecting what did happen he might have noted a tremor in the general manager's tones. In fact, it was so noticeable in the first words spoken following the greeting that Forsyth attributed it to the pleasure of Mr. Toole at seeing him again. This thought had remained but a moment or two, for it became more and more evident as the two talked that the general manager had an exceedingly distasteful job to do and that he wanted to get it over with just as quickly as possible. Those thoughts came to Forsyth's mind as he went forth from the offices later that afternoon.

Like so many plants located in small and out-of-the-way places, the Sunburst Mills were not owned by local capital but largely by New York bankers and it was no secret that Michael G. Toole had been appointed to his position by that vaguely defined clique controlling the Sunburst contemptuously called "the New York bunch" by at least one local business man.

"Toole was a fool . . . I ordered him to fire you without cause. I knew if he did it he was not the man I wanted . . . Now I am rehiring you"

TO the natives of the quiet little Pennsylvania village of Sunnyside, where the Sunburst Mills were located, the coming and going of new general managers, as well as other prominent executives, was nothing to become excited over. The plant had been there for twenty-odd years and keenly analytical Stephen Callaway, the town's leading banker who boasted he did not and would not have a dollar's worth of Sunburst stock, though it was then paying over twelve per cent dividends regularly, figured it out that more than ninety important executives had come and gone in that period.

Mr. Callaway was in the habit of saying testily: "No good man could ever have been employed at the Sunburst for all of them failed after a short period of time." Once, some months before, he had even gone so far as to call a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce and make an eloquent speech calling for funds with which to buy out the New York interests of the Sunburst and "relieve the city of the ever-changing string of executives coming to that plant."

RAY FORSYTH, though not a native of Sunnyside, albeit he was schooled to sudden changes at the Sunburst Mills, had somehow never figured that these changes would ever affect him personally. Now that the blow had struck it took him some time to adjust himself. However, no one could have detected even a ripple of disturbance on his quiet face that night when he and Miss Jane Callaway, the only daughter of the afore-mentioned banker, sauntered down the main street of Sunnyside for the movies. They had been talking the usual small-talk when Forsyth suddenly remarked in the most casual manner:

"By the way, Jane, I was fired today!"

"You are joking, Ray Forsyth," scolded the girl.

"No, honest Injun, cross my heart, hope to die," he countered, laughing a bit strainedly.

Then realizing that he was in earnest, sensing with true womanly intuition behind his attempt to appear cheerful how deeply he had really been hurt, Jane lost all interest in the latest screen-play of "the most marvelous matinée idol of moviedom" and suddenly developed a headache which necessitated their retracing their steps to the Callaway home.

Neither of them spoke about the incident again until they were safely seated in the big, dimly-lighted living-room. Then, in low sweet tones, as a mother croons to its child the girl spoke:

"NOW, Ray, dear, tell me all about it."

Fighting to restrain his feelings, Ray told what little there was to tell to the woman he had hoped shortly to make his wife. "The worst thing about it, Jane," he ended, "is that this probably means an indefinite postponement of our marriage. Your father objected anyway, said there never was a good executive at the Sun-

burst, you know, and this will be like a proof to him that he was right."

The girl knew that this was true, but she couldn't give up her dearest hopes so easily. She insisted it would come out all right and begged him not to lose heart. And so, later that night, when he was alone in his room once more he mentally vowed that nothing short of a better job than the one he had lost would do for his future.

WHILE Sunnyside was a rather large manufacturing center, the biggest plant of the city was the Sunburst Mills, which did an annual business almost as large as any six of the other plants put together. As Forsyth had surmised, it took but a few 'phone calls the next morning to determine definitely that there was no other connection in Sunnyside which was sufficiently important to interest him.

In the three years Ray Forsyth had lived in Sunnyside he had made more friends than ever before; and here he had learned what it was to love and be loved by a beautiful woman. In his work too, he had tasted for the first time the sweet sense of leadership that the big piece of work he was doing gave him. All this made it very hard for him to take the necessary plunge now and go elsewhere to find new work.

As he passed through the first morning without a definite job to go to, a peculiar feeling of uneasiness and unrest came over him.

THEN recalling the fine spirit shown by his sweetheart the evening before, remembering how she had said "Ray, I do not want to break with either Dad or Mother, and will not unless it is necessary, but I mean to be your wife if you want me, whether it is now or later, and to go where you go even though you move up to the Esquimaux or down to the Equator," he squared his shoulders; and even though small of stature, one looking at him at the moment would have admitted there was force of character behind that small frame.

"Only a little upstart that made a temporary success through the effects of the war," said Stephen Callaway when he heard of Forsyth's having been fired. "I have always told you, Jane," he continued, "that sooner or later this young bubble of a fellow would blow up. And, as you see, he has blown up even sooner than I expected. He'll probably hang around here for months and eventually land in a small clerkship in one of the other mills; or he will be galloping off in a few days to one of the Sunburst's competitors where they will keep him long enough to learn the secrets of the sales department of the Sunburst and then—he will be job hunting again."

"BUT, Dad, dear," replied Jane who was quite familiar with her father's objections to Ray as a sweetheart and knew how best to handle him, "suppose—just suppose Ray doesn't 'blow-up' as you put it. Suppose he gets another job and a big one and makes good on it. Oh, Daddy-dear, would you admit then that he is worthy of becoming—well—a son-in-law?" (*Continued on page* 94)

The quaintest wedding present that the popular young couple received was an autographed photograph of Wilson R. Steele

Suzanne of the Studios

SUZANNE LESTER always knew she was pretty—so did Wally Prince, son of the richest man in her town. She accepts Wally's attentions despite the objection of Barry Morton, for whom she has a real affection. Leaving home to meet Wally Prince in the city, and to seek fame and fortune in the photo-play studio, she sends him away when he disillusions her as to his motives. She learns that screen success is not a simple matter, but at length makes her way to California where she meets Jimmy Snell, an unprincipled director. He vows to master her one way or another. One day while working on a play she is gagged and carried off by two men into the mountains.

Her Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

THE men took turns in carrying me, and for at least an hour they went on. Then, at last I was carried into a dilapidated hut and placed on a rude couch. The gag was not removed from my mouth nor the cords from my arms and legs.

It was still light enough to see objects about me, and I studied the faces of the men, trying to determine from their expressions what their intentions toward me were. They, on their part, stood over me and smiled as they evidently discussed me with each other; and it was quite plain that, whatever else they might have felt, there was no compassion in them.

On the other hand they made no movement to indicate their intention to harm me in any way. This, while relieving me for the moment, rather increased my uneasiness than allayed it. Presently they sat down in the open doorway and began to smoke cigarettes while they conversed in Spanish.

It did not take me long to decide that they were probably waiting for someone, who could hardly be any other than the person for whom they had carried me off.

WHEN the light faded, one of the men lighted a lamp that stood on a table, and then resumed his seat by the doorway. I don't know how long I lay there, but I know complete darkness had fallen when I heard footsteps near the hut. The men rose and went to meet the newcomer. I heard low voices and the sound of metal clinking. I knew at once that the men were being paid for their work, and that my real captor had come.

I turned my head so that I could watch the door, and waited in an agony of apprehension. I had not long to wait. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. The

"You may scream for help, but none will come" . . . I don't know how I had courage in that awful moment to repulse him, for I had no hope of succor

figure of a man came through the doorway and entered within the circle of light. I saw him indistinctly, but knew in an instant who he was—Jimmy Snell!

He was the one person who had been in the back of my mind all the time. I had instinctively known that my old enemy was at the root of this. But if my abductor had been some inhuman monster of fiction I could not have felt such a complete loss of hope as when I realized that I was actually in the power of Jimmy Snell. The mere fact that he had resorted to such a means to obtain my person proved, more than anything else could have done, the implacability of his determination.

HE came close to the couch and looked down into my staring eyes. If I had felt hopeless and terrified before, the expression of his face served to confirm me in my worst fears. It was not a triumphant and evilly-smiling face I looked into, but a set and terrible one. I knew that what he had set out to do he would do. If I had been of the fainting kind I would have fainted then.

"Yes," he said somberly, "It is Jimmy Snell. I told you you should be mine, and now you are. I want you to know how completely you are mine before I remove your gag. No one knows where you are; no one is even thinking about you; no one will think about you till the morning is well advanced. Do you realize that?" He gave me a sickening smile.

"I'm here, Sue," a voice roared . . . and the next instant . . . the man leaped into the room and caught Jimmy Snell by the throat and shook him as if he had been a rag doll

My eyes wide with terror, I made a slight movement with my head to indicate understanding. It was perfectly true. Whether by his contrivance or not, I had lived in such a way that no one would bother about me till morning was well advanced.

"I want you to fully understand," he went on in a low tone. "The first time I saw you you attracted me and I meant to have you. I thought I would get you by the easy way of seduction. You repulsed me. I liked you better for it. I found I loved you. I put you in the way of Harker. I thought if you yielded to him, you were not the girl I wanted. You resisted him, and I knew you were the one girl I would marry. I offered you marriage and you refused. Now once again, I offer you marriage. Will you be my wife?"

I ONLY stared at him. He bent over and removed the gag from my mouth so that I might answer him, saying, "You may scream for help, but none will come. Will you be my wife?"

I don't know how I had the courage in that awful moment to repulse him, for I had no hope of succor.

"No," I replied, "I will never marry you. I hate you."

"Very well," he said, "I will give you one hour to think it over in. At midnight there will be a priest here to marry us. By that time you will be willing to marry me. I think you understand what I mean."

Yes, I understood all his terrible meaning.

MINE was a soul-racking situation. I realized it better and more poignantly than I can possibly convey it in words. I knew how implacably determined Jimmy Snell was. I knew that he had deliberately burned his bridges behind him, and that he would now go on to the bitter end without mercy for me.

He stood looking down at me as if expecting some word from me; but I had no words; I was plunged into the deepest depths of a silent despair. I stared up at him speechless. He turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You have an hour," he said, taking out his watch and looking at it. "I will wait outside."

He left me alone, and I lay there trying to compose my thoughts. Should I call him and say I would marry him, or should I fight to the last? Should I let him do his worst and then at the first opportunity kill myself?

It may seem as if it were easy to decide, but of those who read this story I am sure one-half would say one thing and the other half the other; but how many, in my position, could have decided at all?

BY and by, as the minutes sped away, and the desperate moment for decision came nearer, my distracted mind cleared and I began to weigh one consideration against another, while through all my thoughts ran a thread of anguished memory.

I thought of my mother and of my failure to appreciate her love and care; I thought of the security and happiness of the home I had so lightly left; but most of all I thought of Barry, of what a pillar of strength and dependence he was, of the love and devotion he had given me, of how much I loved him.

Barry was lost to me, of that I was sure, and yet my mind continually turned to him. If only he knew what a strait I was in! How he would move heaven and earth to rescue me. Ah, if!

I can see now how much I must have grown and developed in the days since I had thrown away his love to take up with Wally. I had long since known how unworthy and contemptible Wally was, and I had learned to appreciate and to love Barry; but I think I was only conscious in that terrible hour of how, at the bottom of my consciousness, was contempt for the girl I had been.

I had respected and admired Barry, I had even loved him, as much as such a child as I could feel that divine passion; and yet had been willing to marry Wally for his wealth alone; for him I had neither respect nor admiration, and certainly had not loved.

Now, with a fate worse than death facing me, I was actually telling myself that under no circumstances could I consent to marry this man who held me in his power, because I did not love him and never could. Yes, in that awful time, I could consider love as an essential to marriage; I who had been willing to turn from a man I loved because he was poor, to marry a man I did not love, because he was rich.

Yes, I had grown. I did not think of that then, however; my whole conscious thought was on my problem. Would I save my honor by marrying him and thus legalizing his possession of me? Or was a girl's honor less a physical than a spiritual and moral thing? Had I a right to choose between dishonor and death on the one hand and such honor as a legal marriage would leave me? Was there any choice for me? I was helplessly in his power. He said I must choose between the two things. It was no choice — dishonor lay in either direction.

MORE and more my decision hardened. I did not minimize the horror of the situation; no splitting of hairs, no righteous determination, no self-assurance of the purity of my own conduct could blind me to the degradation that would follow my refusal to marry him. To myself I would be unclean, to the world if it knew I would be impure; and if there should come a child I would be an outcast. Nevertheless, when I saw Jimmy Snell enter the doorway and knew the hour of grace had expired, my mind was made up. He might do his worst. Death should be the door of my escape from the misunderstanding of the world. And if anyone thinks it was an easy decision to make, let him consider that I was not yet eighteen, filled

Barry and I were married quietly, and we picked out one of the sweetest little bungalows that ever was built

with the love of life, overflowing with a passionate love for a man I might never see again, and all aquiver with the shame and horror of my threatened fate.

"WELL," demanded Jimmy Snell, looking down at me with the smouldering fires of passion in his eyes, "the hour is up. What is your decision?"

I believe he thought I would yield and marry him. I think it was inconceivable to him that any girl could make more than one decision under the circumstances.

"I will not marry you," I said.

He was taken back, as I could see; but he recovered himself in a moment and set his jaws. "You know the alternative?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you think I will relent?" he queried.

"I have no hope of anything so decent from you."

"I didn't expect to win. Here's the check" . . . "For the Lord's sake!" he gasped, "my wife's rich"

"For God's sake!" he almost yelled, "what do you hope to gain by your obstinacy?"

"I shall retain my self-respect," I answered with trembling lips; "and I warn you that if you do this awful thing to me, still I will not marry you. And if you do not kill me to close my lips, I will find the man I love, and he will hunt you through the world wherever you may hide, and punish you for your terrible crime. But oh, Jimmy Snell!" I wailed, suddenly breaking, "if there is one spark of manhood in your breast, if there is one tiny throb of love for me in your heart, don't bring such shame and degradation on me."

"SHUT up!" he yelled with sudden passion. "I will not listen to you. My mind is made up. You can save your honor by marrying me. Do this, Suzanne, darling," he pleaded, changing his tone. "I do not like to harm you. I want you for my wife. I will make you happy. Don't you see that you must marry me if I dishonor you; it will be your only way."

"I can die," I answered in as firm a tone as I could command. I was near the breaking point.

"Death is not so easy," he cried in the old, implacable tone. "You will find it so. You persist in your choice?"

"Yes," I breathed, and shut my eyes.

But suddenly I was conscious that the light had been put out, and I opened my eyes and stared into the darkened room.

I SHUT my eyes then. I could hear the heavy breathing of the man, and I could conceive him standing by the table steeling himself to his awful purpose. A moan of horror broke from my lips.

"Change your mind, Suzanne!" came from him in a hoarse whisper.

"No, no," I panted. I was so keyed up, however, that I hardly knew what I was saying.

To describe the state of my mind would be impossible. It seems to me that I suffered then all that it was possible to suffer of terror and shame and helpless maidenhood in dire peril.

At last I gathered strength to scream in sheer agony, but no sound came. I was paralyzed by fear. My whole body was wrapped in numbness.

THERE were a few moments of awful silence; then I heard his steps as he crossed the short distance between us. I tried to shrink away from him, but was stopped by the wall. It seemed (*Continued on page* 90)

Little Pal

Man's Noblest Sacrifice Oft Begins Where Civilization's Frontier Ends

IT was early in March when they came down the trail. The thaw had not yet set in, but in the dark watches of the night I could hear the dismal wail of winds and a crashing screaming—that told me that the ice in Cathorn Lake was breaking.

It was one of those days when all heaven looks angry. Gray clouds lower and rise and winds howl mournfully around the corner of the cabin, and one feels that one would like to be nearer civilization.

I had stuck pretty close to the fire all day, glad to be under cover, and along about four o'clock I decided to gather wood for the night and next day. I was utterly miserable and alone, for I had kicked the sneaking little half-breed cook out and sent him on his way for his stealing. And I tell you, it's not a pleasant thing to be alone on the east shore of the Cathorn when the snow is waist deep on the level and piled cabin-high in the drifts.

I WAS looking down the trail, wishing with all my soul that I was back in New York, with lights and music and people, when my heart gave a sudden leap of thankfulness—a man was coming in my direction. I would hear, at last, the sound of a human voice! I half started down the trail to meet the dog sledge, but I remembered the code of the north, and stepped back, waiting, rather impatiently I admit, for the stranger to hail me.

He was just a little man, five feet one perhaps, certainly not more, and he looked smaller as he waded through the snow behind the sledge. I admired the dogged set of his body straining against the wind. I liked the determined way he put his feet down, and, as he came nearer, the grim expression, showing a wonderful spirit of determination—a great courage shut up in his small frame. As he drew nearer, I stepped outside and he called me.

"Quick, Comrade, he is dying."

I STOOD still in sheer astonishment. The request was uttered in the most beautiful voice I have ever heard. Clear as crystal, yet deep and vibrant and full of life.

For a moment I stood with open mouth and then I remembered the significance of the call and sprang forward to help.

By this time the little man was uncovering a body in the sledge. I helped him get the heavy rugs off, and again my surprise made me stand still. The man in the sledge was almost a giant. Every limb, every feature spoke of the strength of a superman. We got him into the house, and worked for some time trying to bring a spark of life back into the big form. It seemed almost hopeless, so after a time, I told the Little Fellow to make himself at home and use everything he needed while I put the dogs up for the night.

Together we managed to undress the half-frozen body and get him into my bed. Then began the . . . race for a life

WHEN I returned the big man was still unconscious and the Little Fellow working like mad over him. I went to work again, determined that if human power could save that man he would live. Together we managed to undress the half-frozen body and get him into my bed. Then began the last lap in the race for a life. I knew nothing of first aid, but I had once seen a drowned man restored and I used the same methods. I rubbed and beat every inch of that big body with my hands, and I worked his stiffened arms and legs until the perspiration rolled from me in streams, and at last I got my reward. There was a shivering sigh, a gasp and his eyelids fluttered open. His breath came in little sobbing jerks and I had

Through the long evenings we three would sit by the fireside . . . often I teased the Little Fellow because he would not join us in a glass of brandy. Big Bill never teased—never insisted

to bend close down to catch the whispered words he uttered.

"Where's Little Bill?"

"Here, Big Bill, always," answered the Little Fellow. He had heard the whisper too.

"I knew you'd be here, Little Bill." The big man smiled a crooked smile and closed his frost-bitten eyes. I saw the Little Fellow tuck the covers closer around the big suffering breast. He lifted the big lion-like head and straightened the pillow, then he came over to me.

"If you'll show me where to find things I'll get some supper. I'm awful hungry."

TOGETHER we prepared food and talked. The Little Fellow spoke perfect English and knew Broadway like a book. He knew people I knew and places I knew and I was almost childishly glad to have him sitting across the table from me. He was a dandy little pal.

"We came down from Rizpah, you know," he said at last. "Big Bill had to come away."

That was all. The Little Fellow did not tell me why the man had to come away, and I did not ask. I liked the Little Fellow, and the big man was ill. My house was theirs until such a time as they wanted to go. That is the code of the north.

"It's all right, Little Fellow," I said, "will you share Big Bill's bed, or mine?"

"I guess I'll bunk with Bill. He might want me in the night."

So began my friendship with Big Bill and the Little Fellow.

BIG BILL grew well rapidly and as he regained strength he displayed a humor, a sort of good-fellowship that endeared him to me more than any man I had ever known. Through the long evenings we three would sit by the fireside and tell stories or play cards. Big Bill and I smoked pipeful after pipeful of good black shag before turning in, and often I teased the Little Fellow because he would not join us in a glass of brandy. Big Bill never teased—never insisted, never offered the Little Fellow a drink.

Sometimes in the evening Big Bill would put his arm

There was a spurt of flame, a deafening crash, and Big Bill rolled over on the floor . . . the Little Fellow jerked the hot poker from the fire

about the shoulders of the Little Fellow and ask, "satisfied, Little Bill?"

"Yes, Big Bill," the answer would come, "and happy."

I wondered many times just what it meant. I wondered at the friendship, almost devotion, that held those two men together. They were so absolutely different. I wondered, but I always put the thought away. If they did not want to tell me about themselves, then I did not want to know. I loved the Little Fellow, and the big man was my friend. Nothing else mattered.

As the days grew longer and the spring breakup set in, I noticed that Big Bill became restless. He was almost well again and I knew he would soon tell me he must go. How I dreaded the time when they would leave. How I wished that I might persuade the Little Fellow to stay. But I knew that Big Bill came first with him, and that he would, of course, go.

Then one night something happened that decided me.

I came in a little early, and washed up outside. Suddenly I stood up, every nerve in my body quivering. Inside the cabin the Little Fellow was getting supper, and as he rattled the dishes he sang. His voice was as tenderly sweet as a woman's, as he poured forth the melody.

"Sing me to sleep and let me rest,
Of all the world I love you best."

My thoughts went back for a moment to one night, many summers ago, when I last heard that song. There was a girl back in the States—blue eyes and tender mouth, who used to sing like that! How I had loved to hear her! How I had loved her! Then we quarreled, as lovers do, and I had come away. I had found the gold in the north, and I had found a sort of satisfaction, but the gold of her hair and the gold of her voice I had lost. The Little Fellow had brought it back with his song—and I knew I could not let him go without a struggle The big man and the Little Fellow would have to stay—I *would* persuade them.

That night I outlined my plan to Big Bill while the Little Fellow sat near and listened.

My claim would yield three times as much, if three people would work together; and I would split even on whatever was found, provided the claim remained on file in my name.

"Little Bill's the boss," said the man solemnly, "what he says goes."

I looked at the Little Fellow almost wistfully I guess. I think he understood how lonely I was.

"I'd like to stay, Big Bill," he said, simply.

"All right, we'll stay, pard," and Big Bill slapped his knee while my heart beat time to "Yankee Doodle."

We signed no contracts, nor took an oath. But we

three shook hands to bind the bargain, and in the north, that is the highest law.

AFTER that we worked the claim together. Big Bill and I broke about even on the gains all day, but the Little Fellow found gold. He always got the right diggings. It was he who found the greatest number of the little golden pebbles, and at the last it was he who found the big vein, the vein I never thought existed, and he always laughed happily, like a child, and shared his finds. We always divided in three parts—one for Big Bill, one for me and one for the Little Fellow.

And yet, it was always the Little Fellow who laid his pick away first. He cooked the grub and kept the cabin clean. It seemed natural for him to do these things while Big Bill and I cut the wood and carried the water. And through the long day, when work was the first thought in our minds, the Little Fellow would sing.

On one of my trips to Glenloe I bought a guitar, and it was something worth seeing to see the Little Fellow fondle the box. His hands were very, very gentle as he plucked at the strings, and there was a suggestion of tears in his eyes.

Sometimes at night, when we were tired out, we would sit on the bench outside the door. Bill and I would smoke in silence, while the Little Fellow carried us back home with his songs.

I NEVER ceased to wonder at the strength, the vitality stored up in that little body, and with it all was a gentleness, a tenderness only found in women. It was the Little Fellow who fed the Malamutes, grown restive and vicious from inactivity. It was the Little Fellow who bound up and tended the broken foot of a little rabbit we found in the traps. And as I watched him fondle the crushed hurt body, murmuring little throaty sounds, I thought of Betty and sighed.

It was the Little Fellow who spoke oftenest of things I'd nearly forgotten. Of God and the never lessening wonder of creation. Yet the Little Fellow did not preach. He lived! He did not talk much, but when he spoke Big Bill and I listened. He was clean and square and generous. And—a fighter.

I have since met men from all parts, men of all kinds and creeds, but I am glad, most of all, to have known the Little Fellow.

SUMMER in the north does not last long, and this particular summer went faster than usual. Big Bill, the Little Fellow and I had worked hard and we had watched our stacks of small, heavy "boodle-bags" grow daily. We had nearly fifty pounds or so apiece of the pure stuff, but none of us seemed inclined to pull stakes. On the other hand none of us were money mad. I have heard men talk of the gold craze. But one thing is certain: None of us had caught it. We worked for the joy of the working, content to be together.

Now, when I get to thinking about that time, I am very grateful for it. There was a friendship, a sort of love between us three that made all of life seem good.

Fall came on almost unexpectedly that year, with a little flurry of snow and a crisp, sharp wind with the smell of cedar broken off in the forest and the tang of ripe chestnuts all through it. The Malamutes whined in a sort of quivering, delighted snort, and I felt the blood rushing along in my veins and my whole being filled up with an ecstasy that only comes with the autumn in the north.

One day Big Bill discovered that we were short of rations, and the Little Fellow prepared to go to the Longhouse next day for supplies. It seemed that it was always the Little Fellow who went for the grub. Big Bill and I sidestepped that trip to Rizpah every time we possibly could. I for one hated to think about going in. But this time I felt curiously averse to sending the Little Fellow. When he had taken the furs and the skins that we had worked into shape and started off, I started to call him back. Something told me to go in his stead, but I shrugged my shoulders and turned back into the cabin. I was forever worrying about the Little Fellow, and Big Bill was forever telling me that I was a fool, that Little Bill could take care of himself. So this time I shut my mouth and said nothing. Would to God I had followed that one impulse and had made the Little Fellow stay at home.

WE had not expected the Little Fellow back that night, and Big Bill and I were just getting ready to turn in when we heard him outside. We went out and helped unload the boxes. Then we wanted the news from Rizpah, but the Little Fellow was silent. I looked at Big Bill, and found him white and trembling.

"He is coming, Little Bill?"

The Little Fellow nodded.

"When, Little Bill?"

"I don't know—any time."

"You'll not go back, Little Bill?" (*Continued on page* 86)

I took him into my arms and tried to revive him. He was so strangely, beautifully delicate. It made my heart ache

An Experiment in Love

Superman and Superwoman May Meet, and Yet Not Mate

HARRY had acted impulsively in assuming his tramp disguise. If he had given the matter more reflection he would have seen that that was the worst thing he could have done. But he was at his home station before he realized what a mistake he had made; and then it was too late to rectify it.

He jumped quickly out of the car and crept away into the fields nearby, so conscious of his own identity in the midst of the familiar surroundings that it was not until he had been passed by three old acquaintances without recognition that he felt a real assurance in the completeness of his disguise.

He went straight to Ruth's schoolhouse. And when he saw the familiar little red building his heart began to throb altogether in the old way; and when he came near enough to hear the hum of voices coming through the open windows, it seemed impossible that he was not to see Ruth now as formerly. He could not fix Elizabeth in the picture at all, and was sure that when he reached the schoolhouse he would find that if not Ruth, certainly not Elizabeth would be sitting in the little chair on the teacher's platform.

THE sound of voices was hushed as he came near the schoolhouse, and when he was where he could peer through one of the windows he saw the scholars all sitting in rapt attention, while the well-known voice of Elizabeth broke the silence.

"I don't know how you feel, but I can't stand this any longer. Don't you agree with me that it would be a great deal pleasanter to be out-of-doors just now than in here?"

"Yes, ma'am," came in a thundering roar from the scholars.

"Evidently," thought Harry, in amazement, "Beth has her own ideas about teaching school." He moved his position so as to be able to see her, and was hardly able to suppress an audible outbreak of mingled surprise and approval. Elizabeth, with the courage of her convictions, was in bloomers. The scholars were manifestly accustomed to the sight of her thus arrayed, for their faces expressed no surprise, though they did express unbounded admiration. Just then Beth caught sight of the man at the window.

"Jack Pilcher," she said calmly, "tell that dirty-faced gentleman at the window that it is time for him to move on."

Harry moved hurriedly away, but had not gone much past the door when the boys came trooping out, shouting and laughing as boys do when they are set free from school.

HARRY had meant to get away from the vicinity of the school in order better to pursue his inquiries, but it happened that one of the smaller boys who ran past him, in curiosity, was one of whom Ruth had been especially fond. On the impulse of the moment, Harry spoke to him. The boy wheeled instantly.

"Say!" he said, maintaining his character of tramp, "got a new teacher, ain't ye?"

"Uh-huh!" assented the boy.

"What's 'come of the other one?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"I guess that's none o' your business," said another voice; and Harry turned to see that the other scholars had gathered, and that Ben Lewis, one of the older boys, was glowering at him.

"I was only asking a civil question," Harry answered. The big boy, finding the tramp so meek, grew bolder and approached him, squaring his shoulders and saying:

"Well, we don't like questions from tramps. What d'you know about the teachers, anyhow?"

Meanwhile one of the younger boys reported to Elizabeth that the tramp had inquired for Miss Warner.

"Miss Warner!" cried Elizabeth. "Here! stop! I want to speak to that man, Ben."

BEN, strong in the conviction that Elizabeth was irresistible, ran in front of Harry and barred the way. Harry wavered between the temptation to push the boy aside and run and the consciousness that he might easily spoil his chances of learning anything about Ruth by taking to flight and so arousing suspicion against himself.

He decided to risk recognition, and so he turned toward Elizabeth and awaited her coming.

"What did he want to know about, Ben?" she asked, approaching with that air of serenity which belongs with conscious strength.

"He was pryin' around to know somethin' about Miss Warner," answered Ben.

"I wasn't doin' no pryin'," said Harry, roughly. "I jest asked a civil question. I been around here afore, an' I seen a little teacher in there and now she ain't here, that's all."

"When were you about here before?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, a while ago; I don't know when jest ezackly. But I got to git along, now."

"Yes, but not that way," said Elizabeth, with decision. "I want you to go with me. Children, school is dismissed for the day. Watch him boys, while I go and put on my skirt."

NO sooner had she turned her back than Harry thrust out his hand and pushed Ben aside, swept a passage through the other boys with the other hand, and sprang forward. The boys afterward said that it was as if an iron arm attached to a steam-engine had moved upon them, so absolutely irresistible was it.

Beth turned at the cry from the boys, and saw the tramp fleeing down the road. Congratulating herself that she had not yet donned her hampering skirt she started in

HARRY THORNE'S father tried to make a superman of him through education and athletics. He believed he had succeeded, too. Then he went a long step further and chose a superwife for his son—and succeeded again, so he thought. But dispassionate science was not destined to control fate quite so readily. For when Harry met Ruth Warner, who knew but little of eugenics and race building but believed that Love was the real foundation for marriage, things began to happen. Harry's father's business is threatened by business rivals. Both Ruth and Harry believe that several tramps who have made attacks upon the girl are really the tools of Mr. Thorne's enemies and that they are guilty of destroying the Thorne factories by fire. In the course of his discussions with Ruth over this and other matters, Harry finds himself in love. To cure him of his folly Mr. Thorne gives Harry the job of tracing the criminals in New York, and then persuades Ruth to give up his son. Harry, alarmed at not having word from Ruth, goes home in tramp disguise to look into her whereabouts.

pursuit. In a few moments she had passed the scattering line of boys, and was presently overtaking the tramp, just as she had confidently expected to do. After a few minutes of running, however, she became conscious that she was no longer overtaking the fleeing tramp. She now studied his form—that is, his running form—and saw that he was moving along with the ease and speed of a practiced sprinter.

Instantly the thought flashed into her brain that her first suspicion of the man must be correct. He was not what he had seemed. He certainly was not an ordinary tramp.

SHE did not give up the race because she was being outrun, however, but with her usual coolness considered the situation. It was plain that she was not going to be able to overtake the man, but she knew that she could keep near him, whatever pace he was able to keep up, and she had no doubt that if he kept to the road he would soon be met by somebody, driving or walking. He should find her a most difficult person to get away from.

Harry, looking back occasionally, saw her fall into a dogged pace, which he knew she could keep up by the hour, and comprehended what her purpose was. But he had already thought of the possibility of someone meeting them, and had decided to take to the fields and woods the moment he came to a place favorable to the purpose. As a matter of fact, the running was doing him good, giving him a clearer brain and putting him in a better mood. He began to recall all he knew of Elizabeth, remembered her unfailing serenity and her judicial fairness. It was true that he had no choice but to trust her, but he was able to realize that he had only to make out his case to win her silence.

WHEN they were well in the depths of the woods, and the boys were not in sight nor in hearing, he stopped, breathing deeply, but manifestly not exhausted, and, to Elizabeth's indignation, with a broad grin on his face. She stopped, too.

"You might as well give in," she said. "I shall not let you out of my sight until help comes." Then, studying him intently, "You are disguised, and will have to explain yourself."

"How do you know I'm disguised?"

"I know a tramp could never run as you have done."

Harry dropped his assumed tone and spoke naturally.

"You are quite right about the disguise, Beth. I am Harry."

"Harry?"

"Yes. I am here to find out something about Ruth Warner. You must know how I feel toward her since you are taking her place in the school."

"Oh, Harry!" She was too matter of fact to grasp at once the reason for his disguise.

"I think you and father have been unfair to me in some way. I hope you will explain. I cannot imagine you engaged in anything underhanded, Beth, and, I'm sorry, but this looks a little like it."

"Does it? Maybe it does. Yes, I suppose it does. Hm! I don't know what to say, Harry. I haven't anything to do with the affair, really. I guess you'll have to ask your father."

"You won't tell me why you are teaching school in Ruth's place? Can't you see that I must be horribly troubled? I suppose it is useless to appeal to you on the ground of my love for Ruth; you can't understand such a sentiment, of course. But, surely, it is only fair to tell me why you are teaching in Ruth's place?"

"Somebody had to take her place when she went away. I volunteered."

"Here come some of those boys. Let us meet them and send them away, unless you mean to refuse to give me the information I seek."

THE noise of the approaching boys could be heard as they entered the woods, panting and crying out for Miss Mowbray.

"I don't know what you expect me to tell you," Elizabeth said, "but I want to talk with you. Suppose you go home with me."

"No. I won't do that; it is not necessary. I came here to find out why Ruth did not answer my letters. If you won't tell me I shall go elsewhere. I assure you I shall not give up trying until I know what has happened to Ruth—not even if my inquiring leads to a rupture with my father."

"Let us walk back together," she said, soberly. "I will send the boys away, telling them I made a mistake. It seems very strange to find you in a mood like this."

They came upon the excited boys now, and Beth sent them quietly, and a little disappointed, away. When they were alone again Harry began:

"You know that I love Ruth? You have admitted as much. I know that father is mixed up in this matter, and I see that you are. Will you tell me why Ruth went away so suddenly? Will you tell me where she is?"

"You say you love her? Yes, I knew you thought so. Do you mean to say, too, that you will spoil the beautiful experiment we were to make? You know, Harry, that is what I can't understand in you. There may never be such another opportunity to bring a perfect child into this world; and I do wonder at you in turning aside from it. I can't say anything about love, but I can say I don't see what it has to do with such an experiment as the one we were engaged in. Just imagine if we had a daughter born to the physical beauty and strength which we have! Would she not have been the most magnificent object lesson to a foolish, convention-ridden world? Why—"

"Oh, Beth! You make me tired! I wonder that I once was a victim to the same absurd notion. I would not marry Ruth unless she were fit to be a mother; but to be fit it is not necessary that she should be an athlete like you. And, anyhow, I must be the judge of my own responsibilities. Will you tell me her address? I believe you know it."

"I do not."

HARRY was silent for a few moments, then said, soberly, but with an air of unalterable determination:

"Very well! I will see father and will tell him that I shall permit nothing to come between me and the woman I love. It is a dreadful thing to have to do, but it is my right to go my way without interference."

"You won't go to your father, Harry?" Elizabeth said, anxiously. No one knew better than she what such an interview might lead to.

"Yes. He has been unfair to me. I do not know what he may have said to Ruth in order to get her to go away, but I am sure, now, that she did not go willingly."

"If you go to your father, Harry, you may bring about a rupture that will separate you forever. You say a great deal about love, Harry; have you no love for your father?"

"Surely I have; but neither (*Continued on page* 84)

"WHEN I found myself left with a little child to care for," said Harry's father, "I began to study the whole subject of reproduction and child-rearing; and so I came to realize how criminally ignorant I had been before, and how steeped in similar ignorance most of the world was . . . . Then it was that I devoted my life and Harry's to a regeneration of the world."

Coral's Little Romance

Its Setting Was Commonplace, But It Closed With a Tremendous Scene

SOME lives seem predestined to be lived in the shadows, despite the popular fallacy to the effect that all men have apportioned to them an even balance of sunshine and shadow, happiness and sorrow.

I am going to tell you of a life lived in the shadows, with but one great glare of light crossing it, illuminating it—a pure, dazzling white light, a little blinding in its intensity—I mean the light of a great love.

Coral Sanderson was not pretty, that is, not according to present-day standards. She was a slight little thing with two large, dark, luminous eyes, a mouth inclined to droop with a touch of pathos, a pale skin—pale almost to transparency—and the straight, slim figure of a boy. Her one concession to prevailing fashion was her thick black bobbed hair, which waved just enough to make a barber's iron unnecessary.

For a brief instant her face was suffused, glorified with the pure joy of finding herself in Granville Pierce's arms

Barber's iron, did I say? As though Coral Sanderson could afford a barber's iron, could afford a masseuse, plucked eyebrows and other feminine extravagances. Coral was poor, bitterly, hopelessly, sordidly poor; had always been for that matter. Time was, when she had lived better though, because the saloon certainly brought in for the large Sanderson family a more lucrative revenue than did the restaurant business, substituted after the advent of prohibition.

IT was a cheap little restaurant which Jules Sanderson ran; a restaurant of "smelly" boiled dinners; thick white dishes; tables covered with cracked oil cloth; a retaurant which obviously catered to the "lower classes."

At twenty the brunt of the whole business fell upon Coral. Her father was lazy, shiftless, the best years of his life had been given over to the saloon. That was more of a life, anyway. One could stand behind a bar and mix drinks and visit and fight and swap lies and exercise one's authority—one's prestige; it was like being a king in one's own realm.

But this other—this restaurant was a pretty flat, insipid affair; a sad come down, in fact, such an utter drop that Jules Sanderson made no attempt to adjust himself, or to rise, or drop, as it were, to the occasion. Rather he settled into complacent middle-age and the burden of the business which must naturally fall upon somebody, fell upon the slightly stooped shoulders of Coral, because she was the oldest child.

EVEN her mother could not help any, however willing she might have been. For there were the children—always a crying baby since Coral could remember, and others, like steps—too many of them, altogether too many.

Coral went to school until she was fifteen, then stopped to help her mother with the work. This everlasting round of taking care of "colicky" babies and washing dishes lasted until she was nearly twenty when prohibition becoming an established fact, she was transferred from the home kitchen to that of the restaurant—a dark little elf-like figure who darted about nervously from early morning until late at night, clearing and setting tables, washing dishes, cooking and planning meals. Sometimes her father played at cashier; sometimes, if in a particularly amiable humor, even peeled potatoes and cleaned vegetables for her and the yellow "Chink" who helped in the kitchen.

It was in such an atmosphere that Granville Pierce dis-

covered her. I say discovered advisedly, for Granville Pierce was always discovering people. He either discovered them and they interested him or he did not see them at all, and Coral he was destined to discover.

It was early winter—too early for the wet sticky snow which had insisted upon falling since twilight, and clung to the telegraph wires and the clothes, but melted swiftly on the sidewalks—a snow which presaged the long cold winter ahead.

Granville brushed a nervous hand across his shoulder and shook the snow from his soft Stetson hat before entering the cheap little Sanderson restaurant.

Coral stood back of the "counter," engaged for the moment in counting the day's proceeds. He sat down upon a stool opposite her. She slipped the handful of coins and two bills back into the register drawer and gave him her undivided attention.

"Have you a menu card?" he asked in his pleasant, well-modulated voice, his keen blue eyes appraising her idly as he spoke.

SHE shook her head. "No—everybody who comes in here knows just what they want an' just how much they got to spend on it."

Granville laughed. "I see. Well, I want a cup of good strong coffee and a roast-beef sandwich."

"We don't have roast-beef exceptin' Saturdays an' Wednesdays. I can give you an egg sandwich."

He smiled. "All right, make it an egg sandwich then."

She disappeared and gave the order to the sleepy Chinaman in the kitchen. Presently, she returned.

"Would you be mad if I asked you somethin'?" she demanded on a sudden surprising impulse, for Coral was not naturally given to impulsiveness.

Granville shook his head. "You may ask me anything you want to from my grandmother's maiden name to the size of my bank account."

Coral glanced about furtively to be sure her father was not within earshot. "Well, you're so swell, what'd you come to a cheap place like this for anyhow?"

GRANVILLE laughed, displaying his even white teeth and Coral compared him mentally with the men she usually served. He was the exact antithesis of the coarse, unkempt men who ordinarily sat on the revolving stools opposite her or leaned heavily over the white oil-cloth tables and ate noisily, finding their knives the most convenient tool for conveying food to the mouth. Yes, this man was different, he was clean-cut and handsome; he had a well-shaped head, high forehead, serious, determined mouth; keen blue eyes which looked straight at you; dark hair, almost as dark as Coral's own, touched a little with gray.

"Why did I come here?" he repeated, "Miss—"

"Sanderson. My name's Coral Sanderson."

"Coral—that's rather pretty. Someday I shall bring

"I've brought you a little gift to remember me by." To remember him by! As if she needed anything to remember him by

you a string of coral beads to wear or perhaps a coral ring or—"

"Cut that!" It came sharply, reprovingly, a command not to be ignored.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sanderson. I really meant no offense. And I'm not likely to bring the beads right away. You see the reason I came to your little restaurant tonight was, to be perfectly frank, because I didn't have money enough to dine elsewhere."

"YOU look like a million dollars," she volunteered, sliding down from her high stool and bringing him the sandwich and coffee.

"All is not gold that glitters. I may make a noise like a bank account, but believe me, my dear little girl, I am dead, flat broke!"

"Little girl," she scoffed.

"Well, aren't you?"

"I'm twenty."

"Oh, I say—no. You look about fifteen—twenty—Impossible!"

"Well, my idea on it ought to be a little better than yours." Then, for the first time, she smiled engagingly, "Honest Injun, I'm twenty!"

"You needn't take an oath on it. I'll believe you. May I have some sugar?"

"Oh—I forgot. We keep it hid." She brought it swiftly from its place of refuge underneath the lunch counter. "Some of the customers pinch it if we give 'em a chance."

"I promise sacredly not to pinch any," Granville said, dropping a spoonful into his coffee and returning the heavy white sugar bowl to her.

"Oh, you—you're different!"

That was the whole thing in a nutshell. Granville was different.

HE developed a habit of dropping into the restaurant every evening around nine o'clock for his sandwich and coffee until unconsciously Coral looked forward to his coming as the one bright, interesting event in a hopelessly dull, inane day. They chatted together; sometimes until midnight; Granville always courteous, deferential, Coral vivacious, eager to listen, anxious to learn. One night he spoke to her of his work. She it was, however, who had broached the subject.

"If you're up against it, why don't you lay off this easy life stuff and go to work?"

"My dear little lady, I do work—all day and half the night."

"What?"

"I'm a playwright."

"A what?"

"A playwright. I write plays—dramas."

"Oh, I get you. Well, why don't you work at it?"

"I do. Only my last one went against the wall and I didn't have enough ready cash to tide me over until the one I'm working on is completed."

"Oh!" It was said a little contemptuously. Coral's ideal was a man who not only (*Continued on page* 81)

He whipped out a revolver and fired directly at Granville Pierce. Pierce . . . mechanically reached out his arms to catch Coral Sanderson as she dropped before him

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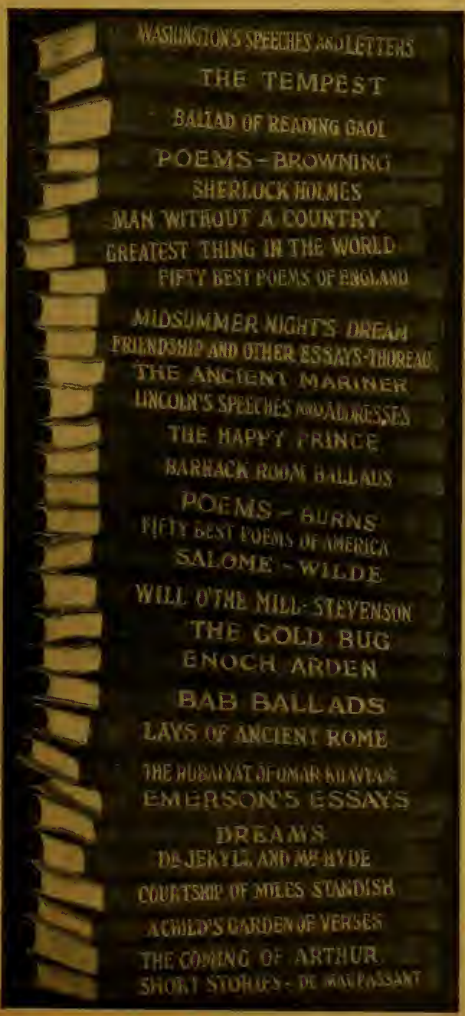

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Noblesse Oblige

(*Continued from page* 29)

him, and laying out some clean clothes.

"Baas," he said, and smiled.

"I'll change in the morning," said Stanhope. "Look around and see if there are any unlocked doors or windows, Ahmed, and see that the windows are barred; then look after the horses. We'll camp in this one room and close up the rest of the house."

"It is an order!"

Again Stanhope crossed to the window. With his glasses, he could make out faint fires down-river. Suddenly, he heard distant shots being fired. His trained ears told him that there were two kinds: The heavy booming of black powder—those were the old-fashioned pieces of the natives—and the crack of smokeless, high-powered ammunition. Stanhope's lip curled. "Some of those bush-whacking Germans," he muttered, "having a regular little holiday with their friends—dancing, feasting, firing guns in the air and everything!" The firing died away, and again the silence of the African veldt predominated.

SUDDENLY, a cry came to his ears—a scream—and his startled nerves let the pipe drop to the floor.

"The Lord God!" he muttered, springing to his feet. "Am I dreaming? Was that a woman's scream? White?"

He listened intently, every nerve and faculty tense, but no sound came to him. He relaxed, smiling ruefully. "A touch of sun," he told himself. "I'm imagining things. Yet I could have sworn—" He bit his lip. "Imagination! What would a white woman be doing out on the plains—here?"

An hour, two hours, went by. The tom-toms were audible again. Somewhere out on the dim veldt there was a sound that irritated him; a moaning murmur. He listened intently. "Hyenas," he muttered.

He listened again, holding his breath. It came again, a low moaning. His eyes narrowed. His right hand fastened on the handle of his heavy Browning. Slowly he rose to his feet and tip-toed to the open, barred window. Again it came; sobs, moans, faint and heart-breaking.

Stanhope cautiously opened the door and stepped out into the night. Every muscle and sense now alert, he paused to locate the sounds; then, with infinite caution, the big Browning in his right hand, he stole like a shadow out in the direction of the sound.

A FEW minutes later, bearing his burden, he kicked the door wide open.

"Ahmed!" he called.

From the far side of the house, where the horses were tied, a murmur answered him.

"Ahmed!" he shouted again. "Quick! A light!"

A shadowy figure suddenly loomed in the doorway. He picked his way carefully in the darkness to his bed, and there, with the help of Ahmed, put down his burden.

"Baas?" questioned the Arab servant.

"A light, quick!" commanded Stanhope.

The low moaning continued from the sufferer on the bed, and an exclamation escaped the Arab.

"But they will see," he whispered, "the Masai—"

Stanhope cut him short.

"We'll chance that! Close and bar all the south windows!"

In the flickering, weak light of the oil lamp, the Arab knelt by the bedside.

"Baas!" he exclaimed. "It is a white woman!"

"Yes, a white woman," repeated Stanhope, bewildered. "Where in God's name could she have come from!"

AHMED, everything forgotten, was bending over the body. There was blood on her face and throat and breast; her clothes were disarranged and torn. Swiftly the Arab ran his long, sensitive fingers over every bone and joint, relapsing, in his excitement, into his hissing Arabic.

"No bones are broken, Baas," he said, at length, and continued his examination rapidly.

Stanhope silently watched the intelligent searching of Ahmed's supple hands. He glanced at the face, and was aware that it was one of great beauty, despite the blood clots and the ragged scratches. He was utterly bewildered. Where on earth had she come from? Who was she? Could one imagine a stranger place to find a young girl—alone, on the African veldt at night—apparently a victim of the savage Masai? How had she escaped? A thousand questions bulleted across his mind with startling rapidity.

Ahmed turned, his face distorted with a peculiar expression, his eyes dumbly searching his master's.

"Baas," he whispered, "there is—there will be a toto!'

"What!" exclaimed Stanhope, aghast. "A child?"

The Arab nodded. A cold hand clutched at Stanhope's heart. He was stiff with horror.

"The white ma'am will die," continued Ahmed. "I know not what to do, Baas."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Stanhope. "Do the best you can! You have some skill—use it! I'll help you as much as I can! I'm useless in such an emergency."

He suddenly turned and examined the windows, leaving Ahmed to do what he could. The Arab had a crude medical skill, picked up Heaven knows where or how, and Stanhope was thankful for it now.

"The medicine box and water, Baas," called Ahmed.

STANHOPE quickly brought the emergency kit, a pail of water, and knowing how grave the situation was, arranged the one lamp so it had the least chance of being seen by anyone on the outside. He barred the windows, and grimly resolved to give the savages a warm reception if they came.

(*Continued on page* 70)

STOP ABUSING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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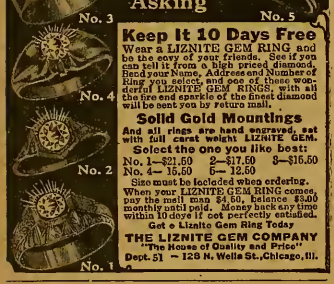

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(*Continued from page 68*)

It was a long night of horror to both of them. They worked as if possessed. Stanhope's heart melted at the sufferer's low moaning, and his hands clinched with the white man's wrath when the girl's piercing screams shattered the silence. Ahmed worked like a demon, administering to the tortured woman, Stanhope for once obeying his servant without question.

Once, toward morning, they heard several lions roar grandly. The sounds seemed quite near.

Ahmed lifted his weary eyes to his master.

"Simba has had a feast," he whispered. "He only roars like that when he is full fed."

Stanhope nodded.

The dawn finally came. Stanhope ventured to open the windows and swiftly reconnoitred. Evidently the savages knew nothing of their presence. No sounds came from their camp. When he returned, Ahmed had bathed the sufferer, and had given her temporary relief by the aid of drugs from the medicine kit. She slept quietly.

"THE worst is over," said Ahmed. "The girl will live." The indefatigable Arab began to arrange the disordered room.

"But—the child? Did you not say—"

"Not yet—and it is good," was the answer.

It was Ahmed who broke the silence that followed.

"The Masai, Baas?" he asked.

"No sign yet, Ahmed," replied Stanhope, wearily. Then: "Ahmed."

"Baas!"

"It can be no other way, Ahmed. There can be no rest today."

The Arab nodded, understandingly.

"The soldiers at Wakamba?"

"Yes, and swiftly!"

"Ahmed will be there before the sun is overhead!"

"Take my horse," directed Stanhope. "Only the swiftest will do. Make haste, but also use caution. I shall be here, waiting."

In an incredibly short time Ahmed had made some food ready for both of them, had instructed Stanhope what to do with the unconscious sufferer, had saddled his horse and was gone.

Then began a morning of torture for Stanhope. He was fearful of an attack by the Masai because of this white woman, thrust so unexpectedly under his protection.

THE drugged sufferer slept peacefully, and for this he was very thankful. His eyes were anguished, but he fought sleep with a dogged persistence that conquered, but left him with dark circles under his eyes. He dared not sleep.

He walked over to the bedside and watched the girl as she lay calmly sleeping.

There was no denying the beauty of the girl's indescribable patrician delicacy of feature, crowned by a glory of spun gold. She was very young, that was evident. As she slept calmly under the influence of the drug, she seemed hardly more than a child.

The mystery of her presence confounded Stanhope. While he stood watching her and speculating as to her identity, the girl suddenly opened her eyes and looked directly into his. They were big, blue eyes, with the shade of Parma violets in them. There was no surprise or question in her regard.

"Please be very quiet," he said in a low voice. "You have been very sick, and you were hurt. But you are all right now—if you'll be quiet and rest—and I—ah—we'll take good care of you."

SHE turned to look at him more directly, and regarded him with the wide-eyed look of a child, then she smiled.

"Is there anything you want?" continued Stanhope, ill at ease. "I'll get it for you—coffee?—tea? Would you like to have me get in touch with your friends or relatives?"

She still smiled, watching him with calm eyes. "Water," she said faintly.

He wheeled instantly on his errand. Her calm, untroubled eyes and the faint smile worried him. Perhaps it was the drug. Perhaps when it wore off she would be able to give him some explanation that would account for her plight and her presence.

She drank the water he offered and fell quickly asleep once more. He moistened a fresh handkerchief with water and put it on her head; brought more water into the house, found himself something to eat, and then sat smoking, watching her continually, while his keen ears were intent for any sounds outside that might threaten them.

TOWARDS noon, she opened her eyes again and regarded him.

"I'm sick," she whimpered in a weak voice.

Stanhope's heart leaped with despair. He felt utterly helpless.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Just keep quiet. You'll be all right. Is there anything I can get you? Anything you want? Water?"

Big tears collected in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. After a moment, she smiled again, wanly.

"Who are you?" she questioned weakly.

"Allen Stanhope," he smiled. "Would you mind telling me who you are?"

She regarded him with the same blank smile; then the weary lids dropped again. She made no answer. Again she slept.

Stanhope watched her for a minute, motionless, then, seeing that she was evidently resting quietly, he soundlessly made his way to the window. A faint sound caught his attention: Hollow, dim, monotonous. Tom-toms! They were at it again! Instantly he stepped to his rifles and looked them over. He tried several before loading them, and the click of the bolts woke the girl.

She smiled to him again, faintly, and he smiled back. Evidently the gun he held meant nothing to her. After a moment or two, she closed her eyes again.

He stole softly from window to window, but there was no sign of human beings anywhere. Returning to the bedside, he glanced at the girl. She was asleep.

Again he fell to speculating as to her

identity. It is not every day that one finds a young white girl, alone, on the borders of the German East African frontier.

Several times during the day he saw some one of the black men creeping near. But though his nerves could never relax one moment, nothing more happened.

SLOWLY the sun sank, and the intense heat of the day waned. He made a hasty meal, smoked his pipe, and tirelessly paced to and fro, from window to window, watching. A sound suddenly arrested him. The muscles of his jaw tensed. Again came the faint monotone of the tom-toms. He had lost! That meant that the war dance was on again! that they had decided against him; Probably they would attack tonight. He set his teeth tightly. Where was Ahmed? Where were the Queen's Rifles? Had Ahmed reached them with his call for help, or had Ahmed been stopped? He caught his breath. If help did not come, it was all over. He could account for a few, but eventually . . . .

He watched the girl as she slept. A grim smile swept his lean features. She would never fall into their hands, that much was certain!

Slowly darkness crept over the land. Through the hazy dusk far sounds came to him, again and again. "Shots!" he muttered. He came to his feet. Again came the shots, faint, far-away, scarcely audible—then silence.

"The soldiers or Ahmed," he told himself. "Pray God it is both."

"But," he reflected, "the soldiers can not move so swiftly. Who could it have been?" What tragedy of the wilderness had been punctuated by those distant shots in the night? But for the woman, whose presence tied him hand and foot to the Mission, he would have gone out immediately to ascertain; as it was, he sat tense, conjecturing, every nerve taut with suspense.

AN hour went by. It was dark now, and the plains were the playgrounds of Simba, the lion. Stanhope lit no lamp, but sat smoking and listening to the noises of the African night. Around the house, in the trees somewhere, a cuckoo called in a queer gurgle; a chattering of disturbed Colobus monkeys followed as they settled for the night; from the river-bank came the moan of a lion; giant bats bulleted through the air.

A suspicious scratching galvanized Stanhope into instant action. Something was at the east window, tugging at the shutter. He crept to the window. Against the sky line, he made out the dim figure of a man.

A moment later he admitted Ahmed, spent and weary, caked with dirt and dust, an ugly cut on his forehead where the blood had scarce ceased to flow.

"They come, Baas—the soldiers," he gasped painfully, "as soon as the Askiris come from Topoji."

Continued in Next Issue
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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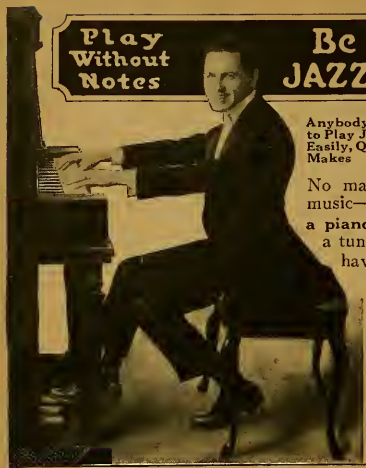

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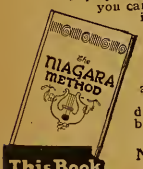

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Pearls and Orchids

(*Continued from page* 39)

brings an ache into our souls—it's like a call from far back. Then there is the music. Something in it seems to belong to us, to make us belong."

"But you?"

"I am a Kanaka woman now. I lost my little means of income after I left you. I could not leave the Islands, and I did not seem to care. I worked a while, not caring much for anything. Then I lost the place. Less and less I seemed to care. Oh, the erosion of the spirit is slow, but it is certain."

SHE clasped her hands about her knees. "Do you remember the helmsman who came in the outrigger that last day? . . . . . I saw him on the quays one night, when luck was very bad—money gone, food not to be had. No one on the mainland who cared, no one here, I thought. He questioned me, he seemed to think I intended to go to the sharks."

She smiled again musingly. "Educated? Of course. His brother is in your white man's Congress at Washington from this district. Can you understand, I wonder? He has given me care, tenderness, steadfast affection. And yonder boy—he has given me that, too. I am that rare thing in your white country, a beloved woman. And he is greater than I, for he is of a line of kings. His blood is older and purer than mine."

I recalled her former, earlier tale, the anguish, the enforced servitude her marriage brought upon her, the alien child.

"But now you labor, too? Tell me, the difference."

SHE spoke with deep content and assurance. "Writing Man, you will understand. Service, that is for love. Servitude, that is when one does not love. But see. Yonder comes *Huanahuana!* The Kanaka woman must go to her mate. It is tabu to linger here." She rose and stood beside her spiked hoe. "Remember, what other women lose or never find, I have!"

The superb brown body of *Huanahuana* was naked, as it had been on the day I first beheld him. His progress along the sand was the progress of Pontius of Rome. The slim grace of him, the set of the proud head, the cast of his patrician features, the innate pride of birth and race proclaimed him, even to my dull Occidental eyes, king by right of his perfection.

He stooped and flung the infant, to his shoulder. It reminded me of the Monolai child of the shipboard. Down the drying sand toward the thatched huts they went, the man's arm about the woman's waist. Against the marvelous blaze of the sunset, they seemed walking into the gate of some heavenly city.

The words of the ancient Hebrew song, written at about the time *Huanahuana's* ancestors were coming down the shores of time to trade with Solomon, came to my mind:

"Great floods shall not drown love, nor shall the waters of many seas quench it."

A Stage-Door Johnny's Memories

(*Continued from page* 21)

I am afraid I could not go too deeply into details concerning some of the wilder nights. I wonder now if I really enjoyed them—the time, for instance, when I spent several hundred dollars in the celebrated "Green Room" of a well-known Manhattan hostelry.

Magnum after magnum of wine was opened—principally at my expense. The last thing I remembered was seeing the première danseuse of a Broadway show essaying a toe dance on my table.

The walls of the "Green Room" were sound-proof, and the head waiter didn't seem to mind the revelry. He taxed me a hundred dollars for "breakage," however. Freddie Van Slyke, the only other "outsider," and I might add the only other spender, was also presented a nice little bill as a result of that little party. Throwing glasses at tungsten lamps was a favorite diversion of Freddie's as soon as the Burgundy commenced to flow freely.

A Johnny is regarded as lawful prey. "Get all you can from a Johnny, then mace him for móre," seems to be the slogan. At least, so it seemed to me.

A CERTAIN stage-doorman in New York received considerably more money from me, for a period of weeks, than he did from his regular employers. And then, by way of gratitude, he came within an ace of "beating me up."

It was this way: A new ingénue—she is playing leads now, so I won't give her name—had joined the cast of "The Frolickers." I afterward learned that this was her first professional experience, and that all the members of the company and the stage crew had been warned to "look out for Flora." She was a great favorite.

I sent her two notes and some flowers, and received no acknowledgement. When the run of the show had been firmly established, and all the hum-drum rehearsal work was over, I thought Flora might have some leisure time.

So I handed the doorman a note for Flora, and wrapped a twenty-dollar bill around it.

He clutched the bill, and read the name on the envelope, then turned and kicked the swinging door outward—and he kicked me outward, also.

"Take your dirty money, an' get the h—l out o' here!" he yelled. "You can't meet that girl."

He had yanked me by the collar in "persuading" me toward the door, and when I removed my collar that night, the crumpled twenty-dollar bill dropped on the floor.

NOW—on this nerve question: The Johnny is frequently cartooned as a weak-chinned, weak-kneed creature. Maybe some of them are, but the average Johnny is far from lacking in a courage of sorts. Now, how would you like to stand at a dressing-room door, your top hat in one hand and a bouquet in the other, with maybe half a dozen chorus girls glaring in your direction? A fellow in this position knows that he is considered a "sucker," but he is brave enough to stick it out. Also, I have seen a few of my confrères put up stiff fist fights when told to move on by police officers, or accused of being "mashers" by escorts of women.

Personally, I won the only real fight I ever walked into while I was a stage-door Johnny. I had taken the prima donna of a burlesque company to supper, after the performance. Dottie, when I suggested going to a big Broadway restaurant, surprised me by saying she'd rather drop in at D——'s. It was by no means a high-class place, and I didn't care much for it, but I gave in to Dottie's whim.

The waiter placed us at a corner table, and prepared to take our order. Dottie ordered a lobster Newburg, and as he wrote it down, the waiter made some cheap pun about a "lobster." It was quite a piece of slang in those days. He leered at me as he said it, and for a moment I thought over the situation—then, before he knew what was happening, I sprang up and landed on the point of his jaw, and he tottered. I then proceeded to depart as swiftly as possible with the aid of a handy taxi. And I learned later that my victim was Dottie's husband!

IT was shortly after that when I had one of my periods of introspection, and discovered just how purposeless a life I had been leading. I had been left stock in a little knitting mill in my home village, and in order to dispose of it, made a special trip to the old town. While there, I met the daughter of the secretary of the company operating the mill. We had gone to school together, a long time ago, and I was surprised to find that she had developed from a rather gawky spindly-legged kid into a sure-enough beauty. She had a real complexion, true-blue eyes, and was very different from the girls I'd been chasing. The first time I had really felt ashamed in several years was when she asked me what I had been doing since I left school. I asked myself the same question when I was alone that night. What, indeed? Law, medicine, business? No, more's the pity. I was—just a stage-door Johnny.

I told Helen that I had been engaged "in business," but I didn't explain what sort of business.

I didn't sell that stock, after all. We're married now, I'm in the knitting mill business, and we visit the local picture show three or four times a week. And I'm happy. My happiness is real, not forced or artificial. I never want to see a gloomy stage alley again. We've got a lusty three-year-old boy—John. The old life is gone forever, thank Heaven. Maybe young John will some day think of his dad as a colorless old codger who has never seen life. Maybe it's just as well. And if I can help it, he won't see it—at least not the kind that I did. There is not much in it.

The stage-door Johnny is rapidly passing. Even the term is becoming stale slang. I'd just as soon it would pass out of the language entirely, for, recalling some of my previous "good times," I'm afraid I wince every time I hear it.

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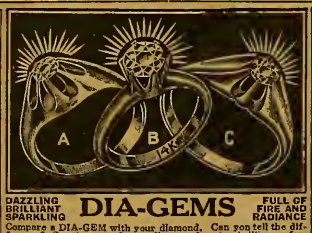

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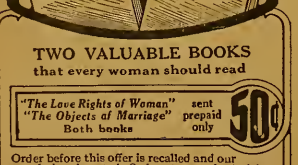

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Rosalie's Story

(*Continued from page 37*)

I hugged her and begged her not to be angry with me; and the prince, whose name was Mr. Brown, heaped her arms with parcels—peace offerings.

I began having glorious times. One Sunday we went on a picnic far out in the country, just Mr. Brown and I.

We stopped under some linden trees, and played Pioneers. The Pioneers gathered brush and wood, built a fire on some smooth stones and drank from the spring. I made a cup of my hands and we both drank from it. Then the prince took a basket from the car, and we unpacked cold roast fowl, lovely pink ham, delicious rolls, salad on lettuce leaves, cake and fruit. It was like the Arabian Nights.

He braided a grass ring for my finger and made me promise to call him by his first name, Blythe.

GOING home we passed the prettiest little road house with a swinging sign, GRETNA GREEN, on it. Blythe asked:

"You've heard of Gretna Green?"

"Oh, yes. It was in Scotland. People went there and said they were married; and they *were* married."

"Well, this is the American Gretna Green, and it is just the same way here."

I laughed at that, and told him I knew better. I was just the least bit afraid of him. His eyes were shining so, and he held my hands so tight he hurt me.

"Rosalie," he said in a low tone, "if you and I went to that Inn and signed our names in a book—*we would be married.*"

"Ah, no, I know better," I murmured.

"It would be what is called a common law marriage," he said earnestly. "But little Rose, if you love me and I love you, that's the true, the only true marriage."

"I want to go home," I said. "I want Sophy." So he took me home.

I found better work and saved up to buy lovely clothes. On a midsummer's night, when we were coming back from a drive—late, so late . . . upon the homeward trail. He had kissed me a hundred times that night. Oh, he didn't deceive me. I knew perfectly well that it was very wicked. But it was so hard to fight him away when I loved him so. And I had been fighting so long. Close to his heart he held me and we sped back as fast as we could go; but when we reached the Gretna Inn we stopped. I hung back, and I was crying but he kissed away my tears and almost carried me in. My arm was through his, and he wrote in the clerk's big book in a bold hand, "Mr. and Mrs. Blythe Brown."

NEXT day we went off on our heavenly honeymoon. When we came back I wore two rings, a diamond and a plain one.

Blythe knew how I loved the country so he was determined that I should live there. We found the old Wyndham house; a dear old brick house with a high wall and tall shadowing trees around it.

Two old ladies lived there; they were not rich although they owned the home. We took an apartment, and it was a dream. And Miss Wyndham and Miss Jane liked me.

Blythe came home every evening, rolling up on his velvet tires. Oh, I was too happy! There was but one sorrow in my life—that my marriage was only an American Gretna Green one—which was none at all.

Blythe and I lived on in a beautiful dream, all that winter. Once when we were driving in the park, we passed another car as fine as ours with a lady and a very pretty girl in it. Blythe bowed to them, but they only stared back at him rudely. After we had passed on he said to me:

"My mother and sister, dear."

And then I understood.

SPRING came, and then America entered the war. Blythe joined the army immediately. And it wasn't long before he came home one day with a splendid new uniform with a Captain's stripes, with the news that he was going over. I tried to be brave and I didn't tell him anything to make him anxious about me. The old ladies kissed me and said they were my aunties and promised Blythe to take very good care of me.

But I was very ill after he left, almost all the time. One day when I had been very ill, Miss Wyndham wrote to Blythe. She thought it was her duty after the Doctor told her I could not possibly live to see my little boy. But she said nothing about it to me.

I did not know either that Blythe had been terribly wounded and was to be sent home. So that one day, as I lay in bed in the extremity of pain and weakness, it was a complete surprise to see my soldier walk in. One arm was in a sling and he walked with a cane. I cried out with joy—and he came forward and wrapped me in his one arm and kissed me wildly.

"Oh, my poor little darling! My little angel!"—he almost seemed to be crying.

I LOOKED for him afterward, but he was gone. I thought I had just dreamed him. I was awfully weary of life. My soul seemed mounting up, and up, and up.

But I came partly back when my prince returned with a kind grave-faced gentleman. I felt Blythe take off my ring—the plain one—and later he put it back on my finger. I heard the grave gentleman say all sorts of things and then he went away. So did Blythe and then I fell asleep. I thought I died, but I didn't, of course.

It was some time before I was conscious of what was going on about me again. And not until then did I know that my marriage was no longer an old, common law thing but a real, legal one.

The day came when I could sit up in a chair with cushions at my back, and hold my own little Blythe Junior in my arms.

When I was strong enough, so the Doctor would permit it, Blythe's mother and sister came for a formal call, and though they were very nice to all of us after that, I did not ever care half as much for them as for my darling aunties.

And there is no more to tell, for we've all lived, oh, so happily ever after.

How I Ate A Pound A Day Off My Weight

An Amazing discovery in weight reduction, no starving, no medicines, no special foods, no course of baths, no exercises, no "mind cure."

"AREN'T you heavier than you used to be?" This would nearly always be the first remark I'd hear whenever I met an old friend or acquaintance. And they were right. No doubt about it, I was fast putting on weight to a noticeable extent.

At first I took it as a sure sign of vigorous health. I had always thought that the accumulation of fat was Nature's way of storing up health and energy—a sort of reserve to draw upon in time of need. So I revelled in my good fortune and felt genuinely sorry for my friends who were not so favored by Nature.

But soon my condition began to be serious. I was getting altogether too fat. My increasing stoutness began to be about all I could think of—it entirely occupied my mind. My friends began to mention it. I couldn't walk a block without puffing. My heart became affected.

I Gave Up Pleasures to No Avail

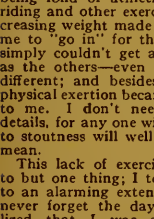
I had always led an active life, being fond of athletics, horseback riding and other exercises. My increasing weight made it difficult for me to "go in" for these things. I simply couldn't get around as fast as the others—even my walk was different; and besides any sort of physical exertion became unpleasant to me. I don't need to go into details, for any one with a tendency to stoutness will well know what I mean.

This lack of exercise could lead to but one thing; I took on weight to an alarming extent, and I shall never forget the day when I realized that I was slowing down mentally as well as physically. I lost interest in my work and all social affairs. Anything requiring exertion was passed up. Understand me, please, I am not trying to praise my former self and figure; I'm simply telling how my mental and physical powers and pleasure decreased as fat was increased.

Starving Only Made Things Worse

You can probably guess my next move—nearly every "fat" woman has taken it. I became a follower of the "simple life." I cut down on my diet—and felt hungry all the time. Then I took a course of baths. According to weights taken "before and after" the baths cut down my weight. But within a day or so the weight was back again. The baths had only a temporary effect. And it seemed to me that they were sapping my vitality.

Then I tried the plan of going without liquids; omitting certain food from my all-too-meager diet; of eating widely advertised "reducing foods," and finally of taking medicine.



By this time life had lost much of its joy for me. As my weight increased so did my distress. I simply had to do something. So I started to find out all I could about obesity. I questioned physicians, surgeons, army doctors, health specialists and a lot of women and men who were similarly afflicted. Soon I became a walking encyclopedia of weight reduction. But still I continued to put on weight.

Fat People Die Young

One day I experienced a shock. I was reading some health statistics by life insurance companies. These showed conclusively that in addition to causing mental and physical inefficiency fatness brings on a serious chain of illnesses, such as heart trouble, diabetes, stomach and intestinal trouble, apoplexy and the like. And then I read that fat people die young. No supposition about this. Plain, cold, hard facts, drawn from life insurance statistics, covering the experiences of tens of thousands of people and several generations.

At Last I Found the Secret

My lucky star must have been working for me about this time, for I ran across just the kind of practical help I was looking for. A friend advised me to read "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," by the famous Food Specialist, Eugene Christian.

This course, in the form of simple little lessons, completely upset my own personal opinions and all that I had learned about obesity and health. It shows that when one starts to put on weight it is not a sign of health, but of ill-health. Obesity is actually a disease. Then it showed that most of the tables of weights indicating what a person of a certain age and height should weigh are all wrong and why.

Then there were some startling new ideas about the maintenance of health and of mental and physical vigor. No theories, but hard, practical facts, drawn from the experiences of thousands of men and women in all conditions of life.

The remarkable part of it all was that there were no fads in Eugene Christian's methods, no special baths, no self-denying diet, no medicine, no exercises—nothing out of the ordinary. Simply go on living a normal life, eat appetizing, delicious foods, properly combined, do pretty much as you please. And still one could reduce his or her weight to normal in a very short time by entirely natural methods.

A Pound Less a Day Without the Slightest Hardship

It all sounded too good to be true, but I decided to give the methods a fair test. Right from the start my former figure and energy began to return. The very first week I reduced my weight by a pound each day. Not the slightest hardship was involved—a most unusual thing in weight-reduction. I had always enjoyed my meals, but now my food tasted even more delicious than ever. Working became a pleasure to me again, instead of a grind. I was bubbling over with life and energy. My flesh grew hard and firm. And soon, very much to my surprise, I was able to wear fabrics and colors which my stoutness had forced me to abandon.

A Famous Scientist's Greatest Work

When I now look upon my former condition of stoutness it all seems like a horrible nightmare, for not only did I quickly regain my normal weight, but I've maintained it ever since. To look at me today no one would realize that not so long ago I was a "fat" woman. My quick reduction in weight, my vigorous health and active mind of today I owe all to Eugene Christian. I only wish I had the means to distribute his remarkable Course to every woman afflicted with obesity, for I feel that Eugene Christian is rendering a great and genuine service to humanity through his wonderful work. I have recommended Eugene Christian's Course to many others and have had the satisfaction of seeing it produce results just as remarkable as in my case.

How You Can Try This Method Without Risking a Penny

Much could be written about the cause and the remedy for excessive stoutness and Eugene Christian's methods. But that is unnecessary; for you can now test them out in the privacy of your home without risking a penny. These methods are not new and untried theories, for more than 200,000 people in all walks of life have used and are using them and indorse them in the most enthusiastic terms.

The publishers have left on hand just 1,296 sets of Eugene Christian's Course, which they wish to dispose of before the New Edition comes off the press. The price at which thousands of these sets have been sold is $5. But these few remaining sets are being offered at only $2 for as long as they last, so if you act quickly you can get these wonderful secrets at a saving of $3.

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Look the course over carefully. Put it to the test. Weigh yourself before you start, then weigh yourself daily. Judge by results. If you don't notice a great improvement within five days after starting, send it back and your money will be refunded. You can clearly see that an offer like this could not be made unless the publishers were confident that Eugene Christian's methods will produce remarkable results for you, as they have for thousands of others who gladly paid $5 for the course.

But immediate action is necessary. There is no need for you to suffer from superfluous weight any longer—and *remember*, that special price can be held only as long as the few sets last. "Weight Control" will be sent in a plain container.

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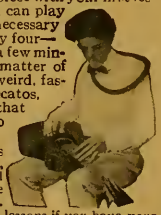

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Peggy and Her Past

(*Continued from page 47*)

for her friend's sake, tried to be impartially pleasant. Dickman's attentions had not impressed her at all.

Mrs. Bryant was dressing to go out when the caller was announced, and hastily completed her toilette. She found Dickman pacing the reception hall, and as she came down the stairway he looked up with an approving smile.

"Better looking every day, my dear!" he cried.

Allie greeted him in her usual cordial way, and led him to the sideboard and prepared drinks, wondering the while what had brought the man to her house. Enlightenment came soon.

"Where's the young lady, the little girl? What's her name, Peggy?"

THE woman's heart sank, and yet she might have thought of this possibility.

"Peggy? Oh, she's out to the matinée, I believe. Why?" Her tone was careless, but she busied herself with the mint sprigs to conceal a growing agitation.

"I want that girl. Where did she come from?" He might have been speaking of a desired picture or bit of sculpture about to be purchased.

"She's just a little country girl I took a fancy to. I doubt if you would find her interesting."

"Leave that to me! I said I wanted her!"

DICKMAN arose. "Have to go; lots of business on hand." He paused a moment, and eyed the woman intently. "I want that girl! You understand? Arrange it any way you want—I don't want to be bothered with details.

"And no nonsense, Allie! You'll do what I tell you."

She nodded bitterly. Dickman paused on his way from the room.

"Listen, Allie! They have started talking again, since you came back. They might accidentally get a tip regarding the death of the lately esteemed and more or less lamented—"

"My God, Dickman! You wouldn't, you wouldn't—" There was terror in Allie Bryant's voice and she grasped the man's arm imploringly. He laughed lightly and shook his arm free.

"Don't be foolish! I merely happened to mention it. Where's Jim?"

"In Denver, last he wrote. He's killing himself, Dickman; morphine. You wouldn't know him."

"We all die, sooner or later." His voice was frankly brutal, and he turned the knob of the door to take his leave. The woman caught his arm again.

"Suppose Peggy won't listen to me, Dickman? She's not like the girls you have known."

"We are not 'supposing' anything. I am not interested in preliminaries; I thought I made myself clear?" Again that sickening smile, and then without further parley he opened the door and closed it behind him in the woman's face.

ALONE, she paced the drawing-room nervously, heart-sick.

"Anyone but that beast, anyone but him!" But she knew there was no hope of escape. Dickman had her in his power.

Peggy came in a few minutes after Dickman had left. She was radiant in her youth and beauty. Allie forced a smile of greeting, but her heart was heavy. Suddenly she dertermined to test the girl's sincerity of intent.

"You had a caller, Peggy! You're getting on in the world!"

Peggy's smile disappeared.

"I don't want 'callers'; I don't want to 'get on in the world,' as you call it." She dropped into a chair lately vacated by Dickman, and traced the rug pattern with the tip of her parasol. There was a moment's silence, and then she spoke.

"Please, Allie, please let me go to work and earn my own living. I can't stay with you, Allie; taking all you give and doing nothing in return!"

The older woman sat in a nearby chair, steeling herself for an ordeal. Once or twice she started to speak, but it was as though she found difficulty in framing her thoughts. She began, hesitatingly.

"I know how you feel, Peggy, dear. Everybody worth while wishes to paddle their own canoe. But listen, Peggy. If you went to work you would have a sad time of it. You could get along as hundreds of girls are doing, but you don't know how hard it would be."

Again Peggy started to speak, but Allie went on.

"This afternoon a man came here to see you. He is very well off, and is very much interested in you. He would like to become better acquainted with you, and in case you reciprocated his interest I am sure you would find him generous."

Two brilliant spots flared up in Peggy's cheeks, but her face went ashen gray.

"I was afraid it would be like this, Allie!" The girl's voice had aged. "You have been good to me, and I ought to be grateful. I am, but I can't—I can't sell myself. And that's what it would mean. I loved one man; gave myself to him because I did love him. Maybe another sin would count but little, but—Oh Allie! I can't—I can't sell my soul!"

She choked back a sob, and laid her hand upon the woman's, then hurried from the room.

For awhile the woman sat motionless, her glance fixed upon the floor. Little by little her eyes lifted and she took in the details of the room. She was fixed up nicely. His money, in guise of a loan, had provided for most of it. She bit her lips in despair.

And now Dickman had become interested in Peggy, her protégée. She had come to love the girl; she already knew the man, and she shuddered. But it was not for her to stand in his path.

She went wearily to the telephone.

PEGGY'S spirits had returned by dinner-time. And Allie assumed a buoyancy in keeping with the girls' mood, and listened to her clever review of the comedy-drama she had seen at the matinée. They finished the meal in high good humor. Suddenly, Allie glanced at the clock.

"Goodness! I must run and fix up a bit; I'm going out this evening, to Des Cartes'. By the way, I may want you to come, too." She noted a thoughtful line on Peggy's brow. "No, it isn't going to be 'terrible,' as you call most of my good times. Just a good friend, and we're both so old and poky we may need you to cheer us up. I'll send a cab for you, if you will come." She spoke hurriedly and with averted face, and left the room without waiting for a reply. And later, as Peggy sat reading, she heard Allie leave the house.

Soon came a rap at the door; a cab was waiting to take Peggy to Des Cartes'. In the spirit which possessed her she forgot her hesitation about accepting the invitation, and hurriedly changing into more suitable clothes she went out and slipped into the soft seat of the carriage.

"Room seventeen," volunteered the cab-man as he assisted her from the vehicle at the door of the gaily illuminated restaurant.

Peggy walked slowly to the "Ladies Entrance," which was opened by a solemn-looking darky who bowed profoundly as he held the door ajar. Within the entrance she stopped for a glance into the main dining-room. It was crowded with people. Somewhere a stringed orchestra was playing a popular waltz and her young heart responded to the atmosphere of light-hearted good cheer. She stopped for but a fleeting moment at the door of the main dining room, and then, smiling, she walked up the broad, red-carpeted stairway to the upper floor.

IN the dining-room a man pushed back his chair and hurriedly beckoned to a waiter. Stuffing a bill in the servant's hand he hastened to the doorway at which Peggy had appeared for a fleeting instant. He glanced down the hallway, but the girl had disappeared. For a moment he hesitated and then with swift steps ascended the stairs.

On the upper floor were private dining-rooms, some for banquet purposes, others arranged *en suite* with sleeping rooms.

Numerous hallways ramified from the stair-landing and the man gave hurried glances down the passages until he saw the girl rapping at a door far down the building. She was admitted as he watched and the door closed behind her. He hastened to the room and noted the number, which was seventeen. Again he hesitated, then returned to the stairway and hailed a passing waiter.

PEGGY'S rap at the door had been answered by Dickman, who suavely invited her to enter and be seated. But the girl drew back from the proffered chair with a feeling of dismay.

"Isn't Mrs. Bryant coming?" she asked, seeing that they were alone.

"No. She may be in later, and again—she may not!"

"I don't understand you! Mrs. Bryant spoke of my coming here as a third to a party of which she was to be one." She looked at the man with growing distrust, somehow he reminded her of a picture of Mephistopheles she had once seen. But the smile she considered

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sardonic was natural to Dickman when he fancied a situation to be well in his hands.

"We won't talk of Mrs. Bryant, now," he said suavely. "There are so many more interesting subjects. Yourself in particular."

"That is nice of you, I'm sure!" Peggy forced a smile with the remark. Then with a shudder of revulsion she stepped toward the door. "I must go; I thought Mrs. Bryant—" She stopped as her hand found the lock; it would not open. Paling with fright she tugged at the door. Her eyes were wide as she turned to the man at the table.

HE had seated himself and was calmly sipping a glass of wine, apparently undisturbed by her effort to leave the room.

"No use trying to get out," was his quiet reply to her disturbed glance. "You're here, so sit down and let us talk things over."

Peggy faced him bravely. "Let me out, Mr. Dickman, and at once! I don't understand this at all, but you needn't explain it now. I wish to go home."

The man dropped his suavity.

"Oh, shut up and sit down! You are not going home for awhile, and it won't do any good to scream or pound on the door." He smiled evilly. "If these private dining-rooms could talk they could tell many interesting stories. But they can't talk, and the waiters are deaf—all of them. None of them can hear a woman's screams. Odd, isn't it? You might try it." He made the suggestion with a sneer.

Peggy sat down. She was no longer the little back-country girl who set out so fearfully from her parents' home. She turned to Dickman with a brave face, though her heart beat fast.

The man noted her change of attitude with approval.

"Now you're getting sensible; no use going to pieces." His eyes took in her slender figure, from silk-clad ankles to lustrous hair, and the girl's womanhood burnt before his greedy gaze.

"Peggy, I have become very much interested in you. It isn't so very often I find a girl I can admire. You suit me perfectly!"

The flame in Peggy's face died away, leaving it pale as death. But she held her peace.

"Now, Peggy, suppose you let me be a good friend to you? You don't want Allie to be buying all your nice clothes, and every girl likes a little jewelry. Wouldn't you like to wear this?" He drew a small package from an inner pocket and threw a string of pearls on the table before Peggy's eyes.

THE girl gave no heed to the offering, but sat upright in her chair, staring straight before her. Except for the rapid rise and fall of her breast she might have been carved of ivory. Then suddenly she sprang to her feet and with her dilated pupils still gazing into Dickman's eyes, moved toward the door once more. And in a thrice, Dickman was upon his feet and grasped the girl saying,

"Come, now, Madamoiselle La Glasse—my fair Miss Iceberg, let's see whether a glass of wine won't thaw you out."

Peggy's blood seemed to turn cold within her and she felt an iceberg, indeed, as she faced the smirking wretch who leered down at her.

The curtains rustled at a doorway entering from an adjoining room and as he looked up a man approached with quick, but cat-like steps. The intruder gave the impression of great strength in his well-knit figure, and an odd feature were his eyes; from between half-closed lids there came a gleam as of blue steel.

"What the devil—!" The words were hardly out of Dickman's mouth before his throat was seized by the stranger's left hand, and a powerful blow from the right crashed into his face. And Dickman fell to the floor in a heap.

Hardly deigning a glance at the now whimpering creature, the stranger stepped across his body and literally carried Peggy from the room. At the rear entrance of the restaurant was a cab. The driver opened the door of the conveyance and the man sat the girl upon the cushioned seat.

"Drive around till I tell you to stop!" was his curt command as he took his place beside the almost unconscious girl. The driver hesitated, it was not Dickman who was speaking. But the prod of a revolver made him leap to the box and start the horse over the rough pavement.

SLOWLY Peggy regained her consciousness. The man sat quietly by, chafing her hands, stroking her forehead with a touch as gentle as a woman's, till of a sudden the girl came to herself and sprang from his side. He reached out to her.

"Peggy, have you forgotten your old Buck?"

For a moment she was dumb, but before she could speak he had taken her in his arms. Peggy knew that happiness had come again. Her arms reached out, and she clung to him lest her happiness escape again.

"Just happened to be in town," he was saying, "and was having dinner. Saw you stop at the doorway, felt sure it was you. But here in New Orleans, all dressed up; I couldn't understand. Followed you upstairs, saw you go in the room. Didn't like it, looked had. Got the next room, heard the whole thing. Guess I fixed that fellow a-plenty!" and Buck felt gingerly of his own battered knuckles.

He rapped on the cab window. "Can you find a preacher?" he asked the astonished driver. It seemed the driver knew every minister in the city, and could recommend them all.

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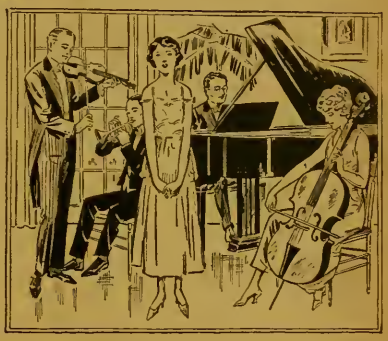

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The Devil and the Deep Sea

(*Continued from page 15*)

reason why I should pay to have the work done.

THUS the acquaintance drifted on into friendship. It was not long before we were George and Marion to each other.

I made no mention of Don. At first, because I regarded my new friendship as a passing affair that did not call for an exchange of confidences and, later, because I felt somehow that the telling would end our friendship, and I did not want it to end.

A feeling stronger than friendship came into our hearts. I did not realize the strength of that feeling until, one day, his arms encircled me and his lips were pressed undeniyingly against mine. I did not struggle. I suddenly realized that I loved this big, boyish man, and that my love for Don was something of the past.

Then George's voice came to me. "We'll be married soon, Marion, won't we?"

I tried to answer but the sobs came to my throat and almost choked me. I buried my face in my hands and cried. His arms tightened about me.

"What's the matter, little girl," he coaxed. "Don't you love me?"

After awhile I managed to tell him about my engagement to Don, and how ashamed and miserable I was that I had not told him before. I had to confess that my love for Donald had changed.

"You're not to be blamed, poor little girl," he said gently. "I remember now that you tried to make each of our first meetings the last. But I made it so that it was almost impossible for you to refuse to see me again." He paused, and then went on. "Yes, later on you should have told me; but I suppose it was partly my fault, too, that you didn't."

George was excusing me more than I deserved, I knew—for I hadn't told him all, even yet.

THAT very night before I went to bed I wrote to Don. And it was a hard letter to write.

A few days later, the answer arrived; just a business-like note saying he would be in New York the following Sunday and wanted to see me once more before the marriage. I was glad he took it so quietly, yet, somehow, I was a little frightened by his very calmness.

Sunday came and Don called just as my father was leaving the house for his club. I heard them exchanging greetings in the hall and ran to meet him.

He looked straight past my extended hand as he entered. The smile that had greeted my father died away, and the lines of his face hardened.

I started to speak but he motioned me to keep silent.

"I will do the talking." His voice was like steel. "You will listen.

"When I started back for New York, it was with the intention of killing you," pressing his pocket significantly. "But on the train, a better plan came. Today, I will write letters to your father, to Elsie, Anna, Jack and the rest of your friends giving the inelegant details of our relationship. To sweep aside any possibility of doubt," here the rigidity of his features broke into an ugly smile, "I'll enclose in each letter one of the letters you wrote to me in which you committed yourself; and I'll point out that you liked me well enough to be my wife without going through the form of a legal ceremony, and that you now like this fellow Rochester even more."

I GASPED with horror. "Don," I cried at last, "you are not fair! Mr. Rochester was a bigger man than you. He didn't ask me to give more than he had a right to. You did."

He had been standing perfectly still regarding me with eyes that seemed to enjoy my torture.

"Don," I pleaded, "Oh, I can't bear it," and I threw myself into a chair, covering my face with my arms.

"You can't bear it," he sneered. "You will bear more than that before I am through. I am going to write your Mr. Rochester a nice little letter too. And the rest of my life, as long as I am able to learn of your whereabouts, I'll start a whispering campaign each time you enter into a new circle of friends."

I was indeed between the devil and the deep sea: The devil I had myself awakened in Don—and the deep sea of endless bitterness and unhappiness that the losing of George's love would mean for me. The rest of his seathing tirade was lost upon me. I did not even hear the door slam as he left.

"Oh, why didn't he kill me!" my every nerve seemed to cry. And then, with a sudden feeling of serene safety I got up and went directly to my father's room and to the drawer in the bureau where I knew he kept a revolver. I remember that I stumbled over the rug just before I reached the bureau and in my trembling excitement fell and knocked my head on the edge of the bed.

Sometime later I awoke as from a sound sleep. My surroundings seemed strange and I could hear a bell ringing. My senses quickly returned. The bell had ceased ringing but now it started again. The terrible excitement was over. I felt only a vast, heavy stupor. Automatically I went out into the hall and answered the 'phone.

"This is Police Headquarters," came a gruff voice.

And then, in a matter of fact tone, followed the story of how a man, whose only identification mark was a letter I had addressed to him in Chicago, had been killed by a taxicab while crossing Broadway.

I felt weak and dazed, but I realized in a vivid flash that his death meant that I could go on living.

That is three years ago now. I think I have made a good wife for George Rochester. At least, I know he is happy—and I am too. And now when I think of Donald I never think of him as he was that last day, but as he used to be. That man that died in the accident was not Donald but the devil that lurks within every one, in greater or less degree, and sometimes, in moments of great mental and emotional stress, conquers the better man.

Coral's Little Romance

(*Continued from page 66*)

worked, but who had worldly goods to show for his efforts; limousines and servants and summer homes. And Granville Pierce was beginning to look decidedly "up against it."

HE smiled down at her now—one hand on the door knob. "You don't think much of my profession, do you, little girl?"

Her heart gave a sudden, startling jump at the "little girl." No one had ever called her "little girl" excepting Granville and there was a tender implication in the words, almost like a caress.

"I—of course it's none of my business."

"I've touched success just closely enough to want to grasp it—hold it. Twice my plays have all but gone across—and this time—this, my third chance, must go. It's got to—that's all. I've put the very best that's in me into this play—and I've got to win."

"I hope you do—Gee, I hope you do!" In her eagerness she reached out and touched his coat sleeve lightly and for a moment their eyes met. Then he left.

Thus is love born in the heart of Coral—and all through no fault of Granville's, nor yet through any fault of the girl's.

Now, her days became one long wait for evening when he should come. She worked restlessly, nervously, absently through the long winter days; she was a little bewildered, a little frightened at this new emotion which colored her life, filling it with sweetness, with longing, with unrest.

Of all this Granville Pierce could not guess. In fact, he never thought of Coral Sanderson excepting in terms of a child—a dark little elf of a child, with a touch of pathos which he could never quite define. It was because he considered their association merely as a friendship that he could tell her of Helene Gibson.

"YOU see, I've just got to make good, little Coral—there's a girl in the case—a wonderful girl—and if I make good it means her," he told her one night.

Coral had gone even a shade whiter than her customary transparency at the words, had for a moment fumbled nervously in the money drawer and then had dropped, a miserable little unconscious heap upon the bare wooden floor. Granville had her in his arms in a minute and presently she opened her eyes. For a brief instant her face was suffused, glorified with the pure joy of finding herself in Granville Pierce's arms; then returning consciousness brought realization and with realization the joy departed, leaving in its stead an unutterable anguish of mind and spirit.

"You're ill," Granville said concernedly—"you work altogether too hard here—far beyond your strength—your vitality—you shouldn't do it—you must tell your father to get more help."

She raised a hand in feeble protest and forced a little ghost of a smile.

"No—no. I'm quite all right, really. Only—only—please—please go now. I—I want to rest."

Then he left her, and she sank down

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at one of the little oilcloth-covered tables, her head buried in her arms. But she did not cry—she could not. She just sat there, motionless, inert, scarcely thinking even. There was no bitterness, no reproach, only the hopeless realization that it was one of those inevitable tragedies that "just happen." And finally, her very love which had all but crushed her, came to her rescue, lifting her up out of her agony, showing her the way.

"I can't have him—ever!" she murmured, brokenly, when at last she pushed her chair back and rose unsteadily, "But after all, love ain't gettin', it's givin'."

But even this thought was shot through with strands of dissatisfaction. For, granting the fact that love was giving and not getting, what had she, Coral Sanderson, to offer Granville Pierce? Certainly his life was all sufficient without her. This bothered Coral a great deal.

THEN, came Granville Pierce's big moment; the moment when Broadway, the critics, the public and Helene Gibson accepted him—when he drank long and deeply from the cup of success.

Coral Sanderson read about it the next morning in the papers; his play was not only *a* hit, but destined to become *the* hit of the season. She read once, twice, the article about him, then dropped the paper listlessly.

"Now I can never help him—do anything for him—he has everything—success, money, love—he won't even come to see me any more, probably."

She reproached herself severely for this attitude. Surely it was unworthy of a great love—a love like hers.

THAT night he came to her, bringing with him Helene Gibson.

"I've told Helene about you, Coral, how good you've been to me while I've been out of luck and she wanted to know you."

Coral smiled, a wistful little smile, as she timidly extended her hand.

"It's nothing—I—never did anything. I—I'm glad about your play—I read all about it this morning."

"Yes, I'm glad I've been able to put one across at last. And by the way," he fumbled in his overcoat pocket and produced a small box. "I've brought you a little gift to remember me by."

To remember him by! As if she needed anything to remember him by. He opened the box smilingly and took out a string of coral beads. Her face glowed with appreciation.

"They're lovely. Just beautiful—" He slipped them over her head.

"There! I've wanted to give them to you ever since I've known you."

Helene smiled, started to speak, but the outside door was abruptly opened and a man entered, distracted and wild-eyed. He ignored the girls and two or three customers, and made straight for Granville Pierce.

"THERE you are, d—— you!" he fairly shouted.—"I've been looking all over the city for you."

"Well," Granville said easily, "what can I do for you, Lumley?"

"You can't do a thing for me, but I can do something for you—you —— "

Granville whitened. "If you weren't drunk, I'd say you were crazy!"

Helene, her blue eyes wide with fear, shrank tremblingly away. But Coral stood beside him, her hand touching his arm lightly.

"You know what I mean. You put me in your play—my trouble with Mason Courtright—the whole thing—you've made a laughing stock of me—oh, I little thought when you were coming to the house so frequently to see me, accepting my hospitality, that this was the reason, that you were getting material for your d——— play—to give my inmost secrets to Broadway—to the world. But you'll pay—"

Granville started to speak but Lumley interrupted him.

"But you'll be sorry—I'll show you it wasn't worth it—wasn't worth the money you'll get out of it—".

"Lumley, you're crazy, I didn't even know enough about your trouble with Courtright to use it—"

"You must have. You told how he didn't send me over the road for grafting on the Strand Theater Contract—with the proviso that he marry my daughter Margot—you dragged into it Margot's hell with him—my remorse— But d—— you—you'll pay!"

He whipped out a revolver and fired directly at Granville Pierce. Pierce saw the revolver as in a dream, heard the loud, crashing report, and mechanically reached out his arms to catch Coral Sanderson as she dropped before him.

An ugly spot of blood appeared on her white blouse, which widened swiftly.

"Get a doctor—quick—some of you men!" he cried out.

Lumley staggered uncertainly against the wall, then banged out of the door swiftly, followed by two of the men from the restaurant.

ALONE, Coral, Helene and Granville faced each other. On the faces of the last two was written a great, overwhelming sympathy. But Coral's face was glorified by something greater—by love—the love which had made it possible for her to do this thing for Granville.

"Coral—" Granville protested brokenly, "what made you do it—what made you—little girl? You're—"

She smiled up into his handsome, troubled face.

"I—I had to do it. Because—oh, it can't hurt anybody now to know—I had to—because I—I love you."

He bent down and kissed her. "I never knew—believe me, Coral, I never knew."

"Of course not. How could you? But it's all right now." A sharp spasm of pain halted her for the moment. Helene Gibson had turned away and was crying softly.

"Please—please don't feel so badly. Because it's made me so happy. You don't know—can't realize how happy it's made me, to do—to do something for you, Granville."

She lingered lovingly, tenderly on his name, then closed her eyes. He thought that she had gone, so motionless, so quiet she lay there in his arms. But presently she opened them once more.

"After all," she whispered, "you know, love ain't gettin'—it's—it's givin'."

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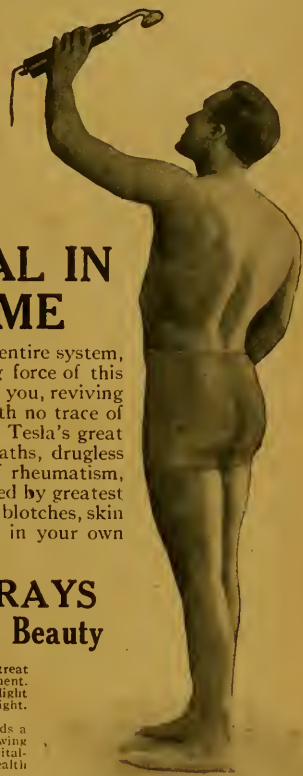

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An Experiment in Love

(*Continued from page* 63)

love nor anything else gives anyone the right to interfere arbitrarily in my life. It seems to me that the question here is whether he is acting from love of me, or from a desire to further plans of his own—plans in which I am only a factor. It cannot be love for me, for love seeks not its own, but the happiness of the loved one; it is unselfish."

SUDDENLY Elizabeth changed the subject to wrestling again. Her utter lack of emotion irritated Harry immeasurably just now.

"I wonder you and father don't try the experiment," he said petulantly. "I think you and he would make a fine pair. You might better marry, for you would surely understand each other."

"I have thought of it," said Elizabeth composedly. "When I saw how obstinate Ruth was——"

"Ah!" cried Harry, exultantly, "then Ruth does love me!"

Elizabeth looked a rebuke.

"I said nothing of the sort."

"You said enough to show me that you had talked with her, and talked about her love for me. Come, Beth, tell me the truth."

"I certainly have not been deceitful, Harry, and I don't mean to be unkind; but I do think you are two foolish persons who act very like ignorant children crying for something that surely will make them ill when they get it."

"But, Beth," said Harry, cunningly, "how can you say Ruth is wrong to want me, when you want me yourself?"

"Pshaw! I want you in the interests of humanity, while Ruth, poor child! is possessed by this love—Harry! you have trapped me into saying this!" And Elizabeth eyed him with all the sternness of which she was capable.

Harry, on his part, laughed joyously, sending out peal after peal, quite indifferent to her look of mingled chagrin and indignation.

"I forgive you everything, Beth," he cried. "Since I know that she loves me the rest is nothing. And now you *must* give me her address."

"I don't know it," said Beth.

"Does father know it?"

"I think not, but I don't know whether he does or not."

"Somebody must know it."

"I think you are very unreasonable. I suppose that is because you are in love."

"YES," said Harry, "I am unreasonable. You have told me what I most wished to know, and I ought to be satisfied. I am very grateful to you, Beth. I shall find out where she is; I shall not give up until I do."

"But you are working on the trust-case for your father."

"I shall give that up."

"And make your father unhappy? I don't think you are a very good son."

"He took Ruth away from me; so you see it is his own fault. Shall I go to him and say that I demand Ruth's address?"

Elizabeth looked earnestly at him as if she would search out his secret thoughts.

"Do you really put Ruth before your father?" she asked.

"Before everyone."

"How strange that is! And yet I believe I like you better for it, Harry. Still, we must not forget what this experiment means to your father. Don't be cruel to him, Harry. Let me see if I can persuade him to let you have your way."

"That would be dear of you, Beth," said Harry.

"You must give me your promise that you will never marry Ruth until she is absolutely fit for motherhood."

"It is not necessary. Ruth would not marry me if she were not fit for motherhood, nor I her. Still, I will promise if you wish."

"That is right. You won't go home with me?"

"No, but I will walk with you until there is danger of meeting someone. You will have to go back to the school, you know."

They had crossed the fields and were standing in the road near where Harry had led the way over in the chase. Beth looked at him, for a moment, with an odd expression in her eyes.

"I think we'd better say good-by here. You'll write me, if only to say where I may send you word of Ruth?"

"Yes, I'll write."

"I think someone is coming this way," said Beth, looking back toward the schoolhouse.

"Why, it's father," cried Harry, starting back. "I'll go. But how did you know he was there? You were not looking."

"He is so worried about you and Ruth that he comes every day to meet me and talk about it."

"Oh!"

HARRY was able to drop back from Elizabeth's side and take shelter in the woods from which they had emerged together, without being seen by his father. There he stood behind a clump of hazel and witnessed the meeting between his father and Elizabeth.

Mr. Thorne had evidently heard about the tramp from the puzzled school-boys, for he hurried eagerly toward her.

"You are all right, Beth? Nothing had happened to you?" he demanded solicitously.

"Nothing whatever," she responded in her composed way. "I chased a tramp who seemed to be loitering about the school, because I thought he might be one of the men who had set fire to your factory."

It took her some time to convince him that she was certain the tramp was all right. But at last she succeeded.

"May I ask you a personal question, Mr. Thorne?" Elizabeth demanded after they had walked some distance.

"Anything you like."

"Did you ever think yourself in love?"

"Never."

"Not with Harry's mother?"

"Certainly not. I admired her for her beauty of face, and respected her for her mental and moral qualities, but if I had

known then, what I learned after her death, I would never have married her."

Elizabeth's face betrayed her fear that she had stumbled upon a family skeleton in her haste to get away from the subject of the tramp; but Mr. Thorne quickly put her at her ease as to that by continuing:

"She died in giving birth to Harry, and the doctor told me that her death was unquestionably due to lacing."

"I never knew that," Elizabeth murmured pityingly. "I have heard uncle say that Harry's mother was very beautiful, but he never told me that."

"I believe," said Mr. Thorne, hesitatingly, "that your uncle was what is called in love with Harry's mother."

"Oh!"

"IT was not her fault that she had injured herself; it was her foolish mother's. She was a fashionable woman and wished her daughter to be stylish as well as beautiful; indeed, she knew no beauty outside of the prevailing mode. If it had been the fashion to have a nose of a certain length she would have had her daughter's nose pulled out or chopped off to make it conform. But who can blame her? In that she was no different from nine mothers out of ten. Mothers are ignorant of their own anatomy; they even take a certain pride in their ignorance, and call their ignorance innocence. Why, the average woman actually believes that her purity depends upon her ignoring all her natural functions."

Elizabeth listened respectfully, but without eager interest, for she had heard all this many times over until it was a commonplace with her. She had a very hearty contempt for the attitude of her sister women toward sex matters, but she was interested, just now, in learning something more about Harry's mother; so she interposed in her direct way:

"Yes, I know all that; women are very foolish; but what were you going to say about Harry's mother?"

"Oh! Why, when the doctor told me how her death had come about, and I found myself left with a little child to care for, I began to study the whole subject of reproduction and child-rearing; and so I came to realize how criminally ignorant I had been before, and how steeped in similar ignorance most of the world was."

"And that led you to devote your life to the noble project of giving the world an object lesson."

"Yes," he answered with flashing eyes. "Then it was that I devoted my life and Harry's to a regeneration of the world."

"And uncle is devoted to me because of the feeling he had had toward Harry's mother?"

"Yes, you had come into the world under conditions similar to Harry's, and so your uncle and I felt that we could not do better than dedicate you two to the great work of regeneration."

Continued in Next Issue
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Little Pal

(*Continued from page* 61)

"No, I'll not go back." The Little Fellow's voice had lost all its sweetness, and it sounded like some dead thing.

Once more I wondered, and was on the verge of asking for some explanation. Then I remembered that I loved the Little Fellow, and I needed nothing to convince me that, no matter what this thing was, he had done no wrong.

The next day, along about sunset. I saw a team coming up the trail from Rizpah. I knew that *he* was coming. I called to Big Bill and then went in and sat by the fire. Big Bill and the Little Fellow came in too, and we three sat there waiting.

SOON a shadow darkened the room and I glanced toward the door. I started to my feet, for I was looking into the blue barrel of a forty-five revolver, and in the north a man does not draw his gun unless he intends to use it. The face above the ugly weapon was as evil as any I had ever seen. The too-red lips curled over white teeth and the black shifty eyes were narrowed to thin slits.

"What the—" I began, but the stranger interrupted.

"Sit down," he growled, "I'm not starting anything with you."

"Say, kid," he continued, addressing the Little Fellow, "where in h—l did you get that uniform? Looks pretty d—n nifty at that. Come over here, kid."

He started for the Little Fellow, but Big Bill went for him, roaring like a maddened bull. There was a spurt of flame, a deafening crash, and Big Bill rolled over on the floor, his eyes staring horribly. I turned sick and my whole world tottered.

An instant later, the Little Fellow jerked the hot poker from the fire and brought it full across the eyes of the stranger. The revolver clattered to the floor and lay there unheeded. The stranger clapped his hands to his face and the Little Fellow sprang forward and buried his lean fingers in his enemy's throat.

I SAW the white face turn red, then purple in the firelight, the cruel lips grew swollen, and he rolled over in a heap in the corner.

I did not interfere. Somehow I knew the Little Fellow wished to fight his battle alone. He was avenging the death of his friend.

At last I saw the lean fingers loosen their terrible hold, and the Little Fellow stumbled over to me.

"Is—is Big Bill dead?"

I shook my head miserably. What was there for me to say? I was afraid there was no hope.

Together we lifted the big stricken body on the bed, and did for him what we could do. Dumbly I thought of the day he had found his way to my cabin; helpless, half-frozen, entirely dependent on the Little Fellow for life. I remembered how we had fought for him, how we watched for the first spark of life to show itself. We *must* do it again—save him. My eyes burned cruelly and I breathed a wild prayer. The Little Fellow sobbed like a child, unashamed of his emotion.

THERE was a groan and a movement in the corner, and I went over and jerked the stranger to his feet. I helped him to the door and shoved him, none too gently, down the steps. I felt no pity as I watched him crawl painfully to his feet and slink away into the night.

I went across the creek and got one of the Siwash to go in for the doctor, and then I came back to share the Little Fellow's vigil.

About midnight a wind came up and strengthened with the moments. It began to sleet, and then the snow came down in a solid white sheet. It grew colder and colder and I wondered idly if the stranger would make Rizpah safely. He was certainly hardly fit for the struggle. Then I walked over to the Little Fellow.

"You think he will speak again?"

"I know it," said the Little Fellow simply. "He wouldn't go without saying good-by."

The Little Fellow was right. In a few moments Big Bill opened his eyes.

"Old pard," he said to me, and his voice was husky, "you'll find my mother's name and address in my coat. Send my share of the dust to her."

He was silent for a long moment. It was an effort to talk. Then:

"Billie, little Billie, I'll be waiting—just—inside—the—gate. . . ."

"I'll be coming soon, Big Bill. I'll find you—out there."

I TURNED away, and I thought I heard the sound of a kiss, then the ache in my heart made me forget everything else.

The next day the Little Fellow and I dug a grave for Bill. Very tenderly, very quietly we laid the big man to rest. It was the Little Fellow who crossed the hands and closed the eyes. It was the Little Fellow who said the prayer. But it was I who filled in the grave. The Little Fellow crept away, and I found him standing by Big Bill's bed with a far-away look in his eyes. I did not speak to him. Somehow I couldn't.

That night I carefully weighed Big Bill's share of the gold and made it ready to get exchange to send to his mother. When I had cleared the table the Little Fellow got out his pen and paper and began to write. Long after I had put my light out I could hear the scratch of his pen on the paper.

The next day when I started in with the bags the Little Fellow gave me three letters to mail. One was to his mother, he said, and one to a man somewhere in the States, and one to a Reverend Father of a church. Somehow I knew that the Little Fellow was asking for absolution. When I returned at night the Little Fellow was waiting.

"You are leaving, Bill?"

"I cross Cathorn tonight," and he smiled.

"But you can't, Little Fellow. Ca-

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Girl He Didn't Want

For weeks he had been dreaming of her—he couldn't eat or sleep. But when he tried to tell her of his love, his knees wobbled, his voice died away in his throat—the words refused to come.

So finally, in desperation, he telephoned her house—and in a sudden access of courage he asked her to be his wife. And the voice at the other end of the wire as eagerly answered—"Yes."

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(*Continued from page 86*)

thorn is rougher than Hatteras tonight."

"I cross Cathorn tonight," he repeated. And I knew he would. My heart was sore and I felt a sense of loss knowing how I should miss him. Well, I would go too. I had made my pile.

About eight o'clock the Little Fellow walked to the door and looked across to Cathorn.

"I've been happy here," he said musingly. Then he turned to me with wet, shining eyes. "I'm going now, pard. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, Little Fellow. I understand."

I SAW him take the canoe and walk down to the water. He poised the slender little craft on end and looked back at the cabin once. Then I saw him push off into the water; rest his paddle for an instant and shoot off across the lake. I bit my lips to keep them from trembling, and there was a mist in my eyes, for I knew the Little Fellow had gone out of my life forever.

I watched until the canoe was lost in the darkness. A tear rolled down my cheek, and my chin quivered and I did not care.

Three days later the Cathorn gave the Little Fellow back to me. I found him just at sunset. I think, just a little, that I had been looking for him all day, and I expected to find him as he was. I took him into my arms and tried to revive him. He was so strangely, beautifully delicate. But he was—dead.

I dug the grave alone. It was such a tiny grave close by the big one. I tried to say a prayer, as he would have said it, but my tongue stuck in my mouth and my heart ached dully.

Very carefully I laid the Little Fellow to rest. Very tenderly I started to cross the hands on the still breast. Then I fell back in astonishment. *The Little Fellow was a woman!*

I sat for a long, long time by the open grave, thinking, wondering trying to understand. I had told the Little Fellow I understood, but I did not. I looked down at the clean, strong face and for the first time I noticed the soft curve of cheek, the dainty though determined chin, the high, firm brow, the softly curling black hair, and the long silken lashes. I saw the slim, capable hands, always so tender and gentle, and I cursed myself for all kinds of a fool. Why had I not guessed.

I did not try to pray now; there was no need, the words came of their own accord. Then slowly I filled in the little grave and went into the house.

I GOT out my old trunk-like satchel and started to pack. I was going home. Suddenly I caught sight of a letter which had fallen down from the mantle. It was from the Little Fellow.

"COMRADE FRIEND!

I am about to start up the last long trail, and there are some things I'd like to explain. You have been very wonderful about it all. Sometimes I have asked myself if you guessed, and so tried to make it easier for me.

Big Bill and I have been breaking trails together for almost eight years. The first one was when we came away together. Some folks say we had no right, and I say they lie.

There is a canopied cove just west of my home in the states, Jim, and eight years ago Bill and I stood there and solemnly promised to love and to cherish each other until death. Our minister was only the moss-bearded rocks, Jim, our wedding march was only the dying wind and falling water, but God and his angels witnessed and blessed our union.

My reasons for dressing as a man? Well, for want of a better name we will call it a whim. That was what it was at first. Then I realized that it made things easier for Bill and me. I was not unhappy, Jim, I loved to rough it, and Bill was happy. That was all that mattered. You see we had nothing but each other.

Then you offered us a chance, Jim. Don't you understand what that meant to us?

And then *he* came!

You have guessed, haven't you, Jim, that he was my husband. I have never stopped wondering how one can call such a beast a husband. He had dogged our footsteps all these years swearing that when he found us he would kill Bill, and make me go back with him, but always we kept a little ahead of him, Jim, and he never found us until last night. He has hounded us all over the north, and now he has killed Bill. I tried hard to kill him too, Jim, but I guess I failed. But he didn't make me go back with him.

Perhaps it is just as well, Jim. We were very tired, Bill and I, and we didn't feel like fighting any more. Things couldn't go on forever as they were, could they?

And now I'm going too, Jim. I told Bill I'd be coming soon, and I mustn't keep him waiting."

I STARTED to fold the letter, and I found it wet. The Little Fellow (he will always be the Little Fellow to me) had cared enough to explain.

The years have been many since I lived in that little cabin in the north. Betty and I live on Riverside Drive, and we've a wonderful boy with golden hair and a golden voice. I call him the Little Fellow.

On my way to the office each morning I pass a beggar. He stands on the corner at Thirty-fifth and Broadway and holds out a tin cup. He has thin, evil lips and there is a long white scar, a burn, across his blind eyes. Sometimes, not often, I curse him.

Betty sings sometimes:

"Love, I am lonely, years are so long,
I want you only, you and your song—"

At such time my eyes grow misty and I feel a catch in my throat. Then Betty puts her arms about me and asks of what I am thinking.

"Of the Little Fellow," is my answer. And Betty thinks she understands.

She doesn't know that I see two graves, a big one, and a very tiny one, side by side under a giant pine, and wonder almost fiercely if the Little Fellow found Big Bill waiting, just—inside—the—gate.

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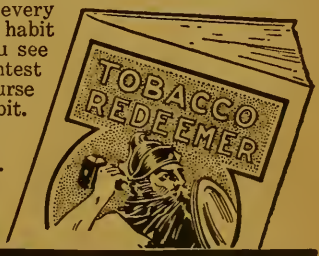

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Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page 57*)

ages between each footfall, but at last he stood by the side of the couch, his rapid breathing plainly audible.

If I could have found voice I think I would have yielded then and promised to marry him, for the terror that gripped me was too great to be endured; but though I tried to speak no sound came but an inarticulate moan.

Then, one of his hands touched me and began to fumble . . . . I think I went mad with the shock of his invading fingers. All the emotion that had been pent up within me broke loose in a frenzied shriek; and words burst forth in a torrent.

"No, no!" I screamed. "Help! help! Barry! Barry! Oh, Barry, save me!"

Heaven only knows why in that terrible moment I called on Barry. I struggled frantically, straining futilely at my bonds and in the intervals of my cries trying to reach the hateful hands with my teeth.

Jimmy Snell was only maddened by my cries. Then all at once he stopped and took his hands from me. I ceased to scream, a mad hope in my heart that he had relented. But no, it was not that. He had heard or sensed the approach of someone. And now I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps.

Once more I began to scream for help, saying I know not what in my frenzy.

"I'M here, Sue," a voice roared from the doorway; and the next instant there was a flood of light from that direction.

"Get out, you fool!" snarled Jimmy Snell, evidently thinking it was one of his men who had come.

With such a roar of fury as a lion might have made, the man in the doorway leaped into the room and caught Jimmy Snell by the throat and shook him as if he had been a rag doll. The flash-lamp the newcomer held in his hand fell on the couch. There followed blow on blow, punctuated by the groans of Jimmy Snell; and then he was thrown across the room.

In another instant I was caught up and held by a pair of strong arms against a broad chest.

"It is Barry, darling! It is your own Barry!"

Incredible as it seemed, I accepted it as natural. I was in Barry's arms. I was safe. He still loved me. He had come to me in my greatest need.

A FLOOD of wild weeping came to my relief, and I rested my head on his breast and sobbed and sobbed, while one of his strong hands patted me on the back.

"Don't move, you skunk!" I heard him say to Jimmy Snell; "I'll kill you as I would a snake."

Just what incoherent words I uttered I don't know, but Barry said a thousand sweet and tender things as a mother might to a hurt child, straining me passionately to his breast as only a lover could.

Presently I found words to tell him I was bound hand and foot. He quickly cut the cords that held me and I sat on the couch from sheer inability to stand. Barry took me in his arms hungrily.

"I was in time?" he queried, such a look in his eyes as cannot be described.

"Yes," I breathed.

HE went over to where Jimmy Snell lay. "Get up!" he ordered curtly, and as he spoke he turned on him the light of his flash-lamp.

With a shudder of repugnance I looked at the prostrate man and saw that his face was oddly distorted. "He is hurt, Barry," I ejaculated quickly.

"He ought to be," snapped Barry; "if I'd killed him it would have served him right. What's the matter with you? Why don't you get up? Where are you hurt?" he demanded.

The answer was a moan. Barry had broken his jaw and he could not speak. Barry felt no pity for him, but when he saw that something serious was the matter he bent over him and tried to help him to his feet, but he groaned so pitifully that Barry desisted. We learned later that some of his ribs had been broken.

"We can't leave him here," I said.

"We can send someone for him," Barry objected.

"Please," I pleaded. "He might die."

"No danger of that," answered Barry, "but it shall be as you say, dear. I'll have to carry him, I guess, from the looks of him."

With that he picked him up in his strong arms, and with me lighting the way with the powerful flash-lamp we left the hut.

BARRY directed me as well as he could, and with some difficulty we found our way to where his car was waiting.

Reaching the village, we left Jimmy Snell at his own house, telling the people there that he had met with an accident, and bidding them send for some of the members of the cast and to get a physician. Then Barry took me to my house.

When we reached there he took me into his arms. "How did you happen to be there, Barry?" I asked.

"I'll tell you all about it tomorrow," he answered. "It's a long story. You won't be afraid to sleep here?"

"No, I'm afraid of nothing now. Was it by accident you were so near? Did you hear me call you?"

"Yes, I heard you call. It was not an accident; I was looking for you. Why did you call for me. Surely you didn't know I was anywhere near."

"No, I didn't know. It was my love calling."

At that answer, which satisfied his heart, he held me closer and rained kisses all over my face.

IN fiction stories the end usually comes with the reuniting of the lovers. Barry and I were reunited truly enough, but my story, being a true one, did not end there. I set out to tell of how I broke into the moving picture world; and that yet remains to be told. Besides, you

will surely want to know as I did, how Barry came to be so opportunely on the scene to help me in my extremity.

It seemed no less than a miracle to me, though it became natural enough when Barry explained it as he did the next day as we sat together in the mountains.

When my letter was found by my mother the morning after my departure from home, Barry was the first person sent for, and he dropped his work at once to hurry to our house. He was shown my letter and immediately decided to go after me. He had only a few hundred dollars saved, but he was one of those men supremely confident of his ability to take care of himself under all circumstances. He drew all his money and started for California the next morning.

On the coast he hunted for me and inquired about me, describing me at all the moving picture studios. Of course, nothing was known of me. He couldn't get a trace of me. He went up and down the coast until his money was gone; then in despair he looked for work.

HE had no ambition to be an actor, but he felt that his surest way of finding me was to keep in touch with the studios; so he applied for work in one of the best and was taken on as an extra. It was like the irony of Fate that he, who had no vanity and no aspirations for fame in that sphere, should have made an almost instantaneous success, becoming a star of the first magnitude.

He took another name because he was afraid I would run away from him if I heard of him. Just about the time I came to the coast he was sent to the South Sea Islands for a picture.

When he returned he immediately inquired for me and this time he got my address.

Mrs. Roberts told him where I was and all about my persecution by Jimmy Snell.

In an agony of apprehension he demanded a vacation, jumped into his car and started in pursuit. He had reached the village where we were quartered after Jimmy Snell had left to come to me in the hut.

In spite of all Jimmy Snell's precautions, he had been seen to leave the village, and it was not difficult for Barry to follow along the same road, for it was one of the few in that section over which a car could go. He had found Snell's men and forced them to show him the way to the hut.

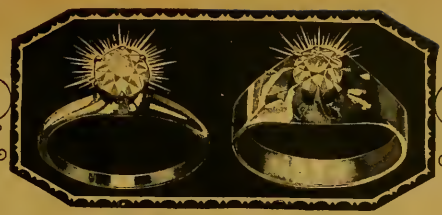
I felt infinitely small when I thought of so much devotion and love being given to one as unworthy as I.

I dreaded to tell my sordid story, but when he held me in his strong arms and begged me to marry him at once, I felt that I could not say yes until I had confessed everything, particularly all about my affairs with Wally. After much insisting on my part he let me tell him all. And I did not spare myself.

He listened in silence, but held my hand all the time, and made me understand by his tender pressure that his love was not abated by any of the revelations I made of my folly, selfishness or vanity.

"Now do I know the worst?" he asked.

"I have tried to tell everything," I answered, looking wistfully into his face.



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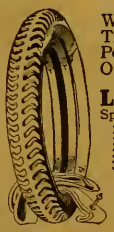

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"And you want to know how it affects me?" he queried.

"Please."

"Then be sure that I think it a wonderful story of the growth of a beautiful soul," he said, taking me in his arms.

"YOU are so good to me," was all I could say as I snuggled against him.

"And very good to myself," he said. "And now when will you be my wife? You will marry me soon?"

"Now—anytime," I answered.

"You will be willing to give up acting?" he asked. "I shan't insist but I would like it."

"Why should I mind," I returned. "I am a failure as an actress, and I know I never shall be a success. I will gladly give it up. But Barry, dear, don't ask me to stop working, please. I do want to see if I can write scenarios. Would you mind?"

Of course, he was only too glad.

The days that followed were the happiest I had ever known. Barry refused to go back, leaving me there, and wrote to his people that he was going to take a longer vacation. He was with me almost every minute, and I learned to love and respect him more and more

We had a new director from Los Angeles, and I was offered an engagement at a much better salary. I had had enough, however, and refused the offer.

I suppose the truth was that I had already begun to think out my plot for the scenario I had in mind to write, and was so full of it that nothing else attracted me. Besides, I had made even Barry admit that there wasn't in me the material for an actress.

"And maybe," he suggested tenderly, "you won't make a writer; but don't worry if you should fail, dear. You will make a perfect wife; and that will keep you busy."

I knew he was afraid I was expecting too much and might feel the disappointment of failure. I laughed at him, and told him that I was a very much more modest girl than I had been. And I was.

Perhaps I ought to say here, and so dismiss a disagreeable subject once and for all, that Jimmy Snell was carried up to Los Angeles and taken to a hospital, where he remained till he was well, and from which he returned to New York. I have never seen or heard of him since.

MY family came out to the coast—for Barry insisted on arranging for their presence at our wedding—reaching Los Angeles just after my return from the mountains. Mamma and Papa forgave me readily, and we had a happier reunion than such a silly girl as I deserved at all. I knew how fortunate I was, and I tried to make up to them by being a better daughter than they had ever known me, in even my best moments.

Barry and I were married quietly, and we picked out one of the sweetest little bungalows that ever was built. Papa and Mamma were given a house of their own choice by Barry, who spent his money with a lavish hand.

And now I was ready to try my fortune in my new field. I had known that Barry's company had offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for the best scenario submitted; and I had had the audacity to make up my mind to try for it.

I was afraid to tell anyone of my plan, knowing that I would probably be laughed at. Barry never asked any questions, but he gave me encouragement.

In a sense I was not a beginner, though. The experience I had had in helping Mrs. Roberts served me well now; but, most of all, my work in the studios helped me.

At first, as I learned afterward, when Barry would come home to find me absorbed in my work, he would be sure there was to be no dinner for him, and that we would have to go out for something to eat. In that, however, he was always mistaken, for I never let my work on the scenario interfere with my duties as a housekeeper.

Later, when I told him of my great happiness in hoping to be a mother, he begged me not to work so hard. I assured him that I would not and proved it to him by keeping in the best of health.

And all these days Barry was the tenderest, most beautiful lover.

I knew I was very bold in trying my hand at a serious, seven-reel drama, and I grew less confident as the work progressed. Then, too, I once asked dear Mrs. Roberts if she was trying for the prize competition. She laughed outright and said she wouldn't attempt anything as difficult as that.

That didn't encourage me, as you may believe; but I kept on until I had finished the scenario. Then, after putting it aside for a few days I read it over. I could have cried when I saw how poor it was, and I threw it into my desk drawer, determined to burn it someday.

I took courage later on to put it in an envelope—a big one I had bought especially for the purpose. I didn't dare to read it again, but just stuffed it in and mailed it.

I WAS determined to have sense enough never to tell even Barry of my folly in attempting a thing so ambitious, but one day Barry came home unexpectedly early to find me sobbing my heart out.

"What is it, darling?" he cried, taking me in his arms.

"Oh, Barry," I cried, "you know that competition your company offered?"

"Yes, dear. It has been decided."

"I—I know it," I sobbed. "I tried for it."

"Oh, honey!" he soothed me, "you mustn't mind. It was too big to attempt the first time. But don't be discouraged; try another one. Try a little one."

"I know it was crazy of me," I said. "I just got a letter."

"It was polite, wasn't it?" he demanded, up in arms at once.

"Read it," I faltered.

He snatched it out of my hand and read it. Then he re-read it. "Why!" he cried out in bewilderment, "what's the matter with you? What are you crying about? It says you've won."

"That's why I'm crying," I sobbed with new force. "I didn't expect to win. Here's the check;" and I handed him the precious bit of paper.

"For the Lord's sake!" he gasped, "my wife's rich."

Then he hugged and kissed me as if for the first time. He was more de-

lighted than if he had had a stroke of good fortune himself. He patted me on the back; he picked me up and carried me about the room, repeating over and over, "My wife! my wife!" as if I were the most wonderful woman in the world.

IT seems to me that in my first scenario I had as much joy as could possibly be crammed into one bit of work. I had had the delight of creating it in the first place, and then the pleasure of surprising Barry with my success. But that wasn't all.

One day Barry came home with his eyes shining with happiness and told me he was going to have the lead in my play.

I demonstrated my delight in a properly wifely way, showering kisses on him. "Isn't it splendid?" I cried. "I hoped you'd get it."

He laughed in his boyish way. "They said they couldn't give it to anyone else, and wanted to know if it hadn't been made for me. Was it?"

"I had you in mind all the time," I answered. "How could I help it?"

Barry hadn't read the scenario before because I hadn't kept any copy; but now he had seen it and read it at the studio. And he sent me into the seventh heaven of delight by giving it all sorts of extravagant praise. He declared it would make the hit of hits when it was screened.

And then the most wonderful thing of my life came—my baby.

What happiness that little, pink mite brought us! We named her Suzanne. I did not want to, at first, but consented in the end.

The baby was old enough to leave for a few hours a .d I was well enough to go out when the first projection of the film was made. I shall never forget that day. I was to see my story brought to life.

It was a very great success, and was the cause of my getting many, many orders.

THERE is only one thing more I wish to say before I stop. One day Barry came home and told me he had talked to an old acquaintance of mine, and when I demanded who it was, he sent a wave of shame over me by saying: "Wally."

And knowing Barry, I quickly asked what he had done.

"No," he laughed, "I didn't beat him up. I felt like it at first, but he was so miserable and down on his luck that I didn't even tell him who I was. He'd been tramping it, by the looks of him. I guess from what I dragged out of him that he'd been given the grand bounce by his father. He was trying to get a job at the studio, but I took him to the station, bought him a ticket home, put a bill in his hand and told him to be a man, to go home and eat humble pie and then go to work anywhere his father put him."

"You are good, Barry!" I exclaimed.

"Good nothing," laughed he. "Do you think I wanted him around where I would stumble over him at any time? Anyhow, he wasn't bad as much as he was weak."

I think the curtain may properly fall on the three characters who were disclosed at its rise—Barry, myself, and Wally.

THE END

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BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. T CLARINDA, IOWA

TOBACCO HABIT *Make It Quit You*

Not only is tobacco filthy and disgusting to your loved ones, but it contains a **Deadly Poison** which weakens heart, stomach, lowers vitality and invites disease that may shorten your life. **STOP!** Regain **vigor**; but don't shock your system by trying to quit unaided.

Easy to Quit It makes no difference how long you have used tobacco, whether you smoke cigarettes, pipe, cigars, chew or use snuff, **Nix-o-Tine Tobacco Remedy** will **free you** from craving quickly and **for good.** No further desire for tobacco. Guaranteed harmless! Has cured thousands of worst cases.

Sent on Trial Write today for full remedy on trial. If it cures, costs $1.00. No charge if it fails.

PERKINS CHEMICAL COMPANY, E-43, Hastings, Nebraska

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Illustrated. All in one volume, $2.25 post paid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 757, Central, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Brain Can't Work Right On Thin, Watery Blood

It takes Iron to make Strong, Forceful, Magnetic Men with the Power and Energy to Win

Many a capable intelligent man falls just short of success—nearly "gets there" but not quite—simply because he lacks sufficient iron in his blood to give him the physical strength and power to furnish the proper force to his brain and the "stay there" strength to his "will." A brain cannot do its work right—think the thoughts that win—on thin weak watery blood any more than a locomotive can pull a big train of cars with a weak smoldering fire under its boiler.

When your blood is starving for iron no mere tonics nor stimulants can put you right. You must have iron, for without iron your blood loses its power to change food into living tissue and nothing you eat does the proper amount of good. You do not get the full strength out of it. To get iron you must eat the husks of grains and the peels and skins of fruits and vegetables as our forefathers did or take a little organic iron from time to time and eat more such iron-containing foods as spinach and apples. But be sure the iron you take is organic iron and not metallic or mineral iron which people usually take. Metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron, and is therefore an entirely different thing from organic iron.

Organic iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. It may be had from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such highly condensed form that one dose of it is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It's like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat.

To prove to yourself what Nuxated Iron will do, get your doctor to take a specimen of your blood and make a "blood-count" of your red corpuscles, then take Nuxated Iron for a month and have a new "blood-count" made and see how your red blood corpuscles have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; see how the color has come back to your cheeks, how steady and strong your nerves have become.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain perfectly satisfactory results. Beware of substitutes. Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters N I on every tablet. Sold by all druggists.

Happiness Blighted by Physical Weakness

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

The secret of all success and happiness as a father — husband — socially — in business — everywhere lies in a strong, vigorous body filled to the brim with lasting vitality and robust health.— LIONEL STRONGFORT.

The Curse of Neglected Health

The divorce courts daily record the domestic disasters that wreck homes and blast the happiness of husbands, wives and children. If you are not physically and mentally fit, your wedded life will be a ghastly failure—you will wreck your wife's and your own life—and you may bring into the world sickly, defective children, that will be a burden and reproach to you as long as you live. THINK NOW before it is too late.

Make Yourself Fit Before You Marry

It is a crime to marry when you know that you are not physically fit. That pure girl is blinded by her love for you and does not realize your deficiencies. She thinks you are a prince among men—the ideal of vigorous manhood. She pictures you as her husband and father of her children. You know that you are not fit—you dare not marry in your present physical condition. The future looks dark and gloomy to you. But CHEER UP—my hand is held out to you in friendship. I want to help you. I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. Strongfortism has aided Nature in overcoming such ailments as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Rupture, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Poor Memory, Vital Depletion, Impotency, etc., and the results of neglecting and abusing the body. Strongfortism has restored the Manhood they thought lost forever and gave them renewed confidence, vitality, ambition, success and fitted them for the Responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. It can do the same for you, irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings. I guaranteed it.

Send for My Free Book

The experiences and research of a life time are contained in my wonderfully instructive book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of Vital Manhood. It will show you how you can fit yourself to be a father and be a credit to your wife and family. It is absolutely free. Just check the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want special information and send to me with a ten cent piece (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. I will do the rest. Send for my free book *Right Now.*

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Department 308 Newark, New Jersey

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 308, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

Colds	Increased Height	Vital Depletion
Catarrh	Pimples	Impotency
Asthma	Blackheads	Falling Hair
Hay Fever	Insomnia	Weak Eyes
Obesity	Short Wind	Constipation
Headache	Flat Feet	Heart Weakness
Thinness	Stomach Disorders	Poor Circulation
Rupture	Constipation	Skin Disorders
Lumbago	Biliousness	Despondency
Neuritis	Torpid Liver	Round Shoulders
Neuralgia	Indigestion	Lung Troubles
Flat Chest	Nervousness	Stoop Shoulders
Deformity (Describe)	Poor Memory	Muscular Development
Successful Marriage	Rheumatism	Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

"Fired"

(*Continued from page 53*)

She had not meant to go quite this far but it was out now and she blushed crimson. Her father's reply showed his annoyance:

"Miracles sometimes happen, but intelligent persons don't worry much about them," was her father's rejoinder.

As this conversation was taking place, Ray Forsyth was having a serious conversation with himself. He ended by deciding that now that he had mastered the selling end of business he would go into advertising. He felt that this would broaden his viewpoint and fit him for a bigger job in the future. He had been interested in this for a long time and had studied various books and courses on the subject. So he sat down and sent his application to various advertising agencies.

DAYS went by and nothing turned up.

Then Jane Callaway went to Palm Beach. And Forsyth knew he had to thank her father for that.

Finally after nearly three weeks of suspense Forsyth left on a sudden impulse for Chicago. And it was from here that only a few days later he sent the following telegram to Jane.

"Start in tomorrow with the Hercules Advertising Agency. Letter follows. Ray."

And so he put his past behind him and faced a new life.

From Forsyth's letter, followed by an interview, Jefferson, president of the Hercules Agency, had seen in him a man who might develop into manager of their newly organized Merchandising and Research Department. And he was right.

Not a man in the Hercules Agency knew how nor why he had severed his connection with the Sunburst Silk Mills. Even Jefferson, had not found it out. Not that Ray lied about it; he simply ignored it. He was happy in his new work, though drawing a smaller salary, for he was gaining a wide vision and a broader experience. And it wasn't long before Raymond Forsyth became an amazingly important cog in the business machinery of the Hercules Advertising Agency.

ONE day as he was bending over his desk, absorbed in the final tabulation of his analysis of the possibilities of merchandising investments, a Hercules messenger came to his desk to inform him that he was wanted in the conference room.

When Forsyth entered he found all of the other heads of departments and even President Jefferson had preceded him. In the center of the massive mahogany table lay the original reports of the Merchandising and Research Department, while around the walls and on easels hung several of the suggested pieces of advertising destined to make bonds as popular as breakfast foods. The entire demonstration being, Forsyth knew, for the benefit of a New York banker, Wilson R. Steele, and his associates.

Wilson R. Steele, Forsyth learned, was the active head of the Metropolitan banking firm of Steele, Hartje & Company. His deep gray eyes seemed to look through you rather than at you. He would cut in with sharp incisive questions at times and then again would appear to be hardly listening.

Forsyth had heard before of Steele's impulsive habits—that he had chosen young Hartje as a partner following a casual conversation in a pullman smoker, and other similar incidents. And so he watched Steele with more than passing interest.

When it was time for Ray's report, Jefferson introduced him, telling of the work he had done in selling before going into advertising.

At the words "manufactured silks," there was an apparent flicker of interest in Wilson R. Steele's eyes, but it departed more quickly than it came as he literally snapped out at Forsyth: "And so this is the young whippersnapper who is going to tell old bankers what to do."

Forsyth flushed, but with the confidence that comes from being sure of one's ground, calmly made his report.

AS he was about to conclude Wilson R. Steele shot out at him:

"But what experience have you had selling investments? Where was your last job, by the way? Were you successful at it?"

It seemed to Forsyth that he caught a challenge in the banker's eyes and his sixth sense told him that the banker was going to expose, in another moment, that he had been discharged from the Sunburst Mills. But he answered calmly:

"With the Sunburst Silk Mills, where I was for six years, the last three as sales manager. And where I made a big increase in sales."

"Stuff and nonsense, young man, everyone's sales increased during the war."

Ray invited the banker to examine the annual report of the Sunburst Mills if he wanted proof of his success there.

DESPITE the efforts of President Jefferson to veer the conversation back to the investment subject, the banker cut in again several times later on with questions which had for their apparent aim nothing more than the ruffling of the feelings of Forsyth, or to get him to make a direct or indirect attack upon Mr. Toole of the Sunburst. But Forsyth spoke only in generous terms of the man who had fired him.

The upshot of the entire matter was that Forsyth's plan of campaign was shelved for the time at least.

Then one of the local universities conducting business classes invited him to give a course of lectures on distribution and its problems, and later many of the leading advertising journals carried one or more articles of his. Seizing the subject of merchandising at the psychological moment, as it were, young Forsyth found himself in less than a year in the spotlight. And, of course, he was offered big jobs with other companies. But he

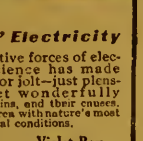
"Sugar Coated" Electricity

Use the powerful, corrective forces of electricity that modern science has made available—without shock or jolt—just pleasant and invigorating, yet wonderfully effective. Drive out aches, pains, and their causes. Saturate the ailing weakened cells with nature's most potent aid in establishing normal conditions.

RenuLife Violet Ray High Frequency

Simply attaches to light socket and transforms current into a shower of vibrant, shockless electricity—Violet Ray. Penetrates deep, increasing circulation, adding oxygen to the blood and promoting elimination of waste products. If you are suffering from any subnormal conditions, learn what the Violet Ray may do for you. Write for complete booklet.

THOUSANDS BENEFITED: Many chronic, stubborn cases of rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, faulty circulation, paralysis, catarrh, lumbago, etc., etc., have found marked relief and permanent benefits. Get the records of hundreds of cases. **You may get one on trial** and be your own Doctor and Judge. Write for special offer.



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They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness.

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darkens and beautifies the eyelashes and brows instantly, making them appear naturally long and thick. Used and recommended by beautiful women everywhere. Simple to use. Perfectly harmless. In dainty purple box with mirror and brush—two shades: brown for blonds, black for brunettes. **75c at your dealer or direct from us.** Tear out this ad now as a reminder.

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rejected them out of loyalty to the Hercules. Of course, Jane Callaway lost no opportunity of pointing all this out to her father.

Not many weeks later Forsyth received a telegram. It read:

"Meet Wilson R. Steele his apartment Thursday at ten. Answer."

"Doubtless his majesty has decided to go further into that bond-selling campaign," he mused.

Promptly at ten on Thursday Mr. Steele's private secretary led Forsyth into Mr. Steele's library, where he found him propped up in a deep chair. Gruffly he shook hands with Forsyth.

"Be seated," he said. "I won't take long. I am not in a good humor anyway—seldom am. That idiot, Toole, who was general manager of the Sunburst Silk Mills up at Sunnyside, fired you a year ago last week, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," agreed Forsyth.

"Because he wanted an older man, he said, didn't he?"

Forsyth nodded, and the banker smiled sardonically and continued: "Well, you are an older man now, aren't you?"

BEFORE Ray had time to take in his meaning, the banker called his secretary and dictated a contract in which Forsyth was to become manager of the Sunburst Mills at any salary he chose—at the earliest moment he could begin. Forsyth was bewildered.

"But I don't understand. I have not said I would take the job. You dumfound me. I am happy in my present work. I came here on the Hercules' money. And besides——"

"Stuff and nonsense, my boy. Toole was a fool. He had his chance. I put him to a test. I ordered him to fire you without cause. I knew if he did it he was not the man I wanted at Sunburst. I hired Toole. I fired him, day before yesterday. Now I am re-hiring you. We have had all too many general managers there. The remarks of Callaway about 'the New York crowd' not being able to get real men stung me to the quick, and I decided to prove to him that we could pick men." The last with a curious smile.

"I know what I'm doing," he went on. "And I want you back there bad enough to buy out Jefferson's Hercules agency to get you."

A flood of happy thoughts filled Forsyth's mind. How could he refuse?

Within a month he was back with the Sunburst Mills.

Shortly afterwards Jane Callaway and Raymond Forsyth were married. The quaintest wedding present that the popular young couple received was an autographed photograph of Wilson R. Steele, across one edge of which was pasted a clipping from the *Sunnyside Gazette* in which Stephen Callaway's speech at the Chamber of Commerce was quoted.

"Evidently this is intended more for you, Dad," Mrs. Forsyth laughingly said as she unwrapped it.

"Wilson R. Steele always was a crazy man, in my opinion," replied the proud father. "But I will give him credit for giving me a man worth while for a son."

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Send your name and address. The ring you select will be shipped for your approval, charges prepaid. Upon arrival deposit only $4.50 with the postman and then **wear the gem for 10 full days.**

If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back

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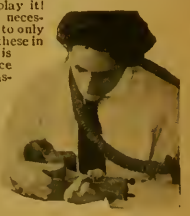
Just like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only five—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating chords, strumming and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Ukulele plays any kind of music. Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Ukulele, illustrated instructions and complete lessons and pieces of music. Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own instrument.



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Well made and effective; modelled on latest type of Revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. **A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs.** You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. **PRICE 50c Postpaid: Better make and superior quality for $1.00. Blank Cartridges .22 cal., shipped express 60c per 100.** Johnson Smith & Co., Dept 138, 3224 N. Halstead St., Chicago

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Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 2664 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

Crusader of Decency

He Bore the Torch of Truth and Made the World Blush for Shame

A COLOSSUS of truth he stood, scorning with vitriolic righteousness the false and sordid and tainted. Implacable in his fiery insistence upon decency and truth, Brann, the Iconoclast, raged down the world flaying the fake and sham with rods of burning reproach. "Wizard of Words," he laughed to bitter scorn the scarlet sins of a decadent society.

Brann, The Iconoclast

You have never read anything like the inspired writings of Brann, the Iconoclast. Wellspring of truth, fountain-head of ideas, master supreme of satire and invective; humor and wit were plastic clay in his potter's hands. With an astounding vocabulary that sounded the depths of human knowledge and soared to the heights of inspiration, he was the envy of despairing contemporaries, sitting at his feet in awe, and the delight and joy of the great and lowly who swayed to the magic of his spell.

A flaming spirit flashing through the moral sky, Brann dipped deep his soul-searching pen in the gall of outraged humanity, thundering against sodden hypocrisy, unmasking skulking fraud, lighting up the black shadows where oppression stalked, flaunting false modesty's pose and exposing the littleness of fake virtue.

He Was Master of the Passions of Hatred and Love

"Tear him down" cried those whom his courageous and inspired pen exposed and shamed and damned. As well try to stem the torrent of a Niagara as hold back one single stroke of his surcharged pen. Brann laughed and defied the world. And he wrote again. And again—on to his untimely end, unflinching and unwavering; leaving the rich heritage of words that seared and scorched with blinding brilliance and dynamic force—crusading messages of light and love and truth for an eager waiting world.

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You must read Brann, the Iconoclast, if you would read the most extraordinary vital literature of a century. Not just books, not just *great* books—but the inspired writings of the genius to whom the world was his fair field of battle, to be fought over for the right as he saw it. A feast of reason, entertainment supreme—the wizardry and intellect of the master of the written word will leave you gasping in amazement and delight.

Read him at the apex of his marvellous powers—at his super-best—in these two wonderful volumes. Selected from his complete works, embodying every phase and side of his multi-genius. Two complete volumes of 300 pages each—the greatest stories and articles and lectures of this "wizard of words." Your choice of his greatest and most talked about and discussed writings ON TRIAL. To read and to live with—to laugh over, to wonder and to marvel at the audacity of the mere human who flaunted life as it is and fought for a world as he thought it should be.

SEND NO MONEY

Brann was truly a "wizard of words." His words leaped from the pages like tongues of fire and beauty. His vocabulary is conceded even by his bitterest critics to outrange that of any other American. Thousands have been held beneath the spell of his amazing magic. Thousands have gasped at his daring, shuddered at his amazing attack, have felt their emotions shattered and shredded. And now you can have a choice of Brann's writings ON TRIAL. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or copy it in a letter or on a postal card and two wonderful volumes of Brann's Works, each containing over 300 pages, will be mailed you at once. Keep them—read them for a month. Then, if you are not delighted, you can return the books and not be out one penny.

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Please mail me the two volumes of the works of Brann, the Iconoclast. I will pay the postman $2.75 plus postage on arrival. If not pleased I am to return the books within 30 days and you are to refund my money in full.

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Mail Coupon Now These volumes are taken from broken sets, but each volume is complete in itself and consists of complete articles, lectures and stories. The regular price for these volumes is $4.50, but while these sets last we supply them at $2.75. Send no money now. Simply pay the postman $2.75 plus postage on arrival, then take 30 days trial. Your money back at once if you are not more than delighted. There has been but ONE BRANN. Tens of thousands say there will never be another like him. This offer is limited to the few sets we have on hand. Mail coupon NOW.

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An amazing aluminum set value. Each piece is made of heavy gauge, "Lifetime Ware," pressed sheet aluminum at n grade never offered at this price before. **Seamless.** Not thin like ordinary aluminum ware. **All pieces (except pie plates and bread pans) are highly polished, made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.** Yours for only $1 down, then $2.25 monthly. Price $21.90. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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Combination tea kettle and double boiler (3 pieces) 5-quart size, 8¼-inch inside, with a double boiler, 2-quart capacity; one Colonial design coffee percolator (2 pieces), 6-cup size with welded spout, dome cover, fully polished; one roaster, consisting of 2 pieces, measures 10½ inches wide and 6 inches high. These 3 pieces have dozens of different uses, including bread or bake pan (7-pint capacity), stew or pudding pan (7-pint capacity); pudding pan or mixing bowl (4-pint capacity); egg poacher, 5 eggs at a time, muffin pan; biscuit baker with 5 custard cups or jelly moulds; deep locking self-basting roaster; double boiler cereal cooker or triple steamer. This outfit also includes 6-quart preserving kettle with cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip stew pan (1-quart capacity), 1 lip stew pan (1½-quart capacity). Combination cake and pudding pans (2 pieces), consists of 2-quart pudding pan with cake tube; two 9-inch pie plates; two 8½-inch extra deep cake pans; 1 colander with 9-inch top, 5¾-inch bottom and 2¼-inch depth (can also be used as a steamer). Shipping weight about 15 pounds. **All pieces (except the pie plates and bread pans) are highly polished, made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. Order by No. A5439JA. Send $1.00 with order, $2.25 monthly. Price of 27 pieces, $21.90.**

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 27-piece Aluminum Kitchen Set. I am to have 30 days' trial. If I keep the set I will pay you $2.25 monthly. If not satisfied I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **27 Piece Aluminum Kitchen Set No. A5439JA, $21.90**

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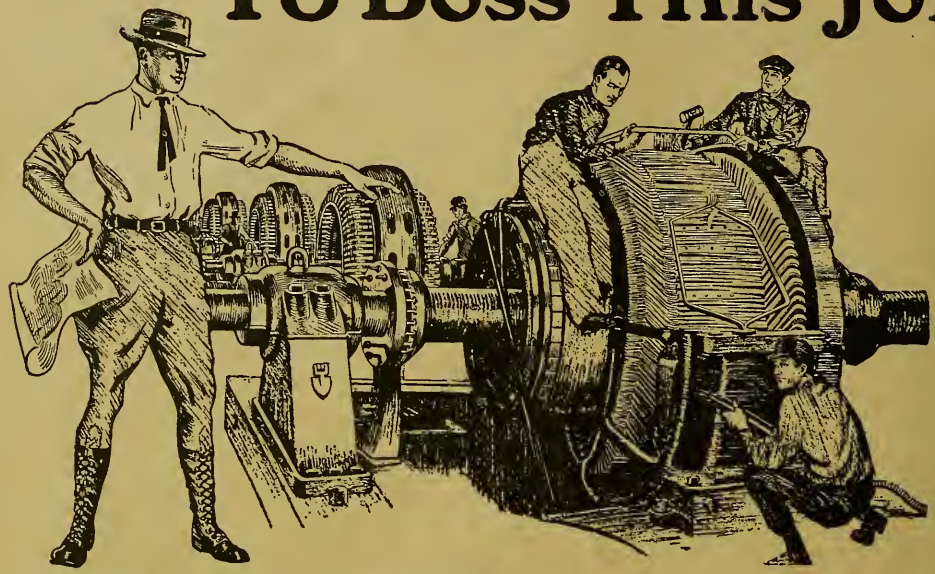
June 25 cents

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

The Woman With a Past Makes Good — Page 18

You, Too, Can Learn

To Boss This Job



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Chicago Engineering Works

Dept. 496, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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- National City Bank of N. Y.
- Boston Elevated Railway
- Hart, Schaffner & Marx
- U. S. Steel Corporation
- New York Edison Company
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Save $36 For $64 you can now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100. We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. Result—we can afford to sell at $64 the very same Oliver formerly priced at $100.

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Mail the Coupon Now

Check the coupon to get the Oliver for five days free trial in your own home. If you decide to keep the typewriter you can pay for it on terms so easy that you won't miss the money—only $4 a month. If you prefer to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog. Clip the coupon now and mail at once.

Canadian Price $82

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1996 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1996 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $64 at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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Name .....

Street Address .....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Chas. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Prize-Winning True Stories

THE opening story of this issue is the winner of the fifth One Hundred Dollar prize in TRUE STORY's Thousand Dollar Life Story Contest.

The first, also the last, prize of Five Hundred Dollars is yet to be awarded. In the next issue, details will appear in full.

Many contestants' stories have been read by several—some of them by a half-dozen—readers to determine not merely whether or not prizes should be awarded them, but whether they offer possibilities for present or future publication in TRUE STORY's pages at space rates—all of which requires time and properly-directed effort on the part of TRUE STORY's editorial and reading staff.

Your opinion on TRUE STORY's selection of its prize-winning stories will be welcomed—as your comment on every other feature of the magazine will be.

Our New Sister

THE very latest arrival in the family of TRUE STORY is the *Movie Weekly*. It's a lusty youngster too—though one hand's fingers suffice to count the months of its age.

Physical Culture Magazine, as you perhaps know, is the senior member of the family—and just old enough to have reached the age of its most rapid growth.

Movie Weekly is the most intimate link between folk behind the screen and those they entertain and amuse—a magazine just made to order for the TRUE STORY Reader.

It's an unusual magazine—in photogravure from cover to cover—at an unusual price—ten cents the copy.

Ask your newsdealer for it today and get acquainted.

A Discovery that Suddenly Made My Skin Beautiful

PERHAPS it was the glow of the lamp-shaded candle on our table. Perhaps it was the quaintness of our surroundings, in the little restaurant. It may, even, have been the striking contrast of the vivid orange blouse I was wearing. At any rate, Will became suddenly eloquent.

"How exquisite you look with the candle-light playing on your face!" he whispered. "Do you know," he added earnestly, "you remind me of a rare old cameo—so delicate and pearly that you seem almost transparent."

I smiled—and dropped my eyes so that Will could not see, in their brightness, how exultant I was, how elated. If he only knew the secret hidden behind my beauty, behind my cameo-like complexion!

But how could he know that only three months ago I despaired of ever having a good complexion. How could he know that I had tried treatment after treatment, and that after each my skin seemed to be more unlovely than before.

Then one day I made an amazing discovery, and the result is that today my complexion is all—yes, all—that Will said it was.

Three Types of Skin—The Secret

Here's the way it all happened. I was reading a magazine, one day, and I noticed an announcement by a famous specialist that there are three distinct types of skin—oily, dry and normal; and that the preparations that benefit a Dry Skin are absolutely harmful to an Oily Skin. Thus, the blonde whose skin is dry cannot use a powder meant for a brunette whose skin is usually oily. In other words, all women have one of three types of skin—dry, oily or normal—and each type requires a special kind of treatment with the correct preparations.

This seemed very logical to me. I knew that my skin was quite dry and flaky. Whenever I went out in the wind it would smart and chap. Powder caused a drawn feeling. It was easy to see that such a skin would require different cosmetics than one which was oily or normal.

But where was I to go to find anyone who could tell me just what to use? The problem was solved for me, one day, quite unexpectedly. I was passing the toilet counter in one of the large department stores, and I heard a woman talking about the care of the different types of skin. She was offering certain Combination Preparations made especially for each type. Just what I was looking for!

Eagerly I asked the young woman what to use for my skin. She took an immediate interest. "You have been using the wrong preparations, my dear," she said. And then she told me all about the beauty specialist who had been working for years on this very problem. She explained why oily skins, that have a tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads, need particular skin preparations made especially for its care. And she explained why the woman with a dry skin would require just the opposite kind of preparations. It was all so clear and simple and sensible that I easily understood why my dry skin had always become coarse and flaky when I used powder. Needless to say, I bought one of the Luxtone Combinations especially designed for the dry skin.

And that was what led to Will's remark in the little restaurant. It was true. My skin is now like a pearly cameo, all because I am using preparations designed specially for my kind of complexion.

How You, Too, May Benefit By This Discovery

In order that women everywhere may benefit by this new discovery of science, the makers of the Luxtone Beauty Preparations have asked me to make this announcement. They have prepared a special outfit which they will send, together with valuable information regarding the use of soap on the face, how to massage, how to make the most of the hidden beauty in your complexion—by mail, on approval. They have also created a special department of experts who will answer any questions regarding the care of peculiar skin conditions.

There is a treatment for each type of skin. Just mention in the coupon which kind of skin you have, and the treatment will be sent by return post. In this Luxtone Beauty Combination you will find everything you need for complete care of your complexion—soap, day and night creams, and a jar of the famous Luxtone Beauty Secret which is a powder and cream in one. The preparations will last a full month. And with it you will receive a book of startling facts about the skin—facts that will be of value to you always.

Send no money with your order on this introductory offer. Simply mail the coupon and the outfit will be shipped. When it arrives, just pay the postman $2.00. If, after 5 days' use, you can't see a remarkable improvement in your complexion, just write and your money will be instantly refunded.

But it is urgent that you mail the coupon at once, as this is a special offer that may be withdrawn at any moment. Be sure and specify your type of skin. The Luxtone Co., Dept. 16, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE LUXTONE COMPANY,
Dept. 16, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your special Luxtone Beauty Combination consisting of a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder-and-cream Beauty Secret. I will pay the postman $2.00 on arrival.

FOR ☐ DRY ☐ NORMAL ☐ OILY (Please check your type of skin)

Name.....

Address.....

Which Is *YOUR* Type of Skin?

Oily Skin Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

Dry Skin Flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

Normal Skin Clear, firm, delicately-colored. Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Proper care retains beauty.

NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something - the - matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in leatherette cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 202, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

Publisher's Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefitted by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Agents Wanted

Big Money And Fast Sales. Every Owner Buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 134, East Orange, N. J.

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Sex Books—Authoritative Books On Sexology. For those married or contemplating marriage. Catalog free. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

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(*Continued on page 6*)

"The First Month I Earned $1000"

—And he might have remained a farmhand

A $50 a month job as a farmhand one day—out of a job entirely the next—and then a position that paid him $1,000 the very first month! Such was the sky-rocket career of Charles Berry of Winterset, Iowa. And more remarkable still, it all came about as the result of a sunstroke! It was a strange freak of chance that started Berry on his way to good fortune.

How long he might otherwise have remained a farmhand, no one can say. Certainly, however, his work held little promise of better things for the future. Apparently all that lay ahead was a life of hard work, manual labor and low wages—a life shut off from the opportunities of the world.

Then one day as Berry followed his plow across the fields, under the scorching rays of a burning sun, he suddenly collapsed in his tracks. Sunstruck! At that moment his career as a farmhand came to an abrupt end. He could never again work under the direct rays of the sun. He was forced to quit.

Subsequently he found employment in a variety store. His reward for long and tedious hours of clerking was $18 a week.

Not a very remarkable job—but it meant the turning point in Berry's life, for it brought the discovery of the way to big earnings. Berry had been noticing the Salesmen who came to call on the proprietor of the store. He noticed their prosperous appearance, their air of confidence and good nature as if they were sure of themselves and enjoying every minute of their work. They stopped at the best hotels, travelled on the fastest trains; and there was an independence and variety about their work that made their careers look like one long vacation compared to Berry's job.

One day Berry fell into conversation with one of the Salesmen.

"Yes," the latter said in answer to his question, "Salesmen *do* make big money. And here's the reason: the success of any business depends upon the amount of goods sold. The man who sells is producing profits for his firm. His services are in demand everywhere. He commands big pay wherever he goes. And there is no limit to what he can earn, for he is paid in proportion to the amount of business he produces. If you'll take the trouble to investigate, you'll find that the big money is in the Selling end of business."

"But a man must have natural ability to become a Salesman."

"That's an old, out-of-date notion," the Salesman replied. "Salesmanship today is a science—it's just a matter of knowing how. Take myself for instance. I owe my success to the National Salesmen's Training Association. This is a wonderful organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed just for the purpose of fitting men for success in Salesmanship. It enables anyone to become a master of all the Secrets of Selling in his spare time at home. Why, it has made Master Salesmen out of men who had previously been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics and so on. If I were you I'd write to the N. S. T. A. Just ask them to tell you about

CHARLES L. BERRY

their system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service."

Into the Big Money Class

Berry did as he Salesman suggested. The answer he received from the N. S. T. A. absolutely astounded him. It was nothing short of a revelation—it was the most amazing PROOF of the short cut to big earnings that he had ever seen. Entirely free of cost he received a wonderful Book on Salesmanship that explained in full this fascinating field and its golden opportunities. Then there were copies of hundreds of letters from men who had been made Master Salesmen and placed in good positions by the N. S. T. A. Many of them were earning five, ten and fifteen times as much money as they had ever received before.

Warren Hartle, of 4425 N. Robey Street, Chicago, for example, had worked for ten years in the railway mail service at pay ranging from $900 to $1,600 a year. Then through the N. S. T. A. he received the Secrets of Selling that made him a Master Salesman and brought him $1,000 in thirty days.

George W. Kearns of Oklahoma City made $524 in two weeks. Before this he had never earned more than $60 a month. And C. W. Campbell of Greensburg, Pa., wrote, "My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,526 and I won second prize in March although I worked only two weeks during that month."

These are only a few of the wonderful letters. Berry was absolutely convinced and decided to accept the liberal offer of the N. S. T. A. to fit him for a position as a Master Salesman. In his spare time at home he learned the fundamental rules and principles of Salesmanship covering every branch of this fascinating field. Almost before he realized it he was ready to accept a position as Salesman with a big company to which the N. S. T. A. recommended him. The very first month he earned $1,000. Then his earnings ran as high as $2,140 in one month.

Startling Proof Sent Free!

The same opportunity that brought Berry his amazing, quick success is now open to every reader of this magazine. If you are ambitious to take your place in the ranks of the big money makers it is suggested that you write to the N. S. T. A. You will receive, without any cost or obligation, the remarkable Book on Salesmanship and the startling Proof that regardless of what you are doing now you can quickly become a Master Salesman in your spare time at home. You will read the stories of hundreds of men who today are earning more money than they ever thought possible. What these men have done you can do.

Surely you owe it to yourself to at least examine the evidence. It was worth $1,000 a month to Charles Berry to write to the N. S. T. A. It may be worth that much or more to you. Just mail the coupon. There is no cost or obligation. Address

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 60-G, Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 60-G, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your Free Salesmanship Book and Free Proof you can make me a Master Salesman. Also tell me how the Free Employment Service of the N. S. T. A. will help me to a Selling position and send list of business lines with openings for Salesmen.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Are Your Eyes Weak?

Then Read These Letters!!

Wore Eye Glasses for Sixteen Years, Discards Them Entirely

I had decided for some time to write you a few words of praise for your wonderful Eye Course, but thought that I would wait until I entirely stopped wearing "Eye Crutches" as you call them.

I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age, and did not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four years old, and with just a little effort in practicing the exercises each day, have at last been enabled to discontinue wearing glasses entirely. It just took two months of your treatment to cure my eyes.

I wish to thank you, and say that I cannot express myself in words for my great appreciation.

With best wishes for your continued good work, I am

Very truly yours,
MRS. D. G. LEWIS,
Shreveport, La.

Course Is Worth More Than Gold to Her

The Course, "Strengthening the Eyes" at hand, and I am sending money order for which I will keep the Course. It is worth more than gold.

Yours for health,
GRACE GUYER,
3116 E. 7th St.,
Long Beach, Cal.

Vision Improved One Hundred Per Cent in Two Months' Time

I have been following the precepts of your book for two months and my vision has improved 100 per cent.

When I started at ten feet I could barely see the largest letter. Now I can see the second size letter which is one-half the size.

Yours truly,
L. MEHLER,
Waynesboro, Va.

Writes This Letter Without Glasses After Only a Week's Trial

Enclosed you will please find money order in payment of course in "Eye Strengthening." I am convinced that this money is the best investment I have ever made. I received your course last Saturday, and followed the advice in putting aside my spectacles. Last Sunday gave me a good opportunity to begin the exercises, and when you consider that I have been wearing spectacles for twenty years, that was to my mind an achievement. Always having been instructed to wear my glasses being in danger of losing my sight, I am writing this letter without specs, and although, I cannot see very plainly, by writing large I am able to read it all right.

Yours truly, WM. G. NERN,
1155 19th St.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

His Sight Is Better Than It Has Been in Years

It may be interesting to you to hear that I have been able to discard my glasses and my sight is better than it has been in years. I would like to know how long the various strengthening exercises should be kept up. The glasses I discarded were for astigmatism, and were right eye 1-25,30 and left eye 1-25,120.

Again thanking you for sending me the books on "Eye Training," I remain,

Very truly yours,
R. D. ROBERTSON,
1100 Evergreen Ave.,
Plainfield, N. J.

Would Recommend Our Eye Strengthening Course to Anyone Who Wears Glasses

I am getting along with the Eye-training Course. Must say, have had good results and would recommend it to any one who wears glasses. Yours truly,

WM. S. GRINDELL,
1515 Myrtle St., Scranton, Pa.

Our files are filled with just such letters of grateful appreciation as those we publish here.

"STRENGTHENING THE EYES"

is a complete course in Eye Health Building. Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden in collaboration with one of the world's leading eye specialists. The lessons are simple. They are practical. And best of all, they produce beneficial results almost immediately. As evidence of this fact we call your special attention to Mr. Nern's letter, published above. Mr. Nern was able to discard his spectacles after only one week's use of the course.

Facts About the Eyes

The eyes are controlled by nerves and muscles, just the same as other parts of your body. You know that your arms or your legs or your hands or neck or back can be strengthened by exercise. If that were not so, half the people in the world would be going around on crutches. Well, why put crutches (that's just what glasses are) on your eyes when they grow weak? Why not try exercise?

Hundreds of people have been able to discard their glasses as a result of sending for Mr. Macfadden's Course in Scientific Eye Training. It is probable you can do the same. Why not try?

FREE TRIAL COUPON

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION,
Dept. T-6, 119 West 40th St., New York City

Entirely at your risk you may send me your course of Eye Exercises, charges prepaid. I am enclosing $5.00 which is to be accepted by you solely as a deposit.

It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my $5.00 upon return of the course.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

We Take the Risk

We would like to have every reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE who is afflicted with poor eye-sight try Mr. Macfadden's Eye Training methods. For this reason we have arranged a plan whereby you can have the course sent to you on approval with the privilege of practicing the exercises for five days before deciding whether or not to keep it.

The price of the course has been purposely made very low so as to be within the reach of every person—only $5.00 postpaid.

If your eyes are weak, can you afford to ignore this offer and all that it may mean to you?

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON.

Classified Advertising

(*Continued from page 4*)

Short Stories, Manuscripts Wanted

Stories, Poems, Plays, Etc., Are Wanted For publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau 172, Hannibal, Mo.

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Write The Words For A Song. We Write The music and guarantee publication on royalty basis. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 227 Fitzgerald Building, New York.

Write A Song Poem, Love, Mother, Home, Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 659 Reaper Block, Chicago.

EATING AS AN ASSET

Business and pleasure mix at the table. If you do not take a lively pleasure in every morsel of food that enters your stomach the business of building health and strength is progressing badly. Nature intended that you should enjoy your food. Alfred Andrews and Rachael Swain, M. D., in their books

"What Shall We Eat"
&
"Cooking for Health"

show you how to get the last vestige of pleasure and physical profit from your meals.

Food elements, relative costs, nutrative values, economical buying, plain cooking, appetizing variety, sensible combinations, time necessary for digestion, all of these subjects and many others, each tending toward **Health, Strength and Economy,** are discussed practically and sensibly in these two volumes which are fully endorsed by PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A properly cooked, well balanced, thoroughly digested meal is a joy forever.

For $2.25 we will send both books post paid. If you have one get the other. Each is complete in its own field.

"What Shall We Eat" - alone - $1.00
"Cooking for Health" - alone - $1.25

Clip this ad. and enclose with remittance.

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Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) schedule showing places of coming examinations; (3) list of many goverment jobs now open.

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LOCOMA MAGAZINE
900 Locoma Bldg, Farmington, Mich.

Has This Ever Happened to You?

IF you were a guest at dinner and you overturned a cup of coffee what would you do? What would you say? Would you turn to the hostess and say "I beg pardon?" Would you offer your apologies to the entire company? Would you ignore the incident completely? Which is the correct thing to do?

To be able to do and say the right thing at the right time is the badge of culture, and the man or woman who has that power is indeed an individual of polish and poise.

What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversarion flow more smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the *introduction*. A correct, courteous conversation-making introduction is an art itself, and reflects refinement and culture on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith*, or *Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown?* Would you say, *Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?*

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies: to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school; *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank*, or *Mr. Blank, this is Bobby*, or would you use the *I want you to meet* method? Do you ever say, *I take pleasure in introducing?* Is it right or wrong?

How do you introduce a sweetheart to your relatives for the first time? How do you introduce her or him to your friends?

On the other hand, if you are being introduced, how do you acknowledge it? Do you use any of these expressions: *"Pleased to know you," "Delighted," "How do you do?"* Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

The difference between the right and wrong thing in introducing is the difference between culture and coarseness.

The man who would be polished, impressive, and the woman who covets the wonderful gift of charm must cultivate the art of introduction.

Etiquette at the Dance

The ball-room should always be a center of culture and grace. To commit a breach of etiquette at the dance is to condemn yourself as a hopeless vulgarian. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are following the conventions of society to the highest letter of the law! What blunders do you make in the ball-room? These questions may help you discover them.

Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without a reason? What is the proper thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ball-room with a fiancé?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his partner to someone else before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance? Which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose of the lady after the dance if he must return to the lady he has escorted? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and finesse of your breeding than the ball-room, resplendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace and delicacy of cultured women asserts itself. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture or a person of boorishness.

When Wedding Bells Ring Out

etiquette again comes to the fore. What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitations be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? And after the wedding there are cards of thanks and cards of invitation to be sent. The wedding breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette."

Encyclopedia of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

In the most minute details of daily life, in the hours of prosperity and adversity alike, at all times, there is the omnipresent need of holding one's self in hand, of impressing by one's culture and breeding, of *doing the right thing*. Culture is, after all, one of the fine arts. To excel in music or painting, the price is vigilance, study and incessant effort; to be cultured, polished, the price is conscientious effort and study.

"Clothes may make the man," but whether you are clothed in rags or silks your culture cannot be hidden. For he who is polite, refined and well bred wears a gorgeous robe endowed with the fine embroidery of honor and respect. Not even rags can cover it.

The world is a harsh judge, but it is just. It will not tolerate the man who makes blunders at the dinner table. It will not tolerate the woman who breaks the conventions of society at the dance. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the Art of Etiquette.

"Encyclopedia of Etiquette" is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the *right thing to do*. It is a book that will last. You will preserve it, to refer again and again to its invaluable aid toward culture and refinement.

New Chapters on Foreign Countries

Two new and interesting chapters have been added to the original edition of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." They are "The Etiquette of Travel" and "The Etiquette in Foreign Countries." The woman who is traveling alone must be extremely circumspect in her conduct. The conventions of etiquette must be strictly observed. The man who is escorting a woman abroad must not subject her to embarrassment by blunders in etiquette. Tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad are discussed and the dinner etiquette in France, England, and Germany is disclosed. The two chapters are brimful of hints and pointers to the man or woman who travels.

SEND NO MONEY

This is the first time that a complete and intensive two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" has been offered. The editioo will go quickly. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to 5 days' FREE examination of the 2-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." At the end of that time, if you decide that you want to keep it, simply send us $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if for any reason you are not satisfied, return it to us and you won't be out a cent. You owe it to yourself and to the children in your home to have a set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" in your library. This opportunity may never come again. Send for the set today and surprise your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write, and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't send any money. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 326, Oyster Bay, New York.

Free Examination Coupon

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 326, Oyster Bay, New York

Gentlemen:
You may send me the complete two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." After 5 days I either will return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. This places me under no obligation.

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Orders received from countries other than the U. S. are payable cash with order.

"Hey, Tom!"

Do you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning.

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

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Long ago the hearts of the American people opened to Mark Twain. To-day the doors of fame are thrown wide to welcome him. Colleges, universities, great men and great places in all lands love him—nay, study him. So that, when men ask, "What has America contributed to the classics of the world?" the answer comes in one great, swelling chorus: From the Golden Gate to China's wall—from Alaska to the Australian Bush—from the stately harbor of New York to the hot, burning, colorful harbor of Singapore—from Argentina to Oxford's old streets, the answer rings firm and clear—**Mark Twain.**

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T. S. 6-21

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HARPER & BROTHERS

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How I Turned Work into Play at $200.00 a Week

By David Beach

The Amazing Story of a Bookkeeper Who Without Any Previous Experience Learned the One Great Secret of Drawing in His Spare Time and Cashed in on it

"—and—Four times my former salary, and my own boss, all for a few hours delightful study!"

A man was talking to his companion in the seat behind me on my home-bound train. The cheerful enthusiasm of the voice sounded vaguely familiar. I turned to see who the speaker might be. To my surprise I recognized him as Bob Enright, an old friend, whom I had not seen since we were junior clerks together at Sims, Foreman & Co.

"What is it all about, Bob," I asked, as soon as greetings were over, "what is this wonderful job of yours? Tell me about it."

Bob laughed. "You'll be surprised when I tell you, Dave—I am an artist! Not another Rembrandt, perhaps—"

"Artist?—I interrupted, "what do you mean?"

"Just that—A-R-T-I-S-T—I do some of the stuff you see in the Sunday newspaper magazine sections."

"But, what the dickens, Bob—when did you learn how to do it!—What have you been doing—studying abroad?"

"Not a bit of it—learned right here in U. S. A., at my own fireside. It took me only about an hour and a half to learn the whole secret. Why I drew first 'blood' three weeks after I started, and landed this position last June, just four months later!—But, listen, if you're interested, I'll tell you all about it, what do you say to lunch on Thursday. Can you make it?"

I decided that I could and met him accordingly. Bob started bubbling over the minute we were seated.

A Luncheon Talk That Changed My Whole Life

In view of his own remarkable success, his enthusiasm was excusable. He told me how Charles Lederer, the famous artist and cartoonist, had drawn upon his thirty years of experience and constructed a home-study art course along lines never before attempted. Working on a new idea Mr. Lederer had condensed the whole field of commercial art into thirty fascinating lessons. He had boiled the whole system of training down to one great principle. And so simple was it, so logically arranged that anyone, whether he had had previous experience or not, could not fail to progress easily and rapidly.

Bob insisted that if I liked to draw at all, the very best thing I could do was to get this wonderful course and give it a trial. He pointed out that bookkeeping led to nowhere (I knew this). He told me about the amazing opportunities in commercial art. He told me about the hundreds of high salaried positions vacant for lack of trained men. He spoke of the wonderful fascination of the business, the short hours, the delight of creating—And finally, he wound up with a recommendation to start right away "knocking 'em dead."

I thought it all over. No doubt about it—I *was* dissatisfied.—And I had always wished that I could draw. My boyhood ambition had been to be a funny paper artist.

But, it all seemed so impossible—artists were born, not made—and I couldn't draw. However, Bob had done it, and—well, I couldn't lose anything, and the long and the short of it was that I sent for Bob's course.

A Knock-Out Surprise

Of course, I was skeptical when I received the little package of which Bob had spoken so highly. But my "Doubting Thomas" attitude changed before I had spent an hour with it.

Bob had not exaggerated. I found the "One great secret" that he had talked about, and mastered it in just one hour and ten minutes by the clock. That *same evening* I sketched some little pictures—and they were *good*.

My delight and astonishment knew no bounds. Every evening I kept at it. Although I never put in more than a couple of hours a day, I soon found that drawing could be taught as easily as typewriting or shorthand work

The fashion angle appealed to me the most. I specialized on that, and a month later I collected some of what I considered my best work, took a day off from the office and started to look for a job.

Bob gave me names of several firms, and a letter of introduction. *The second place I called at hired me on the spot at $45 a week!* Think of it, and I was only a beginner!

At Last—Real Money for Real Work

From that day on my progress has been steady and rapid. I am now head of the art department of one of the best known of the fashion magazines in the South. Every day, the one big rule that I learned in that first hour holds good. It is the basis of my entire success.

Through Mr. Lederer's amazing system, drawing can be taught as easily as anything else. And the best part of it all is, that the course teaches you to draw so that you can *sell* your pictures right from the start. That is really the most important part after all. Everyone wants to sell his work, and this is just what you can do, with Mr. Lederer's great secret.

Don't misunderstand, I am not praising myself. The point is this,—if I, who never was able to draw at all, could achieve this really remarkable success, others can do the same, or better,—and my salary is about $10,000 a year.

But see for yourself,—send for the course and try it out. If you can draw at all you will probably get along even faster than I. Remember, that opportunities in this uncrowded field are unlimited. There is a constantly growing demand for cartoonists and illustrators. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to fit yourself in your spare time for the best paying and most fascinating profession in the world.

DAVID BEACH.

I developed an original style of my own

Mr Charles Lederer, the well-known newspaper cartoonist, after years of practical working experience has developed one great simple rule for success in all branches of commercial art. This amazing secret has revolutionized the entire theory of drawing. It means that drawing can be as easy for you as writing. Out of his many years of work-a-day experience Mr. Lederer offers this One Big Secret of Drawing to all.

What Everyone Is Saying

I must say the Lederer Art Course surpassed my expectations.

My friends have been amazed at my drawing and I simply cannot help smiling when I watch their attempts at copying the face I have drawn. They cannot make it look anything like it, because they have not what Mr. Lederer gives in his course.

Anybody who is interested in drawing should take this course. It is interesting, and even though he or she may never use it professionally, they never will regret sending for it.

Though I am only on the first lesson, I could not help but write you as I am so amazed at my own drawing.

I will never regret sending for it. The course is worth much more than the small price asked. *Paul H. Monning, Headquarters Co., 22d Infantry, Fort Jay, New York.*

Five Days Free Trial

We want you to prove to your own satisfaction the tremendous value of Mr. Lederer's discovery. It will not cost you one penny. We want you to examine the Entire Course at our expense for five days. If you will just fill out the coupon below, detach it and mail it to us, we will gladly send you the complete course for your approval. We feel sure that when you see the surprising simplicity of this method you will agree with us that it is the greatest discovery ever made in this field.

Look it over, test it out—then if after five days you decide that you want it, send us $5.00. If you do not wish to keep it, return it to us and forget the matter.

But act AT ONCE. Learn to draw—whether or not your aim is commercial art. It is a big asset no matter which field you are in. Let us disclose to you the whole secret. Detach the coupon and mail it TODAY. **Independent Corporation, Dept. D-1326, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York.**

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you $5 for each in full payment.

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☐How to Read Character at Sight ($5) By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford
☐Super-Salesmanship ($5) By A. Newcomb
☐Roth Memory Course ($5) By David M. Roth
☐Mastery of Speech ($5) By Frederick Houk Law
☐How to Write Stories ($5) By Prof. W. B. Pitkin
☐Paragon Shorthand Course ($5) By Alexander Lichtentag

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True Story—6-21

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A. W. WICKS
Elec. Engineer

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Space does not permit me to detail the scores of other things I do for my students Absolutely Free.

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Go as high as you like. No limit to salaries in Electricity. In the Electrical Industry it is not a question of pay, it's a question of trained men—electrical experts are needed to fill big jobs as Power Plant Superintendent, Chief Electrician, Sub-station Operator, Electrical Inspector and hundreds of other positions. Electrical Contractors also make big money. There is also big money in conducting Electrical stores.

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Let me send you this big book of Opportunities with my compliments. There is no obligation. Find out for yourself what is doing in the Electrical Industry. You owe it to yourself to investigate. This book shows what other ambitious men have done in this field and what you can do. With this wonderful book I'll also send you complete outline of my method of instruction and actual letters from my students and graduates testifying to what my training has done for them.

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Without any obligation send me your Big New Book, "Opportunities in the Electrical Field," and full particulars regarding your method of training.

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APR 21 1921

True Story Magazine

The Glory of Work Well Done

By Bernarr Macfadden

REAL life pulsates with the urge toward activity.

Inactivity and death are companions.

Interesting work is God's greatest gift to Man. The energy that is spent thus creates new energy, and gives life its keenest zest.

Work that is humdrum, monotonous, may be soul-crushing at times. Yet even activity of this sort is better than idleness.

The stagnant pool of idleness is infested with every evil known to man. There sin, crime and every demoralizing influence take root.

If you desire to achieve something, if you seek contentment or the thrill of delight that comes from a rich life, learn to love your work.

In this boundless field of strenuous activity, every sphere of achievement opens up to you. Opportunities come your way. Success, happiness, welcome you with open arms.

THERE is a great deal of truth in the saying that genius is chiefly infinite capacity for work.

Work is the greatest of all panaceas. It is good for every disease. An idle man is a menace to all with whom he comes in contact. He is always discouraged, discontented, usually morbid and cynical. He suffers from the "sleeping sickness." His energies, ambitions, talents lie dormant.

At times work may become irksome. You may be driving too hard. You may need a vacation, which mayhap means simply a change of work.

PHYSICAL work will make you strong. Your muscles will expand, your flesh will become firm, your body will attain a pleasing contour under its vitalizing, cleansing influence.

And if you combine a proper amount of mental activity with this work you will become a whole man or woman, well-balanced, capable, courageous.

You will be able to look life squarely in the face. Life's battle will have no terrors for you—but just the fascination of a fair contest.

Glorify work. Lift it to its proper sphere. Immerse yourself completely in it. For when you love your work, there is no limit to your future possibilities.

You will meet every emergency. And success, a life of achievement, is bound to be yours.

Room at the Top

The Man Behind This Story Proved It—Incidentally Winning True Story's Hundred Dollar Prize for June

I'VE read a lot of these "Success" stories and I notice that nearly every man gives the credit for his start in life to one of two things: His college education, or his parents.

This story is different. I'm what they call a Success and yet I never had what is called an education. They chucked me out of college before the end of my freshman year. My mother died when I was born, and the only thing my father did to start me on the ladder of success was to fill my heart so full of fury and resentment that I flung myself out of his house one night, and never saw him again until I was a partner in the enterprise which has made my name a power in the business world.

In a way, I don't blame my father for hating me as he did when they tried to put me in his arms a few hours after my girl-mother had given her life for mine. They say she was the loveliest creature God ever made, and he idolized her. He was fifteen years her senior and they had been married three years—three absolutely perfect years for them! Looking now into the brown eyes of my own beloved wife, I can understand his feelings. Yet it wasn't my fault! I didn't ask to be born!

"Take a look at the other men in this plant. Go home and take off your Sunday clothes. Then come back and report for work!"

IT was the old family physician who made the arrangement with the people who took care of me for the first eighteen years of my life. They were liberally paid for my care, and I had as good a home as any child can have with strangers, in a pretty suburb of Chicago.

All that I knew about my father was that he was a physician—a world-famous specialist—and that he had closed his house and office and gone abroad after my mother's death. He never wrote to me nor sent me any direct message, and as I grew older I wondered a good deal about this strange, unnatural sort of parent. But no one seemed able, or willing, to tell me about him, so I gave up asking. In a boy's shy, sensitive way, I brooded a lot about it.

Then, when I was graduating from high school, a letter came from my father. He was in Chicago, and I was to go to him, at once.

IT was a curt, impersonal letter, but I was so wild with joy that I read into its meager sentences a world of meaning which was not there. My father had opened his house again. I thought that he was lonely; that he wanted me; that his heart was calling for his son! My short journey to the city was lighted by bright flames of joy and confidence. Life had become a golden adventure for me. As I left the train I looked about eagerly for my father. I was sure I should know him, somehow.

A colored chauffeur came up to me, took my bags, and

"Won't you reconsider?" she asked. "Won't you keep on until the year is up? I hate to see you give up, now that you have gone so far"

led me to a huge limousine. Still my spirits were undaunted. My father wished to greet me in our home! As I went up the steps and into the dignified, austere house, my heart was pounding like an automatic hammer. A butler took my coat and hat and showed me into a library. There I stood for a moment, alone, gazing at a man who was reading a magazine. He was handsome, gray-haired, strength in every line of his face—the strength of cold, hard granite. But he was my father! I was ready to rush forward, to fling my arms around him, to hear him say "my son!"

HE glanced up, with no change of expression. He did not so much as hold out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said. "Sit down. I sent for you because they told me you were through high school. Of course you must go to college now. Have you a strong preference for any university? And have you decided on a profession?"

I was so chilled, so stunned, that I must have appeared very awkward and stupid. Confusedly I stammered out that I preferred a business to a profession. He frowned.

"All the men of our family have been professional men. Since you have no marked preference, you had better study law, which leads to any number of interesting careers. I have arranged for you to spend this summer in a camp where you will be tutored in any subjects you are deficient in. You will enter college in September. An ample allowance will reach you quarterly. I believe that is all. Good night."

I followed the butler upstairs to the most luxurious bedroom I had ever seen. When he had left me I locked the door and gave myself up to tears. I was only eighteen, remember, and the illusions of youth die very hard.

I DID not see my father again. His secretary attended to the details of the program he had planned for me.

I had little taste for books and no interest in the study of law. I had plenty of money and no one to question how I spent it. Inevitably, I fell in with a wild set. In six months time I was expelled from the university. But my allowance continued to reach me regularly. Like a fool, I thought my father did not know of my expulsion. I continued my wild life until the class that should have been mine was graduating. Then a letter from my father called me home again.

This time he met me with scorching reproach. He had known, all the time! He thundered hot words of condemnation at me. He had given me my chance, kept it up, thinking I might have sense to see my mistakes and retrieve them. But I had gone from bad to worse. He was done! I could go! He would burn his money before he would let me see another dollar of it!

His cold-blooded rage; his lashing words, snapped some cord that had been holding my young soul in silent subjection. I sprang toward him, my blood boiling in my veins.

"I'll go!" I cried. "I never want to see you again, either! You've made me what I am with your unnatural, inhuman treatment! For twenty-three years you've hated me for what was no fault of mine. And some time you're going to meet my mother and she's going to ask you, '*What have you done with our boy?*' "

I dashed the hot tears from my eyes, and flew out of the house and down the steps. As the door banged I heard my father's voice calling, "Stop, stop! Come back!" But I rushed on, neither knowing nor caring where I was going. I had just one dollar in my pocket. A terrible thunder shower came up, drenching me to the skin.

IN desperation, I stumbled into a "Wayfarer's Lodge" where for twenty-five cents I spent the night on a cot, surrounded by men down-and-out. In the morning I ate some breakfast and started out to conquer the world, with fifty cents in my pocket.

For a few minutes I stood on the curb, sizing up myself and my prospects. It was seven o'clock and the side-

walks were crowded with people. As I watched them, one fact became impressed on my mind: The happy-faced ones in the crowd were going to work that they liked! The dragging step and the listless eye belonged to the man who had no job or who hated his job!

Well, I had to get a job, so I decided to follow a happy-faced workman. I did, and he entered a big building with a sign on the door, "Darnell and Company, Soap Manufacturers."

In my ignorance, I asked to see Mr. Darnell. It never occurred to me that he would not hire his men personally. The old physician had named me for my father and I suppose it was the magic of the "John Marvin Hanna, Jr." on the card I sent in that secured me an interview with the president of the concern. He was a short, thin man, smiling and kindly, plainly curious about my object in calling on him.

He shook his head when I said I wanted work. "No vacancies in the office staff," he said, "and you've had no experience anyhow. Sorry, Mr. Hanna."

"But it wasn't in the office I wanted to work," I said. "At least, I don't care what I do, so long as I can learn the business. And how can I ever get experience if nobody will take a beginner?"

"Hm-m-m!" he said, slowly. "Why do you want to be a business man. Since you're the son of the great Doctor Hanna, why not follow his illustrious path?"

"Will you let me tell you?" I asked. He didn't look enthusiastic, but he nodded politely, so I told him about my childhood, and how my father blamed me and hated me for my mother's death. I described the four wasted years when I was supposed to be studying law. I emphasized the fact that I wasn't lazy—I prided myself on the fact that I would rather be a day-laborer than a lawyer! I wound up by declaring my fixed intention of making good in business.

I COULD see he was interested. When I stopped talking he wheeled around in his chair and sat for a good ten minutes, smoking and saying nothing. Then he whirled around to face me again.

"Are you aware that it takes just as much concentration and sacrifice, just as much unending toil, and study, and attention to detail to make a business man as it does to fit one for a profession?"

"I hadn't thought about that," I stammered. "But whatever it takes I want to do it. I want to prove that I can make good."

Again his back was to me. This time he began to write something on a loose sheet of paper. When he turned again there was a queer, whimsical smile on his face:

"Young man," he said, "here's your chance, if you're game enough to take it. I'll try you out for a year. You'll have to begin at the very bottom and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. You'll have to work harder than you ever dreamed men could work. You'll have to endure the most unpleasant conditions. If you stick to the end of the year, you'll cross the bridge to better things. What's your answer?"

"I'll take my chance," I said, instantly.

"Then I wish you to sign this agreement without reading it. It says you are to do the work I require of you for one year. If you break your contract before the year is up, I wash my hands of you."

"I'll sign it," I said, quickly. My pride was piqued now. I wanted to show him that I had the nerve and courage to go ahead.

"GOOD!" he said. "I'll advance you a week's wages, ten dollars. Also, I will give you a railroad ticket to Hatleen, two hundred miles from here. That is our Eastern factory. You will take a letter to the manager. You will work

. . . There stood Mr. Darnell, looking at me with evident amusement. "Hello, Hanna. You seem to be able to make soap-fat boilers eat out of your hand," he said

I had another surprise—my father stood there, gazing at me as if he were afraid to speak

where he tells you, live where he tells you. Can you go today?"

"I can go this minute," I declared. "I have only the clothes on my back, but I won't take anything from my father's house."

"Good!" he said again, and pushed the button to call his secretary.

At five o'clock that afternoon I went into the dirty little office of the soap factory in Hatleen. William Harris, the superintendent, came in from the works and read my letter in silence. Then he looked me over, and read the letter again. He was a big, burly fellow, with arms and hands like sledge hammers. There was a queer look on his face when he finally spoke to me.

"Know what's in this letter?" he jerked out. "No? Well, if you did, you'd never showed your face here! But come on, I'll show you where you're to live."

FOR six blocks I trotted after the big fellow, like a little lost puppy. Then he knocked at the door of a dingy frame house and a sharp-faced woman opened it.

"Mis' Knapp, this here fellow is named Hanna. He's going to work in the factory and he's to live here," he said, and went hustling back to work.

Mrs. Knapp led the way, silently, to a little room at the head of the stairs. It had a cot, covered with a patchwork quilt, a wooden chair, and a soap box, for furniture.

"You'll have to pay somethin' in advance, not havin' no baggage," said Mrs. Knapp, and I gave her five of my ten dollars. "My, you don't look as if you was used to work!" she commented. "Supper'll be ready in five minutes, soon's the fact'ry whistle blows!"

When she had gone away I sat down on the wooden chair and looked around me. I was about as disconsolate and sick of my bargain as a fellow could be. Remember, I was nearly twenty-three years old and I had been brought up in a comfortable, almost luxurious home, with plenty of spending money in my pockets. My associates had been people of good breeding and taste. Even in the misspent years in the college town, I had clung to what I called decent standards of living. My companions and my habits had been wild, but they had not been low or vulgar. And now . . .

Suddenly the incongruity of the whole thing swept over me, and I burst out laughing. Then I set my teeth together and my mind registered a vow to see this queer, mysterious adventure through to its finish. What was in the sealed contract I did not know. But whatever it was, I would stick to the end of my year. I know now that this moment of grim, silent determination, in that bare little room, was a turning point in my life. I went downstairs ready to meet what- (*Continued on page* 89)

Mademoiselle Pinocchio

Beauty May Be Only Skin Deep, But There Are Times—

THIS is the story of little Mademoiselle Pinocchio's love affair—her first and last.

I beheld her for the first time the day I brought my daughter, Eve, to Mrs. Scott's School for Girls on upper Fifth Avenue.

"This," said Mrs. Scott, "is Mademoiselle Panchaud, in charge of our French and Music Departments"—and introduced me to a nose. At least, that was all I could see for an instant—a nose so ludicrously prominent that the rest of the face was, as it were, in total eclipse.

In that instant, I experienced all the distressing emotions we fortunately normal people feel at the sight of some overwhelming deformity—first a natural repugnance, then a rush of honest sympathy, followed by a fevered nudging of ourselves to rise to the occasion and pass it off as though there were nothing formidable about the situation.

"How do you do?" I said cordially, too cordially, she later told me, adding that "everyone did."

"I hope you will like teaching my daughter," I went on inanely, and stopped because I had discovered her eyes. Heavens, what eyes! Dark as trees on a moonless night and with something of their vastness, their lifted, rapt communion with the skies. She spoke to me and I fell in love with her voice, a voice all full of unwept tears and brave flashing jewels of laughter. Then, delighted with these first clues, I continued hot on the scent of beauty.

HER skin was perfect, white and rose; her mouth all desire, youth and pain; her light abundant hair waved down her shapely head to a knot at the nape of her neck in the exquisite simplicity of Cecilia. And again she reminded me of the picture of that beautiful saint, as, at Mrs. Scott's request, she sat at the piano and sang for us.

She had the sapling form of a girl—she was then only twenty-one—but her voice, as no doubt her soul, had reached its sweetest maturity. I cannot remember what she played for us. She was always generous in the giving of her talents, and later I heard her music on so many occasions that the songs she sang that afternoon have mingled and blended with all her others in my memory. But sitting here writing now, I can still feel the thrill of her truly marvelous voice.

I remember I must have shown how utterly she had enchanted me, for when she had finished, she came to the divan where I sat and said, with an embarrassed, tense little laugh:

"Deed you like it—so veree much?"

I LOOKED up—and all her beauty had vanished. Strive as I might, I could see nothing but her nose, that horribly cruel jest that Nature planted there in the middle of her face, irreparably, damnably ugly, marring the whole pattern of her like a gash in some fine old priceless tapestry. Again I felt a physical nausea, looking at this feature of her, and again the rush of tender pity.

"Your voice is one of the finest I have ever heard," I said, and my earnestness was real.

"Yes," she said, without a trace of self-consciousness, "it is a veree fine voice. It might have—made—the Metropolitan, no?" she asked impersonally.

"I am sure of it," I agreed, and then before I thought, I had asked impulsively: "Why did you not try for—the Metropolitan—and all that? You could have made it."

Her reply astonished me. First she looked at me incredulously and then amused.

"What, with this nose?" she asked.

So she had recognized and relegated to its place in her life, as far as she could, this potent handicap! In a flash, I saw how this little inch too much of nose had influenced the whole of her life. It could not have been worse for her had she had no nose at all. Always in all her relationships with the world she had to take the thing into consideration. An inch or so too much of nose—and her course had been swerved from fame, beauty, power, to the comparative backwater of Mrs. Scott's! It was absurd, yet tragic; inconsequential, yet omnipotent. A speechless rage overcame me, that such things should be.

"Your nose is *unforgivably* bad," I blurted, and then stopped short in an agony of shame.

"I am sorry," she said, with that faintest of French accents, "to have mentioned it. Please forgive me—and do not be so embarrassed. Really, I am not hurt. I cannot be hurt any more by this sort of thing. Do you not realize all this has happened many, many times?"

"Oh, my dear," I said, almost in tears, "it is such a pity. You might have had the world at your feet . . . I could not help being—angry about it."

"YES," she nodded, "I too used to be angry about it. For the longest time I hated my father, who had a nose just like mine. I remember in France they used to call him *laideron*—old funny-face. Here the children call me 'Mademoiselle Pinocchio.' Do you know that quaint little fellow, the marionette, who had such a long nose that at times he got all tangled up in it?" She laughed without bitterness and kept on laughing until she had moved me to a reluctant smile.

" 'Mademoiselle Pinocchio'—not so bad! You see the story had been given to the children before I came, and their little heads were full of it. Imagine their delight when a real Pinocchio entered their classroom—a Pinocchio in petticoats, with a nose even more droll than the marionette's!"

"But I have heard of face specialists—surgeons who—" I began, still unwilling to accept such a monstrosity as irremediable.

"Oh," she made a futile gesture with her hands, "I long ago exhausted that hope. You see, such an operation would be extremely dangerous to my voice, and would probably be a failure at any rate. They did not disguise that fact from me. So—I have preferred to keep my voice."

Just then I caught a mute appeal from Eve, sitting patiently at the farthest end of the room, dangling her long legs in painful consciousness of Mrs. Scott's proximity.

"Will you promise to take tea with me this Sunday afternoon?" I asked, rising. "I will have a young doctor there who may be able to help you. Besides—I want to get better acquainted."

She flushed with pleasure. "Thank you. I will come." Then with a long, deep look, "You are sure you want me?"

"Sure," I said softly and earnestly. "Are *you* sure you want to come?"

Her eyes smiled into mine with glad assurance, and in that moment our singularly beautiful friendship was born.

DURING the following week, I heard much of Mlle. Pinocchio. Eve had a "crush" on her. It was the child's first, and with all the adoration of her fourteen-year-old soul, she loved the young Frenchwoman. But for that matter, all her school-fellows shared her feelings, Eve avowed. Mlle. Pinocchio, in short, was the favorite of the school. I asked Eve, out of pure inquisitiveness, if she did not find it painful to look at her.

Eve's honest gray eyes widened. "You mean her nose? Why, no, I—we all—just don't see that any more."

I pondered this awhile and then, because the fineness of youth is so often beyond the adult's comprehension, I said:

"But how can you *help* seeing it?"

Eve sighed. "I guess it's just 'cause we love her, Mother."

I remember how forcibly this inadequate explanation struck me at the time. I was so moved that I went to the window where my tall girl stood looking out on the park opposite. She slipped her arm about my waist, and so we stood, watching the sun sink down behind the trees until all that remained of it was a pinkish-yellow haze like a row of footlights.

"That tree," said Eve presently, pointing to a particularly fine maple, "is the most beautiful of them all, don't you think, Mother?"

"Yes," I said, "but what a pity they have severed that lower limb—it spoils the outline, somehow."

"Does it? I hadn't noticed that. But anyway it is the most beautiful. All the others are scraggly in comparison."

And then dinner was announced and we turned away.

SUNDAY came and with it Mlle. Pinocchio. Also Dr. Babcock. But nothing came of his examination of her. It would, he averred, be a difficult, delicate undertaking—he regretted he knew no one to whom he could conscientiously recommend her for such an operation. He himself specialized only in the "normal nasal diseases." Mlle. Pinocchio nodded resignedly and thanked him. He replied in cool, polite tones and soon after begged us to excuse his early departure. He left politely though visibly distressed. I expressed aloud my perplexity at my young friend's hurried exit.

"Oh, I affect all men that way," was the quiet rejoinder.

Again I was punished for my thoughtless speech.

"Why do you flush so? Dear friend, cannot we accept this deformity of mine once for all and talk about it when we must? Here it is, it cannot be concealed, any more than sex, the President, God, or any of the things about which we used to think it indelicate to express our personal opinions."

"Well," I laughed, "at least I'm getting along. I had forgotten all about it—that's Eve's doing I guess—until this episode, just now, of our friend the doctor."

She nodded. "Don't you remember how ill at ease you were that first few minutes with me? It is that way with everyone. I am like olives—once you get used to me you don't mind me—you even like me, no?" She laughed deliciously. "Some women—perhaps because women have more patience—have taken the trouble to like me. You," patting my hand across the tea-wagon, "and Mrs. Scott, for instance. There is a friend for you—Mrs. Scott! But men, poor creatures, are always scared away."

"The more loss to them!" I retorted.

HER lips curved at me affectionately—then suddenly flinging herself on a cushion at my feet, she said seriously, "But I have nevair had a lover—and I am twenty-one!"

"That's hardly old age," I parried.

"Well! But would it not be nize to know love? Oscare Wilde, he say, nevair to have known it is nevair to have lived at all."

"Ah," I sighed, for, sitting there in the twilight, I forgot I was an old woman of forty—and a widow, too. I sat and stroked her head awhile in silence.

"Was there never any young man—you liked?"

"Oh, yes, I see every day young men I would like veree much. But they are not for me. They do not like me."

"But was there never anyone who did—like you?"

"Oh," she smiled up at me, "in France there was a boy, such a veree nize leettle boy." She paused as if remembering many things. "You must know I was only sixteen then—and he no older. What fun we used to have. But he nevair keesed me. I heard him and Jean, another neighbor boy, talking about me one time."

" 'Margot is my girl,' said Paul.

" 'No, she isn't,' said Jean.

" 'Why not?' asked Paul.

" 'Because you have nevair keesed her mouth,' answered Jean.

" 'Veree well,' said my Paul, 'I shall kiss her.'

" 'You cannot,' said Jean, veree complacently.

" 'Why not?' again Paul asked.

" 'How could you keess Margot's mouth, stupid,' said Jean, 'her nose is in the way.' "

"THE horrid boy," I gasped.

"But," said Margot, laughing, "it is true—almost."

"So Paul did not kiss you?"

"No, soon after, we came to America, my people and I. And I saw no more of Paul. Perhaps he might have keesed me—I think he liked me—yes, perhaps. . . ."

"And there has been no one else since?"

"Well—there is Meester Charles Hamilton Purdy!"

"And who is *he?*"

"Read," she said, dramatically producing a letter from nowhere and tossing it into my lap. It was written in a loose, erratic hand on soft, expensive stationery.

"Hmm," I murmured, and read:

"Dear Unknown:

Why are you so unhappy? Every night since I discovered you, nearly two weeks ago, I have listened to you singing of your sadness. Your voice is so lovely—it is a pity always to weep with it.

Try some jolly folk-songs tomorrow night and drop the melancholy Russians, won't you? It will please your unbidden audience of one, perched on the stoop under your darkened window.

Charles Hamilton Purdy."

"Well!" I exclaimed. "How exciting. Tell me how this happened—and what followed! Tell me all!"

AND she did. It seemed her room in Mrs. Scott's domicile was located on the ground floor, fronting the select, tree-shaded side-street. It had long been her custom to sit at her piano at about ten o'clock, just before retiring time, and sing a few of her best-loved songs. It was her half hour of spiritual recreation—and she had liked to take it with the room darkened, the soft spring breezes stealing in through the open window. There was very seldom even the tread of a passer-by or the whir of a motor on that quiet street, to jar the peacefulness of this hour of hers.

Imagine, then, how astounded she was one night to hear the slight crackly snap of an envelope hurled through the window and across the piano-keys, almost into her lap! Her music stopped with a crash—and she picked up the envelope trembling. Running to the window, she looked up and down the street, but saw only the retreating back of a man, walking calmly away. Pulling the chain of an electric lamp, she stood under it, reading her message.

She was very much pleased (*Continued on page* 82)

The Girl Who Went Right

She Took the Wrong Path, But Found the Right One in the End

I HAD been brought up in very narrow, cramped surroundings, and so, as I developed into young womanhood a wild rebellion against restraint and self-denial seized me. I wanted to get away from suffering, poverty, and never-ending housework and from a family that did not even seem to want to make the effort to get out of the rut of its unhappy existence. I broke away—and in setting the pendulum of my life to swinging I swung too far to the other extreme.

I ran away from home and lost forever all claim to the love and care of my father and mother, and my sisters and brothers.

At the age of seventeen, I was one of twenty girls to be found nightly at the "Favorite," a typical Western dance hall long since passed out of existence. It was a huge building in the very heart of the restricted district, and the lights of the large sign which hung over the entrance twinkled suggestive messages to all who came down the noisy, lighted street; a street wildly alive by night, and strangely quiet by day. This particular hall was much as many others of its kind: A long shiny bar at one end, a row of chance-games at the other, and the glittering, highly polished dance floor between. And here with wine-befuddled brains, men and women reeled about to pass away the artificially "shining hours."

BARTENDERS, dealers, members of the orchestra and the girls "went to work," as we expressed it, at half-past seven every evening, and at three in the morning the games were closed and then the girls lined up in front of the bar to receive money in exchange for their percentage checks which they had procured for the drinks they had sold during the night.

I loved the garish atmosphere; the crowds of men from every station in life, the girls in their gaudy costumes, the music, clink of glasses, and above the din and confusion, the voice of the roulette-dealer calling out the winning numbers; the combined smell of smoke, alcohol, perfumery and human bodies. It all excited me, and my popularity as the youngest and freshest of the girls made me throw myself with such utter abandon into the wildest dissipations, that I was always in demand.

ONE of the older girls, Goldie, we called her, drew me into one of the vacant boxes one night, and looking earnestly at me, said:

"Say, Peggy, let me give you a friendly tip. Don't drink all the slop the poor fish buy you. Sluff it, kid, sluff it! What are these nice little troughs in the boxes for, do you suppose?"

She pointed to the narrow trough on the floor which ran the length of the box next to the wall.

"WHY should I sluff it?" I demanded. "Maybe I'd get caught, then the guy would get sore and refuse to buy any more. Besides, I like it."

"Sure you like it." Goldie eyed me wearily. "We all do. Makes us forget. But how about the morning after?"

"I feel fine mornings," I eagerly protested. "You girls are always howling about the 'morning after,' but I never have even a headache."

Goldie looked at me commiseratingly.

"Peggy, today I bequeath unto you all my dance dresses, a curiously happy expression

"No, not now. You're still new, but it'll get you, kid, same as the rest of us." She coughed, and as she raised her handkerchief to her mouth, I noticed a fleck of blood on her lip. Impatiently, I flounced down the steps which led to the dance floor. Always preaching, these girls were, always telling me what to do.

That morning as we lined up in front of the bar to cash in our checks, I noticed that these girls compared my stack of checks with their own, which seemed, indeed, pitifully small in comparison.

"Jealous," I thought to myself, "that's what all their friendly advice means."

A FEW nights after this brief conversation with Goldie, she asked me to come to her room the following afternoon, as she had some news to tell me.

It was about three o'clock when I arrived at the house where she lived, and as I entered the room, I was rather surprised to see Nick Landers, who ran the crap game at the Hall, busily packing a trunk. Goldie was half-kneeling, half-sitting in the midst of piles of shoes, hats and lingerie.

"Come in, Peg," she called gayly. And Nick paused in his work and surveyed me with a grin.

"Looks like moving day, doesn't it?" he said; and then turning to Goldie, "Which bunch do you want to give her?"

Goldie designated a heap of clothing at one side.

"This. Peggy, today I bequeath unto you all my dance dresses, all my silk stockings, and all my silk underwear." Her tone was merry and she looked up at the tall, thin man with a curiously happy expression on her pretty face, which, for once, was rouge-free.

"But, Goldie," I remonstrated, "what will you do? Buy a new outfit?" I could not understand such lavish generosity.

all my silk stockings" . . . and she looked up . . . on her pretty face

GOLDIE reached for my hands and pulled me down to a chair near her.

"Peg, dear," she cried, "Nick and I are through with this life. We are going to be married tomorrow and go to his old home in Montana. He is going to work—real work. And I am going to keep house, bake and sew. These clothes are of no more use to me, Peggy. Goldie can wear silk underwear, but Mrs. Landers will prefer the cotton kind, paid for by her husband. So take all these pretties along with you, dear—no, never mind the thanks." She waved my grateful remarks aside.

"Here's our new address. You are the only one who knows where we are going and the reason I'm telling you, is that I like you, and—and—you are such a kid. If you ever want to go straight, come to us and we'll help you, won't we, Nick?"

The gambler came over to Goldie, and leaning down, kissed her soft, blondined hair.

I did not know what to make of it all. Why should these two, of their own accord, seek hard work in a monotonous little town? I didn't have much to say, and after a few minutes I let Goldie pile my arms full of clothes, and left them.

THE next five years I spent in aimlessly moving about. Some places were better than the dance hall, some worse. I shall not attempt to tell—for I cannot bring myself to the point of putting down in black and white—those awful memories; and I do not believe that it would help anyone to read such things. Instead of the normal girl of twenty-two, I had become a cynical, world-worn woman. And now I knew what the girls meant when they talked about "the morning after," for now there were times when my body and soul rose in revolt against my mode of living.

I had kept in touch with Goldie through letters and knew that Nick was working for the railroad, and that Goldie was supremely happy in her housewifely duties. She wrote me with great pride that she was elected President of the Ladies Aid. Imagine! Goldie, who in the old days would far rather have kicked a hat off a man's head.

One night, in the middle of a drinking bout at my apartment, a messenger entered and handed me a telegram. It read:

"Come at once. Goldie seriously ill and wants you—Nick."

"Oh, Peggy, dear, I'm so glad you came," she cried. "You see, I'm not able to walk now, and it gets so lonesome when Nick is gone"

THERE was a train leaving for the West that night and despite the well-intentioned but very wet farewells of convivial friends I managed to reach the station in time to start my journey.

The following morning, when I awoke in my cramped, uncomfortable berth, my head throbbed and a wave of nausea came over me. I groped for the electric button to summon the porter, who, at my request, would bring the familiar nerve-quieting s imulant in a small glass. Then a sudden thought flashed across my mind and I hesitated.

"Have to lay off the stuff while at Goldie's so might as well stop now," I told myself, and with nervous fingers that fumbled uncertainly, I began to dress.

That day I experienced a new sensation: That of self-denial. I wanted a drink badly, but I stuck to my resolve all through that day and night, and the following morning I awoke feeling better than I had for a long time.

Just before the train arrived at Harrisburg, I went into the dressing-room to adjust my hat and veil. As I looked into the mirror, it occurred to me that my make-up was rather out of place in this broad, open country of natural men and women, and so I proceeded to transfer most of it from my cheeks and lips to my handkerchief.

NICK was at the depot and his appearance had so changed that I scarcely recognized him. He was much heavier and his former pallid complexion was now a healthy, ruddy brown.

"Well, Peggy, you look pretty natural," he grinned as he took my grip from the porter. I had a momentary recollection of immaculate, slender fingers throwing dice as I looked at the grimy, calloused hand that held my luggage.

"How's the bright lights and the gay life?" he questioned, as we walked down the wooden sidewalk.

"Out for the present," I r plied. "How's Goldie? What's wrong?"

The smile instantly left his face.

"Pretty bad, Peggy," he said. "Old-fashioned consumption. Doc says she can't last long. She says it's all right with her though. We've been happy here, getting so far away from all that." He flung out his hand. "If I'd only known her sooner and got her away from that d——d life, maybe she'd have lived for years yet. I'd only known her a month before I married her." His voice was defiant and tears stood in his eyes. I patted his hand and we hurried our steps.

THE change in Goldie shocked me. The gold of her hair had turned a dark brown—that was only natural—but she was so terribly thin and white. Her eyes looked startlingly large as they glowed up at me with love and happiness shining in them in spite of all the pain.

"Oh, Peggy, dear, I'm so glad you came," she cried. "You see I'm not able to walk now, and it gets so lonesome when Nick is gone. You'll stay a long time, won't you?"

I assured her that I would. And after Nick had left the room she made me sit near the bed for a chat. In the

Goldie . . . was happy in the thought that she had something to do with the finding of love and contentment for me

very midst of my tales of adventure, she broke in with:

"Peg, why don't you go straight? You are too fine a girl to throw yourself away like this."

"Now, Goldie, don't preach," I laughed. "Why is it that the minute a girl of our sort marries, she immediately wants to reform all of the 'lost sisters'? Is it because she is happily secure and wants others to be the same, or is it because she fears pitfalls for hers and other women's husbands?"

Goldie laughed gleefully. "You always were there with an answer, Peg. But, seriously, what have you got out of it all? How much money have you right now?"

"About two hundred, but I expect to make a killing pretty soon and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "You *expect*. Spend today and expect tomorrow. That is always the way until you land in the county hospital or a pauper's grave. Financially, it is not a success, nor any other way that I can see."

"Why did you go in for it?" It was a thoughtless question, which I regretted instantly, but Goldie did not seem to mind.

"I had to work, and that was the easiest way, I thought. Then I got the T. B. The doctor said that if I stayed on at the dance hall, I wouldn't last six months, but if I cut it all out I might last six years, so Nick and I went the straight road together and we found happiness. Religion helped me, too. Why don't you try it?"

I shook my head. "Religion alone won't do it, Goldie," I answered, "though I'm not saying it mightn't help me, if I were happily married like you."

THAT evening, I met Goldie's physician. All afternoon, Goldie and Nick had been singing his praises. And when I looked up into his serious, homely face with the kindly, brown eyes, I realized that here was a type of man that I was entirely unfamiliar with.

John Martin was the ordinary country doctor with a large practice and a small income. As he was a bachelor, he was invited everywhere, and had become an intimate friend of Goldie's and Nick's.

For the next three weeks, he was at the house a great deal, and on several occasions he invited me to accompany him on long trips into the country. Seated in the old-fashioned buggy, with a linen dust-robe over our knees, we discussed the crops, weather, and other such homely subjects, and for some unaccountable reason I found myself enjoying it immensely.

One day, he inadvertently ran the wheels of the buggy over a puppy. The tears came to his eyes as he looked at the dead animal, and I, ac- (Continued on page 76)

Dimples on the

Silver Screen

Gladys Leslie
Vitagraph Films

Priscilla Dean
Universal Films

Marguerite Armstrong
Universal Films

This array of well-behaved dimples proves that a woman may smile and smile and be a siren still ------ and incidentally, show us the last word in pearly gates.

Summer Girls and Some 're Men

Universal Films

Paramount Pictures

The girls being Priscilla Dean, Pearl White, Dorothy Dickson, Bebe Daniels and May Allison ---- and the men, Ex-Cub Frank Chance as Miss Dean's baseball coach, Harrison Ford on Miss Daniel's private wire and Jack Mulhall as Miss Allison's sparring partner.

Realart Pictures

Pero Pictures

Winks That Jinx Glooms

The Volstead Act is not solely responsible for the popularity of the ancient and honorable high sign to put a stick in it.

The Man Who Laughed at "Nerves"

He Tried a Heroic Remedy in His Wife's Case—And Found—

JOHN ELLIS had very definite ideas on the subject of nerves and he delighted in expounding them.

"Nerves are simply the result of too much imagination!" he was wont to declare. "Prove to anyone that his imagination has led him astray and you automatically cure his nerves," was one of his favorite theories.

Ellis still has definite ideas on nerves, but he no longer delights in expounding them. It often happens that way with over-positive people.

Ellis was manager in the Federated Malay States for an American Syndicate that owned rubber plantations in that country. Rubber planters must not have nerves, for they lead a lonely life and drink is cheap in the tropics. The man who starts imagining things is likely to take too much to drink, and then it's all over.

ALTHOUGH he had no nerves, and did not care for drink, Ellis was human. He craved companionship, and so, on one of his periodical leaves he took unto himself a wife.

Now the wife that John Ellis brought home to his eastern bungalow was a timid, shrinking little thing with more nerves in her little finger than John had in his whole body. Her only knowledge of the tropics was derived from books and from the glowing tales of her lover. She pictured life in the East as a constant round of pleasure in a land where the sun always shone.

She knew John's theories about nerves, but the question was, in civilized surroundings, merely something to debate about, good-naturedly. They were very much in love and ideally happy. Even when John tried to prove to her that her violent sea-sickness on the voyage East was a result of imagination, she did not disagree with him. A sea-sick person is in no state for argument.

THE neat little tropical bungalow, the multitudinous servants, and the novel beauty of the surroundings kept the bride interested and happy for a while. But the novelty wore off, and the damp, insidious climate began to work on a constitution totally unfitted to combat it. Her nerves, never strong, became jumpy. The mysterious jungle noises filled her with terror. Then she developed that inordinate, morbid horror of snakes, so common to newcomers in the East.

John was distressed by the change in her. He brought out all his old arguments. He proved by demonstrations that snakes are far more frightened of man than man of snakes. He explained at great length the cause of every possible noise in the jungle. But the young bride became daily paler and thinner. A visiting doctor, called in for one of the coolies, ventured a warning.

"You're doing wrong to keep your wife out here, Ellis," he said, "she's not strong."

"Oh, there's nothing much the matter with Myra," John laughed. "She thinks she suffers from nerves!"

THE doctor looked at him sharply. "She *does* suffer from nerves. I watched her all during luncheon and I tell you she is too highly strung for this life. You had much better send her home before it is too late. She will break down!"

"I am not a believer in nerves," said John curtly. "If that is all there is wrong I can cure her myself."

"You might disbelieve in hearts," the doctor said quietly, "but human hearts would continue to beat. Nerves are just as real as hearts. Take my advice, Ellis. Your wife is close to the breaking point."

"She's afraid of everything, that's all!" snapped John. "Once I convince her that her fears are imaginary, she'll be all right."

Seeing that his advice was unwelcome the doctor dropped the subject, leaving the hard-headed young husband more than ever determined to prove his point.

IT was only the next morning that John met two coolies carrying a male python—a remarkably fine specimen too. They had killed the great snake in a patch of undergrowth behind the bungalow, and were bringing it to see if he would buy it for the skin. Instantly an idea came to him.

"Give it to my servants just as it is," said John, handing them a few coins.

"Be careful, Sahib," said one of them. "It is the breeding season and the mate will be somewhere near; pythons are ill to interfere with."

John nodded carelessly and called to his houseboy not to skin the snake until he returned.

When he came back from his walk his wife had not finished her afternoon siesta. He gave quiet directions to have the snake brought to his study. With much care he coiled it realistically in the center of the floor. Now and then, as he worked, he chuckled to himself. Twilight had come now, and he lighted one lamp and placed it where its rays threw the repulsive, mottled body into plain view.

Then his wife called to him that tea was ready and he went out to the veranda, closing the study door carefully behind him.

THE sleep had rested his wife. When she had finished her tea she came and squeezed herself into the chair beside him.

"I'm sorry I'm such a baby," she said, wistfully. "You're disappointed in me!"

"I'm not!" he denied tenderly. "You are *not* a baby. But I want you to overcome this foolishness, dear. Nerves are imagination. Just keep telling yourself that. When you see or hear something that startles you, just stand still and say 'It can't hurt me!' and you will find your fear is all gone. Now, if you wouldn't mind getting my pipe from the study table, I'll tell you a story while I smoke."

She kissed him, and walked down the veranda to the study door. For a moment he was smitten with compunction—she was so frail, so childishly graceful, so dear!

He half rose to call her back, but John's theories, it must be remembered, were grounded on sincere conviction. He sat down again with a determined air, but his face was troubled and he breathed a little quickly as the study door closed behind his wife.

There was a moment of utter silence, then shriek after shriek of mortal terror rang through the bungalow. The servants came out panic-stricken.

"Keep away!" John cried curtly. "The Memsahib is only frightened."

They stood in a huddled group at the veranda's edge, brown fingers clenched tightly, as the awful screams continued to come from the study.

"Go to her, Sahib," dared the old houseboy who loved his mistress devotedly. "She will die of fear!"

"Be silent!" thundered John. "No one dies of fear!"

The screams were fainter; they died, and all was still. With a wise smile that was a bit crooked John opened the door of the study. An instant, and he burst madly out again, ashen-faced, wild-eyed, raving, shouting for a gun!

The female python had found her mate, and had avenged him. But the mate of John Ellis would never again know nervousness, nor fear, nor pain!

Ghosts of Their Past

The Story of Two Races, Two Men and One Woman

OF the tribe of Maraya was Vadah, a maiden straight of limb and clear of eye, slender-nosed and lusciousmouthed; a copper-colored maiden just entering into effervescent womanhood.

Among the tribe's young men none seemed to her so strong, and so splendid as Enevah—and when Vadah passed him her eyes sought the ground. For in the eyes of Enevah, as they looked at her, there was something that thrilled the unexplored depth of her young soul and made her want to fall at his feet and cry:

"What would you with me, O brave man of my tribe?"

But there came to Ara, the Mighty One, the head of the tribe, a messenger with a message in which the name of Vadah was mentioned. Vadah was called into the Great Ara's presence, and she quailed with fear and a terrible foreboding of evil to come.

There was a mightier one than he, the Mighty One. And it was the word of him which the messenger brought. His word was irrefutable. It was his word that ruled the country, and even Ara, the Mighty One, obeyed his will.

The old ones of the tribe could remember the times when the Mighty One was the mightiest, when there were no white men to impose their iron will. That was a glorious day, for there was but one master then; and there were no people of strange color and strange customs and strange beliefs to thrust their ways upon them. But those times were long gone.

VADAH received the Mighty Ara's chanted blessing, and was ordered to go with the messenger. It was the custom here to question not, but to obey.

Vadah's heart was a thing of stone when she walked from

"You like white men better than your own?" he asked her. And after the manner of her kind, she made reply: "I like you better than all men, Weelam"

the abode of the Mighty One. Outside she met Enevah. They did not speak; but when their eyes met she saw in his a flash of fire—and she knew that he wanted her and that he hated all that which interfered. The great fear in Vadah's heart was stilled for a moment. For there was that in his eyes which promised and assured.

Weary miles she tramped with her silent guide. And each step added to her misgivings and her dread of the strange people. Well she knew what it was they willed of her. Well she knew the fate of those of her sisters who had been called by the white men before. And once she too would have felt honored. Once, before her heart was possessed by Enevah, she too would have desired it, for these sisters were adorned with marvellous ear-rings and great beads encircle their wrists and their ankles. And what heart of woman does not crave these shining adornments?

INTO the presence of two white men she was ushered. One was young, and of carefree nature, though his were the manners of a lord. The other was older, a small man with white hair and white mustache. Both turned to look at her, but in her inscrutable face they could detect not the slightest sign of an emotion.

The eyes of the man who was young leapt to the rounded curves and lithe limbs of the girl, and as quickly his lids were dropped again to hide the glow which came into his eyes.

"Is this the girl, Colonel?" he asked, wonderingly.

The older man with his hands in his pockets rose to his feet, and smiled a smile of great satisfaction.

"That s she, Brandt. What do you think?"

"But she's so young!"

"Young, Brandt, young? Why, she's fourteen. Surely she's fourteen, or maybe fifteen."

"That's young in my country, sir," the younger man replied.

The older man sighed.

"Yes, in your country, Brandt. After one has been out here a while, one almost forgets that there are women of pure ivory white. One forgets that there is such a thing as blue eyes and flaxen hair. Ah, one forgets lots of things. Twenty years I've been here—twenty years, boy." He made a pathetic gesture with his hands, and then, collecting himself, he added: "But it doesn't seem so long. Life is simple here, after all. And it's a good life, too, sans the veneer of civilization—culture, ethics, and all that. Life is mighty simple here."

"Yes, sir," the younger man replied. Again his eyes strayed furtively to the girl, who like the messenger behind her, stood motionless as a thing of stone.

THE older man looked at her contemplatively.

"Good type, good face, good figure," he said. "They're not good housekeepers—don't cook right—but they are easily taught. You can make of her what you will, my boy."

"Curious thing, sir," the other replied, "I feel uncomfortable about these women. It's their color, I guess."

The older man waved a hand to signify that that was nothing.

"One gets used to that very quickly," he smiled, and turning to the girl, commanded: "Come here!" She came to him; and then, in her own native tongue, he told her that the young man was now her master. "You do what he says and all will be well. Understand?" he ended.

She bowed low. Then finding she could speak a little English he went on in his own language again.

"Look up!" he commanded. And as the girl raised fearful eyes, "You'll be obedient, eh, Vadah?"

She nodded her head. And, perhaps, the heart of the old man was touched by that something of the dumb animal which shone in the strange, wild eyes of the girl, for his voice became gentle, and he put an arm about the bare shoulders, saying:

"You are a good girl, Vadah, and a pretty one. And you'll like young Brandt here. He's a fine fellow."

NOT the movement of a muscle, not a word, only a pair of eloquent eyes raised to his.

"Well?" he questioned.

She slowly nodded her head.

"Good!" The older man clapped the Lieutenant on the back. "You have a prize, Brandt. And, my boy, treat her right. As I said, you can make anything you like of her."

The girl cowered when young Brandt came close to her.

"Ho, Vadah," the older man said kindly, "don't be afraid of him. He'll be good to you. Understand? You do what he says, and all will be well."

"Weelam," she burst out . . . . "do not take the baby away from me"

Again she nodded her head.

"By the way, you'd better send up those trinkets in payment for her," the older man advised, and with a parting word he walked out of the hut; Vadah's eyes followed him, beseechingly; and after he had passed out of sight, the eyes were still riveted to the spot where she had last seen him.

LIEUTENANT BRANDT motioned to the messenger to be off, and stood regarding the girl with interest. She bore his scrutiny unflinchingly, though her very soul seemed to tremble within her.

For the fraction of a minute he wished that he hadn't given in to the colonel's suggestion to take unto himself a housekeeper, a maid and a mistress, all in one.

"Can you speak?" he asked, almost gruffly.

She nodded her head.

"That's good! Think you'll like it here? Well, you'd better make yourself right at home. Don't stand there so infernally stiff. Sit down—or do something."

"I weel," she answered thinly, and squatted obediently down upon the floor.

He looked exasperated, then amused. He walked into an adjoining room, and when he returned she sat in the same position, with her eyes apparently fixed upon the same spot.

HE gazed at her and she gazed back, unflinchingly. The steadiness of the great black eyes sent a thrill of repulsion through the young man—or was it fear, or desire? At any rate he found himself muttering:

"Oh, I'll teach you! I'll teach you!"

The eyes of the girl, for all her docility, were resentful and challenging and flaunting, and it somehow set his nerves on edge. He did not know that she was thinking of the love of the young Enevah, and that her faith in him was boundless. She knew that he would come to claim her, and to take her back. Who was this white man, anyway, that he should claim her? Could he make her heart beat so warmly and quickly as could Enevah? No. And he would come, ah, he would come, the brave Enevah. Had she not read that in his eyes?

BUT days followed days and Enevah did not come. Each morning broke with a new hope, each night with a new despair; until the coming of days and nights settled down to a mere dull monotony.

One night when darkness filled the room and Lieutenant Brandt and Vadah were alone, the man said:

"You are a funny creature, Vadah!"

She did not answer, but he was getting used to that. He had grown really fond of the girl, and her unfathomable silence only added to her mysterious charm. She was obedient and humble, and regarded him as a superior being, which flattered him immensely. And, too, there was a smoldering fire in the girl which he could not understand, but which, yet, was subtly pleasing. But he did not know of the heaviness of her heart—the hopelessness which Enevah's continued absence wrought; and this dead weight she buried deep that the white man might not see, for she knew he would be mightily displeased.

"You like white men better than your own?" he asked her. And after the manner of her kind, she made reply:

"I like you better than all men, Weelam."

"But I mean, Vadah, don't you love those of your own race more?"

"My greatest love is for you," she answered.

He gazed at the girl as she knelt at his feet and a sort of content came over him. And in his heart he felt that it must, of course, be so—that she loved him better than any man. How could it be otherwise? He was pleased, and he bent down and passed his hand over her coal-black hair.

"You are a very good girl, Vadah," he said softly.

She bowed her head, but the while there rose before her the memory of the great, splendid but unfaithful Enevah, and her lips grew tight, and her heart more bitter.

A YEAR passed, and Enevah had made no sign, had sent no message. Vadah knew that he had forgotten her. And presently, her thoughts ceased to center around the unfaithful one, and her soul grew calm and joyous with the knowledge of a great and wonderful miracle that was going on within her.

Lieutenant Brandt knew not whether to be glad or to be sorry. He was troubled. And when he expressed his doubts to the Colonel, the latter laughed at him, and accused him of being young and idealistic. And not wishing to appear either young or idealistic, the young man walked away.

When the se[illegible] was born his skin was

"I must take him," he said, with greater firmness than ever she had known in him before

"Why do you sit there?" the young white man asked. She disturbed him strangely

whiter than his father's, and his eyes more blue, and his hair more golden. All regrets, all fears, fled from the man's mind as he looked at him. A great happiness filled his heart. He became even more kind to the girl who was the mother—the girl who seemed really happy for the first time since she had come to him. He bought her another string of beads to wear about her elbow, which Vadah displayed so that all the women might envy her. And in her heart there glowed a great satisfaction.

Little Weelam, as she called the baby, was an endless source of joy to her. And now the old love for Enevah faded out of her life and gave room to the new passion of motherhood.

ONE day the young officer came in, his eyes shining, and his step buoyant. Beeg Weelam—Vadah's name for him—was feeling good. He had reasons for feeling good. Once again he was to go back to the land where men and women spoke his language, where there were girls of fair skin and blue eyes and flaxen hair. Women who set one's pulses racing even when one merely thought of them. Home—home—home! Lieutenant Brandt was very happy. And William Brandt was very young, and so he could not hide his happiness.

To the heart of the humble Vadah there went an icy hand which clutched it, and her knees weakened, and her head felt suddenly heavy. Desperately she struggled to grasp the meaning. He told her that he was to go to that strange, unknown land which lay beyond the waters, from which the white men came and to which they returned.

It meant—that Little Weelam was to be taken from her. He would be taken to that far-away land of the white people. She would be left behind. The mother didn't matter—the mother of Little Weelam.

And in his happiness, it is true, Lieutenant Brandt did not think of her much. And the baby? The baby, of course, was his. The proper thing to do was to take the little fellow with him and bring him up as is befitting the child of such a father. For her—it didn't matter. She would forget. She would bear other children.

THEN, suddenly, the woman he had known for her silence surprised him.

"Weelam," she burst out impulsively, "do not take the baby away from me."

But Beeg Weelam merely smiled. "Isn't he mine?" he asked. "You will have others and by one of your own race, perhaps. I must take the child, Vadah."

"But I love heem," she wailed. "Love heem more than my own race and more than any others that weel come. I love heem more than you, Weelam!" She held out her arms imploringly.

"I must take him," he said, with greater firmness than ever she had known in him before. And the woman said not another word. A little later he came and put his arm about her shoulders which drooped so pitifully.

"I will send you beautiful things, Vadah," he said to her. "I'll send money every month, so you can buy what you want for yourself. I'll send you pretty bracelets and jewels that all the women will envy. And I will think of you, Vadah. You've been very good. Now cheer up! I'm sorry, but it's my duty to take him."

She shut her lips tightly.

When Beeg Weelam left she delivered the child into the arms of a servant who was to accompany him. She neither kissed nor caressed the baby, only looked at it numbly, and shut her eyes as if she would faint. And, for a minute, the visions of the beautiful white women and the beautiful country where they lived passed from the mind of Lieutenant Brandt, as he stood gazing at this patient and humble copper-colored woman. Tears came to his eyes. Lieutenant Brandt was very young and tender-hearted. He knew that he was foolish; for, really, what did these native women matter? But, somehow, he couldn't hold back the tears.

When they were far out of sight, Vadah ran into the hut and looked for a minute dazedly about her. Then, her eyes centered upon the baby's empty cradle and she flung herself on her knees before it, clinging to it desperately. And the cry that came from her tortured heart was inhumanly terrible.

. . . . . .

THE earnest, studious Bill Brent studied the map while his companion read a much-thumbed and much-read letter.

"Ain't she just peaches?" Larry Roberts mused aloud. "Says: 'My boy must be very careful and take care of himself!' " There was something suspiciously like tears in his voice, but there was no one to notice, since Brent was so engrossed in his map. "Gosh!" He went on again, after a moment, "ain't mothers the grandest things?" Not that Larry did not know better than to use "ain't" but under stress of emotion he always lapsed into vernacular of this sort. "And the nicest part of them is that they never seem to know that you're grown up, and treat you always just as though you had no sense . . . that's the nicest, sweetest, motherishest part of them."

"If we run a span from here to Oganu—" Bill Brent said slowly, thoughtfully. "Say, Larry, don't you think that would be a good idea?" (*Continued on page 74*)

"He—look like you!" "That's my father," he said . . . with a queer feeling of suspense and dread

Out of the Melting-Pot

A Thumb-Nail Story of an Immigrant's Finding the Right Girl—and the Right Job

THE eager-eyed little family group that had been so impatient for the steamer to reach Ellis Island forgot the joy of landing when, at the last moment, the frail little mother, overstrained from the long, hard voyage, collapsed entirely.

The nervous father was distressed and helpless. The oldest boy, perhaps eighteen, crooned over her and soothed her gently and tenderly.

"She may become a public charge," declared immigration officers, "and it is better for her to go back to her own country." They knew what this meant to this little Jewish family—with their inborn dependence on their kindred, but their duty was plain.

The husband protested that he would work, would always care for her. The immigration inspectors looked dubious. Then the older boy spoke: "I will take care of her, too," he cried. "I swear it! Always I will think of my mother before myself, and I will help my father care for her and for my brother and sister. Do not send her back! She has no disease! If she goes, we must all go."

His earnest pleadings won the hearts of all who heard him, and the family was permitted to land. And the boy Sam did not forget his promise. He set to work at once to find a way to earn the much-needed money, but there seemed to be no one who could find a place for the lad who had no trade and could not speak English. The father found employment in a tailor-shop, but the pay was small and the hours were long. Almost discouraged, Sam at last began to sell cheap jewelry to the laughing girls who came out of the factories, and did fairly well.

EACH day his business increased, until after awhile he was able to buy a push-cart. And then Anna came into his life. With her flashing eyes, her rosy cheeks and black curls, she walked straight into his heart. The thought of her made him almost forget his promise to care faithfully for his mother—almost, but never quite. He must not ask her yet to share his life. His father could not carry his burden alone.

He was rapidly learning the language of his adopted land, and he carried his business into broader channels. He would have been happy had he not felt Anna's discontent. And then, one day, she all but told him that he was not progressing rapidly enough in his courtship to please her. He explained to her that his family could not get along without him yet, and that his mother was ill; and he begged her to be patient only a little longer.

"And for an old lady you would give me up?" she snapped. And no pleading would move her. He must marry her now or not at all. With a heavy heart, Sam left her. That night a man's anguish changed Sam from boyhood to manhood.

He enrolled in an evening school and studied hard. After awhile he rented a small store. Things really began to go better now. His father had found paying work, and could supply the needs of his family alone.

Sam was putting money in the bank for the education of his sister and brother—he was determined they should have a better start than he. And, in spite of this, it wasn't long before he was making enough so that he felt he could have had a home of his own. If only he had Anna now! How his heart hungered for her.

One day, as he stood looking into the street, a girl stopped before his show-window. She raised her eyes until they met his. It was Anna. For a moment they both stood as though frozen, then he opened the door—and his arms, and Anna ran to him.

"Oh, my little Anna," whispered Sam, "you have come back to me. Can it be that you are still free?"

"Yes, Sam. Oh, yes!" sobbed Anna.

Sam's happiness seemed complete at last. There was no reason now why they should wait—they would be married as soon as Anna could get ready.

AND then—Fate dealt Sam another staggering blow. His father was stricken with paralysis! Sam was now the sole bread-winner. He explained it to Anna with an aching heart.

"We can all live together, my little one, and be just as happy as we have planned to be."

"No!" stormed Anna. "I will not live with the family of any man! It is not necessary that I do so! Joseph, he loves me, and he will marry me tomorrow. And he will give me, oh, so wonderful a home!"

Sam begged and pleaded, but she was obdurate. And again she left him alone and empty-hearted. The following week she married Joseph and went to live in the wonderful house—which was not so very wonderful, after all.

To see her daily, and with another man, was more than poor Sam could stand, so when an opportunity came, he sold his little store and, opening a newsstand on an advantageous corner, resumed his studies at night.

THE president of a nearby bank who was one of his regular customers became interested in him, and one day asked him to work for him in the bank. Sam accepted, although it was only a messenger boy's job to begin with, for he saw chances of working his way up.

The bank president was not disappointed in his estimate of the boy. He worked hard and never missed an opportunity to learn. Step by step he progressed.

After he had been there some time he met Stella. She was a sweet, gentle girl, and she made Sam feel that she had great faith in him. Their friendship grew into a tender, quiet love.

When Sam was at last making enough money so that he felt he could support the girl he loved he spent days of terror. But at last he mustered up the courage. Stella's answer banished the last vestige of the memory of his love for Anna from his heart forever, for she proved herself the nobler woman of the two.

"I love you, Sam," she said, "and I will love your father and mother too."

TODAY, Sam occupies the president's chair in the bank he first served as messenger. His father died a short time ago, his last breath a blessing for his faithful son, and it was not long before the little mother followed. He is a prominent figure in banking circles, his wife a welcome guest in the most exclusive homes. His sister is married to a successful doctor, his brother is a lawyer whose name is known throughout the state. He has three stalwart sons, of whom he is very proud, and with good reason.

And Anna?—Well, I have been told that she has developed the temper of a shrew. Joseph is still a vendor of fruit, as he was when she married him. It is not at all surprising that her temper is bad, for she knows that she lost out in the game of life because she was selfish.

Branded

The Story of a Girl Born an Outcast

SALLIE JENKINS, fourteen years old, was notable for two things so far as her personal appearance was concerned: She was pretty and she was shabby. Another fact, for which she was in nowise responsible, made her still more notable: Her father was an ex-convict.

She might have been forgiven for being pretty and shabby, but on no account could she be forgiven for being the child of Peter Jenkins, once convict Number 392. And being pretty and shabby only aggravated that offence; such being the way of the world in a small town. It was even held against her that she was clever and a good student.

"Sallie, darling," the dying woman said . . . "someday, you will understand . . . . your father is the noblest man in the world"

Peter Jenkins had been book-keeper and his brother Daniel had been cashier in the mill, which was the source of the little town's prosperity and almost the reason of its being. Daniel was a handsome winning young fellow, five years his brother's junior and adored by his parents as well as by Peter. So, when it was discovered that Peter, who was taciturn and not given to social life, had robbed his employers of five thousand dollars, the feeling against him was very bitter, while the sentiment for Daniel and his parents was one of pity and sympathy.

And these feelings were accentuated when Daniel immediately resigned his position and avoided all his former friends. And sentiment found expression in outraged clamor when, while he was out on bail awaiting trial, Peter married Jennie Simpson with whom both he and Daniel had been in love; particularly as it had been supposed that Daniel was the favored suitor. No one could comprehend it, but everyone was furious.

The parents of the young men hid themselves in their little cottage; and when Peter was sentenced to prison his young wife took up her abode with them. Daniel left town by night. Not long after the broken father died, leaving only the little cottage. The mother and young wife took in washing, and did whatever else offered to earn a living.

IN due time Sallie was born. She was a strong, healthy baby; and as soon as she could do anything consciously she laughed and chuckled and cooed and sucked her fingers or her little fist impartially. No doubt she would have grown up into a laughing, merry girl if she had not been made to feel from the first that she was an outcast.

Other children were forbidden to play with her, and names were called after her in the street. Her mother and grandmother did what they could to soothe her and to make her happy; and because of her abounding health she could hardly help getting some joy out of life, especially as she had a naturally sunny disposition.

Nevertheless it is hard to be an outcast when all the forces of one's nature call for companionship; and the result was that Sallie learned to confine her happiness to the little cottage, and to put on a mask of sullen defiance when she went abroad.

Her mother would have kept her out of school, but the authorities would not permit that; so she was sent there, and was treated like a pariah. If the children spoke to her it was to revile her or her father, or her mother for having married her father. It was some compensation that she was always the best student in her class; though she was reviled even for that. It is amazing how cruel children can be in thoughtless imitation of their elders.

Perhaps if Sallie had not been proud and high-spirited and had borne this treatment with meekness of spirit, she might have adjusted herself and made friends with her tormentors, for children are not naturally unkind. But she *was* high-spirited and talked back; and being swift of thought and ready of tongue she usually came off victor in a battle of words. And so she became more and more an outcast.

SALLIE was eight years old when her father returned. He made his way to the cottage under cover of darkness and was received by his wife and mother with tears of joy and words of sympathy and endearment. Sallie did not see him until the morning. She drew back from him and stared defiantly into his wistful face, made unlovely by the ghastly prison pallor.

"Won't you kiss me?" he asked gently, holding out his arms.

But to the child he was not a pathetic figure; he was only the cause of all her woes. And now that he was there in person she knew instinctively that she would be the subject of renewed persecution.

"No," she answered; and all the pleadings and reproaches of her mother and grandmother failed to move her.

"Let her be," her father said sadly. "Poor child! how can she be expected to understand?"

Later more trouble came to Sallie, for it seemed as if her mother, whom she loved devotedly, had only waited for this reunion before she gave up the struggle. Within six months she died. On her death-bed, when her three loved ones clustered about her, she said to her husband, "Peter, we wronged her in bringing her into the world."

"Yes, dear, you are right," he sighed.

"You must do all you can to compensate her," she said.

"You know I will do that," he answered.

THE grandmother broke in at this point and faltered, "It was a wicked and useless sacrifice. I am to blame for that, and I have bitterly repented."

"What was done, was done for the best, Mother," Peter said tenderly. "Don't blame yourself."

"Sallie, darling," the dying woman said, taking the sobbing girl's hand in hers, "someday you will understand; but until you do, remember what I tell you—I who know—your father is the noblest man in the world. You cannot love or honor him too much. Do you understand me, dear?"

Sallie turned her tear-stained face up to look at her father; then turned it again to her mother. "I don't understand," she answered in her curiously wise way, "but I believe you."

"And you will kiss him?" the mother asked eagerly.

For answer Sallie stood up and turned to her father. "Papa," she said, "I am sorry. May I kiss you?"

Then for the first time the yearning father caught his child in his arms and hugged and kissed her hungrily. "And you will love me?" he asked huskily.

"I do love you," Sallie answered, clinging to him.

No doubt her childish heart had hungered for this love all the while, but her strong will, moved by her resentment, had denied it. At any rate, from that moment she poured out on her father all the love her true heart was capable of.

SOON after her mother, her grandmother died; and then the two outcasts had only each other. And so Sallie grew up a devoted daughter, the best scholar in the school and a beautiful, robust girl.

They did more than eke out a living from their few acres of land—they prospered. Peter grew the best small fruits of anybody in the neighborhood, being helped by Sallie, who worked in the garden when other children were playing. She was as strong as a boy and as active as a cat

They tore her worn waist . . . before she finally succeeded in dragging one screaming girl to the ditch. "Now," she cried . . . "you will leave me alone, if you know when you're well off"

But still Sallie dressed shabbily though always neatly. Peter was saving every penny possible, and Sallie understood why. He was bent on paying back the stolen money. But it was only Sallie who knew this; so that, too, was a cause for a new reproach. Now the name miser was thrown at her as she walked to and from school with her curly head held proudly up. She could smile now, though scornfully and bitterly. Her father might be an ex-convict, but she knew that he was the noblest of men. Her dying mother had said so; and Sallie adored him. Sufficient reasons for her.

"I have never done anything dishonest, my child," he said tenderly, "except when I took the blame for another's wrong-doing. You are old enough to understand now"

As a rule she was unmolested these days, except for the ugly words that were called after her; but one day when she was fourteen she met a group of boys and girls, or rather came upon them as they were loitering noisily home from school, where she had been detained in an effort to have a knotty point in algebra explained.

One of the children saw her coming behind them and told the others. The girls, with an air of exaggerated disdain, drew aside and held their skirts close, as if afraid of being contaminated by contact with her; the boys grinned and made audible comments.

"Oh, my!" said one, "here comes Rags, the miser's daughter." They often called her Rags in derision of her shabby clothes.

"I wonder where she gets her shoes?" jeered another.

"Steals them, I guess," said one of the girls, as Sallie passed her.

"More likely thrown at her to get rid of her," snapped another girl, backing away a little, for Sallie had stopped and turned to face them. But Sallie was not looking at the last speaker; she was fiercely eyeing the girl who had used the word "steal." She knew it was directed at her father, and it roused a sudden fury in her. The boys shamefacedly drew further away, but the girls stood their ground. For a moment Sallie was silent, her young bosom rising and falling tumultuously as she strove for speech. Then, in measured words, she said, "If you girls wore only shoes that were paid for, some of you would go barefoot."

As she very well knew, it was common gossip that the father of the girl who had used the word "steal" seldom paid his bills. The girl in question flushed crimson and the others giggled at the home-thrust. This was too much for the girl who had had the tables turned on her. In her anger she stooped and caught up a handful of mud and threw it at Sallie. It struck her on her cheek and left a dirty smear there.

Sallie's pent up fury burst its bounds. She sprang at the girl who, frightened by her blazing eyes, turned to run. But Sallie was too swift for her and caught her. The girl was a year older than Sallie and taller, but slimmer. She struggled fiercely and the other girls ran to her assistance, but all together they were no match for Sallie. They tore her worn waist and she tore their clothes before she finally succeeded in dragging one screaming girl to the ditch at the roadside, where she threw her, full length, into the mud and slime.

"Now," she cried, "you will leave me alone if you know when you're well off." Whereupon, struggling to keep back the threatening tears and panting for breath, she turned and walked toward home, holding together the rents in her waist.

She walked slowly until she was out of sight; then she quickened her pace until, as she came in sight of the little cottage, she ran. She bolted into the house and threw

herself in a passion of tears and sobs on the couch in the sitting-room.

A FEW minutes later her father entered her room and looked sadly down at the weeping girl. He guessed that her tormentors had been at her again; nothing else ever so disturbed her. He went over to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"What is it, darling?" he asked in his grave, gentle voice.

For awhile she wouldn't speak; but presently she sat up and sobbed, "Oh, Papa! I lost my temper and fought."

He knew by her disordered garments and by her strangling sobs that it had been no ordinary fracas. He sat beside her and with his arm about her, soothed her till she laid her curly head on his breast, her tears still flowing but her sobs lessening.

"I couldn't help it, Papa, I couldn't help it," she wailed.

"I am sure of it, dear," he soothed. "Can you tell me about it?"

"I didn't want you to know," she sobbed.

"Perhaps it would be better if you told me," he said softly. "I saw you come in and knew something was wrong."

"You have trouble enough without my bringing more to you," she sobbed; "but I have such a nasty temper."

"You have a quick temper, darling," he said, stroking her hair, "but you haven't a nasty one. What happened?"

SHE told him, not minimizing her own part in the affair. He listened, his face hardening, but his strong arm holding her ever closer to him. When she had finished and had turned her face up to his to see what his judgment was, he kissed her and said, "I'm sorry, dear, but I don't blame you. I don't suppose you could be expected to act differently."

"But I came down to their level, didn't I?" she asked.

"Poor little souls!" he sighed; "how can they be better than their parents? But you are only human, dear, and the sting was the greater because of the truth you thought was there. If you had known I was not a thief you wouldn't have cared so much, would you? Tell me, dearest, would you have minded so much?"

"Maybe I wouldn't," she answered in a low tone; then passionately, "But I don't care what you've done, I know you are the best man in the world. I don't believe any other girl has such a father." But in her bruised heart there was the piteous wonder why he had done it—he who was so honest and splendid in all his dealings now.

"I have never done anything dishonest, my child," he said tenderly, "except when I took the blame for another's wrong-doing. You are old enough to understand now, and I shall tell you about it. You mustn't carry this burden any longer, but you must let no one know."

"Oh!" she gasped almost overwhelmed. She didn't doubt him for a second; she only wondered with shame how she could ever have believed him guilty.

HE left her side and went to the window as if to look out, though in fact he was seeing nothing in the present, but only staring into the past. Suddenly he turned. "Sallie, darling," he said, "I meant never to tell this, but now I think it is your right to know."

"I'd like to know," she said, (*Continued on page* 68)

She brought him ashore some distance down the stream, just as the terrible drag of the current was beginning to draw them to their death

Noblesse Oblige

Nature's Nobleman Proves That East and West May Meet, After All

IN the wilderness of an African veldt on the frontier of civilization, where a white woman is a thing unknown, a cry in the night sends Stanhope out into the darkness to the rescue of a girl of his own race, fleeing from a native uprising. Through the rude skill of Ahmed, Stanhope's faithful servant, the girl passes safely through a terrible crisis, but afterward no remembrance whatever of the past comes to her. Ahmed goes by horse to the nearest army-post for assistance against hostile forces.

AHMED, almost exhausted, struggled for breath, while his master bolted the door. Then he went on pantingly: "They will come—the soldiers. I found the white captains at the station. To-night they start. I would not wait, so I came at once. Those devils shot me at the Kongoni water hole." He stopped, swaying suddenly.

Stanhope caught him in his arms, and Ahmed straightened again.

"It is nothing, Baas," he whispered, "just a moment's weakness. I stopped to shoot the Firefly——"

A vivid oath came from Stanhope's lips suddenly.

"Did they shoot her?" he questioned in a low, fierce tone.

Ahmed nodded. "A broken leg. She could not go. I stopped to put her out of pain; they saw me." Ahmed pointed to his head.

Stanhope laid his hand on the Arab's shoulder. "You did well, Ahmed," he said gently. "Perhaps we can hold out until they come."

"They are all about," continued the Arab. "They wait for the Askiris to pass, Baas, near the pass through the hills—the one by the *donga*. That is where I was shot. Unless the soldiers are warned, Baas, Simba will feast."

STANHOPE turned away, enraged at his helplessness. What was there to do? What should he do? How

They were married, Stanhope instructing the girl what to say, though the great, blue eyes were innocent of any understanding

could he leave the girl to warn the soldiers of the ambush?

"I met a Kivirondo from whom I begged food," Ahmed was speaking again, "and he told me something of the woman here." His eyes strayed to the bed where she lay.

Stanhope's hands fastened tightly on the Arab's shoulders.

"Tell me," he said tersely.

"Her name is Ben-Ali Batouch—the Baas has heard?"

"Something. Go on!"

"She is of America. She saw him in Kimberly. She loved him and married him. They went to live by the Albert Nyanza, near the Great Forest. Ben-Ali was a dealer in the bright stones. The Baas knows?"

"I know of him—an outlawed diamond buyer and trader. There was a price on his head. Is that all?"

"He was an Arab, a native of Entebbe," continued Ahmed, "a fine man, Baas, handsome as the rising sun, and tall and straight as the palms of the North. Many women loved him. He was young and he laughed. He knew no law. The Baas knows?"

Stanhope nodded.

"He came with many of the bright stones from the Albert Nyanza to bring to Mombasa under cover of night. The Germans knew. They fell upon his *sefari* and none escaped the Masai but the Kivirondo who told me all. He was of the party. The girl, too, escaped. The bright stones were all stolen. The Germans got them from the wagon of Batouch after they shot him. The Kivirondo saw all. Ben-Ali fought well, but there were too many. The girl ran into the bush when he fell." Ahmed stopped for a moment. "It must be nearby that they fell—to the South—ah!" A sudden exclamation escaped him. "The Baas remembers? We heard Simba the lion roaring nearby—to the South? He had feasted!"

Before Stanhope could prevent it, Ahmed hurled himself silently upon the intruder

FOR several moments there was silence. Ahmed drank great quantities of water, then went to the bedside.

"She is better?" he asked.

Stanhope came to his side.

"She has lost her knowledge," he replied. "She is like a little child. She breathes and looks, but knows nothing."

They both looked at the little figure in despair. Helpless, hurt, her husband and his entire *sefari* wiped out by the savage Masai, it became Stanhope's duty to care for her. This he resolved to do, to the best of his ability, until he could place her into the proper hands on the Coast. In the meanwhile, what should he do about warning the soldiers? Could he leave her with Ahmed? He suddenly resolved that he must do just that, as he couldn't send the Arab out again. Ahmed had not slept or eaten in days, and was wounded in the bargain.

"Ahmed," said Stanhope finally, turning to the Arab and laying a friendly hand on his shoulder, "I will ride to meet the Askiris; they must be warned. You stay here with the girl. You can take better care of her than I. I will take your horse. No! I will go! You have done your share. I ride tonight."

"It is written," responded the Arab gravely.

"If I do not return, you must take care of her as you would of me."

"It is an order," responded the Arab, who loved him.

"And—" Stanhope hesitated, "there are rifles. You know better than most how to use them. If they press you so hard that the hour comes," he paused and nodded his head significantly in the direction of the sleeping girl, his eyes showing the pain he felt, "you will shoot her,"

The Arab wriggled. "A child, Baas!" he protested. "Scarcely twenty!"

"It is so written!" instructed Stanhope sternly. "She must not fall into their hands. She herself would prefer death. She is white, Ahmed. And now, Ahmed, I am going."

"Allah guard you, Baas!" murmured Ahmed, his eyes following his beloved master with the look of a faithful dog.

A moment later, Stanhope and the horse disappeared into the tense darkness.

"See, Baas," whispered Ahmed to Stanhope as he watched them, "how men are. Many women have loved him, but he laughed at them . . . This little one he loves with all his heart. This one he made his wife"

HOUR after hour he picked his way carefully toward the hills, meeting no one on the inky plains. All about him the night life of Central Africa teemed. Now he heard the grunting cough of a lion, and he paused, but no attack came. Low above the southern horizon blazed the Southern Cross. Once his horse put her foot into a meercat hole, but luckily recovered in time.

As he approached the pass—a low, dry *donga* or watercourse that ran between two high hills—he left the rough trail and took to the grass. Then dismounting, leading his horse, he went forward. Somewhere in front of him the Masai warriors were hidden in the brush, awaiting the soldiers.

With infinite caution he went forward, for he must not only watch for human foes, but for lions as well. He knew that at this time of the night the lordly beasts hunted through the high grass for their nightly kill.

Once or twice the horse started violently and snorted in a terrified manner. He had all he could do to hold her. Then the moon broke out from behind some clouds and the plains were flooded with white, eerie light.

Scarcely had he taken a dozen steps when a shot sounded to his right, and his horse plunged forward, coughed once or twice, and died. Instantly Stanhope was away into the tall grass, which in some parts of the plain grew almost as high as his head. If he could reach the tallest, grass-grown spots, he might be safe. All about him he was conscious of the unseen motions of men. They knew approximately where he was, and were creeping closer.

Crouching, he went forward to the left to skirt the hill. All at once, a strong pair of black arms reached out from behind the shadow of a thorn tree, and the next moment a life and death struggle of terrific intensity was being silently fought.

THE big Masai was a powerful man; but so was Stanhope, who possessed a leonine strength very seldom attributed to him. His long, slender limbs seemed to twine and writhe about the Masai warrior like a python. At all costs the man must make no noise. Steel fingers fastened upon the Masai's throat with a relentless fixity that he could not break. Not a sound had either uttered since the fight began. Again the moon raced behind some clouds, and Stanhope breathed a sigh of relief. The inky darkness might save him. Suddenly

"And now," he said gravely, "I go —and she goes with me . . . I shall not forget the service you have done me. We shall meet again"

releasing the savage, who lay inert, he sprang away into the tall grass. He could hear the savages quickly making their way toward the spot where the struggle had taken place.

He heard their exclamation of alarm when they found the unconscious warrior, and he heard the sounds that told him they were spreading out on his trail. Softly he crept upon his way, every faculty and muscle alert for whatever might come. He had lost his rifle in the tall grass during the struggle, and now carried only the big Browning.

Toward midnight he met the troops. Great, strong Kaffirs they were, under the command of white officers, a captain and several lieutenants. The whites were amazed to see him, and enthusiastic over his feat—for it was a brave thing he had accomplished and one which the Home Office would not overlook.

He smiled at their congratulations and enthusiasm He had no apprehensions. In all the world there was no one near his heart, except possibly the faithful Ahmed. He had never loved anyone. He was not afraid to face death, for life held nothing for him that would cause him one backward glance. He rode alone—unincumbered.

BRIEFLY he told the Captain all that had occurred. "It's those damned Germans," bitterly complained the Captain. "Some of that crew that escaped from the Kameroon are living in the bush all over the lower country. We'll get those that caused the trouble here," he finished grimly. Then: "That's a damn queer story about the girl, Stanhope. Tell me about it."

Stanhope gave him all the facts in his possession.

"I'll have a try at locating some of her relatives when I get back to Nairobi," he finished.

"Poor devil!" said the Captain, touched. "Her husband, Ben-Ali Batouch had a price on (*Continued on page* 78)

Their Marriage Partnership

In Which a Wife and Husband Find Matrimonial as Helpful as Business Stock-taking

FRED and I loved each other—there never was a moment's doubt about that. We were engaged and wanted to be married, but there was one big *but*.

We were both strong-willed and quick tempered, and we quarreled bitterly, oh, so often! We were always ashamed afterwards, and came together with remorse and doubled affection. But if we quarreled so before marriage, what kind of a life would we lead after marriage? The prospects looked very bad, and we were both frankly afraid to risk it. And so it was that we kept putting off our wedding day from month to month, from year to year, until five years had passed.

Then one day I determined that it had to end. I told Fred that I had made up my mind to break the engagement once and for all. If we couldn't learn to control our tempers in five years we never would. I had high ideas of what marriage ought to be. I knew we couldn't live up to them. I remember I felt as if I were giving up life as I said this to the man I loved so intensely.

Fred looked at me in a queer way and said:

"Are you going to stay single all your life?"

"I don't know," I said faintly.

"Do you think that you will ever find anyone else that you can love better than you do me?"

"Why do you ask?" I pleaded, "when you know that if I had my choice, I should rather die than give you up. But a lifetime of these quarrels—oh, Fred, it would be awful."

"Then why do it, Peg?" he persisted. "Do you think that you can ever live in harmony with anyone else if you cannot do so with me? I have been thinking, too, thinking hard, and I have come to the decision that we can't run away from our trouble. We've got to face it and work it out. Let's try it once more."

"All right," I agreed. "But we have failed so often that I am afraid it is of no use to try again."

"Yes, it is," he urged, "for this time we are going to work with a method, and the happiness of a lifetime will be the stake for which we're playing."

WE sat down together on the lounge and talked it all over, and ended by planning to have a stock-taking every week. At these times we were to discuss all the things we had done that caused friction, and so find out the "why's" of things.

In the days that followed we watched ourselves intensely, and when our first "stock taking" talk came we decided that one source of our troubles lay in our habit of teasing each other, and arousing each other's jealousy. This we resolutely set about to overcome.

We got along splendidly for more than three months, and then one day we both lost our tempers, completely.

Fred was in a towering rage and I was about to retort to his scathing words, when I remembered that this was our year of trial—our last chance.

I clapped both of my hands over my mouth in desperation and stood there tense and rigid. Fred gave me one quick, puzzled look and then he remembered and held his hands over his mouth too. We stood glaring at each other, then suddenly we burst out laughing.

That evening was one of the happiest we had ever spent together. We were tasting the joy of our first self-conquest, and the deep feeling of self-respect, which it brings. We made a compact then and there that we would always meet the threatened outbreaks in the same way; in any case, we would certainly not speak to each other until we could talk the mooted question over, calmly and kindly. Now that we had stood this test, we felt sure that we could solve our other problems and so decided to get married at once.

The time of adjustment in the first months of life together was not easy, for we were very decided in our opinions and habits. One of my problems was Fred's careless ways about the house. He never put any of his wearing apparel where it belonged. I was forever finding something that he had lost. This was a serious thing to me, as I kept no maid. Besides, it irritated me.

WHEN we took stock the fifth week after we had gone to housekeeping, I said:

"We have agreed that our matrimonial business should be run without undue waste of money, time, temper and nerve force, haven't we, Fred?"

"Sure thing," he assented genially.

Then I told him how his disorderliness was a loss of energy, time, strength, and an unnecessary wear on my temper. Fred looked ashamed.

"I know I've always been careless, but honest, Peg, I didn't ever think how unfair it was. And here is where I quit the old habit."

"Now where have I failed?" I asked.

"You are a little too neat," said Fred. "Comfort should not be sacrificed for neatness. For instance, my smoking things, books, papers and so on, need not be tucked away, so that I have to hunt them every time I want them. We could have a stand with drawers, for the purpose. Then too, I would not have cushions on the couch that are too good to use, a fellow likes to think that he can rumple things up a little. It makes it more homey. The house's so 'touch me not,' spick and span, that I can't relax."

"Poor old boy," I said, "I have made you feel uncomfortable in your own home. A good housekeeper can be a very poor home-maker."

"Exactly," he said, "exactly. We want a real home where we can do as we please without stepping on the other fellow's rights, don't we?"

OUR most difficult problem to settle was about children. Fred longed for them, while I was determined that they should never come to us. But he was a wise man, wiser than I realized at the time. Often, as we sat alone in the twilight, he would tell me of visions that he saw: Little ones who were cooing and stretching out their arms to us, begging us to let them spend their earth-lives with us. After awhile, I, too, caught his vision of the beauties of parenthood, and then my arms ached for our babies.

We have been married twenty-five years now and have a wonderful family: two boys and two girls. I shudder to think how bare and selfish and unhappy our lives would be without them. And I realize that if it had not been for our particular method of coming to understand each other we would not be a father and mother now.

We have faithfully kept up our matrimonial stock-taking through all these years, and we have never quarreled. The years have only increased our love and comradeship. We have not drifted apart because we have always faced our problems together; and so we have avoided that rock upon which so many homes are wrecked—misunderstanding and lack of mutual interest. We think we have found the key to happiness, for by our method we have kept our marriage a real partnership.

Heroes and Heroines are Human, too.

Vera Gordon

If ups and downs make one so, Vera Gordon should be human indeed. Russian Poland was her birthplace some forty years ago, and later that of her first-born, and there she made her first stage appearance when eight years old. She brought her family to America and made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks until along came "Humoresque" and her triumph in the rôle of the mother whom not even the producers had recognized as the play's heroine.

Mary Carr

Six good and sufficient reasons account for Mary Carr's success--- Luella, John, Stephen, Tommy, Rosemary, and May Beth.

Twenty years' practise in any profession develops an expert, and why shouldn't the rule apply in the greatest job of all, motherhood? In "Over the Hill" she shows us mother love as a specialist understands it. All of the children are capable players. Four are in the picture with her. Mary Hennevan Carr is fifty-three years young, and properly proud of it.

Time: 1915
Place: Lubin Studio, Phila.
Title: "Excuse My Dust"

Harry Carey.

Harry Carey's life-story would read like an essay on the modern art of training parents. A goodly number of years have slipped awa since he was born on City Island, N.Y. and through their changes his mother has been his stead fast comrade. This means much, for he tried training for so many things he found he didn't like. Since he has settled to the making of photoplays, she likes her line as well as ever. East or West, they are inseparable.

Richard Barthelmess

The course of Richard Barthelmess successward journey was charted for him by one who had traveled it before him. His mother, Caroline Harris, was a successful actress, and he holds her accountable for all he has done and as his inspiration for all the good work he hopes to do, also. She was one of the players in "Way Down East," and they have been pals always. Both believed until Mary Hay happened along that nothing could be added to their good comradeship. But she did – she's Mrs. B.II. in private life you know.

Romance at Bar-B Ranch

Shadow As Well As Sunshine Weaves Life's Pattern for Prairie Folks

YES, sir, it's a lonely country, but there's something in the magnificent bigness of it that holds us, binds us body and soul.

And there is life here, stranger—throbbing, vibrating life. And love—you who live in stifling cities don't know love as it exists out here on the Wyoming prairie.

There is understanding too, and pity for human frailities and limitations. Do you see that little golden head just topping the daisies in that garden? To us that beautiful baby is the embodiment of all that is pure and innocent. Your cities would scorn her, make an outcast of her. Out here there is not a man of us but would lay down his life for her and be proud to do it.

It's rather a long story. I'll have to take you back over a stretch of years—prairie years—if you know what that means.

IT began with the death of old man West in the Spring of '13. At his death, the Bar B ranch passed into the hands of his daughter, Gloria. I won't waste words in trying to describe Gloria West to you. The story I'm going to tell you will do that.

It was about four months after the old man's death that Gloria married her ranch foreman, Hugh Grant.

Hugh was as fine a lad as you could hope to find: honest, upright and free from the habits and vices of most young men of his age. I believe I am telling you the truth when I say that Hugh Grant walked up to the marriage altar without a stain on his manhood.

That was what had made the rest of us blush and hang our heads whenever we had let our hopes rise as high as Gloria West. There wasn't a man among us worthy of her, and in the face of Hugh's love for her, none of us ever had courage to tell her of the longing in our own hearts, although we made no secret of our love. We couldn't have hidden it, and the odd thing was that we didn't want to. She was that kind of a girl—the kind for whom one gladly wears his heart exposed.

IT was a little more than a year after her marriage that we first began to notice a change in Gloria. It wasn't much—just a slow fading of the roses in her cheeks, a slight weariness in her joyous spirit. But her eyes! It was as though God himself looked through them in those days of waiting for the little stranger that was to bless her life. She lived in a heaven of wonder and joy in those days. It was wonderful to us too. To watch a woman's soul unfold as hers unfolded; seeing her glad and eager to give of her body and heart's blood that another being might live; to see her approach with unfaltering steps the hell of torture her body must pass through before she could realize her great joy! I'll tell you it sunk down to the very core of our beings.

It was one bitter cold night in early winter that Hugh burst in upon us as we sat huddled about the cheery fire in our bunk house. In less than a minute every man jack of us was up and in his riding togs. We knew what was wanted.

One of the boys brought the doctor as soon as the panting horse could cover the distance of ten miles between the Bar B and the nearest town. But we were too late! The baby died, and for a long time it was a question whether Gloria's frail life would hold out.

For days, we went about the ranch with a prayer on our lips and anguish eating at our hearts. At last one morning, nearly a fortnight later, the doctor rode away. The worst of the cloud had lifted—but yet, Gloria could not leave her bed.

TWO years went by, and there was no change. Gloria was beautiful still, with a tender, delicate beauty that made our hearts ache to look at. Any man of us would have laid down his own life to have brought back the glow to her white cheeks and the strength to her frail little body.

Then a message came calling Hugh to the bedside of his dying mother in the East.

It seems odd how Fate loves to meddle with people's happiness. It was plain, wanton meddling of Fate that kept old Mrs. Grant in a half-dying, half-recovering condition for over a year. Hugh's young cousin Grace was with her, but Gloria wouldn't hear of Hugh leaving till the danger was over.

She finally passed away, and Hugh returned to the Bar B, but it was plain to all of us that something had happened to him. Gloria seemed not to notice it, or maybe the dear child just refused to see what was in his eyes.

HUGH stuck it out for nearly a week. We all knew it couldn't last. No man could face the purity of Gloria Grant's gaze for long and hide the sin on his soul. Hugh made his confession with all of us present. Gloria wanted to spare him this humiliation but he would have it so.

God, it was pitiful!

To what extremities a man's weak passions can lead him! Loving one woman who was far away he had betrayed another who was close at hand. The little cousin Grace had given birth to a baby girl, Hugh's daughter, at the time of his mother's death.

We pitied him, as men will understand and condone each other's weaknesses. But when we looked into Gloria's eyes, what we saw there made us ready to kill him. Yet when Gloria finished talking to us, with Hugh's head buried on the pillow beside her, his body shaking with sobs, we felt small and insignificant beside the greatness of her goodness, her sympathy and understanding.

Would you believe that there could be a woman with a love so great as to reach out to the mistress of the man she loves and their unlawful child? That's the kind of love that exists in Gloria Grant's heart, and into it that night, four years ago, crept a great enveloping tenderness toward the man who had betrayed her—tenderness such as a mother feels for her erring child.

SO they came to live with us here on the ranch, the poor little mother and babe. It was Gloria's wish. Grace was a sweet little thing, a fair-haired girl with great blue eyes full of sorrow and fear. Gloria's heart went out to her at once.

"Grace, dear," she said, as the girl stood trembling beside her bed, with the baby in her arms, "this is to be home to you and your baby. I want you to be happy here."

The poor, frightened child looked into Gloria's eyes. Then she placed the tiny bundle on the bed and knelt down and sobbed out her heart.

Another year passed away. The little golden-haired

baby had come to be the sunshine of the old Bar B. We loved every inch of her tiny, dimpled body and Gloria worshipped her. The mother love that was left desolate at the death of her own baby awoke again in her heart. Once more we saw the wonder-look in her eyes.

Alice, that was the little tot's name, was Gloria's baby now by right of law, and by right of love too, if ever a baby was. So it wasn't strange that when Aunt Martha, Hugh's maiden aunt, visited the ranch about a year after Grace and Alice had come here, she should have seen nothing strange in either the baby's or Grace's presence.

Aunt Martha was a good woman as goodness among some women is characterized. She was the exponent of one brand of religion, and was a devoted church worker. We have known her to walk miles to be of service to someone in need, without a word of complaint. She never missed a prayer meeting although she had to ride ten miles to get to one. She was what they call the "salt of the earth." Yet, somehow, we couldn't take her into our hearts. There was something hard in her make-up—she lacked imagination and sympathy.

She had been with us about a month when she decided that the Bar B ranch was just the place for Philip, her young nephew, a lad still in college, to spend his vacation. He was the child of a dead brother of Aunt Martha's, and she had reared him as tenderly as an own son.

IT was June when young Philip came to the Bar B. By August anyone could see that he and our Grace were very much in love with each other. It was near the close of September that he asked her to be his wife. I shall never forget that evening.

We were all gathered in Gloria's room when Phil came in and startled us all by asking Gloria's consent to make Grace his wife. For one breathless moment there wasn't a sound heard in the room. Then Grace cried out, in a strained, choking voice:

"Don't, Phil! don't ask! I can never marry you! You wouldn't want me."

The poor child dropped helplessly on her knees beside Gloria's bed and fell to sobbing as though her heart would break.

In a moment Phil was beside her, his eyes gleaming like the eyes of wild things when you see them in the dark.

"Grace," he cried, clutching her shoulders and turning her face up to his; "Grace, what do you mean?"

THE poor girl's eyes looked into his for only a second but it was long enough to tell us all of the agony in her heart. What we saw revealed there no one could put into words. But I can tell you that no man who looked into Grace's eyes that night would ever wantonly sin against a woman again.

I believe every one of us prayed silently as we sat there that Philip Grant might prove himself big enough for the prairie.

"What do you mean, Grace?" But the lad's voice sounded as if he had already received his answer.

It looked as though Grace was going to faint, but she steadied herself and said: "I mean, Phil, that Allie does not really belong to Gloria. She is *my* baby."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when there was a piercing scream. There stood Aunt Martha, the living embodiment of pharisaical wrath. Her face was distorted with the fierceness of her loathing. She shook her finger at the poor crouching girl beside the bed.

"You, you—oh, you wretched girl!" she yelled, dragging Phil away from Grace's side. "How dared you raise your vile head to look into my boy's eyes. You shameless creature! You're not fit to live!"

Lord! The wrath of a so-called saintly woman is a horrible thing!

FOR a moment the boy stood still. Then he unclasped Aunt Martha's arms from about his neck and dropped on his knees beside Gloria.

"Gloria," he sobbed, "may God bless you for what you have done for Grace." He reached for the little white hand that lay on the coverlet beside him and spoke up strong and bold:

"Grace, dear heart, I want you for my wife!"

The poor child sank into his outstretched arms and we all got up and cheered!

The next day Aunt Martha took her outraged purity away from the Bar B ranch forever. She condemned her own flesh and blood to the ranks of the eternally damned and went her way, satisfied that she was doing her duty as a Christian.

Perhaps she was; who knows? Our Savior said, "Let him without sin among you cast the first stone." Aunt Martha may have been the one being privileged to perform that act. But there was Gloria! A purer, sweeter woman never drew the breath of life, yet she reached forth in the goodness of her clean soul and clasped the poor repentant sinners to her heart. Could anything be nobler than that? And the little woman humbled herself before us all that night, taking the blame for her husband's sin on her own white soul. It was because she had failed in being a wife to him, she said, that this suffering had all come about. Then she clasped Hugh's hand over her poor, suffering heart and prayed that she might be delivered from the bondage that held her helpless while there was such great need of her in Hugh's devoted love.

We felt out of place in such holiness. One by one we crept out into the night, our hearts echoing her prayer. Half an hour later we found Hugh alone on the open prairie, praying Heaven to make him worthy to touch the hand of the glorious woman who bore his name.

NOW comes the most wonderful part of my story.

Grace's wedding was set for Christmas day. For a week before, we men were kept away from the house. We didn't like it. Gloria's home had never been closed to us before. But the great evening arrived at last! We sat on the bunk house stools in our best and most uncomfortable garments and when they gave us the glad sign we made a rush for the door of Gloria's house.

Now the one thing that was most in the heart of each of us that night wasn't Grace's wedding. Every last man of us rushed to the big room that had come, through Gloria's illness, to be the shrine room of the old Bar B.

We crowded around the bed, eager for a glimpse of her, crazy with joy to be there again. The bed was empty—Gloria was *gone!*

We looked at each other, dumb with amazement. Then suddenly we made a rush for the lighted parlor.

"Where's Gloria?" Our voices thundered through the hallway. But as we reached the parlor door we stopped dead in our tracks, our eyes almost popping out of our heads at what we saw.

THERE before us stood Gloria—our Gloria, in all her old strength and beauty, her eyes beaming at us like heavenly stars.

We were speechless. We couldn't believe our eyes! When we realized at last what had happened we went wild with joy and thanksgiving. We picked her up in our arms and cried over her like little children.

Gloria was restored! By the grace of God it was true. Yes, sir, and the old Bar B had never before known such joy as reigned in our hearts that Christmas night.

That's all, except that Grace and Phil bought the Carson place down the road. And that's little Alice over there in the daisies.

Yes, it's a lonely country, but we prairie folks love it. There is life here—*real* life, and love too.

Mallory Muddles Through

And Proves That With Assistance, Editors May Be Human Too

IT was generally conceded along Newspaper Row that, with all his ability, Mallory was a friendless man. He had helped many a man and woman along, but when they had no more need of his assistance or encouragement he had lost them in the whirlpool of his work.

His newspaper held him almost as a captive. Nor had any woman ever entered his life. He thought of a woman's heart as a sort of concealed weapon to be used on a thoroughly prepared victim, and naturally ignored their existence entirely. The only woman who had ever even succeeded in making a conscious impression on him was Ruth Ford. Somehow, he had vaguely felt the subtle magnetism of her. He had been interested in her, too, from an intellectual point of view. She was so eager and enthusiastic—and newspaper work was such a grind. He had helped her along with a suggestion or just with encouragement, whenever he could. But he told himself that he did that because of her true value as a reporter, not because she was a woman.

And so when the crash came and he was summarily dismissed from the work that was his very life—there was nothing left for him to live for. There was no friend, no intimate, loved woman to come forward and save him from himself.

Men who had known him through his work shook their heads in utter hopelessness. Another tragedy in Newspaper Row. Mallory, they knew, had lost his job, not because he had failed, but because he had been too honest. He had worked so intensely, and his nerves were continually at such high tension, that everyone was certain he couldn't pull through this shock. But then, no one knew of the things that had been going on in Ruth Ford's big, womanly heart.

RUTH FORD had seen enough men burned out by the acid test of poor "copy" between eight daily editions in the grind of the city-room to know what lay beneath Mallory's hard exterior. She had not let the grind of the newspaper game dehumanize her—and she refused to believe that Mallory had been entirely dehumanized. She loved him frankly, if from an almost hopeless distance. But nothing could have seemed impossible to a woman on Mallory's assignment list, the training was all against that. That was the irony of it.

It was not surprising, therefore, that she sought him out in his customary corner of Walker's Grill on the night of his dismissal.

Mallory had reached his coffee and cigar, sipping and smoking musingly, as was his wont. But he was a different man now. She had

She was so eager and enthusiastic—and newspaper work was such a grind. He had helped her along . . . whenever he could

hoped simply to cheer him up a little—but when she saw the deep bitterness of his expression she felt the hopelessness, the uselessness of anything she might say.

He responded to her greeting indifferently but with some deference, for he was always a gentleman. Carelessly he pushed across to her the last cup of coffee in the pot, and his cigarette-case. She sat down opposite him. She did not know just how to begin and she felt suddenly altogether out of place.

"I've heard about it," she said simply, and added, "I don't suppose the fact that I think it is an outrage would mean much to you." Her heart ached for the man who was so evidently fighting off dejection. He smiled a little—but it wasn't a pleasant smile.

He marveled at Ruth's sheer delight in the cold plunge they always took before breakfast

"IN a way I'm rather glad it happened. I'm beginning to think there is nothing in the world worth worrying about," he said, but the bitterness of his voice belied the apparent indifference of his words.

"I wish I were man enough to take this thing philosophically," he went on. "The trouble of it is that the work has meant too much for me. I have never talked to anybody about it. People without the potential qualities of success have never interested me. I suppose I am talking to you now because your work has been above the average. Your last interview with the wife of the Secretary of State was a piece of work worthy of the best man on our—on the staff." Then suddenly his voice grew even more bitter and harsh. "Twelve years wasted! Twelve years lie behind me—a graveyard of ideals."

"But did you never want to get into something else?" she asked. "You are now freed from the slavery of this work. I heard the chief say only last week that you could land in the best magazines printed, and that everyone knew it."

"No, I haven't a thing in view now. But I don't know that it makes much difference. I'm about as well off as the others. I suppose if I kept this up the next step in the tragedy would be getting married—and leading a dog's life after that. Now I'm at least safe from that."

Utter discouragement gripped him. She knew the temperament of him. Many a brilliant man had gone his way. First the struggle, then the loss of position, then the reaction—and then drink and oblivion. She remembered MacKenzie, now selling pencils on a windy street corner; young Norton, whose nerves had been so frayed that he had ended the whole business one night in the city-room. These were things not generally talked about along the Row, but she had been long enough in the game to know them. And then there was the Kennedy girl—but enough of that.

"MALLORY, you need a rest." She spoke firmly, if her heart did beat harder than usual. Everybody called him Mallory but somehow she had always been in awe of him. But he had never let anyone call him

"Mr. Mallory." The man did not notice her hesitation.

"What you need is a trip to the hills," she continued. "Get a camping-outfit and strike for the open. It will bring you back to your normal self, give you perspective."

The primitive picture appealed to Mallory, but the flash of interest which lighted his tired face faded after a moment.

"I couldn't do it," he said. But she saw there was something about the plan which appealed to him. "I couldn't stand to be alone just now, and I haven't faith enough in human nature to take any man with me."

"How about a woman?" She was looking steadily at him, her ringless hands playing with the table things.

He flicked away the ash from his cigar a little nervously. His face was without expression.

"I know no woman for such a trip," he said finally. "The pleasure I would get with the average female would be—negligible. I'm not even a cave man." The conversation was distasteful to him and he spoke in a tone that suggested that it was closed. But Ruth was not to be put off so easily.

"Let me help you. If you can trust me—I'll go with you.

There was a red mark where a branch, the self-absorbed man had let fly back, had hit her and drawn blood . . .

Mallory had been too long in newspaper work to be easily surprised. But the girl's sheer innocence and audacity startled him from his dejection.

"FOR how long?" he asked in spite of himself.

"A month or so would help you." The words were spoken almost in a whisper.

Mallory studied her as he had never studied a woman before. Why should this woman offer to sacrifice everything to help him over a rough spot? He was touched, but he answered with an air of finality.

"I would take you if you were a man; I think I could trust you. This thing you are willing to do is a game in which the woman always loses. No, I couldn't let you do it, Ruth. I wonder if you realize that if I ever had feelings fine enough to appreciate what you want to do for me, they have been burned out long ago by newspaper drudgery. We see too much of life in this game—you know that, don't you? I always thought you were too good for it."

For the first time in his life a woman had drawn Mallory out. She saw an expression on his face which probably no one but his mother had ever seen there before. For Mallory's face had always seemed stony and chiseled, all but his eyes, which were deep and dark like mirror pools. There was kindness in those eyes now.

"I couldn't take this advantage of you. And I am not unconventional enough, I suppose," he said half-apologetically, with the trace of a smile.

He studied her again for the space of a minute, then said: "You realize what it would mean, don't you—to you?"

There was the faintest trace of a flush on her cheeks. Her slim fingers tightened just a trifle on the porcelain handle of her coffee cup. But she did not waver from her purpose.

"Well, you could—could marry me temporarily for the sake of—of your conventions."

"And afterwards, what?" he asked, almost fiercely.

"You would be yourself then, and able to resume your work successfully," she said with conviction. "And divorces are not uncommon nowadays. A woman can always get one from a newspaper man on the grounds of desertion."

MALLORY'S face was still rigid, but underneath something had been stirred deeply. For once he acted im-

pulsively. He held out his hand.

"I like your honesty. And I'm going to be honest with you too. There is no love in me. I'm done. I'm fagged out. But your idea is better than anything I can think of, assuming that I care to keep up the fight. Maybe I could effect a come-back." There was a peculiar expression on his face. It was like a drowning man struggling for life. Then he suddenly brightened.

"Listen here. You're the first woman I think I ever met whom I could trust. I know human nature. It isn't all unselfish. But heaven knows what you will get out of this experiment. If you are really game though, we'll go."

He blew his cigar smoke in little spirals through lips which, for a fraction of a second, seemed half-sneering. He wondered if he were becoming too much of a victim to sense the concealed weapon.

"I suppose marriage is feasible," he added casually.

For the first time in a week their eyes met and caught. She held his gaze, but he saw tears, big tears. It came to him suddenly . . . he needed her

THE couple that pitched camp early in the fall on the edge of Lake Quassapaug would not have been considered out of the ordinary by the handful of Connecticut inhabitants, who gave them directions at the station, but for the fact that the man who had been hired to move the luggage reported that he had been ordered to put up the tents forty feet apart.

"They're from New York," was the answer to all questions, and that accounted for any peculiarity.

To Mallory, smoking heavily and moving about restlessly while the girl bent over the crackling camp fire, the situation was so utterly new that he did not even try to analyze it. After three days of this life he began to feel that he was becoming dependent upon her, more so than he cared to admit. Three days of this sort of life had been a revelation to him. He had begun to marvel that he had never realized before what a fascinating thing a woman was. Some sort of change was taking place in him; perhaps it was the subtle effect of those gentle Connecticut hills.

A week of it and he found himself watching for her to come out of her little canvas house in the early morning. Together they used to see the sun rise. Mallory had not seen the sun rise since the days when he first started in his career. Her breakfasts were something he looked forward to and her dinners stood out against the sordid grey of his memory as hours of vivid bliss. She smiled secretly at his unconscious expression of pleasure at the many little things she did for him. Once in a while he would catch the smile and wonder. Was she preparing her victim? He would laugh aloud, but it was not a real laugh.

It wasn't long until he ventured to help her in his own crude way. He would chop wood and make a fire, and he usually had the flames going each morning before the gentle rustle in her tent announced her coming.

HE followed the daily routine which she had mapped out—followed it religiously, and felt his health and strength daily returning. The days went by without event except for Mallory's growing lustiness. He was not only being restored to his old self, but was emerging from his catastrophe a freer, more balanced man. With every new day his interest in things about the camp seemed to increase. He began to find himself taking a new view of life. Once he even spoke of the big work ahead of him.

Ruth watched his return to strength and self-possession with quiet pride. Once he caught her working on something with a pencil. She was marking off the days on her calendar. Was she sorry that each day brought the end of these weeks with him nearer?

He pondered over the situation. Ruth was unquestionably a fine woman. He would play fair with her, regardless of what happened to him. There were times when he felt a real joy in her companionship; and he wondered if she were happy. "Well, it was her experiment," he would tell himself, "I guess she likes it all right." Yet, he felt a sudden gripping at his heart when he thought of the two-minute ceremony which had made this thing legal. Even newspaper women are women at heart and she must have had a cherished dream, once upon a time, of flowers, long veils, angel-faced maids of honor, and a double ring service, maybe. Mallory knew enough about women to realize that they all liked this sort of thing.

Most of the campers at Quassapaug had gone and, at times, it seemed to Mallory that these people had missed the best part of the camping season. Came a time when Ruth and he were almost alone. (*Continued on page* 84)

Out of Gas

What Happened When the Dangerfield Family's Motor Went Dry

THERE are as many different ways of starting on automobile trips as there are different people owning the machines. Now the Dangerfields belonged to the clan of careful planners. No hot-headed, careless adventures for them. Father Dangerfield had built up his box factory by systematic, arduous toil and thought. It had taken him twenty years to achieve a solid, respectable success. There had been times when his daughter Vera thought it was going to take him just as long to select an automobile.

But at last, in the fullness of time, having driven several salesmen to the verge of madness, he settled on a Touraine Six. It was a month before he drove it without an instructor at his elbow. By slow stages he reached the point of taking a five-mile spin, then a ten-mile drive, always over roads carefully looked up in advance.

And now, at last, there was to be a real automobile trip—with Father and Mother Dangerfield, Vera, and Stephen Monroe, her prospective husband, in the party.

Not that Monroe intended to marry Vera. It never had occurred to him. Nor did Vera really intend to marry Monroe. She merely hoped to. But Father and Mother Dangerfield intended that the young people should be married, and that settled it! Wasn't Vera the only heir to the box factory? And wasn't Monroe the assistant manager of the factory and the only man who understood the business well enough to take hold and run it when Father stepped out? Well, then!

"YOU needn't take any lunch box this time," Father decided, studying the road map with frowning concentration. "There's a mountain inn on the road where we turn, beyond Saratoga. We can get a chicken dinner there, drive on to Santa Cruz and come back by moonlight. The moon comes up"—it was the almanac's turn to be consulted now—"at half-past eight. The weather"—he scanned the fine print in the upper right hand corner of the evening News—"will be fair and warmer."

"You sure Monroe will go with us?" Mother asked.

"Sure? Didn't I *tell* him about it today? And I

Dangerfield halted the machine, and it promptly began to slip backward; mother and daughter emitted simultaneous screams as he pulled the emergency brake

guess a young fellow like him's bright enough to see what it means when we take him out with our daughter, just a family party. You set in front with me, and let the young folks have the back seat to themselves. A nice, easy car, a good smooth road, and a full moon! They'll be engaged when we come back!"

So far, so good. But it was a wise prophet who framed the proverb "Man proposes, but some one else *dis*poses!"

The start was made on schedule time and the fifty miles to the foothill town of Saratoga were covered without accident. It must be confessed that they were covered, too, without much conversation. Vera was the type of maiden whose stock answers to leading questions are, "I guess so," "I guess not," "I guess, maybe," and "tee-hee!"

"I wish Vera'd talk up more," worried Mother in the front seat.

"Men ain't so partial to chatter-boxes," opined Father wisely. "They like to hear themselves talk. Hungry, children?" he asked over his shoulder. "In another hour we'll be filling up with fried chicken and waffles. Here's where we turn."

THERE were two roads that crooked sharply away from the main highway. One of them went to the right and Dangerfield unhesitatingly chose it.

"You sure this is right," quavered Mother, "It's an awful narrow road!"

"I studied it all out on the road map," answered Father with finality. "Steve," turning to the rear, "did I take the right road?"

"Never knew you to make a mistake," came back the tactful answer. Flattered and reassured, Dangerfield kept on.

For perhaps half an hour the party mounted constantly along a beautiful foothill path.

"I wouldn't miss this ride for a million," said Mrs. Dangerfield, who was greedily devouring the scenery.

Just at that point their troubles commenced. The road suddenly evidenced an unreasonable propensity for rising rapidly; it even began to twist and turn like a rope; it became rough, dusty, uneven, and almost too narrow for two machines to pass abreast. On one side it was flanked by a cliff, and on the other by a precipice. The grade kept growing steeper, the curves became constantly more numerous, the precipice yawned deeper, deeper, deeper.

"It's a mile to the bottom, if it's an inch!" declared Mother.

THE road narrowed to a thread of brown dirt along which the car shot with disconcerting speed. A good climber was the Touraine Six!

"Harry, go slower, *go slower*!" Mrs. Dangerfield shrieked.

"I can't go slower!" bawled her husband. "The machine's on second"—and he jerked the steering-gear just in time to miss the precipice.

"Harry, I ain't going to sit in this front seat no longer!" declared Mrs. Dangerfield

"Monroe, you gaping idiot, can't you do something to help? Why don't you make yourself useful?"

"I don't care about the machine! Go slower!" insisted his frightened spouse. "See what you almost done!"

"Go slower, Papa, go slower!" echoed his daughter, from the rear.

But the father did not answer. He was watching the wheel like a cat a mouse, and the curves were coming so fast that it took all his energy to turn the steering gear. The sweat streamed down his cheeks; his face was red and inflamed; his veins were dilated; he was doing the hardest work of his life.

"Stop! Stop!" screamed the excited Mrs. Dangerfield. "I want to get off. I want to get off!"

"Stop! Stop!" screamed the echoing daughter.

"If you don't stop, I'll jump out!" threatened her mother.

"*I'll* jump out! *I'll* jump out!" came the faithful echo.

This was certainly a reasonable idea, as a jump would have involved a fall of several hundred feet. But the threat was efficacious. Dangerfield halted the machine, and it promptly began to slip backward; mother and daughter emitted simultaneous screams as he pulled the emergency brake, and the car came to a safe stop within a foot of the canyon's edge.

DANGERFIELD mopped his brow. "Why in h—— did you make me stop?" he cried, forgetting to moderate his language in his excitement. "That d—— near was our finish!"

"Harry, I ain't going to sit in this front seat no longer!" declared Mrs. Dangerfield, as if delivering an ultimatum. "It makes me feel shaky. I read once that more people get killed in the front."

"If we get killed, we all get killed together," said Dangerfield by way of encouragement, "and I've got to have someone here in front with me. I might need them to pull the emergency."

Obviously, it was Monroe's duty to volunteer for the position, which he did with alacrity, and the readjustments in seating having been made, Dangerfield started the engine again. The machine gave a lurch, backed to within four inches of the precipice, jerked its way forward four or five feet, coughing asthmatically, stopped, as if making up its mind what to do, and finally slipped backward once more. The two ladies shrieked wildly, although this time the machine did not come within three feet of danger.

"I'm going to get out!" announced Mrs. Dangerfield; and before her husband had time to protest, she was on the ground.

"*I'm* going to get out!" said the echo, joining Mother.

"It's a long walk back," commented Monroe.

"Who said anything about walking?" exclaimed Mrs. Dangerfield. "Now, Harry, you just get that car going, and when it's safe, we'll get in!"

"Oh, come on, Vera, be a sport and get back in the car," Monroe began to plead.

"And is that all you think of me?" demanded the wrathful Vera. "Do you want me to die of fright?"

"You get out of there, quick now, Steve, and help me get started." "No, I think I'll stay where I am," Monroe replied. . . . "I'm quite comfortable"

This unexpected repartee effectively silenced Monroe. As for Dangerfield, he was too bewildered to know what to say. How was a man to get his wife into a car without having her in when he started?

On a sudden inspiration he opened up the engine. This time it responded perfectly. He had not driven ten yards, when the two women came running behind, demanding that he stop, and let them take their places in the machine.

IN another moment they were off again, and for fully five minutes the trip was uneventful. The scenery was sublime beyond description. Oceans of redwoods rolled beneath them in an unbroken sheet of sombre green; range after range of forest-mantled hills spread themselves into the distance as if the billows of a titanic sea had been charmed into stillness; far, far away the hazy green of the hills blended with the dim blue of the Pacific.

But this grandeur was wasted on the anxious party. In the tree-clad canyons they saw only danger; in the unending succession of mountains only a barrier between them and safety. The two women occupied themselves in giving shrill instructions to their chauffeur; the chauffeur occupied himself in ignoring these instructions; Monroe concentrated on preparations to pull the emergency brake.

"I think we'll go down into the valley very soon!" encouraged Monroe, when everything had gone smoothly for five minutes.

"We're apt to go, mighty sudden!" was Father's grim witticism.

"Cheer up, it can't be much further to the chicken dinner," ventured Monroe again, determined to be optimistic.

"Some folks would think of eatin' if they was in their graves!" was Mother's withering comment. Monroe subsided and a tense silence fell, broken in a moment by an ominous honking around a bend. Before Mother's scream died in the air a big Anglo touring car appeared, making at least ten miles an hour. Daughter's echo augmented Mother's scream now. By some miracle of management both machines came safely to a stop, but the Anglo missed ramming the cliff only by a hair's breadth, and the Touraine Six poised giddily at the edge of the gulf.

IT was impossible for the Anglo to move. Dangerfield must pass the car. The very thought made his fingers shaky, and when his machine started forward it came face to face with a boulder. Followed a fearful jolt, shrieks, silence, and the surprised discovery that everyone was still alive!

"I don't think the boulder was damaged at all," Monroe said, still bent on his little joke.

"That ain't the question," Mrs. Dangerfield enlightened his stupidity. "We don't care (*Continued on page* 86)

Whose Crime?

Young Davison's Finger Pulled the Trigger, But What of the Woman's Part in the Lover's Tragedy?

"There's a lover who raves in a padded cell,
There's a cynic who flouts at faith,
There's a bent old man with a riven soul,
And the woman who flouted and broke them all
Lies harmless now, in death."

NATURALLY, when I came back to town last week, one of my first inquiries was for Bob Davison. And the thing they told me was so wild and strange I could hardly credit it. They said that Bob's young brother, Roy, had married a girl, murdered her in cold blood, and been saved from the chair only to be sent to Matteawan as hopelessly insane; that Dr. Baker, who had brought the boys up, was now a bent and broken old man, because of some mysterious connection with the ghastly affair that nobody quite understood; that Bob had become a reckless, cold-blooded cynic, who scoffed at women and took keen delight in winning a case against one.

Margie came in to see the chief . . . Roy was at the desk. One look into her eyes, and he was gone!

I went to call on Bob at once. He met me cordially enough, but I was inexpressibly shocked at the change in him. His face, which had been singularly boyish and expressive, was hard as flint. His eyes had a strange glitter. His infrequent laugh was so weirdly mirthless that it made me shudder.

There's only one thing to do in a case like this and that is to meet the issue with brutal frankness. Otherwise there's always a spectre sitting in at every conversation and real companionship becomes impossible. Hard as it was, I plunged in boldly.

"Tell me about it, Bob," I demanded, bluntly. "Tell me Roy's story."

HE met me squarely enough. "The question is," he began slowly, "whose story is it? Is it Roy's, or the Doctor's, or is it just—hers." I knew "her" whom he meant. "Of course, I'm only a side issue. God alone knows how many disillusioned, cynical souls like mine are charged to the woman's account. Well, she's gone to meet her reckoning!

"It began just about the time we went into the war. Of course, Roy was crazy to go over and was just killing time in one of the numerous war trade board offices for a few weeks, until he could get his affairs adjusted. One day the girl, Margie, came in to see the chief there, with a letter of introduction. Roy was at the desk. One look into her eyes, and he was gone!

"Margie was small and delicate and innocent-looking—big round eyes and a rosebud mouth and a wistful, coaxing smile. Just the type to appeal to a chivalrous, clean-minded fellow like Bob. I believe they had dinner together that very night, and every night thereafter. He brought her to see me and I could only hope she was as good as she looked.

"WELL, it was a whirlwind courtship, and he married her, just before he sailed for France. He had an independent fortune, you know, and so could provide for her comfortably while he was away. He bought her the prettiest little house you ever saw, up in Pelham. And he told her, in my presence, to enjoy herself while he was gone, not to mope around home alone, but to go out with her old friends, men or women, and have a good time.

"She wept very effectively. Said she never could forget Roy for a moment, and all that sort of stuff. I

It does seem . . . that she only let him see her to torture him. It gave her pleasure to see what power she had over him

really felt sorry for her, she seemed so genuinely broken-hearted when the boy went. But I'll say she was a quick recoverer. I began to hear of her everywhere, at teas and dances and dinners, always with a man in tow. It didn't make me feel very good, yet there was nothing I could do. Our women were urged to entertain our soldiers, and if Margie was overdoing it a bit there was nothing definite enough to justify me in interfering.

"THEN one day something—I'll never know what it was—sent me up to Pelham unexpectedly. A voice within me seemed to say '*Go!*' And I went. Roy's house was set back a little way from the road and was shaded by some fine old trees. I was half-way up the driveway before I saw a snappy little roadster drawn up before the house. Then a Canadian officer whom I had met before came out of the house, started the car and drove away, bowing stiffly to me as we met.

"For no reason in the world, as I think of it now, I went quietly around to the back of the house. There was Margie, on the back piazza, giving orders about her trunks and bags which were all piled there, ready to go!

"Three months married, and eloping! What was a marriage ceremony in her young life! I put my pride aside and argued, reasoned, pleaded with her. I told her the news would kill Roy, over there. I tried to make her see how low and vile it was to go back on the man who had given her everything, whose faith in her was so perfect, who was offering his life for her protection.

"She just opened her round eyes wider, and pouted her rosebud lips and laughed at me! *Laughed*, damn her! And all the time that innocent, angel-look never left her face! How do women do it?

"I tried to keep the news from Roy, but I was just sailing myself then, so I was utterly handicapped. He heard of it, and a fine hell he must have had over there. His buddies say he was absolutely reckless from that time on. Yet he got through unharmed—in body, at least—and he came home. Got here before me.

"He told me later he had seen her once—had lunch with her. Her coldness and callousness, her utter unfeelingness was evidently the last straw. I don't know just what she said to him, but it does seem to me that she only let him see her to torture him. It gave her pleasure to see what power she had over him. But evidently the madness of his soul burnt through until the sight of his staring eyes frightened her. At any rate, she and the Canadian left town after that.

"WHEN I got back and saw Roy—well, I can't talk about it! He had aged twenty years. You know how bright and lovable and merry he always was! Now he was morose and bitter and hard as steel. But that wasn't the worst. There was a glitter in his eyes that was downright uncanny, and he talked, at times, like a man demented. I kept him here with me, and time after time he waked me in the night calling 'Margie! Margie!'

"One night I heard him and I sprang out of bed and found him standing at the open window, holding an animated conversation with someone. I remember it was almost dawn and his face looked positively weird in the half-light. I was fearfully scared then. I questioned him gently, trying not to scare him lest he refuse to talk.

" 'I was talking to Margie!' he declared. 'She comes every night. She tries to tell me why she wouldn't wait for me, but she never gets it told.' A sudden paroxysm of rage seized him then. 'I'm giving her a chance to explain,' he cried, 'but I'm going to kill her, yet!'

"I knew it couldn't go any further without something being done. I began to think about Doctor Baker. You remember he was our father's best friend, and after Dad's death he always looked after us until we were grown up. He went West, a number of years ago, and we knew he had married a woman much younger than himself and was very happy. We had had only very brief letters from him since his marriage, but now I decided to ask him to come and look Roy over. I couldn't bear the thought of calling in a stranger. Besides, Doctor Baker was an authority on mental disorders.

"WELL, I wrote him, asking if he could come to us for a few weeks and study Roy's case. I asked him to bring his wife to visit us. His answer came immediately. He would come, he said, but he had no wife. 'I was too old for her. Life with her was Heaven for me, while it lasted. But now—I'd rather never speak of it again,' was what he said.

"One look at him when he came told me that he was a broken-hearted man who had taken himself in hand and was going quietly on with life as best he could. There was no bitterness in his face. Only a great, hopeless sorrow. He listened to my account of Roy's condition and the reason for it, and agreed with me that it was best for Roy to think the doctor had come merely to visit us. After a long session with me he went upstairs to see Roy, alone.

"He was gone for an hour. When he came down I saw at once that some great change had taken place in him. I don't quite know how to describe it; I cannot tell just how I knew it. But somehow I was aware that a sorrowful, kindly, tender-hearted man had gone upstairs and a shocked, embittered, unreconciled man had come down. He always had been tremendously fond of Roy, but even so I was astonished at the change that hour's conference with the boy had made in him.

" 'We'll just watch him for a time,' he said, 'That's all we can do, now.' Then he sat, for an hour or more, looking into the fire, never speaking, never moving. I felt uneasy. It wasn't like Doctor Baker to brood.

"FOR a few days things went on like that. The doctor never seemed to relax for a moment. When he wasn't with Roy, he would usually sit staring in front of him in a way that made me feel he needed to be under a doctor's care himself.

"Then one day Bob seemed more intensely distracted than ever. At breakfast he hardly ate at all. And once I heard him mutter that Margie should keep away from his window. I knew that the hallucination, or whatever it was that he saw, was getting the upper hand.

"I did not leave the house all that day, but sat around keeping my ears open to every sound he made as he moved about in his room upstairs. In the afternoon the doctor and I sat together in the sitting-room reading—or rather pretending to.

"PRESENTLY I went upstairs to Roy. He was sitting at his desk and his eyes were fixed on the east window. I didn't like the stare in them. There was a peculiar, strained expression on his face.

" 'Turn around,' I said, 'I want to talk to you. You look as if you were seeing ghosts.' It was a tactless remark, as I realized the instant I had spoken.

" 'I have seen a ghost, Bob!' he shouted, leaping to his feet and waving his arm toward the window. 'Margie stood right there. She laughed at me! She sneered, with her innocent, rosebud lips! I tell you she *laughed!* Wait! She'll come again, and then I'll get her! I'll get her!' His voice trailed off into nothingness.

"He dropped into the desk chair again and sat there, his head drooping forward on his chest. I didn't know what to say or do, so I just kept quiet. In a few moments he began to breathe regularly and deeply, as if he were asleep. I started downstairs, softly, to ask Doctor Baker to come up. I hadn't reached the bottom of the stairs when I heard a shot. I yelled, and I heard the Doctor jump up and come running as I dashed back up the stair. Before I reached the top another shot rang out!

"I burst into the room and there was Roy down on the floor, blubbering over the body of a woman. He was lifting her in his arms and her head hung down, all limp.

He had seen the vision again—Margie, standing laughing at him . . . Anyhow, Roy's second shot stopped her devilish laughter!

There was a great hole in her bosom and the blood was spurting out over her gown and drenching Roy's arms.

"I knelt beside him, and I saw that the woman was Margie!

"The doctor was there, too. He saw at once that she was quite dead. Roy began to rave and tear his hair out in handfuls. We had to get help, and have him taken care of, or he would have killed himself.

"There was an arrest but Roy never was called to stand trial. He was sent to Matteawan—to Matteawan for life.

"YOU see how it was. He had seen the vision again—Margie, standing in the east window, laughing at him. The first shot he fired went straight through that window. Then he must have turned and seen her standing there, at the head of the back stairs. She had bribed our housekeeper to let her go up. The housekeeper still thinks the girl had repented, but I don't. I think she had come for money—or just to laugh! Anyhow, Roy's second shot stopped her devilish laughter!"

"Don't be too hard, Bob," I urged. "Every woman has some good in her——"

"Wait," Bob said. "You haven't heard it all. After they had taken my poor, raving brother away, I went downstairs. They had laid the woman's body out, ready for removal to the undertaker's. Doctor Baker stood there beside her, his face as gray as ashes, his eyes full of a strange smouldering fire.

" 'We'll see that she is decently buried,' he said.

" 'Of course,' I said. 'After all, she was Roy's wife once!'

" '*And mine!*' said the doctor. Just like that.

"Yes, it was true. God knows how many human wrecks she had left in her trail. But Roy's in Matteawan for life, Doctor Baker's a bent and broken old man, and I'm—well, at least I know what women are!"

"Not all women, Bob," I urged.

But a shrug of his strong shoulders, a lift of the dark brows arched over brilliant, bitter eyes, was his only answer.

The Sirens and Orpheus

ULYSSES of old, as his ship sailed past the island of the Sirens, made his sailors seal their ears with wax and then bind him to the mast of the ship.

He knew full well the fate of those who had been lured from the course of their voyages by the Sirens' voices.

Orpheus knew the danger of listening to the Sirens as well as did Ulysses, but he also knew the sweetness, power, purity and strength of his own music. Without a fear, he sailed the seas Ulysses had sailed, and when the first faint notes of the Sirens' songs were wafted to his ears, he sat down without a single flutter of alarm, and played his flute, filling the ear with more ravishing sounds than the Sirens' songs.

I WANT to learn to play on the strings of life in such a way as to make the sweetest and most perfect music—the music of the soul, a music that no Siren's song can equal.

I want to play the music of my own strong clean spirit. Like Orpheus, I would know such blessed music in my own soul that I could make the songs of the wrong impulses of life sound as clanging discords and revolting disharmony.

I want my own strength to be my best protection.

Let us each live up to the best that is in us. If we do, we shall be able to live in the rhythm and harmony of the music of our own souls.—*Dr. George Wharton James.*

An Experiment in Love

Superman and Superwoman May Meet, and Yet Not Mate

"AH, what a work race improvement is!" Elizabeth cried earnestly. "I am so sorry Harry has fallen away from it. It is too bad that love should enter to make your problem harder."

"But it shall not," Mr. Thorne answered firmly. "This is a work of too great a magnitude to be hindered by the emotional aberration of a boy and a girl."

"I fear there is more in this matter of love than you are willing to see, Mr. Thorne. Just think how uncle has given time, thought and money freely to my education for no other reason than that he loved Harry's mother."

"I do not deny that it is a madness that will carry a man far; I only say that love is not a sane and reasonable emotion, that it should have nothing to do with the great problem of giving to the men and women of the world the bodies to which they are entitled, and which they may surely have as soon as they rid themselves of the notion that the basis of parenthood is nothing better than an emotional spasm which they call love. Parenthood is a physical matter and should have a purely physical basis. Harry and you are fitted to be ideal parents, and marry you must."

"I sometimes wonder," Elizabeth said thoughtfully, "if your reasoning, carried to its logical end, would not demand parenthood without marriage. If the physical welfare of the child really be the prime consideration, then marriage, which compels a woman to be a mother at the will of her husband, is an anomalous condition."

"I do not think it necessary to reason in that way. Marriage, as an institution, is the method the world has taken for legitimatizing sex relations; and all we need to do is to so modify the existing notions of those relations by education that men and women will recognize each other's natural rights."

"WELL," said Elizabeth, with a faint note of dissent in her tone, "if it be true that there are no such things as *natural* rights, I don't see how you are going to accomplish anything by advocating them. You see, I am determined to be a free woman. I'll marry Harry, since that is the only way that this experiment can be tried, but I'll never give up my freedom. I say I'll marry Harry, but I'm afraid he has the same notions of freedom that I have, and won't have me for a wife. It looks rather hopeless to me."

"Don't say that, Beth. It would break my heart to see our experiment fail."

"I don't think any experiment can be called a failure that has produced such a man as Harry, such a woman as I am. Harry says he will never marry Ruth as long as she is unfit for motherhood; and——"

"When did he say that?" demanded Mr. Thorne, in amazement.

Elizabeth, who had been carried away by the discussion of abstract things, and had spoken thoughtlessly, started in dismay and stared aghast at Mr. Thorne. He repeated the question in another form.

"When did you talk with him about Ruth?"

Elizabeth continued to stare at him. She could no more lie than she could fly; she could not prevaricate, even.

"I have just been talking with him."

"What are you saying, Beth?"

They were at the schoolhouse now, and Mr. Thorne stood and gazed at Elizabeth as if he were sure he had misunderstood her.

HARRY THORNE'S father tried to make a superman of him through education and athletics. He believed he had succeeded, too. Then he went a long step further and chose a superwife for his son—and succeeded again, so he thought. But when Harry met Ruth Warner, who knew but little of eugenics and race building but believed that Love was the real foundation for marriage, things began to happen. Harry's father's business is threatened by business rivals. Both Ruth and Harry believe that several tramps who have made attacks upon the girl are really the tools of Mr. Thorne's enemies and that they are guilty of destroying the Thorne factories by fire. In the course of his discussions with Ruth over this and other matters, Harry finds himself in love. To cure him of his folly Mr. Thorne gives Harry the job of tracing the criminals in New York, and then persuades Ruth to give up his son. Harry, alarmed at not having word from Ruth, goes home in tramp disguise to look into her whereabouts and encounters Elizabeth Mowbray who promises to win his father over to Ruth's side.

"I said I had just been talking with Harry; and I have. The tramp I chased was Harry."

"Harry here—in disguise? Impossible!"

"No; it is possible and true. He was here seeking information of Ruth."

"He broke his word to me! I cannot believe it."

"How did he break his word?"

"He said he would do nothing else until he had ended his work in tracing the men who had set fire to my factory."

"You made him promise that, knowing he loved Ruth, and meaning to keep him from coming home to find out why she did not write?"

"I drew the promise from him to keep him from coming here, and now he has broken his word and come."

"WOULD you like my opinion, Mr. Thorne?" Elizabeth asked in her straightforward way.

"What is it?" he asked sternly.

"It was treachery in you to extort that promise from him, because no one has a right to ask truth who does not mean to give it. Harry knows that you have secretly come between him and Ruth, and no doubt he feels absolved from his promise to you because you did not act in good faith with him."

"What do you say?" he cried. "Do you understand of what you accuse me?"

"I am sorry to hurt you, Mr. Thorne, but I tell you how the matter seems to me. Ask yourself if I am right or wrong."

"I will find Harry," he said abruptly. "You left him in the woods?"

"You know that if you see him, now, there will be a quarrel."

"I did it in a noble cause," he said, in a low tone.

"No good cause justifies bad means. We have been wrong, Mr. Thorne, from the beginning. We should have had Ruth and Harry together, and talked frankly with them. It would have been far better. They would have been reasonable."

Mr. Thorne stood silent, his brows knit, and an expression of pain and anger on his face. He seemed not to have heard Elizabeth's words, but after a few seconds of immobility turned away as if to walk home alone.

"You will not wait for me?" she asked. "I shall not keep you waiting long."

"Let me go alone," he answered, almost roughly. "I was not prepared for this, and I must be alone."

Elizabeth made no remonstrance. She knew that all the circumstances of the incident were calculated to rouse the stormy passions of his rugged nature, and she let him go his way, only glad that he went toward his home instead of in the direction where Harry might be found.

TO Elizabeth, up to this period, life had been a placid stream, on which she had glided along, at peace with herself and everybody else; and it was not at all surprising that she had in a vague way come to look upon the troubles and complexities of existence which she had heard of others suffering from as incidents mainly of their own creation

Her uncle had superintended the cultivation of her mind, while Mr. Thorne, on the other hand, had been supervising her physical education, and being very positive in his convictions, had always represented to her the incarnation of personality.

Heretofore, when in doubt about anything, Elizabeth had turned instinctively to the positive aggressive force of Mr. Thorne, but now he was entangled with her in a web which, somehow, had been woven about them, and she found herself at a loss and without an adviser.

She realized, too, that Mr. Thorne's theories were inadequate to the problem presented by Harry, and that he really needed help more than she did.

It was characteristic of Elizabeth to find a remedy in action. She stood watching Mr. Thorne striding down the road, and there was an odd, and, to her, absurd impulse to run after him and put her arm around him.

"Huh!" she murmured to herself, "what earthly good would that do? And he would think me as crazy as the rest. But I must do something; yes, I must. Oh, I know! *Uncle!*"

GORDON MOWBRAY, too like the typical scholar to please Henry Thorne, but not the less a handsome, refined, courteous man of the world, sat in his library, reading, when Elizabeth, charged with the vitality of which she was unconscious, and with the desire for knowledge of which she was very conscious, entered and addressed him.

"Uncle," she said, in her direct way, "I want to know something about love. Can you tell me anything about it?"

He looked her over curiously, admiring her splendid body, rejoicing in her beautiful face, but otherwise indifferent to her. She had never betrayed the possession of those intellectual qualities that would have been a bond of sympathy between them.

"Love!" he repeated, his eyes taking on a dreamy expression, as if he were engaged in studying the material in his possession. "Sit down, Beth! Love! It is a remarkable manifestation of—but you would better read—let me see—something on the psychology of love would give you the information you need. I think——" He turned toward his bookcases.

"The psychology of love wouldn't interest me a bit, uncle. I have a problem to solve. Harry——"

"Ah! You have fallen in love? Is that it?"

"Certainly not. I cannot imagine myself so foolish."

"Foolish! Oh! You think love foolishness? And does Harry, too? I should think you would have cured him of that notion by this time."

"I? Oh, he isn't in love with me. I wish he was. It wouldn't matter to me, you see. No. He is in love with—well, she's a very nice little creature, but, oh dear! so very puny; not in the least fit to be a mother."

She was very calm and judicial as she spoke, and her uncle, interested in her now as a problem of a sort, smiled in amusement.

"Certainly, it is very plain, Beth, my dear, that you are not in love with Harry."

"Why do you say it is plain? And why do you smile in that way? Oh, yes, you believe in love, don't you?"

"YES, I believe in it," he answered, slightly pulling open the top drawer of the writing table at which he sat, at the same time closing and putting down his book. "Love has always been a very real thing to me. Am I to understand that you do not believe that there is such a thing? But no, you say that Harry is in love, which is an admission that you believe the sentiment exists. Oh, yes; you think it a foolish sentiment."

Somehow, Elizabeth felt less sure now than she had done before. She looked earnestly at her uncle before replying.

"Perhaps I was wrong to say just that. I meant that it was wrong or foolish to make love the basis of parenthood. Is not that so?

"Basis? Ye-es, perhaps it is not a good basis; but I think it may be the only safe beginning—as things are; as things are. Of course, if we were all under perfect control, and bred children scientifically, as we breed dogs and cows, love might be eliminated from the consideration of parenthood. But we are not breeding in that way; we breed without any supervision whatever."

"But Harry and I were to demonstrate what might be done in producing children if the old follies of irresponsible parenthood were replaced by careful preparation, selection and conduct. And now he spoils everything by allowing himself to fall in love in the stupid, unscientific way of others."

GORDON MOWBRAY fairly laughed aloud at this outburst from Elizabeth.

"It certainly is a pity, I am sure," he said, presently.

"You believed in the experiment, yourself," she said, calmly.

"Of course. I don't know whether I forgot about love, or merely expected that Harry certainly would fall in love with you. I am surprised that he did not. You are beautiful enough." As he spoke he looked at her appraisingly.

"I judge, then, that you are meaning passion when you say love; else what has my physical beauty to do with it? That might, and should, inspire passion, but not so psychological a thing as love. Or, perhaps, I don't understand you at all."

"Why, I think," he answered soberly, "that there is some danger of our misunderstanding each other if we do not get away from abstractions. Suppose you tell me what has happened. Is the experiment aborted? Does Harry refuse to marry?"

"He says he will marry no one but little Ruth Warner—a puny girl who is absolutely unfit for motherhood. All because he says he loves her."

"But, Beth, my dear, don't you see what misery would result from your marriage with Harry, if he loves this Ruth Warner?"

"Why didn't he love me, then?"

"You can't love to order, my dear girl."

"That's what Harry said, and no doubt it is true; but surely it makes a singular complication. Here are Harry and I, just fitted to be parents, (*Continued on page* 92)

> "AND then if they really love each other"—said Beth to Harry's father. "Oh, I am not saying it is wise, you know, but there are those who believe in love, and as long as they do, it is just as real to them as it is foolish to us."

Folly Pays the Price

The Story of a Girl Who Paid and Who Keeps on Paying

OH, how I should like to have the past years of my life to live over again.

At eighteen I was one of the happiest girls in the world, for I had discovered the wonder of love. John Baxter had stepped into my life, caught my heart and had made a woman of me. I was on the doorstep of life, then—with everything before me.

And then—

All through that first happy year, John and I dreamed and planned our future together, with never a shadow falling across our path. Very shortly my sister, who had taken the place of mother to me, since I was a tiny baby, married. She had raised me in a rather too careful fashion and now I felt bitterly lonely and neglected. Unfortunately, too, my sister had a false sense of modesty, and so had never prepared me for intelligent womanhood. And now, since I was thrown so much on my own resources, I instinctively began to look for friends who might enlighten me, and for contacts that might excite this strange force in me that was growing stronger every day, and which I did not understand.

I MET a woman, Mrs. Rowlands, who attracted me strangely. She seemed to reach out for my friendship, and with the fascination of her immorality, which I did not recognize as such at the time, she had soon drawn me into the circle of her net.

At first I was shocked at the things she told me, and at her attitude toward men, and I determined every time I had been to see her that I would never go again. But I had no other source of release, I had no one I could talk to about this overwhelming power of life—no decent clean-minded outlet for this seething mass of strange thoughts. And because of that I was an easy prey for this world-wise woman to whom this hidden, secreted subject was as an open book. I went to see her again and again and literally drank in the filthy ideas that she laid before me.

It was not long before John began to notice the change this woman's influence was working in me. He worried about it and begged me to break off my friendship with Mrs. Rowlands. He insisted that she was too old for me, but I only laughed at him and kissed away his doubts.

But when I kissed John now, my kisses were no longer those of innocence and trust. They were aflame with the morbid excitement the licentious woman had kindled in me.

We were to be married within a year. John had a good position and a bright future. As the time approached I was deliriously happy. Our dreams began to take definite shape. The nest-egg in the bank that John called "ours" grew steadily. Even the site of our little home-to-be was already selected, and whenever we had time we went and sat on the grass of the little place and planned on and on.

THEN John had to go away for a six-months' course that would give him the necessary finishing touches to his education. It seemed to me I couldn't stand to have him leave me. The last night he was with me, I threw aside all reserve and conventional dignity and begged him to take me along.

"Let's get married at once, John," I pleaded. "Oh, don't leave me here alone. I—I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what, my big baby," he said tenderly. And he wiped the tears from my eyes and tried to make me smile again.

"Oh, John—I don't know, I don't know, but I feel that something dreadful will happen if you leave me."

"Nonsense, Stella," he laughed, tipping back my head and laughing into my eyes. "Nothing will happen. You are just unstrung because we are going to be separated for awhile. But it won't be long, dear—only six months—and then we will be married and never be parted again."

He took me into his arms and kissed my hair, my neck, my cheeks. One long moment we were heart to heart, lips to lips, and then he was gone. Gone from my life forever.

AFTER John's departure I went about my own monotonous life altogether alone for a few days. But I could not bear the loneliness, and before long I was going to Mrs. Rowlands again. I spent more and more time in her society as the days went by. She affected me like intoxicating liquor.

She laughed coldly, heartlessly, I thought, at my grief. And yet I kept going to see her. She intimated that John would not worry much over our temporary separation and advised me not to do so either.

"He is a man," she would say, "and when a man is lonely he goes to another woman."

I was furious at this and told her that John was the very soul of honor and could not do such a base thing, that he was incapable of deceit or intrigue, and that he loved me too dearly to forget me for even a moment.

But Mrs. Rowlands slowly, but surely and persistently, talked to me of the fickleness of men, until very gradually my faith in them, my whole conception of the relations of men and women suffered an ugly insidious change.

THE next few months I threw myself blindly into a continual round of questionable pleasure. Through Mrs. Rowlands I was introduced to a number of men that I had already known by their unsavory reputation, among them a man named Bob Reese. But excited by the new, queer sensations I was having and blinded by her sophistry, I failed to see anything wrong in accepting attentions from men whom formerly I would have shrunk from.

During all this time I did not neglect my promise to John, and three times a week I sent him glowing accounts of the fun I was having—of course, neglecting to mention that I was in the company of and receiving the attentions of men of the caliber of Bob Reese. But nevertheless, John sensed something amiss and presently I received a most cutting and unkind letter from him. It hurt me to have him speak as he did, and his air of proprietorship nettled me and sowed in my heart the seeds of rebellion. And so, when later at a select party held at her home, Mrs. Rowlands urged me to accept Bob as a partner for the evening's festivities, I did not demur.

"Bob is a harmless enough fellow," she urged in that smooth voice of hers, "and if he wants to scatter a little sunshine into your dark, monotonous life why shouldn't he? Your puritanical John need never know. Besides, my dear, pleasure is the essence of life no matter whence its source." And so, listening to the voice of the temptress, I walked into the very jaws of an ugly fate.

IT was not long until my conduct became a matter of gossip in our little town, and presently I received another most unkind letter from John. He said he had heard of my untoward conduct but had no wish to believe it unless he heard it from my own lips.

"For I do not believe, Stella," he wrote, "you would for a moment accept the attentions of such men as Bob Reese. But, if it is so, then for God's sake and for the sake of my love, please stop going with him at once. And furthermore, break off your relations with that detestable Mrs. Rowlands. For I know, sweetheart, that they are a precious pair of rascals."

When one has a guilty conscience one is always on one's own defense. Consequently I was angry with John. Besides, it piqued me not a little that John should learn of my escapades from someone else. I began to suspect that he had set someone to watch me. And, blind fool that I was, I rushed off to Mrs. Rowlands and poured my fears and doubts into her willing ears. I even showed her John's letter, and tragically told her that for the sake of my future happiness I would have to give up my friendship with her.

"NONSENSE," she remonstrated, "he is only jealous. Indeed, my dear, I should only feel flattered at this outburst of his, if I were you. Just keep him filled with uncertainty, and you'll be all the more certain of holding his affections." She laughed buoyantly as though it were all very simple, natural and amusing. Her mirth was infectious and in a few minutes I was laughing as heartily as she.

Thus, she laughed away my fears and doubts. I noted that her eyes blazed a little more brightly than usual, but I did not know what it meant then. But now I know that undoubtedly John's opinion of her, as he expressed it in that letter, burned deep into her callous soul. She did not show it outwardly, but it was probably all the stronger for that. And being of a vindictive nature, she resolved upon a diabolical revenge, with me for a medium.

I returned home very, very unhappy. Upon leaving Mrs. Rowlands' home the spell seemed to dissolve and my former fears returned a hundred-fold. I threw myself weeping upon the couch. How long I had lain there I do not know, but I must have been dozing when that subtle force that instinctively warns of the presence of another in the room awakened me. And there, bending over the couch, stood Bob Reese.

I ATTEMPTED to arise, I was frightened. What right had he to enter my home uninvited? He gently placed his hand upon my burning forehead and insisted that I lie still.

He was so kind and so full of sympathy that before long I found myself pouring out my worries to him. He tried to calm me, and, with his strange magnetism, succeeded.

He insisted that I needed to get my mind off of my childish troubles, and begged me to dine with him at a hotel "or somewhere" as he said. I was as clay in his hands—I couldn't refuse.

An hour later found me seated opposite Bob before a daintily spread table in a cloistered alcove of a road house noted for its—well, gaiety at least.

THE details of that supper, the aftermath of which drove me down to the depths of degradation, will remain in my memory as long as my mind continues to function. I drank wine for the first time in my life that night, and being unused to it, the strong liquor went to my head and made me incautious.

Under Bob's magnetism, and his fascinating daring, I drank more than I realized. My nerves became all atingle and my eyes had an unnatural snap and sparkle to them. Bob attempted to embrace me; I could not repulse him, in my muddled condition, and I let him kiss me. His hot lips felt like streaks of fire upon mine and the zeal of his passionate embrace nearly overwhelmed me. Mrs. Rowlands' suggestions about clandestine indulgences in forbidden but desirable sweets had seeped into my soul deeper than I dreamed could be possible. And now the strange power closed in over me.

O, weak-minded fool that I was—to deliberately sink myself into the deeps of the slough, from whence I could only emerge a bedraggled, mud-spattered thing.

I SIPPED the forbidden wine, but the dregs remained. I had broken faith with the man who had my heart in his keeping. I had broken faith with myself. I was no longer fit to be the wife of any honorable man.

I realized all this as soon as I had recovered from the effects of that night of debauchery at the road house. I flew to Mrs. Rowlands for consolation and hysterically poured out to her the sordid story of my defection.

She pitied me, of course, but in a manner more callous than sympathetic, and I know now that she gleaned only enjoyment out of the success of her scheme of revenge upon John. She appeared very solicitous about my lapse, yet made light of my fears.

"Of course, my dear," she cautioned, "John must never know of this. His puritanical principles would probably not be equal to the emergency. Besides it is all his fault. He had no business to leave a pretty girl like you behind to torment others with your beauty."

I was not so lenient with myself. But Mrs. Rowlands insisted that I had done nothing seriously wrong. Nevertheless I was miserable, and remained so.

I had not seen Bob Reese since that miserable night, but I had heard indirectly that he had left town. I felt as though a great load had been lifted off my mind when I heard this. If he would only never return my sordid secret might be safe.

As the days flew by I began to regain some of my old-time buoyancy. John had written me he would be home in a month. He said we must not wait a moment longer; we would be married immediately. This letter cheered me greatly and with a thankful, though fearful heart, I set about the preparations for my wedding.

In two weeks all would be over—fourteen short spaces of time.

AND then—like a bolt from a clear sky, suddenly and without warning, the cataclysm opened wide before me.

All day I had been feeling queerly. A sickening nausea had enveloped me. I could not eat, my entire system seemed to be undergoing a mysterious change. My face was flushed and I felt decidedly feverish. I hurried over to Mrs. Rowlands to ask her to call the family doctor.

As soon as I entered her home she noted my flushed cheeks and heavy eyes; I described my feelings to her and the faint smile which she habitually wore faded and a look of concern came into her face.

"My poor child," she murmured in a strange voice that filled me with alarm.

"What—what is wrong?" I cried springing up.

"Nothing much, child," she cooed, easing me back into the large armchair. "Just you sit still a few minutes and I will soon fix you up." And patting my head affectionately she left the room. Presently she returned carrying a cup of some warm brew which she forced me to drink, then leading me over to the couch she ordered me to lie quiet for an hour or two.

But I was too ill to compose my mind, and before an hour passed I felt myself growing worse. I urged her to send for the doctor but she demurred.

"Hush, my child," she admonished, "you are not as sick as you imagine, just a little indisposition that will pass away presently." But I was not satisfied; I wanted to go home. A nightmare of fear was clutching at my heart, stifling me. I arose to go but she stopped me.

"Now, Stella, be reasonable," she said when I declared

my intention of going to the doctor myself. "That will only make a bad matter worse."

Then she told me the truth about my condition: I was to have a child.

At first I lay there as in a daze. Then a hideous panorama of thoughts rushed through my mind. It seemed as if the very fibers of my brain were shrieking with the terror, the remorse, the shame—the hopeless, endless tragedy of it!

I looked at Mrs. Rowlands standing there at the foot of my bed, and a feeling of blinding hatred rose in my heart. The next thought that came to me was the desire for revenge. I would be revenged upon her, and upon the world for not preparing me to meet a force of life that could drag me so low.

A DAY or two later Mrs. Rowlands came to see me at my home. I was lying in bed, and when she entered I burst out in denunciation of her.

"You—you!" I cried, "you have made me what I am. You knew what you were doing. You have ruined my whole life—and—now I'm going to kill you!"

As I said the last words my hand grasped the small revolver I had hidden under my pillow. But the woman was quicker than I, and in a moment she had knocked the gun from my hands and smilingly slipped it into the front of her blouse.

My younger sister heard the commotion and came running in. But Mrs. Rowlands smoothed things over with glib lies.

When next I regained my senses a dim light was burning on the dresser and I was alone. I looked at the clock which said six o'clock, but whether morning or evening I knew not. I arose from the bed somewhat weakly and dressed myself and tried to go downstairs.

Upon reaching the kitchen I found my sister preparing breakfast. She kissed me affectionately and led me to a chair close to the fire.

The poor child could scarce keep her eyes off me. I was her big sister, her paragon of goodness and she loved me devotedly. It wrenched my heart to think that I had brought disgrace on her too. What a miserable business it all was, I thought wearily.

SHE was all tenderness and begged me to eat and not get sick again. I asked her what day it was and she told me Thursday the thirteenth.

My heart stood still. John would be home on Saturday! I must have been unconscious for a week.

Elsie told me I had been very, very ill, and that Mrs. Rowlands had refused to call the doctor, telling her it was nothing serious and she would take care of me herself. Then I noticed the look of pain on her face. She came over to me and placing her arms around my neck hugged me tightly.

"Never mind, Stelly," she said, "no matter what happens you still have me."

And then I knew that she knew the truth.

Breaking away from her tender embrace, my heart nearly bursting, I rushed away to my room and buried my face in the bedclothes. I wanted to die but I could not, and I had not the courage to take my own life.

I DID not see John on his return. I could not bring myself to meet his accusing eyes. Doubtless he knew of my shame for he did not call. I longed, yet dreaded to meet him. What would he do? What would he say when the inevitable meeting took place as I instinctively knew it must.

I rarely went out any more except in the evenings, when I stole forth like a hunted thing, and it was while on one of those nocturnal rambles that I met John.

I did not see him until I nearly stumbled over him as he sat beside the little by-path that led to my home. He sat there with his head bowed in his hands, apparently waiting for me.

WITH the cry of a wounded animal I ran to him, reaching my arms about his neck. For the moment I forgot everything—everything except that the man I loved was here at last. My sin was forgotten in that mad moment—but I was quickly brought back to it all. Coldly, dispassionately, John loosened my arms from his neck and gently though firmly pushed me from him.

He had spurned me! Like the stab of a knife the bitter truth was driven home.

I could not restrain myself and all the pent-up grief of the past months burst forth in an uncontrollable flood. For a few moments John stood silent. I heard his voice.

"Stella," he said in a voice quivering with emotion, "God knows I pity you, but—oh, how it hurts me to say it—you can never be anything to me now!"

"I know—and I can't, can't bear it," I sobbed. And then as I saw him drawing instinctively further away from me, I collapsed.

I have a vague memory of a pair of strong arms catching me as I fell and easing me to the ground, and of something moist and warm touching my burning face, and of two lips being pressed fervently to mine. And then a merciful, soft and yielding blackness enveloped me.

When I opened my eyes again all was silent about me, save the chatter of the crickets in the tall grass that lined the path. The stars twinkled afar off and the tip of a cold moon was just visible over the rim of the world. And I was—alone.

I never saw my baby. They told me it had died at birth. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard, but I believe it was better so. I do not think I could have given it the mother love it deserved. I was not fit mentally or physically. It had cost me so much.

THE next ten years of my life were one sordid round of misery. The world for me had come to an end and I drifted hither and thither like a dead leaf in a storm.

John left town about the same time I did, but our ways lay far apart. I heard in after years that he had found solace for his shattered romance in the love of another woman, and that he was the father of a happy, growing family—my family, it should have been, but fate or the devil decreed it otherwise.

It is a trite but true saying that it is but a step from the blazoned gateway of Heaven to the dismal doors of hell; and in my case it came not far short of reality. For after leaving my home I rapidly drifted down the social scale until I had reached the very lowest level.

I became a member of the despised, scarlet sisterhood. I quickly assimilated all the arts and wiles of the underworld. And despite my melancholy disposition I became a great favorite among a certain class of wealthy patrons who sought their diversion amid the bright lights.

BUT after a few years the glamor began to pall upon me. I grew weary of the sham, the gilt and the tinsel. I knew that I would never find happiness here. I was tired and sick, the strenuous life had begun to undermine my constitution, and I could see nothing before me but death. Oh, God, how I longed for one taste of happiness. And if not that I wanted at least to creep away into some quiet place in the country. I went away to a small town and tried to begin over.

And then Joe came into my life. It is of no significance to my story as to how, when or where I met him. But many were the happy hours I spent with him along the seashore, or in some secluded nook away from the sins and strifes of the world. And (*Continued on page* 85)

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Branded

(*Continued from page* 38)

"but you don't need to tell me. I know you couldn't have done it. I—I don't think I'll lose my temper again. I'll try very hard not to."

He smiled tenderly at her. "I shall be glad to tell you. Your Uncle Daniel took the money; but he hadn't a great deal of courage; and when he knew he would be found out he confessed to us at home, and was frantic with fear. I loved him; we all adored him, he was so handsome and winsome. Besides, he had always been the baby. I was five years older than he. I said I would take the blame."

"And he let you?" cried Sallie indignantly.

"A coward will do many things, dear. He did protest at first, but almost in the same breath he promised never to do such a thing again if only he didn't have to go to prison."

"But grandpa and grandma?" demanded Sallie.

"They were frantic with grief; and he was their baby. I had always fought for him and protected him in every way. I suppose that at the time, it seemed a natural thing for me to do. If they had begged me not to do it, still I should have insisted, for there was another thing: He and I both loved your mother. She loved both of us, but she loved him most, as was natural. I foolishly thought it would be for her happiness if I did it."

"But he is not my father?" cried Sallie in alarm.

"No, dear. For some reason she suspected the truth and her real love came to me. She turned from him and declared that she would tell the truth if I did not marry her."

"I'm so glad!" breathed Sallie.

"So am I," he smiled.

"And Uncle Daniel?" she asked curiously.

"HE went away after I was convicted, and we have never heard of or from him since. I suppose he was ashamed."

"I should think he would have wanted to pay back the money, anyhow. He must have known that you would do it."

"Yes, I always thought he would do that. Probably he died."

"No," said Sallie with conviction; "I don't believe he ever meant to pay. If he could see you go to prison for his crime and never say the word that would have saved you, he wouldn't be the kind that would want to pay it back. I hate him, and someday I'll find him and force him to give you back your good name."

Her father shook his head. "No, dear; don't waste your time hating anybody. Get the good out of life. We have each other. And soon the debt will be paid and we shall have money enough to go away from here. Forget your Uncle Daniel. If he were not dead we would have had some word from him."

Sallie shook her head, but she didn't argue. In her childish heart she had registered her purpose; and in her combative, persistent way she never forgot it.

The story of Sallie's battle was soon known everywhere, and from that time she was unmolested. Some slight overtures were made to her but she proudly and obstinately repulsed them all, and went her own lonely way, unhappy indeed, but buoyed up by the knowledge that her father was not only innocent, but that he was in truth a hero.

During the two years that followed she was graduated from the High School at the head of her class. Also, during those two years her father returned to the owners of the mill the money his brother had stolen. It was a good story, and the local paper made much of it. It was even telegraphed over the country, and was variously attributed to remorse and to reformation.

Sallie was very beautiful, there was no denying that. And now with the changed attitude toward her father the young men began to find her very desirable. She remained cold to every advance.

BY the time she was sixteen they were ready to leave the scene of their humiliation and sorrow; and every preparation was made toward that end. Their plan was to go to California and there buy a small place. Peter, who had shaved since his release from prison, intended to stop long enough in New York to change his appearance by growing a beard; and then, wearing better clothes than he had theretofore done, take another name, and so lose themselves to all who had ever known them.

Sallie looked forward eagerly to this plunge into a new life, and dreamed all sorts of dreams, as youth will. She was outwardly a proud, self-contained girl, but within she was on fire with a burning desire to be like other girls; to have the companionship she had always longed for; to be spontaneous and joyous; to laugh and dance and sing. Her heart hungered to be loved and to love. It made her dreamy and detached from the things about her; and whenever there was time from her work of helping her father, she wandered away into the country where she would meet no one and there gave free rein to her fancy.

Her favorite walk was along the banks of the river that fed the mill-dam. It was a rushing, turbulent stream broken by several falls in its upper reaches; and the walk was one so strenuous that only one as active and strong as Sallie could have found pleasure in taking it.

ONE day as she sat some distance above one of the highest of the falls, sure from experience that no one would intrude upon her, she heard someone approaching from behind her. She sat quite still, hoping she would not be seen. But the newcomer on catching sight of her as he broke through the bushes, for it was a young man, stopped and said apologetically:

"I beg your pardon!"

Sallie turned to look at him, the voice being not only unfamiliar but different from that of the natives. She saw at once that he was a stranger, and that he

(*Continued on page* 70)

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(*Continued from page* 68)

was out hunting, as his gun bore witness, as well as the grouse that hung at his belt.

She eyed him coldly, ignoring the courteous way in which he took off his cap. The killing of the beautiful birds always roused her indignation. It was nothing to her that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. He was probably a visitor to someone who lived in the neighborhood, and hence was to be shunned.

"I did not mean to intrude," he said, smiling pleasantly, but perhaps betraying his admiration of her beauty too plainly.

"You have as much right here as I have," she answered icily; and with that rose to her feet and made a movement to go.

He flushed at her tone, but quickly protested. "You mustn't go; I will leave at once if you will tell me the way. I'm afraid I'm lost."

She lifted her chin in a proud way, and ignoring his last words, said with a disdain she made no effort to conceal, "You can't be lost when you have the river to guide you."

He flushed again, ashamed of his stupidity and embarrassed by her manner. "I forgot that," he said. "I'm from the city and not used to such wild country."

A faint smile of incredulity curled her lip, and she looked about for a way to leave. She saw at once that either she must brush close by him or take the dangerous way across the river on a broken ledge of rocks. It was like her that she never hesitated, but turned at once and walked toward the rocks.

The young man saw in a moment what her intention was, and in one jump was by her side. "What are you going to do?" he cried.

SHE looked at him, with scorn in her big, grey eyes.

"I was going to cross on the rocks," she said, "because I knew you couldn't go that way, and because it would take me most quickly away from a man who kills birds and decorates his person with them."

Whereupon, and without further words, she walked calmly toward the river's edge. The young man turned white and red, and then stung by the contempt in her words and manner, acted on the impulse and leaped after her and thrust himself in front of her.

"If that is the only way you will accept of getting rid of me," he cried sharply, "I will take it."

"I hope you know how to swim," she said disdainfully.

"Not a stroke," he snapped; and without more ado leaped on the nearest rock and started on his way.

Sallie's heart stood still. She knew well enough the danger of the crossing, for she had tried it more than once, and twice had fallen in. It had not mattered to her because she could swim like an otter; but to him——

"Stop, you fool!" she screamed, "that water runs like a mill-race. You'll be drowned."

BUT either the roar of the water, boiling around the rocks, prevented his hearing, or he was too angry to heed. He went on, leaping from rock to rock, keeping his balance by a miracle, until, making a mis-step he threw his hands in the air, and toppled over, making a wild but futile clutch at the rock he had stood on.

Sallie caught one glimpse of his despairing face and then ran swiftly down the stream and plunged in. She caught him as he came up the second time. He did not clutch at her and obeyed her every command, and it was only because of this that she was enabled to save him. With some difficulty she brought him ashore some distance down the stream just as the terrible drag of the current was beginning to draw them to their death over the falls.

She remembered as she sat there panting and watching him recover, that he was cool in danger and brave. She knew he was very good to look at, too, even now when he was so wet and limp; and she recalled that he was very engaging in a frank, wholesome way when he stood on the bank before the accident.

The young man opened his eyes, looked about and sat up. "Hello!" he said, not certain what he should say to this girl who was so beautiful, so bitter and so capable.

"That was a crazy thing to do," she retorted.

He stared at her resignedly for a moment, and then as a thought came to him, smiled mischievously. "You mean saving me," he said. "I wonder that such a well-regulated young lady would do it. But I am very grateful just the same."

She stared coldly at him for a moment, and then burst into a merry laugh.

"Don't be silly!" she said.

He grinned in a disarming way. "I can't help it; I'm so glad to be alive."

"You ought to learn to swim." She meant to be severe, but for the life of her she couldn't help smiling.

"I KNOW it. I know it," he said cheerfully. "I'm going to learn right away. I can do most everything else. I can stand on my head, I can whistle like a locomotive, I can bark like a dog, I can——"

"Be very silly," she supplied for him. "And you can shoot harmless birds. If you only knew it, it is much better sport to swim."

"I'm sure of it. I won't shoot any more birds, please."

"I hope you won't. But you will catch cold if you don't go home. You're shivering now."

"I guess I am a little, but you don't seem to be. Are you immune to human ills?"

The unfortunate question reminded Sallie of how much she had suffered, and she answered with a curt, "No." And then, brusquely. "Come, I'll show you a safe way home."

He rose to his feet as she did so, and he couldn't help admiring her quiet indifference to the discomfort of her wet clothing. "I don't believe you're even uncomfortable," he said. "I believe you are a superwoman. Don't you really mind anything?"

"I ought not," she answered with a

complete return of her aloof manner; "I'm Sallie Jenkins."

IF she had expected him to show comprehension when he knew her name, she was disappointed. He only stared at her in surprise.

"I don't see," he said, "how being Sallie Jenkins makes you so different."

"Don't you? Are you stopping with friends in town?"

"Yes, with the Templetons." The Templetons owned the mills.

"Well, when you get home ask who Sallie Jenkins is; then you'll understand."

"Huh!" he sighed, "I won't ask any more questions, for I can see you won't answer them. I'm Gerald Waring—Jerry, for short."

"You may be Jerry for long, for all I care," she said in her icicst way. Then abruptly, "You said you were grateful to me for saving your life."

"I didn't say a hundredth part of what I wanted to, you scare me so. Yes, I am grateful, and if you would only let me——"

"Repay me?" she interjected scornfully. "Yes, I will. I want you to promise me you won't tell anybody about this."

"But Sallie—Miss Jenkins!" he protested.

"All right!" she snapped, "do as you please; but remember! I don't want you to."

"But I won't do it if you don't wish; only it was the bravest thing I ever knew a girl to do, and——"

"I'd have done the same for a puppy," she cut him short.

He chuckled. "Are you sure you don't mean for any other puppy?"

She did not answer. He looked at her sternly, then he said with grave firmness:

"Miss Sally, you are the bravest, the strangest and the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and however angry it makes you to have me say so, I want you to know that we will have something more to do with each other."

Sallie was pleased—she was thrilled—to the depths of her being by his words, but she had schooled herself to impassivity for so long that she was able to maintain her cold, inscrutable mask.

"If you have said it all, we'll go," she said, and started away. He followed very much puzzled. How had he offended her, he asked himself.

"Have you anything against me, Miss Sallie?" he demanded.

"Nothing in the world."

"Then why do you act and talk as if you hated me? I wouldn't offend you for the world; indeed I wouldn't."

"I told you to ask the Templetons who Sallie Jenkins is."

"I mean to do so, but that doesn't explain why you treat me so unkindly. You wouldn't act so to the other puppy, now would you?"

SALLIE laughed despite her efforts to refrain. "I'd take the puppy home, I'm sure."

"To your home?"

"Maybe; but it wouldn't matter to the other puppy." The hard note had come back to her voice.

"I can't say it wouldn't matter to me. I'd like to see you in your own home."

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out*? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellowmen below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

Miss Helene Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-telling faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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"Ask the Templetons, ask anybody who I am," she snapped.

"Certainly I will. But, Miss Sallie, when I have asked who you are may I call on you?"

She turned on him as if he had tried her patience too far. "No, I don't want to see you again; and you won't want to see me. Please stop talking to me."

For a little while Jerry was silent; but as he was not one of the sort to remain long rebuffed, he presently quickened his pace until he was by her side.

"If you please, Miss Sallie," he said with exaggerated meekness, "some puppies simply have to make a noise. If I don't talk I shall burst. May I remark that the autumn coloring is quite bright?"

Sallie laughed outright. It was very hard to resist his irrepressible gaiety. In a little while they were talking freely like any other boy and girl.

When they finally reached a point from which the road to town was in plain sight at the foot of the hill, Sallie stopped, stifled a sigh of regret, and pointed to the brown highway.

"There is your road," she said; "you can't miss your way now."

"I know better than to ask you if we mayn't go further together," he said; "but I want to thank you once more for being on earth; and I want to tell you that I am going to call on you."

"And I tell you, you're not going to do anything of the kind she snapped." "Please go!"

She turned back into the woods, and he, after a resigned sigh, set out down the hill. He found it a most mysterious thing that this beautiful girl should have acted so strangely. She had shown that she could be witty and merry and tender-hearted in the most delightfully human way, and yet she had repulsed him time and again with bitter fiereeness.

Who was this Sallie Jenkins who bore herself with the air and manner of a proud princess? Who was so refined and well educated, who knew more about books than he did, who was altogether and far-and-away the most fascinating human being he had ever met. Well, he would find out and he would go to see her even if she shut the door in his face.

He stopped and looked back, hoping for at least another glimpse of her. But he was disappointed, for she was nowhere to be seen, which was not strange considering that she was in hiding behind a thicket watching him with a heart full of longing for his companionship. For it was her first taste of human relationship outside of her father, and it left her throbbing with a new sensation.

WHEN she saw him stop and look back her heart gave a leap. Then she despised herself and her lip curled with scorn. "When he finds out who I am," she said to herself, "he will be disgusted. Well, what do I care?"

She cared a great deal, and she knew she did. It had been so delightful, so thrilling to talk to him. And he was so handsome and so honest and so merry! He had liked so many of the books she liked, and had eagerly promised to read some of the books she had read and he hadn't.

What a wonderful thing it would be if he found out who she was and yet came to see her! She caught herself up short at that. What a ridiculous thing that was! As if he would be any different from all the others!

She stretched herself on the earth and gave way to sobs. It seemed as if she felt her position now more than ever before. She checked her sobs and dried her tears abruptly. She wished they could get away from there at once. Out in California she could be like any other girl; and could like and be liked. She wouldn't have to be on the defence all the time. If only Fate had decreed that she should meet Jerry out there instead of here.

IT was with a dull ache in her heart that Sallie climbed to a high, bare rock that overlooked the country and sought out Jerry's figure as it moved along the road. It was the last she would see of him, and a lump rose in her throat. Yes, she was very well aware that she cared a great deal. One's first love is the most important event in one's life. And when that love is utterly hopeless——

She watched Jerry till he was lost to view; then broodingly she rose, conscious for the first time of the coolness of her wet clothes. They were drying, but were still damp; and her shoes were full of water.

She gave vent to a long sigh and looked over the beautiful country. She could see the river rushing down toward the town—the town that had been so cruel to her and her father. She idly watched the black smoke rising from the mill, until the thought struck her that there ought to be no such volume of smoke there, since it was driven by water power. Might it be a fire? she wondered. She shrugged her shoulders. As if it mattered to her!

She wandered down the mountain slowly, angry at herself for the strange depression of her spirits. The black smoke from the mill grew less and less, which showed that if there had been a fire it had been put out. She was glad of that even if the mill represented to her something cruel in her life, for she knew that many poor people depended for their welfare on the activity of the mill.

A turn of the road hid the mill from her, and after a while she came to a place from which she could see their cottage. She always stopped there and looked at the one place that meant peace and happiness to her. Besides, she would soon see it for the last time.

But what was that? She could see many moving figures close to the cottage. No one ever went there, or at least only one person now and then on business about fruit. A sense of evil caught her. She stared a moment, trying to make out the cause of the gathering; then with a gasp of fear she broke into a swift run.

Could some unexpected danger be threatening her father?

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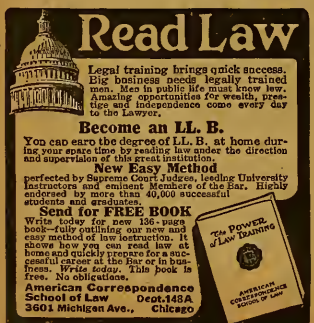

Ghosts of Their Past

(*Continued from page* 33)

Larry dropped his homey thoughts instantly.

"By Jove, never thought of that. Let's see," he cried, leaning forward and gazing into Brent's map. And then he became an engineer again and discussed with Brent the plan for the bridge which they had come from the United States to build.

AT twelve a woman, with a heavy, dull, weary face, and as dull and heavy and weary a step, came in and announced:

"Eat is ready."

"Chow! Oh, boy, chow!" and the irrepressible Larry gripped Bill Brent by the shoulders and danced him from the tent to where, outside, an improvised table held some steaming broth, bread, potatoes and rice.

While they ate, the woman crouched nearby, her eyes steadily concentrated upon Bill. He turned and looked at her, unaccountably annoyed.

"Why do you sit there?" the young white man asked angrily.

"Whatinell's the matter with you, old man?" Roberts demanded.

"That — that woman's been staring at me—as if I owed her something, or—"

"She is a queer one," Larry grinned. "They call her Crazy Lu, you know."

"I tell you," the woman interrupted without moving. "White men call me Crazy Lu. But me no Crazy Lu. Me Vadah. Me been happy girl here—once." She shrugged her shoulders as one who is beyond suffering. "Me not happy no more."

"Tell us what's the matter with you," said Larry, rather gently. The woman needed little urging.

"ME belong to Tribe of Mauraha. Me much love man of my tribe, name Enevah. He much like me. But Mighty White Man call me, and give me to Beeg White Man. Me have leetal baby call Weelam, and bimeby Beeg White Man take baby away across great waters. Me not happy—" she finished monotonously.

"That's an awful sad story," Larry said.

But Brent was excited and rather disgusted.

"You know, Roberts," Brent snapped, "it gets me under the belt, the way these white fellows get to living with women—like her. I wouldn't touch one of these females with a twenty-foot pole."

"Oh, well," said the easy-going Roberts. "It's not quite as bad as that. Some of 'em are darn good-looking."

"There's something revolting about 'em, something I can't explain. And the idea of living with them! For instance, with her—and then the cruelty, taking the child away to a white man's country. Why, man, that child may be white—but his children, they may turn out to be like their copper-colored ancestors. It's a crime."

All the while Brent was talking, the woman had kept her eyes on him in an intense gaze.

"You—you," she said dully, when he had finished, "do not like—me?" Brent laughed. He was young, and the young are often heartless. The woman walked away stupidly.

"S'long," Roberts called after her. "S'long, Old Cheerful!"

Brent could not take life quite as simply as Roberts could. He was silent and apparently wrapped in thought after the woman left. Suddenly he spoke:

"I wish to God I knew who my mother was. My father died when I was only eight. He left photographs of himself, of my grandmother and grandfather on his side of the family, but nothing, nothing of my mother. I have wondered so often about her. And to hear you talking about your mother; it makes me envious, awfully envious. Imagine what it is to be brought up by disinterested trustees."

"I am lucky!" said Roberts humbly.

DAYS, weeks and months passed, and slowly there appeared a skeleton of a bridge. The two men worked hard. They were both eager to get back to America; Larry because it meant home and his mother; Bill Brent because, in some inexplicable way, this land with its strange, dark people disturbed him. It happened also that Old Cheerful, as everyone in camp now called the melancholy native woman who looked after his and Larry's physical comfort, seemed particularly attached to him. He would have given anything if he could have gotten away from her—but he was too kind-hearted to force her out of her devoted service on account of a mere whim of his.

ONE afternoon he found himself again closely followed by Old Cheerful.

"Why do you follow me?" he asked, his curiosity overcoming his irritation.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Me like—some people. You got white hair like the sun. My Beeg White Man had hair like that. You got eyes like the sky. My Leetal Weelam had eyes like those."

"But why didn't you go back to your tribe—and marry one of your own men?"

"Marry? Everybody ask that," she said in her queer, expressionless voice. "Me have only two people in here," she put her hand up to her breast. "Two people who won't go from here," she motioned to her head. "One ees Brave Enevah. He get keeled because he fight with Beeg Chief for me. He deed not want white man to take me. He want me. The other ees Leetal Weelam. He so pretty. He so deep in here," again she motioned to her heart.

Bill Brent couldn't answer. He turned away.

SOMETIME later Bill had occasion to go into the hut, and found Old Cheerful at his make-shift bureau.

She made a quick, guilty movement, when she heard him coming. In trying to distract his attention she picked up a revolver.

"Thees," she said, fondling the weapon, "ees so pretty. Eet keel so queeck."

"You'd better put it down. And you'd better keep your hands off things.

You were just holding that photograph."

"He—look like you!"

"That's my father," he said, keeping his eyes on her inscrutable face. His heart seemed to stop with a queer feeling of suspense and dread. He couldn't understand himself lately, he seemed all unstrung.

"Your father—heem your father?" the woman asked. "He look like you."

"You've never seen him before?" Involuntarily the question came to his lips.

"Me never see heem before," she droned. "Me never see heem before."

Repulsion came over him again as he watched her. And then with a quick impatient movement he stepped to her side and took the weapon out of her hands.

"Keep out of here!" he said harshly.

"You—you no like me?" It was almost a groan. And as he did not answer she walked out, slowly and heavily.

AFTER that Old Cheerful did not follow Bill about anymore, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

But some days later he spent a restless, dream-broken night. He dreamed that Old Cheerful was bending over his bed and murmuring in an indescribably pathetic voice: "Leetal Weelam! Leetal Weelam!" He wanted to cry out and couldn't. Presently she left him, and picking up the revolver, came and stood over him. He lay there paralyzed with terror until at last she dragged herself away. Then, suddenly a sharp, cracking sound broke the silence. And again he sank into deep dreamless sleep.

It was broad daylight when he woke.

A native came in excitedly. "Old Cheerful," he announced, "is dead. She shoot herself."

Bill Brent turned ashy white.

"Gad," he gasped.

Larry could not understand his friend at all from that moment on. The bridge—the work they had come all the way over from America to do—was nearly finished. But Bill Brent would not stay a moment longer. He behaved as though possessed—no reasoning, nothing could hold him. He *had* to get away.

He left Larry to oversee the completing of the bridge alone, and started as soon as sufficient preparations could be made for the post-town from whence he could sail for America.

MANY weeks later, Larry Roberts and William Brent sat in a fashionable club overlooking Fifth Avenue.

"You owe me an explanation, Brent," said Roberts.

Brent knew what he was referring to. He laughed mirthlessly.

"The tropics does curious things to some people," he said. "What it did to me was—was to make me imagine that poor, awful woman—"

"Old Cheerful?" Larry interrupted.

"Old Cheerful, was—was my mother."

For a minute Roberts was speechless. "Well, of all the crazy ideas. Say, come on home with me. I'm going to make the dearest little mother in the world adopt you."

"Thanks, old fellow," smiled Bill. But something deeper than reason told him that that could not solve his problem.

"If I only knew she wasn't," he murmured hopelessly.

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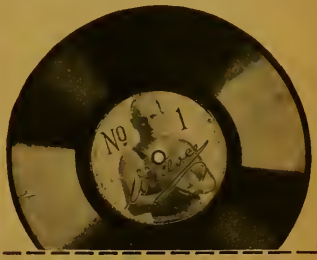

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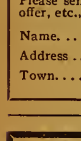

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The Girl Who Went Right

(*Continued from page* 21)

customed to coarser natures, put him down for "soft." But the following day I saw him kick a man out of a house for coming home drunk while his wife was going through the agonies of child-birth, and I immediately changed my mind.

I became more and more attracted to this man. He treated me as a comrade; and that was as delightful as it was unfamiliar to me. I wanted him to kiss me, and I tried to make him want to do it.

ONE morning, I followed him out of Goldie's room, and thrusting my face up close to his, I cried, teasingly:

"Won't you kiss me good-by?"

Before I had time to repent my impudence he threw his arm about me and kissed my lips. Then releasing me abruptly, he laughed happily, picked up his medicine-bag and strode from the house. I was intoxicated with delight and ran to my room where I could think and make plans without interruption. Of course, I would not leave Harrisburg now. After Goldie was gone, I would obtain a position in one of the stores, and then numerous opportunities would present themselves to allow the doctor and me to be together.

That evening, he came again, and after leaving Nick with Goldie, we went into the parlor. As he kissed me on my cheeks, my lips, I heard his voice, vaguely, as though it were far away, saying:

"So we can be married before poor little Goldie dies."

A strange, numb feeling came over me, body and soul. He wanted to marry me. He—this big, clean man. And I had thought . . .

I could not answer him. I prayed that he would leave me. For the first time in my life I knew what bitter shame and remorse was.

That night I slept very little. My thoughts raced frantically through my brain. Should I tell him all about myself? If I did not, would I be sorry later? If I did, would I be more sorry now? Exhausted at last, I dozed and awoke to hear Nick rattling the dishes in the kitchen in his clumsy attempts to get breakfast.

WHEN John came that morning, and I had to meet him, I was still utterly unable to decide what to do. But when he held me in his arms and looked deep into my eyes, it suddenly dawned on me that he was the one to be considered, not I. And then through the power of my love for him, courage came to me.

"John, dear," I faltered, for my throat ached from the tension of my nerves, "I must tell you something you should know. I'm not—"

He laid his fingers on my lips, and with a smile which expressed relief at my honesty, said:

"My dear, I know. Goldie told me all about you before you came. So we'll never mention it again."

I stood staring at him. It did not seem possible to me that a human being could be as big-hearted as this. Such experiences had never come to me in all my ugly, over-filled life.

We were married soon after and when Goldie died she was happy in the thought that she had something to do with the finding of love and contentment for me.

SOMETIMES, the fragment of a popular song stirs within me the latent hunger for the excitement of the old days. But that is always for only a moment, for the instant that I think of John, I glory in the thought that I am good. I glory in keeping my mind clean and I glory in my clean, healthy body. In the night, I sometimes dream that I am back in the old life and wake crying, and then my husband puts his strong arms about me and sleepily murmurs:

"There, there, you're all right, dear."

And oh! the glorious sense of safeness that comes over me then. Often I awake in the night and watch him breathing calmly in his deep sleep and kiss his forehead with the reverence I would bestow upon a god.

But as is always the case with a happiness that might have been almost too great, there is a flaw. We both love children, but my arms still remain empty. Perhaps the mistakes of my youth have taken that greatest of gifts away from me. Nature does not accept repentance.

And yet I hope—what every woman knows.

Publisher's Statement

STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1921, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared O. J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the TRUE STORY MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Physical Culture Corporation, 119 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y. Editor, John Brennan, 450 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor none. Business Manager O. J. Elder, 388 Park Ave., East Orange, N. J.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Physical Culture Corporation, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, 5th St., and Grace Ave., Great Neck, L. I.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

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Noblesse Oblige

(*Continued from page 42*)

his head. Did you know that, Stanhope?"

Stanhope said that he did.

The rest of the way they rode in comparative silence. They took another trail and avoided the ambush, and as the first, faint rays of dawn tinted the sky, the little company rode up to the Mission House.

This seemed to be a signal to some hidden sharpshooters near the river bank, for immediately scattered shots fell amongst them, and two saddles were emptied.

Immediately the Askiris went into action, and a few minutes later the warlike Masai and their white allies had been scattered. Some took to the open forests to the south; some went toward the hills in the west and disappeared; the rest lay where they fell.

"We must teach them a lesson they won't forget in a hurry," said the Captain, angry at the loss of several of his troopers. "There will be no mercy."

So fire was set to the crops of maise and kaffir corn; the big banana shambas were cut down, and the cattle were rounded up and marched under escort to Kijabi.

After cleaning it up, the soldiers camped in the native village, while the white officers set up their snowy tents on the bank of the river nearby.

FOR several days all was quiet, Stanhope and Ahmed taking care of the girl who now had the services of the army surgeon. She seemed to be getting strong and well, but her mind was a blank. She remembered nothing. Stanhope pitied her greatly. The white officers shook their heads and appealed to the surgeon. He in turn said he could do nothing unless she was brought to a hospital in Nairobi where he could operate.

"Even then," he said, "I wouldn't promise you anything."

A runner had come from Headquarters with instructions for the troops to remain in the vicinity until further orders; and later, under escort, several of the wives of the officers appeared upon the scene.

To these women Stanhope confidently went and told the story of the poor, unfortunate girl. Would they take her under their care, and take her back with them to Nairobi? Would one of them take her into her home and look after her?

Really, answered the fastidious white women, such a story! And such a history the girl had! Probably she was not even married to the Arab adventurer! Then, she had been with him, Stanhope, for some time, alone in this far backwoods. Really . . .

Stanhope flushed hotly. He took his leave without another word, made his way to the Chaplain's tent, and asked him to marry him and the girl.

"You are crazy!" charged the Chaplain, doubting his ears.

"No," answered Stanhope quietly, "the child is helpless. Her husband is dead, and so are all of his people—except that one Kivirondo who got away. I searched for the *sefari*, and all I found on the spot where the fight took place was where—the lions had feasted. She's utterly alone. Someone has to look after her and care for her. I'm alone, too. As Mrs. Stanhope I can leave her anywhere and she will be under the protection of the British flag."

"But her history——And how about your future with the Diplomatic——" The Chaplain stopped. He did not like the look in Stanhope's eyes. That gentleman shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Can't be helped," he said. "She's helpless, and I shall look after her."

THE Chaplain eyed him quizzically. There was a glint of something in his smile that made Stanhope flush suddenly.

"I want merely the legal right," he repeated slowly. "That is the only position I shall ever fill in her life."

The Chaplain turned away and ordered his horse.

"It's a funny thing to do," he said, though there was some admiration in his tone. "You are a good man, Stanhope, though I believe you are acting very foolishly—too much *noblesse oblige*."

Stanhope shrugged his shoulders. "We are all entitled to our own opinions," he said.

With Ahmed and another native for witnesses, they were married, Stanhope instructing the girl what to say, though the great, blue eyes were innocent of any understanding. Her faint, sweet voice said "Yes" and "No" as she was instructed. Pity welled up in the heart of the man for the girl, so utterly alone, so helpless, an outcast.

Soon it was over. The names were signed to the acknowledgment of marriage, and the Chaplain left.

There was a vague disturbance in Stanhope's mind. What would happen after the operation if she regained her mind? A child, such as she was now, was one thing; a woman in the full possession of her faculties—that was another. What would she say when she found herself married to him, without her consent or knowledge?

A week later he had installed her in his house at Nairobi, with Ahmed as her constant companion and assistant nurse.

THE white women of Nairobi, particularly the wives of the army officers and government officials, tacitly snubbed Mrs. Stanhope. Stanhope smiled grimly when he saw their attitude. It bothered him very little.

What did vaguely annoy Stanhope was the fact that the Home Office had ordered him to a distant point again. It seemed that there was a stranded *sefari* of Americans up-country who were in grave danger.

He hated to leave the girl alone. Finally, he determined that Ahmed should stay behind, much as he would have liked to have this faithful right hand of his along.

That night he mentioned the matter to Ahmed, and explained that he must stay in Nairobi with his wife.

"Baas!" protested the faithful Ahmed.

"Yes, I ride alone," instructed Stanhope. "You must stay and look after her. Tomorrow I take the trail with the Askiris to the Lado. I will be gone a long time, Ahmed, and if I should not return, you must always look after her."

"It is an order," said Ahmed sadly. He was not pleased.

He made some slight preparations, wrote a will for the first time in his life, and went to bed.

Accustomed to the ever present dangers of the interior, he was a light sleeper, so that late that night his veldt-trained senses caught sounds outside of his window. Alert in a moment, he listened intently. Someone was trying a window and it was obdurate and stiff. Softly he crept into his clothes and picked up his service Browning; then he tip-toed to the door to investigate and was astounded to see Ahmed standing there.

"Baas!" whispered Ahmed in a frightened tone. "I have seen him! He has come to kill you! He——"

"Who?" asked Stanhope, bewildered. "Who has come, Ahmed?"

"Ben-Ali Batouch!"

Stanhope stared at the man. "He did not die?" he gasped.

"No—quick. I have seen him. I will talk to him, Baas, he would not listen to you. Quick——"

"But——"

"No!" whispered Ahmed fiercely. "He will not listen to you! He will kill you—he is tall—like a tree——" A knife gleamed suddenly in Ahmed's hand.

"Not that, Ahmed," said Stanhope, in a low tone, "we must not——" He did not finish, but stepped out into the dark hallway.

Ahmed suddenly put his hands on his master's shoulders and bent him down. "Hush!" he ordered. "Not a sound!"

So they stayed for nearly a minute, breathless, listening to the vague sounds that told of someone's presence in Ahmed's room. Slowly the door opened and a tall figure stepped out into the shadowy hall.

BEFORE Stanhope could prevent it, Ahmed hurled himself silently upon the intruder. Not a sound did either make as they struggled for mastery. Stanhope went to Ahmed's assistance, but it was all both of them could do, after several minutes of terrific exertion, to master the fury of the intruder. At last he lay—a giant of a man—hands and feet tied.

Stanhope lit a lamp and they sat him up in a chair. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, handsome and fierce as a black-maned lion.

"You are Ben-Ali Batouch?" asked Stanhope, when he had sufficiently recovered his breath.

The giant glared, but answered nothing. He looked at Ahmed with murder in his eyes. Ahmed possessed himself of Stanhope's Browning and returned the look.

"We all thought that you were dead," continued Stanhope. "Please don't struggle that way—I'll set you free in a minute. There's no call for all that. Before I untie you, I want you to listen

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to me a few minutes." Then, in a quiet voice, he told the Arab all that had occurred; except that when he started to speak hesitatingly about the marriage, an exclamation from Ahmed stopped him in time. Skilfully he covered the interruption and went on with the story, giving Ahmed the credit that was due him in caring for the girl. When he finished, the giant was eyeing him with moist eyes.

THEY unbound him and he sat looking at them, uneasily. Ahmed had been watching him intently, and now he made a few rapid passes with his fingers. Ben-Ali stared at him.

"The Prophet?" he whispered, repeating the sign.

Ahmed nodded eagerly, and made another sign, which was also repeated. They looked into one another's eyes and their attitude toward one another changed perceptibly.

"What he has told you," said Ahmed, in Arabic, indicating Stanhope, "is true—every word. I swear it! Myself, I have watched over her every hour—she is yours—body and soul!"

Stanhope understood enough of the language to glimpse the import of the words. His teeth clenched suddenly. It had never occurred to him that Ben-Ali might question what manner of man he was. For a few minutes Ahmed and the stranger conversed in low, swift sentences; then Ahmed turned to Stanhope.

"Baas," he said softly, "he wishes to speak to her. He found out that she is here. He has been travelling day and night to come here. At first he thought you were a bad man who had stolen his wife, and he was going to kill you; but he knows now that you acted as his friend. He is thankful. He would like to see and speak with her."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait until morning? He can stay here until then, and then speak with her."

"It is a test," explained the patient Ahmed. "I have heard—but never mind—perhaps, if she sees him suddenly, her mind——"

A sudden light broke over Stanhope. "Good Lord!" he muttered softly. "I wonder!"

Ahmed and Ben-Ali went softly to the door of the girl's room, where Ben-Ali asked for several lamps. Ahmed brought some and they were all lighted and placed about the room.

THE sounds awoke the girl, and she looked at the figure sitting on the side of her bed. Stanhope and Ahmed, watching from the doorway, saw the girl's bewildered look; then a terrible, piercing scream broke from her lips. Her eyes dilated as she sat up, still staring.

"Ben-Ali!" she screamed, and the next moment she was in his arms, gasping and weeping, while the man ravenously covered her face with kisses. Then, pale as chalk, she suddenly slumped in his arms and fainted.

"It is well," whispered Ahmed to Stanhope as he watched them. "When she next opens her eyes, her mind will return. See, Baas, how men are. Many women have loved him, but he laughed at them and left them when he tired of them. This little one he loves with all his heart. This one he made his wife, and would give his life for."

All night they sat up and talked, and Ben-Ali showered Stanhope with his blessings. The girl talked rather disconnectedly, and could not be made to understand what had happened. She remembered nothing since the night she had seen her husband shot and had fled into the forests in horror. Once she broke down utterly; that was when she learned that her baby had died. But the big husband gathered her up on his lap and comforted her.

At the first signs of dawn, Ben-Ali arose.

"And now," he said gravely, "I go—and she goes with me. I know that you are of the soldiers—and I know that you know about me. But I feel that you will not harm me or stop me from going. I take her to my friends in the Lado. I shall not forget the service you have done me. We shall meet again."

He looked Stanhope squarely in the eyes, led his wife to the door and motioned Ahmed to open it. Stanhope, by every law of the land should have turned the Arab over to the authorities, but he knew he could not do it. A grim smile played upon his lips.

"My friends wait outside," continued Ben-Ali. "I wish to be gone before the sun rises." An instant he paused on the threshold, looking at Stanhope. "We shall meet again," he repeated. "I shall not forget!" and was gone.

Stanhope saw a shadowy plains wagon with a canvas top receive them, and the next minute they were rolling swiftly away toward the open.

AHMED led the way back to his master's room. Day was just breaking. He held out a paper to Stanhope.

"What is it?"

"The marriage paper," said Ahmed. "I took it from her when he came. It is better that he shall never know. He might not understand."

Stanhope nodded. "Later, Ahmed," he instructed, "you will take it to the Chaplain and tell him everything. Tell him the marriage must be annulled—he will understand when you explain." He was very weary for some reason that he could not explain satisfactorily to himself. Something was missing in the house, but he would not confess it to himself under any circumstances. He rather welcomed the orders that would send him out again on *sefari* so soon, and active duty.

"Baas," said Ahmed softly, "the *sefari* starts for the Lado today. There is now no reason to stay——"

Stanhope smiled at Ahmed with sudden affection. "We ride together, Ahmed," he said.

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Mademoiselle Pinocchio

(*Continued from page* 17)

that she had attracted an audience—that was her first thought. Little thrills of pleasure warbled up and down her consciousness.

THE next night, at about the same time, she sat in her unlighted room and sang with a humorous, joyous abandon, all the airy, laughing things she knew—then waited.

Sure enough, from the region of the stoop, came flying her second letter. On the top of the stationery he had chosen this time, was engraved his name and address, and this is what followed:

"Thank you so much for your kindness in playing what I asked for. But it's no use. Your voice still weeps! Why is joy so foreign to you?

"All my life I have laughed, and now I want to show *you* how to laugh! There are so many things I want to talk to you about—ask you. Why, for instance, with a voice like yours, are you shut up in a private school? I suppose you know how splendid your voice is. It has taken hold of me completely. I know it is curious that a man should fall in love with a voice—but I swear to you I have with yours.

"I wonder if you would dare to write me? There is no reason why we should not be friends—I think the world would call me a perfectly respectable young man. I am twenty-five and nice-looking—really! I live just ten doors up the street—in any other city than New York I would have known you. Please let us be friends. Write me all about yourself.

C. H. P."

SHE was very much excited over this rather jerky missive. She sat down at her escritoire, picked up pen and paper and thought a moment. Then, by chance, she lifted her eyes to the little mirror hanging directly in front of her. Her nose! She had forgotten entirely that she was ugly—horribly ugly. The idea came to her like the lash of a whip that young Mr. Purdy was being "taken in," that he would not want to know her at all, once he had seen her. She must set him right. But he should never see her. She wrote:

"I appreciate what a pretty romance we might make of this situation. But alas! I must nip it in the bud. And my shears are my ugliness! You would not want to know me at all if you saw me. So, dear friend, I will be just a voice to you. Believe me, it is better so.

Margot Panchaud."

To this came promptly the following:

"'Ugly' indeed! I don't believe it. Let me see you. Come to your window tonight—and speak to me, please. I'll be on the stoop, loving you and your voice—"

To which she only answered:

"It is only my voice you love—how could it be me? I cannot see you."

BUT the thing had gotten into her blood by now. She had stood behind the shadow of the curtains and watched him come. For an instant her heart had stopped its beat—she was so thrilled that he should be even more desirable than her dreams of him—tall, dark, vividly alive.

The next morning she received a letter from him in which he scolded her for not letting him see her. His letter went on in a more serious vein than he had ever employed. He told her much of his life. There began an earnest, eager correspondence. In a month or two they had accomplished a deeper intimacy than some people could bring about, by word of mouth communication, in two years.

So things went on, Margot later told me, until the beginning of July. School had closed, the pupils, most of them, gone to a camp Mrs. Scott conducted during the summer in the Catskills.

Margot had told Mrs. Scott she preferred the seashore to the mountains this year and that she had made arrangements. But she did not go. She was waiting—waiting for she scarcely knew what, waiting in an intensity of dread and desire.

Though their letters were now openly love-letters, his panting with demands, hers beseeching him not to make her yield, they still had not met. Their meeting was inevitable and imminent. It hung in the air, she knew, ready to burst upon her, storming the peace of her, wrecking her dreams and her love.

SO she waited. And then, one day, came his ultimatum, boyishly, intensely determined: He must see her or he knew she did not love him.

So it was to be tonight, she thought, with an odd mixture of fright and relief.

All day she was alternately dazed and electrified. Finally night came. After a century of minutes it was time for her to go into the darkened room and seat herself at the piano. For some reason, she chose to sing at the end of her half-hour Massenet's "Elegie." She sang it with an abandon to its suggestion of heartache.

The song ended, she closed the piano. She knew he could hear the slight sound of the closing of the lid and that he was in an agony of suspense by now. But she did not take a step toward the window. In her heart she believed she had given him up, that now all was over—when suddenly a dark form leapt on the stoop railing, stepped lithely over to the window-ledge, and swung itself on to the floor of her room. She was standing in the same room with Charles Hamilton Purdy! She found it difficult to breathe and stood with one hand over her heart, holding on to the piano behind her with the other.

"Margot!" he said, and his voice came

panting, "where are you? It's so dark—turn on the light."

"Oh, no—not the light!" she cried. And guided by her voice, he groped toward her.

And then his arms were tightening around her as she struggled deliriously. And then he found her lips. She had a sense that she was melting into him and he into her—they were nebulous swimming forms one within the other. Her arms stole around him, her mouth kissed his in a frenzy to unburden her heart of all this love he had stirred in her.

AND then, suddenly, he whispered, "Now—let's *see* each other."

"Oh, no!" she wailed, clinging to him and her glorious minute. "Not yet!"

"Dearest love," he laughed—how *good* his laugh was. "As if anything can matter between us now." And releasing her he groped toward the indistinct lamp.

Before she realized it, the room was flooded with light, and he had wheeled around and was regarding her, spellbound.

In that instant, she prayed silently, crazily, to the God who had made her to help her—to make her appear less ugly in his sight. She waited in sickening suspense and then he came over to her, smiling cheerfully—oh, so terribly cheerfully.

"Well," he said, in a large empty tone, "who said you're ugly, I'd like to know?" He patted her shoulders with airy, nervous gestures. "Come now, you were going to play for me, weren't you?"

She did not look up at him in answer, but turned and re-opened the piano. She suddenly felt utterly cold. She wanted the warmth of his arms about her. He stood over near the window, whistling softly, in a pitiful attempt to be big enough to meet this inexplicable thing.

She played on and on, like some dead thing.

Finally he released her.

"Margot," he fidgeted, "it's getting late. I'd better be going now."

She kept her gaze on her hands. The back she presented to him must have been very appealing, with the silky, fair hair melting into the white neck, and the white neck into the blue gown. Or perhaps some of the poignant tragedy of her life reached him in that moment. His arms stole around her—and her heart leaped. Forgetful of her deformity again, she raised her face to his in a passion of love and hope—and was stricken by his involuntary recoil!

He mastered it the next instant, however, and kissed her mouth, for the last time. But the joy was all gone for her. His embrace was a mockery of that first in the dark.

"Good night, Margot," he said, in a low, pain-subdued voice.

"Good-by," she returned softly—but he was already poised on the window-sill.

She had been right in her fears—he had not been able to forgive her for her nose—and she would never see him again.

The next minute he was gone, and she was crying in long, moaning sobs.

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Mallory Muddles Through

(*Continued from page 53*)

He began to enjoy the primitive side of the thing. Like all Quassapaug summer colonists they lived in bathing suits and plunged into the lake when the spirit moved. It didn't take him long to recover an old stroke which had won him honors in the Yale tank. He marveled at Ruth's sheer delight in the cold plunge they always took before breakfast. Swimming back, there would usually be a race to win the honor of building the camp fire. They took great pride in that camp fire. Then would come breakfast and a stroll through the woods of Woodbury Ridge, or a fishing trip.

Often there was a wistfulness about her that he had never noticed in a woman before. And sometimes when she looked away from him he studied her profile—such a tender profile—and then, suddenly, when she turned to him, such clear eyes and such a smile. Mallory was disturbed by strange, incomprehensible sensations. The hidden weapon—he must watch out for it. And so the days and the nights passed.

THE precious weeks on the calendar in Ruth's tent were nearly marked off. The rapidly diminishing provisions made it necessary for them to discuss seriously the question of the trip back. He broached the subject casually one afternoon in "Gypsy Forest"—she had named it that—but she had hurriedly changed the talk to something else. He had made his first trip to town a few hours before to look up the mails. He had left his address with Gilchrist, his former assistant at the office, and a letter awaited him. Gilchrist had written him of the situation which developed during his absence. They wanted him back—the clique which had forced him out had been eliminated. They wanted him to take hold of things before the presidential campaign. Mallory felt the call of his work as he had never felt it before. There was a battle ahead. He wanted to be in it. He would go back and show them. Yes, he'd show them. It was good to be living.

Another day in "Gypsy Forest." Tomorrow they would be packing up. He was walking a little ahead of her through that great cathedral arch of trees, thinking—thinking of the whole business, but mostly of his work and of the battle ahead. There flashed through his mind the incidents of the morning. The swim to the island, her slow strokes, and finally, on the home stretch, her sudden look of alarm, the way she swam close to him, and again, in deep water, how she had called upon him to help her.

"Help me, Mallory. Help me." Her words, ringing through his memory now, gave him a peculiarly pleasant pain in his heart. She was a great little pal, he told himself, and when they got back he'd give her the best job on the staff. She had earned it.

HE was irritated now. He flung through untrod paths, making his way through the underbrush, pushing aside the whip-like virgin saplings and letting them fly back. He was only dimly conscious that she was following him until he heard a muffled cry. He turned about and saw her less than three feet behind him, swaying uncertainly. One slim hand covered her cheek. There was a red mark where a branch, the self-absorbed man had let fly back, had hit her and drawn blood. She staggered—and fell.

He leaned over her and raised her head and cursed himself for a wretched fool.

"Oh, Mallory, Mallory, you are cruel," she cried. He helped her to her feet and they made their way to camp in silence.

That night she kept away from him more than usual. He sat over the camp fire, musing and re-reading Gilchrist's letter. There were big possibilities ahead of him. Two weeks had made a new man of him. The air of certainty about him which, years before, had put him into the executive end of his work, had been restored. It was all her work. He knew it was her work.

He heard her moving about in her tent. He threw a few more fagots on the fire and remained sitting before it. He did not know what he was thinking. At last he fell asleep with a cold pipe in his hand.

TANNED, rested, and seemingly contented, Mallory and Ruth walked into the coach of the train at Woodbury Station. He bought a newspaper and dropped down beside her. At times he would cast his eye furtively about and look at her, but her face was turned away.

The train slid into Grand Central. There seemed to be an infinite tenderness about him now. He walked with her to the street, his hand on her arm. She still averted her eyes.

She climbed into a taxi and Mallory shoved her traveling bag in after her. She arranged herself uncertainly on the edge of the seat. The driver was waiting for directions and she gave him the address of her little apartment. Then she leaned forward and turned to face the man on the curb. A brief, blunt good-by was the only possible way—for her.

Mallory seemed really jovial. What a bully time they had had, he exclaimed again. He would never forget it. For the first time in a week their eyes met and caught. She held his gaze but he saw tears, big tears, which she was trying to blink away. A fear gripped him. He bit his lip and loosened the pressure of his hand a little and then pressed it so hard that she winced. It came to him suddenly, that her devotion was not—could not be enslaving. No, it was an inspiration to him. She was one in a million. A real woman. The things she did for him—he needed her. Then again that throttling fear tore at his heart. Here was the woman's concealed weapon! Here he was, the thoroughly prepared victim. He seized the door-catch with a sudden motion, and when the taxi darted into the swirl of traffic he was on the inside.

Mallory—the efficient Mallory—had muddled through.

Folly Pays the Price

(Continued from page 66)

what a peace descended upon me.

And then one night Joe proposed marriage to me—me, paint, stain and all. I was stricken to the soul. I could not answer, and with bitterness I realized the compromising position into which I had placed this good man. I fell to sobbing violently.

Joe soothed me tenderly—just like one other did in the happy long ago.

"There, there, sweetheart," he crooned, "don't—what is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" I cried, trying to control my voice, "you mustn't—you don't understand. I can't marry you—or anybody else."

"Why Stella-girl, is there someone else? Tell me honestly. Don't be afraid."

"No, Joe," I answered. "There is no one else. But I can't marry you, I can't—I can't. I will not spoil your life, because—because I am—I am not what you think—I am."

"Yes, yes, you are the one woman in the world for me," he broke in, "that is all I care to know." And then he drew me to him, smothering me with kisses. His tenderness completely broke down all my resolves.

AND so, I, Stella Brown, was married, actually married to as fine a man as ever lived. And big, strong Joe Brent had gathered unto himself a withered bunch of artificiality.

After a brief honeymoon we returned to our little home in a western city, and there for many months I sipped the golden honey of happiness.

Then one day Joe said to me:

"God was good to me, Stella, when he sent you into my life, and there is only one thing more that we need to make our happiness complete." Ah, God, too well I knew what that was. Oh, futile hope!

"That is, that is—" he faltered, and his voice grew soft and tender. "I want someone to—to bear my name—"

Then all the sordid details of my life came out.

He was deeply, miserably hurt, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. He was crushed and beaten and for weeks he rarely spoke to me. He tried to be just, but I could see that his love for me was dead. Yet when I offered to leave him and give him his freedom he would not listen.

"No, Stella, I will not do that. In the eyes of God and the law, you are my wife. Since we have been married you have given me no legal excuse for separation. Whatever your faults were before I knew you, God alone can understand. I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. But, henceforth, though we live under the same roof, we will each have to live our lives separately and alone."

AND so it came about, that I, Stella Brent, became the silent, solitary, desolate outcast that I am. I have but one hope to look forward to, and that is the hope that the end is not too far off.

The doctor tells me it will not be long now until I find rest and peace—at last.

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Out of Gas

(*Continued from page* 57)

about the boulder—we care about *ourselves!*"

No damage being found, they went on—and on—and still on. There were no houses, no roads branching off, no inns, no chicken dinner! There were only rocks, and hair-raising cliffs, and yawning chasms.

Abruptly, the road dropped; they were on down grade. Dangerfield shifted gears, the machine gave a sudden lunge forward and a nervous application of the brake brought it to a violent stop. In the pause every one began to sniff, significantly, but it was Vera who earned her father's wrath by the exclamation:

"I smell burning rubber!"

"You don't! You imagine it!" roared Dangerfield, even while he reluctantly investigated the brakes and discovered that their linings had been burned.

And now Dangerfield tried to manage without the brakes, but every other minute the car would dart with terrifying speed toward the abyss and he would be forced to apply them barely in time, while the shrieks of the women and the odor of burning rubber went up to Heaven together.

By nature a nervous man, the effect of the excitement was beginning to tell on Dangerfield. His control of the steering gear became unsteady. "Gee, but this is dangerous!" he cried more than once, and again, "Here's where we go over!"

However, they never quite went over. They crawled forward. The road narrowed again and they turned a curve to come face to face with a big automobile. The road was barely wide enough for one machine. The driver of the other car—big and burly, in a camper's uniform—got out and looked the ground over quietly.

"Sorry, Comrade," he said genially enough, "but you'll have to back up."

"Back up? Why don't you back up yourself?" asked Dangerfield.

"Me? That ain't the rules of the road. You're blocking my way."

"But ain't you blockin' mine?" protested Dangerfield.

"How can I help that?" yelled the man, with a threatening gesture. "There's nothing to argue about. I got the right of way, and I ask you politely to back up. I don't want to make no trouble with ladies present."

THE big man's eyes were holding Dangerfield's with terrible resolution. Monroe, not knowing the rules of the road, felt reluctant to join the argument. Feebly, Dangerfield faltered: "All right, I'll try to back up."

"Then I get out!" proclaimed Mrs. Dangerfield.

"I get out!" echoed daughter.

It was no easy matter, but somehow, they managed to progress backward until men and machines were lost to view around the first curve. Mother and daughter seated themselves in solitary state on a boulder. A half-hour passed, and they began to wonder why the men were so long away. An hour later their wonderment was louder and keener.

"They might have fell off!" worried Mother. "Once I read of a machine that fell over a cliff and nobody in it had a whole bone left!"

"Don't talk so!" shuddered Daughter.

"DON'T tell me how to talk! You know as well as me that Papa ain't used to driving backwards. Oh, my land! I wish we was safe home again! No tellin' what's happened! But anyway, if worst comes to worst, I've got fifteen dollars tied to my garter!" And she fell to weeping.

"If Father's gone I think we'd heard him yell," declared Vera. "He'd never go over that cliff without a yip!"

"Oh, your father was such a good man! I don't know where we could find another like him. And that was a brand new auto! It cost twenty-five hundred dollars, only he got five per cent off!"

"I can't stand this any longer!" cried Vera, springing from the tear-washed boulder. "Let's go and look for them. Come on!"

"Well I never thought of that," admired Mother, following her energetic daughter. They walked an interminable distance, gazing eagerly ahead for the lost men.

"Well, if anything has happened there'll be a nice long piece in the paper," Mother Dangerfield remarked encouragingly. Then they saw them.

THERE on the ground, a few yards ahead, sat Dangerfield, placidly smoking, while Monroe, coatless, vestless, with rolled-up sleeves, struggled to adjust a tire.

"Had a little blow-out," was Dangerfield's greeting.

"And we thought you was killed! Here I been grieving myself to death while you set here safe and sound. If that's not just like a man! No matter how a woman suffers, her husband don't care at all." Her tones clearly indicated that Dangerfield should apologize for being alive.

A RUDDY glow against the western mountains boded ominously of night when at last they were started again. Into the deepening twilight they rode for several miles with no further mishap. They were ascending a grade, and Monroe was reflecting thankfully that they must be almost out of the wood when the engine began to sputter mysteriously, gave a series of irregular jerks, and came to a dead stop as if suffering from heart failure.

Having abused the machine in terms that would have justified an action for slander if the automobile had been a legal person, Dangerfield dismounted and began to examine the engine. Five minutes, and he shook his head, completely baffled.

"Perhaps you haven't enough oil," ventured Monroe.

"You're crazy!" was the polite reply.

"Then you may be out of water," suggested Vera.

(*Continued on page* 88)

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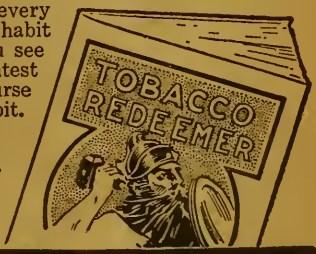

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(*Continued from page 86*)

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"Could something have broken?" was Mother's contribution.

"Don't be a fool!" exploded Dangerfield. "Monroe, you gaping idiot, can't you do something to help? Why don't you make yourself useful?"

"I was just wondering," said Monroe quietly, "whether you have enough gasoline."

"Of course I have," bellowed Dangerfield in a fury. "I had enough gas for ten trips like this. Just for your satisfaction, though, I'll look. Then maybe you'll suggest something sensible."

A moment later he was wearing a most sheepish expression. "The tank must leak," he declared. "There ain't enough gas to take us up the hill."

"*OUT of gas!*" exploded Mrs. Dangerfield. "*I told you* to look and see if you had plenty. *I told you!* You never *will* take my advice. And now we're stalled for all night, maybe for a week. And nothing to eat. I *told you* we ought to bring a lunch. But no, you wouldn't listen. And now see what you've done. Stephen Monroe, you *say something!* What are we going to do?"

"Get some gas from the first machine that comes by."

"There won't none come by!" said Mrs. Dangerfield, and then much more. Night was upon them now. By some strange process of reasoning the three Dangerfields seemed to have decided that it was all Stephen Monroe's fault. Unitedly they nagged at him, while he took quiet command of the situation, and engineered the backing of the car down the hill to a smooth sheltered spot. The fact that he ignored their heckling, and that the few practical suggestions that were made came from him, only irritated them.

"The ladies will sleep in the car, of course," he said.

"We certainly will," assented Mother Dangerfield. "It's a lucky thing we've got the auto robe to keep us warm. And I guess I better take your overcoat, Harry. It's a pity you couldn't have thought to brought a coat along, Monroe. Vera could of had it. But men are so thoughtless!" A moment later she yawned from under the warm smother of rug and overcoat.

Monroe's teeth were almost chattering as he began to pace up and down in the half-darkness. Dangerfield was openly shivering as he slumped on the ground, with a wistful look toward his overcoat. It was only a moment until the women's breathing told that they were fast asleep, but no sleep came that night to the cold and hungry men.

The sun had been up some time when at last Mrs. Dangerfield awoke and suggested that Monroe be sent out to find a garage.

"Go find a garage!" commanded Dangerfield, brusquely.

"With pleasure," smiled Monroe. "I have no doubt the wilderness is studded with them." And then he started to trudge rather wearily up the hill. He rounded one turn, another. The wood had fallen away and the morning sun came down in a bright, warm flood. There was a green bank beside the road. He flung himself down, and straightway closed his eyes.

SOME time later, he opened them, and sat up, staring confusedly. The sun was high overhead. A long gray car had stopped in the road, a few feet away, and two men and two women were gazing at him curiously.

He scrambled to his feet and approached them.

"A nice place to sleep," said one of the men with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," explained Monroe.

"You were so very sound asleep that the ladies were worried about you," continued the man.

"That was nice of them," said Monroe, with the smile that always won women's hearts. It was a smile he had not once shown to the Dangerfields. "But I'm quite all right now. That was my first sleep for a long, long time. By the way, got a little extra gas for a stalled car?"

"Why, yes, of course. But I don't see any machine."

Monroe explained where the machine was. Stimulated by questioning, and sympathetic appreciation of his quiet humor, he recounted the entire story of the trip. Long before he finished he was eating chicken sandwiches and drinking coffee, hot from the thermos bottle. Gradually the conversation extended itself to other channels, drifted into various topics unconnected with automobiles and mountain roads.

THE sun was straight overhead when the dejected Dangerfields, full of rage and reproaches, but full of nothing else, saw a long gray car come down the hill and stop beside them. In the rear seat, agreeably conversing with a gentleman and a lady, sat Monroe. "Here's gas enough for you to go on with," he said to Father Dangerfield.

"About time you brought it!" declared Mother, glowering. "You must have went a good ways!"

"So far that there is no coming back," he smiled.

"Stop talkin' foolishness!" snapped Dangerfield. "You get out of there, quick now, Steve, and help me get started."

"No, I think I'll stay where I am," Monroe replied quietly. "I'm quite comfortable. Good-by, Mrs. Dangerfield. Good-by, Miss Vera. There's a fine road just ahead, and I trust you'll yet find the chicken and waffles."

And while the Dangerfields gaped silently—even Mother for once stricken dumb—the machine bearing Vera's intended husband rolled swiftly around a turn in the road.

"Well, he's ruined *his* future. I'll fire him Monday morning," declared Father furiously.

"He won't feel so smart when he's out of a job!" predicted Mother.

"I hope he starves!" snapped Vera.

For how were the Dangerfields to know that Stephen Monroe had within the last hour accepted an offer to manage a rival box factory for the driver of the long gray car?

Room at the Top

(*Continued from page 15*)

ever came, with all the force and strength that my young soul could muster.

I NEEDED both strength and force to master that first supper in the untidy dining-room, with its soiled cloth and thick dishes, its huge platters of tough boiled beef and greasy cabbage. The other men at the table, in their greasy overalls and black shirts, were too busy devouring their food to notice me.

It's a great thing to be so young that you can eat any food when you're hungry and sleep anywhere when you're tired. I fell asleep on my hard, lumpy cot that night and knew nothing until Mrs. Knapp knocked at my door and called, "The whistle's blew and breakfast is on the table!"

The signal to start work came half an hour later. By that time I had dressed in the only clothes I had, swallowed some breakfast, and was in the factory, looking for Harris. I found him back among the machinery, fixing a large belt.

"Good morning, I'm ready for work," I announced cheerfully.

HARRIS paid no attention until he had finished adjusting the huge belt and watched for a minute to make sure it would work properly. Then he turned abruptly, ran his eye up and down me, and bellowed above the roar of the machinery:

"You blankety-blank fool! Take a look at the men in the plant. Go home and take off your Sunday clothes. Then come back and report for work!"

I heard an appreciative chuckle run around the room, and I had my first, fierce impulse to walk out of the factory and never return. But I resisted it. After all, my common sense told me, it was natural for the men to laugh. I *did* look funny there in the greasy, grimy room with those toilers, with my white shirt and high collar. Without a word I went away and returned in a half-hour wearing the uniform of my job.

This time I found Harris in the boiling-room. It is impossible to describe the fearful atmosphere of the boiling-room of a soap factory. The hot steam and the boiling fat mingle to make the most sickening odor imaginable. I was faint and nauseated from walking the length of the room to reach Harris' side.

"Please tell me where I am to work," I gasped weakly.

"You're to work right here!" he snapped. "Catch hold of that boiler with that fellow. Don't scald yourself!"

I hesitated, while floor and ceiling and huge cauldrons of steaming fat seemed to go round and round my head in a vicious, dizzying procession. Through the haze Harris' voice came thunderingly:

"Well, you goin' to quit before you've begun, or are you going to stick? It's up to you."

SOMETHING stiffened in my soul. I staggered over to the boiler and took hold of a handle at one end. We dumped its nauseating contents into a great vat and waves of hot, horrible smell came up and enveloped us. We went back, to let the boiler fill again with its loathsome fluid. We emptied it again, we went back again. And again, and again, and again . . .

By the end of a week a miracle had happened. I had grown so accustomed to the awful smell that I did not notice it after the first few minutes of the day.

But the drudgery was hateful and the days seemed endless. And at night there was only the coarse, poorly-cooked food, the bare room, the hard cot, to look forward to.

"I think I'll have to change my boarding place," I said to Harris, trying to make my voice casual. But Harris told me I couldn't; that it was part of the contract.

I shut my teeth together and said nothing but my mind was a seething torrent of rage. It seemed to me this was imposing senseless hardship. Yet I stuck, until one day a workman was missing. I asked for him and a man answered:

"Oh, he's transferred to the next room. A man don't generally stay in this hell-hole more'n two months at the most."

And I had been there more than three months! With fury in my heart I went to Harris. He answered my vehement protest with his usual sardonic grin.

"It's Darnell's orders," he said. "He don't want you moved."

FOR a moment I knew what men mean when they speak of "seeing red." I dared not trust myself to speak. I whirled away from Harris and went straight to the office.

"Would you let me send a telegram to Mr. Darnell, if I pay for it?" I demanded.

I was so excited that I did not notice the person I addressed the question to. It was only when she spoke that I realized a girl was sitting behind the desk. I stopped. My hand went up quickly and jerked off the old cap that I wore. I could feel myself growing redder and redder. The girl smiled, and I felt myself slipping back, suddenly, into the cultivated world I thought I had left behind forever.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I was rather upset, and I did not notice there was a lady here."

"I just began work this morning," she answered. "I'm sorry you're troubled about something. Do you really wish to send a telegram to Mr. Darnell?"

"I do!" I declared, firmly. "He's played me a dirty, low-down trick. He got me to sign a contract for a year by pretending he was going to give me an honest chance, and then——"

I broke off, suddenly. "I apologize again," I said. "I have no right to inflict my troubles on a stranger."

"But I'm interested," she said. To my amazement, her little hand lay on my dirty sleeve and her eyes looked very earnestly into mine. "Won't you reconsider?" she asked. "Won't you keep on until the year is up? I hate to see you give up, now."

"But this is such an awful hole. And

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there's never a soul I can talk to—"

She interrupted me. "I'm here now," she said, with the demurest little flicker of a smile. "And I know I'm going to be dreadfully lonesome, too, unless you——"

And right there I interrupted with a little cry of joy. "You don't mean that you'd be friends with me!" I gasped. "Why, why *look* at me!"

"I'm looking," she said, "and I think I see a good man whom I would be proud to have for a friend." Her lovely eyes, bless them, were looking not at my clothes, nor my rough, red hands, but straight into my eyes. How many times since then, I have thanked God that with all my faults I could still look a good woman straight in the eyes!

WELL, of course I didn't send the telegram. I went back to the boiling-room and finished my day, and for all I knew or cared those old boilers were made of pure gold and filled with rare perfumes.

At seven-thirty I was up at the house where she boarded, sitting on the piazza steps with her, telling the whole story. I was still resentful at Darnell and inclined to think I should quit and get a job that promised more advancement, but she shook her head.

"Stick to your bargain!" she advised. "After all, what's a year? It will soon be half over and the last half always goes faster. Besides, *I* want you to stay, now!"

"That settles it!" I declared promptly. "But you'll let me see you very often, won't you? To keep my courage up, you know."

"To keep *our* courage up," she corrected. "Remember, this is my first job, too, and I'm a long way from home."

FOR the next three months I was happy in spite of the distasteful work and the miserable boarding-house. I saw Mabel Denman every evening. On Sundays we took long walks together. Every day I loved her more, and was more determined to make good for her sake.

And with my new happiness there came a change in my mental attitude toward my work. I began to take an interest, to look about for better and shorter ways of doing things, to see little ways that the work of the boiling-room could be speeded up. Harris never encouraged me any, but he did use my suggestions, and my wages were raised, so that I was able to save a few dollars each week.

One afternoon I glanced up from a boiler I was having a tussle with, and there stood Mr. Darnell, looking at me with evident amusement.

"Hello, Hanna. You seem to be able to make soap-fat boilers eat out of your hand," he said. "On to all their curves, aren't you?"

"I ought to be," I said, heatedly. "I've been kept in this room for eight months."

"Yes. But Harris says you're the best fat boiler we ever had. Think of the distinction!"

His tone was light, it seemed to me sneering. The blood rushed to my face.

"You made a fool of me with that contract, all right!" I cried. "You never meant to give me a ghost of a chance."

"Do you want to quit now?" he asked. From his pocket he took the sealed envelope that held the mysterious contract. "Shall I tear it up and let you go?"

"Not on your life!" I answered. "I'll stick, just for the satisfaction of seeing what's in the darned thing."

"I'll give it to you now," he said. "Remember, if you quit before your year is up you destroy this, unread. If you stick, you read it, and then come to me in Chicago. You agree?"

"I'm on," I answered, and tucked the envelope in my pocket while he walked away.

SOMEHOW that envelope in my pocket seemed to irritate my temper all the rest of the day. I was glad when the whistles blew, for I wanted to rush to see Mabel. She would understand, and put new heart into me!

But Mabel was gone, bag and baggage! She had given up her room, and left no address!

I was dazed with the suddenness of the blow. I turned away from the door and walked down the street, not seeing nor caring where I went. It seemed incredible that Mabel could treat me so—leaving me without a word. Well, I would give up now! Tomorrow morning I would quit the factory. What was the use of hanging on, when the only thing that made the struggle worth while was gone?

I had wandered down to the business street of the town and stood looking into a window, seeing nothing but my own misery, when a voice beside me said, "Hello, Hanna! What are *you* doing here?"

"Dick Housley!" I cried, so surprised and delighted that I forgot my troubles for a few minutes. Dick had been my best chum in high school and I never had seen him since. I was thankful that I had my good clothes on.

"You must be through law school now," he said. "Are you located here?"

"For the present," I said, rather awkwardly. "A fellow has to start somewhere, you know."

"Sure. I'm with the Bushman factory of Boston. They want to get a building site in this town and I think I've picked a dandy spot that can be bought cheap. Right back of the Darnell Soap place. Know the location?"

KNOW the location? I had to smile! The windows of the boiling-room looked out on that vacant lot. Also, I knew that Darnell planned sometime to enlarge his plant to cover that space. Let him lose it. It was good enough for him! I answered Dick carelessly:

"Yes, I know the lot. Who owns it?"

"Hiram Wells, fifteen miles up the turnpike. I've been up to see him, but he had agreed to hold the lot until spring for Darnell. Nothing paid to bind the bargain, just a verbal understanding, but the old fellow sort of holds off. I've wired my firm for money to pay cash down and I'll have it tomorrow morning. When the old man sees a roll of bank

notes he'll come across. Let's walk around and look at the lot again. Oh, say, you can go up with me in the morning to draw up the papers. We'll probably have a good bit of business for you here."

"Fine!" I answered absently. Let Dick think I was a lawyer. In the morning I would be leaving the factory and the town, forever!

"But this is going to ruin the Darnell plant!" I exclaimed when Dick explained his plans. "It will cut off every bit of light and air from this side and from the back!"

"We should worry!" laughed Dick. "I'm out for my own firm. If Darnell had been wise he'd have cinched this lot long ago and protected himself. I'm figuring that most of his workmen will prefer to come over to us, too, once we get running."

I could see ruin for Darnell. I walked back to the hotel with Dick, then instead of going home I walked down past the factory again.

It's queer what a job does to a man. I had been sure that I hated Darnell, hated the soap factory and everything connected with it. But now—somehow I just couldn't stand back and see another company come in and knock the business all to bits! I couldn't explain my feeling, even to myself. But suddenly, I knew that I was going to do something about it.

It was ten o'clock. Dick would have his money in the morning. When that old farmer saw a roll of yellow-backed notes, it would be over with Darnell.

I turned and ran up the street to the railroad station. The telegraph operator was a friend of mine and I got him to wire Darnell at Chicago:

"Come at once. Factory in danger. Hanna."

But I didn't dare leave it at that. I had just fifty dollars in the savings bank. I went back to the boarding-house, woke my landlady out of a sound sleep and showed her my bank book. I knew she always kept money in the house. It was lucky for me I always had been polite to her. She let me have the fifty.

AT five o'clock in the morning I arrived at the old farmhouse in a taxi, and paid down the fifty dollars to hold the lot for Darnell.

We had a blow-out going back over the rough road, so I was just barely in time to see the train pull in. I was breathless with excitement. I told Darnell how things stood and I knew by his expression that I hadn't made any mistake. We immediately drove out to Wells' again and closed up the bargain. We were just ready to leave when another car drove up and Dick Housley jumped out. When he found out that Wells had just sold the lot to Mr. Darnell he went dead white with rage.

"To think you'd double-cross an old friend in that dirty way!" he said. "I'd never have believed it of you, Marvin Hanna!"

"I didn't pretend anything!" I interrupted him. "You took it for granted that I was a lawyer, and I didn't contradict you because I didn't want to tell you that I was——"

"He didn't want to tell you that he was a partner in the Darnell soap concern!" It was Mr. Darnell who interrupted that time. "That being the case he was quite justified in saving his own plant, I suppose you will admit."

"Of course," Dick said, sulkily. "But you might have told me!"

I was too dumfounded to make any answer. I just sat there in the car with my head in a whirl until we were half-way back to town. Then all at once Mr. Darnell gave a chuckle.

"Hanna," he said, "I thought you had it in you! I flatter myself I know a thing or two about men! You go back to Chicago with me this afternoon. By the way, got that contract in your pocket?"

I fished out the sealed envelope and he told me to open it and I read:

"I agree to work and live under the direction of Charles Darnell for one year. At the end of that time, if I have made good, I am to become a member of the firm of Darnell and Company."

My head positively swam.

"You see what you signed," he laughed. "You've shortened your year by four months. I'll need you in Chicago."

OF course I was proud and happy. Yet all the way to Chicago I was thinking of one thing: If I only knew where to find Mabel! Joy was not joy, nor success success, if I could not share them with her.

My mind was still running on this when Mr. Darnell led me up the steps of his home, and into the library.

"I want you to meet my wife and daughter," he said.

Mrs. Darnell was the sweetest-looking woman I had ever seen. And then, somehow, Heaven opened and dropped Mabel Denman there. She looked at me with her great, brown eyes, smiling the same old smile. I couldn't say a word. I just held out my arms, and with her father and mother looking on and smiling, little Mabel walked straight into them!

When I looked up again, I had another surprise—my father stood there, gazing at me as if he were afraid to speak. If ever I saw love and longing in a man's face I saw it then. That was all I wanted. Blood *is* thicker than water! I held out my hand.

Afterward, when all the excitement had cooled down a bit, they told me that my father had advertised for me the day after I left home. Mr. Darnell had seen the ad, and had persuaded him to keep in the background and let him try me out, for a year. Mabel had finished college and been determined to go to work, so her father had allowed her to go out to the factory and see how the working girl with no rich father behind her got along. When he came out and saw her friendship with me he had promptly packed her home again, to wait till my year was over.

I'm a successful man now. I am president of the Darnell Soap Company. I have a beautiful home, the finest wife in the world, two lively youngsters, and a distinguished father who adores us all. If any one asks what I owe my success to, I say:

"Hard knocks; hard work; and a woman's love and faith in me.

"Been on a vacation Bill?"

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An Experiment in Love

(*Continued from page 63*)

but we are not to do it because we don't happen to love each other. I cannot for the life of me see what love has to do with parenthood."

"I admit that you and Harry seem perfectly fitted to the noble and responsible task of giving life to a human being."

"Then why do you say that love is essential as a beginning?"

"I suppose I should have said that love was essential to marriage. And that marriage is an institution you cannot eliminate, my girl."

"Have most marriages love as a basis?" she asked.

"A very great many, at least."

"Are they invariably happy? Be honest, uncle."

"They are seldom happy."

"Well," said Elizabeth, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I may seem conceited to you, but honestly I don't think you have the best of the argument, so far. Anyhow, I don't want to argue with you. I know you wanted Harry and me to marry, and that is why I come to you for help now. Mr. Thorne is so broken up over Harry's conduct that he doesn't seem to know what to do. It is sad enough to see poor Mr. Thorne; and I can't help being indignant with Harry."

HER uncle looked wonderingly at her, for she was betraying more heat than she had yet done.

"Indignant at him because he won't marry you?"

"No; because he has treated his father so badly. Mr. Thorne has given his life to his project of giving the world an object lesson, and now Harry casts him aside as if he and his project were of no importance. If Mr. Thorne were only younger——"

"Well?"

"It seems as if both parents should be young."

"Good gracious, Beth! You are not contemplating marrying Mr. Thorne?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it seriously till just now, but tell me something definite about love, please; something definite."

Her uncle looked away out of the window for a few moments, then pulled the drawer further out and took a square morocco case from it. Elizabeth was prepared by the expression of his face to see the portrait of the woman he had loved—Harry's mother.

"How lovely!" she cried, involuntarily.

"Yes, very lovely; and her face was a true index of her character. It is the portrait of the woman I loved, Beth. I loved her more than a quarter of a century ago. She died long ago, but she is the sweetest memory I have, and the thrill of my love for her is still potent to move me, not only to thoughts but to deeds."

He spoke with such simplicity and in such a tone that Beth felt something unwonted rise up in her throat.

"I LOVED her, and she loved me," he went on. "Neither of us was wise enough to consider such a thing as parenthood. Perhaps, if we had we would have grown so close that we would not have had our foolish quarrel.

"We did quarrel, however, and I went away. When I came back, some months later, meaning to humble myself and ask her forgiveness, she was married. She had married a splendid man. He was strong of character and intellect; not one word could be said against him; but she did not love him; he did not love her. He had not thought love essential to such a companionship.

"I do not think I can express to you what a tragedy her life was. She had done herself and me a horrible wrong by marrying that man. Partly in pique, partly because of a lying rumor of my marriage, she had accepted him when he had proposed, and it was not until she met me again, after her wedding, that she realized the horror of what she had done.

"I learned of her marriage, and, almost beside myself, I went to her mother's home, not daring to trust myself to call upon Marian; but she was visiting her mother, and we met in the garden.

"Until that moment I think she had believed she could be reasonably happy with the man she had married. He was irreproachable, and she was sincerely bent on doing all she could to fulfill her obligations as a wife; but the sight of me—my cry of pain, perhaps—recalled to her the love she had had for me; even showed her, alas! that it was still throbbing in her breast.

"JUST what we said in that hour of misery I would not repeat if I could. Her husband came and found us there. I think there was something like murder in my heart, but I was speechless. It was Marian who spoke. She turned her tear-stained, convulsed face to him, and told him that I was the man she had loved and still loved. Then I caught her hand and waited, not knowing what dreadful thing might happen, for he was a man of powerful physique and passionate temper."

Her uncle ceased speaking, and passed his hand over his forehead. Elizabeth, knowing that it was Henry Thorne who was the other actor in the drama, waited, spell-bound; and when her uncle seemed to have forgotten her, asked softly:

"What did he do, uncle?"

"He smiled and held out his hand to me, saying he was not of so small a nature as to object to any friend Marian might have. He did not then, and he never since has understood the nature of love; and that only added to the tragedy of Marian's life. We knew, if he did not, that there was danger in our meeting, for we tried it, thinking that under his roof—his hospitable, generous roof—our love would turn into a milder friendship."

"And it did not?"

"It did not. I don't know what the end might have been; but she came down, one day, with such a look of despair on her face as an angel cast out of heaven might have worn. She told me that I must go and never see her again. I un-

derstood, because my own judgment had already warned me. I made no protest, but turned and fled from the house. I dared not speak, even. She died a year or more later in giving birth to a son."

"Harry."

"Yes, Harry. It was his mother I loved. And Beth, whatever you do, don't marry Henry Thorne unless you love him."

"Ah!" she sighed.

FROM his place of concealment Harry watched his father and Elizabeth meet and go along the road together; and it struck him that it was all wrong that he should be hiding from his father. Suddenly he made his resolve: "I will go see him. We may quarrel, but he shall respect me. If I can prevent a rupture, I will. I have done wrong in being secret."

Once firmly resolved, Harry went straight home. In his room, he swiftly washed, and donned a suit of his ordinary clothing, and had finished his toilet when he heard his father come in. Instantly he went down and knocked at the door of the library and was told to enter.

"Father!" he said, anxiously.

"Harry!" the other responded, rising to his feet and looking inquiringly at his son.

Harry knew then that his father had been aware of his presence.

"Father," he said, after a moment, "do you not know why I am here instead of in New York doing your work?"

"Yes, Elizabeth told me. She said you were here seeking Ruth."

"Whom you had induced to go away."

"Was it not the wise thing to do since you are to marry Elizabeth?"

"You must know now that I shall never marry Beth, Father. I am sorry to grieve you, but I love Ruth, and will make her my wife if she will have me. And I have good reason to believe that she loves me."

Harry had expected his father to break into a storm of passionate anger at this, and was surprised to see him merely let his chin fall dejectedly on his palm, with a deep sigh.

"I know," Harry went on, eagerly, "that you do not believe in love, Father; but I have no choice since I love Ruth."

"A foolish, idle emotion! You turn away from the noblest experiment that ever was brought to the verge of satisfactory fulfillment."

"Ruth will be robust and fit before she undertakes the office of motherhood."

"She can never compare with Elizabeth," said Mr. Thorne, sadly: "If I were your age, and so fortunate as to have this opportunity, I would hold myself the most fortunate of men."

Harry listened in silence, with a smile gathering on his face that Mr. Thorne did not see. But for the fear of hurting him, Harry would have suggested to him, as he had to Elizabeth, that he and she should marry.

"But there!" Mr. Thorne said, suddenly, continuing the conversation. "I will not urge you. You have decided, as you had the right to do. I—I was wrong in interfering; Elizabeth told me so today. She showed me how I had been untrue to myself and unfair to you. I am

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very sorry, Harry. I ask your pardon."

This sudden change in his father's tone shocked Harry. He had been prepared for a struggle—perhaps for a rupture with his father—but to have him admit wrong-doing had never suggested itself to him.

"FATHER," he cried, springing to his side, "don't do that! Don't feel so strongly! Forgive me for not being more open and frank with you. I should have come to you at the first consciousness that I loved Ruth."

"And you knew how violent I would be; is it not so, Harry?" And Mr. Thorne smiled sadly.

"I knew you felt strongly, Father, and I could not blame you. But I am sure that Ruth and I shall be able to continue the work you have begun. She will improve herself and fit herself for motherhood." He leaned forward and held his hand out. "And you will welcome her? You will not turn from her and from me?"

"Surely not, Harry. I admire her for her truthfulness and honesty, for her intellect and character; my only objection to her was her lack of robustness, her unfitness for motherhood." He gave a deep sigh and then went on, "You will wish to find out where Ruth is, I suppose?"

"That first; and then I shall return with a new zest to the search for our enemies."

"No; I have a letter here from Mr. Christy which has determined me to withdraw you from that task. He has convinced me that I am only endangering your life in letting you go on. The trust is too all-powerful."

Mr. Thorne then gave Harry the letter to read. It showed in detail the might and invincible power of the trust. And Harry could not but be struck by the magnitude of the task he had been attempting. He saw at once the hopelessness of it as he had never been able to see it before; and there was born in him then the resolve that he would use his energy to help reconstruct laws that allowed such a corrupt system to exist, rather than fight against the effect of the system.

"He is right, Father," he said, when he had finished the letter.

"Yes, he is right; so abandon your search. And now, leave me, Harry, for if we talked through the night we could come to no other conclusion. Find Ruth and bring her to me when you are ready, and I will welcome her with a whole heart."

"I think you are the noblest man that ever lived," Harry cried, impetuously; "and I wish that, somehow, there would come into your life the happiness you deserve."

And then, fearing to betray emotion that would displease his father, Harry hastened away.

After dinner, because Harry could not rid himself of his own distress nor relieve that of his father, he went to see Elizabeth, hoping she might suggest some way of making his father forget for awhile that his cherished plans of a lifetime had to be abandoned.

Elizabeth showed little interest in all Harry told her—except in the way it affected Mr. Thorne. She insisted that Harry was cruel to hurt him so.

HARRY laughed. "Really," he said, "I was joking a while ago, but I am quite serious now—why don't you marry father?"

"I think your father is the finest, truest, noblest man I ever knew. It isn't once in an age that a man as fine as that lives. Any girl might be proud to be his wife."

"Well, then?"

"Well, I don't mind saying that I have been thinking of it. If I thought I were good enough for him——"

"It seems to me, then, that father's experiment should have a better chance than ever," said Harry. And seeing that his wild hope was really coming true, took the opportunity to ask for Ruth's address.

"You can probably get it from Susie Lewis," said Elizabeth in a tone so gentle that Harry was surprised at the change in her. He thanked her and turned away.

Beth walked slowly on to the Thorne home, and with slower and slower pace mounted the steps to the front door.

Elizabeth Mowbray couldn't remember any such moment of indecision in her life before.

"Well," she murmured to herself, "at the worst he can only say no; and I shall have had the satisfaction of knowing that I had done all I could do to help in the great experiment."

"HEAVEN bless her!" came fervently to Henry Thorne's lips when he heard the voice of Elizabeth in the hall, asking for him. "Come in here, Beth!" he cried, going to the door and opening it. "I am alone, and so glad to see you. Harry has been here," he said when they were alone.

"I have just left him. I told him how he might find Ruth's address. You don't wish I had not?"

"No; that dream is over, Beth. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. But when I think of that puny child and then of you—you so magnificent——"

"She will make herself fit for motherhood; I am sure of that. And then if they really love each other——"

"Love, Beth?"

"Oh, I am not saying it is wise, you know, but there are those who believe in love, and as long as they do it is just as real to them as it is foolish to us."

"That is one way of looking at it; but—"

"It may be his inheritance from his mother, Mr. Thorne," said Beth, gently.

"Perhaps."

"Besides," Beth went on, "I don't see that our experiment need to be set aside just because Harry fails us."

"No? You have not some other—you don't know of any other young man his equal?"

"None. No, I was wondering if the man need be as young as he."

"You have someone in your thoughts, Beth; I am sure you have."

"You have not answered my question about age."

"No, youth is not *sine qua non*, but I have always supposed that it would be pleasanter for you—— You have such a man in view then, Beth?" he asked, trying hard to seem unconcerned.

"Yes. He is a man of your age."

"My age? If I had supposed——"

"If you had supposed what?"

"It does not matter. Is he—is he interested in our humanitarian project? Is he one who would recognize your rights, respect your noble womanhood?"

"I—I don't know why I should be so silly about this, Mr. Thorne," said Beth. "The—the fact is, I am taking the course which is pointed out by regard for the beautiful experiment we have lived for, by my own inclination, by—in short, I came here tonight to ask you to—to be my—my husband!"

"Beth!" he cried, starting to his feet.

"I want to say that I prefer you to Harry. To me you are the noblest man in the world, and if I am entitled to any choice I unhesitatingly turn to you."

"Beth!" There was endless gladness in Mr. Thorne's voice. Then, calmer, he asked, "What will your uncle say?"

"It is not what he says, but what you say. Will you have me? You know you will lose Harry one of these days, and then your house will be lonely."

He opened wide his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

RUTH WARNER, courageously clad in a suit of serviceable bloomers, was in the corn field, hoeing. The farm was her uncle's, and she had gone there to find the health and strength she needed. Her limbs were no longer sore as if she had been beaten with a club, and she was certain that if only she could hear sometimes from Harry, she could be perfectly happy.

"Ruth! Ruth! Hello-o-o Ruth!"

Ruth dropped her hoe and caught her breath. It sounded like Harry's voice. She looked about, afraid to allow herself to hope it was really Harry.

"Ruth! Ruth!" came again, and as she looked toward a rise in the field she saw the top of a man's head followed instantly by the face she dreamed of.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried out; and Harry went toward her in a straight line, regardless of the corn.

They flew into each other's arms. The explanation followed—later.

"And it will not be long till you are fit," said Harry. "I never saw you looking so well."

NEVERTHELESS, they were not married for two years, during which time Ruth worked at the development of her body with such steadfastness and with such good results that even Mr. Thorne was willing to admit that she was almost a fit mate for Harry.

But Mr. Thorne was disposed to take a rosy view of almost everything since Harry's small half-brother was proving himself to be that very marvel which it had been confidently expected Harry's son would be.

Elizabeth, as calm and serene and happy, according to Harry, as the Goddess of Liberty herself, superintended the physical education of her son, and assured Harry that when Ruth had a daughter she should be brought up to be a fitting mate for him.

But Harry laughed, and said with very great emphasis: "No; any child of ours shall be brought up to love; and if any of them doubt the value of love I will point to you as a proof."

"Huh!" was always Elizabeth's answer. She refused to argue with him.

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Age..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City..... State.....

He Took the English Language by the Tail and Snapped Its Head Off

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

BRANN, the Iconoclast

WELL did Emerson say, "When God turns loose a thinker, the earth trembles." Brann, the Iconoclast, was nothing if not a thinker. He had Phosphorus Plus. The Devil of Fear, which holds most of us in moral subjection, never bothered Brann. The principles for which he battled were on the side of Right and Truth. Brann voiced a vigorous protest against the follies and foibles, the shams and vices which he saw everywhere revealed. He had an inimitable style and never made the mistake of calling a spade a club. He did not write for the sake of writing, but because he had something to say. He had ideas, opinions, dreams, and, also the rare ability to get them down in unadulterated Americanese. Poe once said he never had a thought that he could not express on paper. Read Brann's writings and you will say with me "Neither did Brann."

The Wizard of Words

Brann was the master of our language. We moderns who would write luminous, liquid English, readable, witty, wise, far-reaching, must take note of Brann. Brann gloried in a fight of words. His writings are a veritable Donnybrook. Although occasionally he uses "Satire's shaft, which, like a razor keen, wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen," his weapon, chiefly, was the bludgeon of invective and vituperation. Brann unloosed his tongue and pen in denunciation of all and everything that appeared to him to stand between the sunlight and his ideals. His words became torrential tirades of threatenings, cascades of censorious chidings, pyrotechnical punitives. He slung the stones of his rhetoric with the precision of a David. He wielded the two-edged sword of invective like a Doge. He was an Iconoclast—an Image-Breaker. Brann was fearless and uncalculating. He said the things that appeared to him to be necessary. He hit straight from the shoulder—and almost always found the "point." He hypnotized his friends with his hyperbole and crazed his enemies by his calumnious caricatures. He lived a life that was ever at white heat, a life that burnt its way through the years, leaving behind a blazed trail. Behind him he leaves a legacy of luminous literature.

Liberator and Emancipator

One hundred years from now, Brann, the Iconoclast, will be classed as a liberator and emancipator—the issues with which he waged his wars are issues for which all good men and true forever fight. Fraud, fake, deception and deceit were the things that started Brann, the Iconoclast, out on a campaign of bluff-busting that ended only with his life. He fought the good fight with vim and vigor, craving no quarter and giving none. He was a free lance and he probed "to the quick o' the ulcer." If you do not know Brann you have a treat in store. Though dead, he lives in the words he wrote. The Illuminating touch is found in every article he ever penned. It is easy to take issue with Brann, but it is pleasanter and more profitable to admit his point of view and try to keep an open mind. Do this and you will be both enlightened and amused. Brann is well worth reading—Brann with his iconoclastic torch, applying its flame to the purple cloak of hypocrisy and then lashing the burning with such a fury of fiery utterance that the wondering world still clamors for his writings.

For the First Time The Complete Work of

BRANN, the Iconoclast

Heretofore only a small portion of Brann's writings were available, in two small volumes. Thousands clamored for them and then demanded more. But the balance seemed lost. Recently, however, his entire recorded writings were uncovered at his old home at Waco, Texas. And now for the first time they have been collated and published in 12 handsome volumes, 3800 pages—handing down the very soul of the genius of his age in permanent form for the wonder and delight of posterity. These 12 beautiful volumes are a pulsating monument to the virile, fiery apostle of Decency whose gifts and beliefs drew myriads to him and won the welcome enmity of the fake and the fraud.

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We want you to *see* and *read* the Complete works of Brann, the Iconoclast, in your own home, and without laying out a penny in advance. The books will tell you vastly more than anything we could say in their praise. Send for them, examine them, read and enjoy them, keep them for five days. Then if you are not delighted beyond your greatest anticipation, return them and you will not owe even one penny. If you decide to keep them, as we are certain you will, send only $1 after five days, then $2 a month for a few months. Mail the Coupon NOW—send no money. We want you to have a free opportunity to SEE the books.

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Drinking Your Way to Health—

Dr. H. B. Galatian tells of

"The Miracle of Milk"

IF you should meet a friend on the street whose appearance indicated that he was in the grasp of some chronic disease —who was pale, thin and haggard, with a "keeping up to save funeral expense" air about him, and then a few weeks hence should meet the same man, and this time his erect bearing, steady stride, and robust condition indicated perfect health, you would feel like asking whether he had found the proverbial "Fountain of Youth." The chances are he would tell you that he had been drinking of that fount from which issues the white waters of youth, health and strength—**milk.**

"Cure Alls" have been ridiculed and derided by those who subscribe to that foolish maxim—"What is one man's food is another's poison," but if we also stop to consider we will remember that we are all created in the same image and all have the same physiological functions, and are all subject to the same disease, and the one method that has come nearest to curing all cases of disease—is milk. I believe if I were told that I must select one method of treating disease, and only one, and must discard all other methods, I would ask to be allowed to retain the exclusive milk diet.

This conclusion is not based on the results obtained in a few selected cases, but after many years' experience in prescribing the milk diet, both in private and institutional practice. . . .

A Marvelous Recovery

One case I will mention because of its immediate interest, is that of a man whose normal weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, but who weighed but ninety-two pounds when he began treatment. His heart and lungs were in good condition but his alimentary tract and nervous system were in a sorry state. For years there was no bowel action without medicine or enemas. There was a chronic gastritis and almost entire atonicity of colon and intestines, and because of the distress incident to eating he had reduced his diet to mere nibbles, which meant that he was practically fasting. His circulation was so sluggish that he suffered severely from cold, and he was bundled up in a thick suit of underwear, two suits of clothes, a sweater and overcoat, and only after several days on the milk diet could he be induced to discard any of the excess clothing, even while indoors. His memory was practically gone and his mind a confusion of ideas. He had tried treatments galore—from medicine to electricity, from spinal manipulations to diet—and was slowly starving to death. The milk treatment was prescribed. And with what results? He has gained twenty pounds and will continue to gain. There are regular bowel actions without artificial aid of any description. All of the superfluous clothing has been shed. He can walk long distances and take other exercise. His memory has been regained, his mind is clear, and he is in every respect a different person.

Another case came to me weighing one hundred pounds. This man suffered from extreme physical weakness, mental lethargy, and chronic constipation. There was also inflammation of the bile ducts, with retention of bile. Milk was again the prescription. This patient gained twenty-five pounds and was entirely relieved of the liver trouble, his skin becoming pink, his strength increasing, and the constipation remedied. He was advised to continue the milk after returning home, and his weight increased to one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has returned to his regular diet and is still well.

Another interesting case is that of a young man who had been having one or two epileptic seizures each week. He took the milk diet for several months, and when I again saw him a year afterward, he told me he had only one attack in the year, and that, a few weeks previously, induced by overeating of cake and ice-cream at a Sunday School picnic. Milk is undoubtedly the best diet for epileptics.

That the exclusive milk diet is literally a life saver is attested by the case of a young lady who had been told that she would be dead in less than a year, because of anemia. Her hemoglobin was less than fifty per cent, and the red cells one-third of normal. Today she is alive and well, red cells and hemoglobin normal, and thirty pounds heavier.

Dr. Harry B. Galatian

These few cases are mentioned not because they are unusual, as such results are common with the milk diet, when it is taken correctly, but to stimulate those who have not tried the diet, to do so.

Milk Elements Make New Blood

How does milk cure? Milk cures only because it furnishes elements which are badly needed to make new blood. Milk is an easily digested and assimilated food containing ample amounts of all substances required for growth of tissues and organs, and repair of worn-out cells. When taking milk one does not have to worry about combinations or whether this element or that element is being supplied. They are all there in the milk, in living organic form, and the sick body uses them to the best of its ability.

There is no chronic disease in which the exclusive milk diet should not be used. It has long been the standby in wasting diseases, but it should be employed in all chronic ailments of whatever nature. I believe that the person who knows how to use the milk diet has a regimen at hand that can be used in any form of acute and chronic ailment, and even should necessity in disease never arise, a few weeks of milk diet every year will keep any one well, give renewed energy, greater resistance to disease, a cleaner complexion and a better feeling of bodily comfort than any spring tonic or blood purifier ever compounded.

I will close this article by quoting the beautifully expressed tribute to the cow, by Gov. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, in a pamphlet issued by the Illinois Department of Agriculture.

> "The cow is a most wonderful laboratory. She takes the grasses of the pasture and the roughage of the field and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food there is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race and which can be found nowhere else. Men have sought for centuries the fabled fountain of youth. The nearest approach to that fountain which has yet been discovered is the udder of the cow."

The above is from an article by Dr. Galatian

that appeared in a recent issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. Its appearance created a tremendous demand for further information concerning the milk diet treatment for building up run-down bodies. To supply this knowledge we have had prepared a complete course of instruction in the Milk Diet Treatment, comprising six lessons. This course is the joint work of Bernarr Macfadden, the world renowned Physical Culture Authority, and Dr. Charles Sanford Porter, America's leading Milk Diet Specialist.

This course makes it possible for any person to take the Milk Diet Treatment without the necessity of going to a sanitarium for the purpose. It puts the treatment at the disposal of every person that needs it. Its practice, as laid out in this course, need not interfere in any way with the regular routine of your daily life.

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A full year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine and the complete Milk Diet Course costs only $5. In twelve issues of the PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine you will receive the equivalent in reading matter of 25 standard-sized volumes. They include over 1,000,000 chosen words by writers who know, and over 1,000 attractive beautiful engravings. All combined in one year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE. The value to you and to your family's health and the new zest in life will be far beyond any price.

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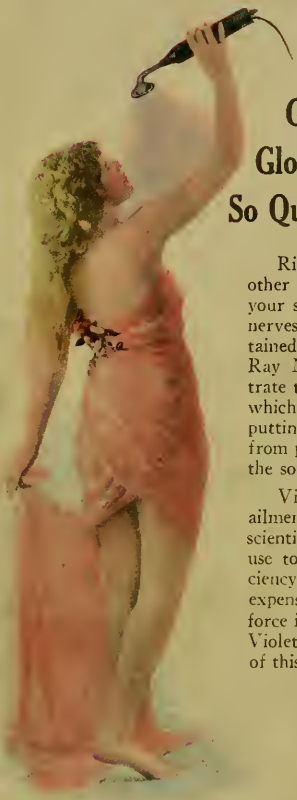

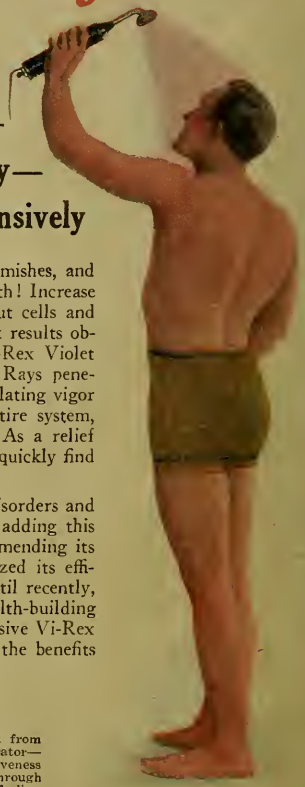

A Wondrous Ray

Gives You Radiant Beauty—Glowing Health—Pulsing Vitality—So Quickly—So Easily—So Inexpensively

Rid yourself of headaches, nervousness, skin blemishes, and other complaints. Enjoy wonderful, sparkling health! Increase your store of energy, revitalize your tired, worn-out cells and nerves. You will be amazed at the splendid, quick results obtained through the use of the wonderful new Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine—right in your own home. Violet Rays penetrate to every cell of the body, imparting that stimulating vigor which brings the glow of health, tones up the entire system, putting life into over-taxed and sluggish tissues. As a relief from pain, Vi-Rex has no equal. Its soothing rays quickly find the source of distress and afford speedy comfort.

Vi-Rex Violet Rays are effective for a host of disorders and ailments. Doctors in all parts of the country are adding this scientific outfit to their office equipment and recommending its use to patients. Beauty specialists have long realized its efficiency for inducing a clear and healthful skin. Until recently, expense prohibited the use of this remarkable health-building force in private homes. Now the practical, inexpensive Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine enables everyone to enjoy all the benefits of this marvelous treatment at home.

Not A Vibrator

The Vi-Rex Violet Ray is essentially different from any other electrical treatment. It is *not* a vibrator—does not shock or jar the nerve ends. Its effectiveness is obtained through its power of penetration—*not* through the manipulation of surface muscles. There is no feeling of soreness or exhaustion after use—only a comforting, agreeable sense of relief.

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We Have Just Published a Remarkable Book

You must Get This Book—PITHY—PERTINENT—TO THE POINT

This book explains in detail the manifold uses of Violet Rays in treating almost every known human ailment. This book also contains charts and diagrams of the nervous system and organic locations, and fully describes just how the Violet Ray works its many seeming miracles. Written in a simple style—devoid of all technical language.

Mail Coupon for Book and Free Trial Offer

Write today for our free booklet describing the wonderful Vi-Rex outfit in complete detail, and particulars of our liberal 10-day trial offer.

Find out how Violet Rays will help *you*. Read what hundreds of users say about the Vi-Rex and the astonishing results which have been obtained. Learn why it is the most economical and practical machine of its kind available. You may use it to gain health, vitality, beauty! There is no limit to its beneficial powers. Write now for this great health book. Mail the coupon or send a postal. Do It Now.

What Satisfied Users and Physicians Say

Trixie Frigauza, well known actress, says: "Cheerfully do I add my praise for Vi-Rex. It is *wonderful*. It cured my brother of neuritis. As for myself, I use it for facial treatments and general massage. I cannot say too much for it."

K. L. Allen, D. C., 205 Boone Building, Boone, Iowa, writes: "I have had some very good results with the application of high frequency current in cases of Paralysis, Rheumatism and Neuritis, and think it a great help in drugless healing."

Dr. Daniels, Lisbon, North Dakota, says: "Have used the Vi-Rex in such cases as Goitre, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Neuritis, Neuralgia and Lumbago, and find it very beneficial. In fact, I would not be without it in my office."

Dr. Bert H. Rice, of Vinton, Iowa, says: "I have good results with the Vi-Rex high frequency instrument in all cases of Neuralgia. Almost instant relief in facial neuralgia."

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July - 25 Cents

True Story Magazine

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

To the Man She Once Loved —

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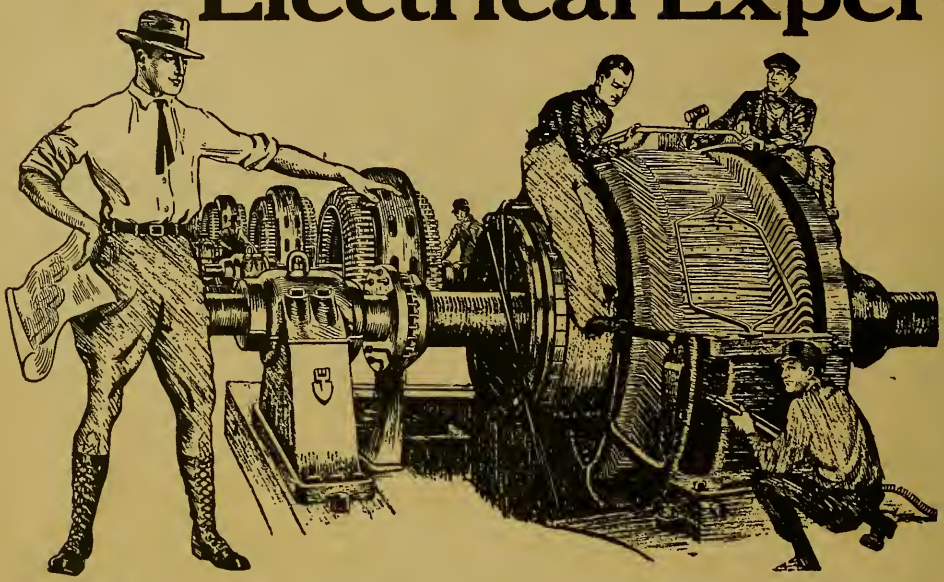
JUN 14 1921

Be a Certificated

"Electrical Expert"



"ELECTRICAL EXPERTS" Earn $12 to $30 a Day

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Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions.

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Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

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Your Success Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me you, *too*, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

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Read the coupon below and see how easy it is to try the Oliver without expense. Simply fill in and mail the coupon — you need not decide to buy the Oliver until you have tried it. If you decide to buy, take over a year to pay — at $4 per month. If you wish to return, we even refund outgoing transportation charges you have paid. Or you can secure fuller information and our de luxe catalog.

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☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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Volume IV

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Harold A. Wise, Advertising Manager, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Chas. H. Shattuck, Western Representative, 770 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Thousand Dollars' Worth of Prize Stories

TRUE STORY'S editors have long recognized—and have acknowledged in these pages—the debt the mazagine owes to the many readers who have written and submitted their life-stories for entry in its prize contests or otherwise. With the constantly growing number of stories submitted to the mazagine has come greater and greater opportunity to select material of a genuine and true-to-life sort.

Here's a Thousand Dollars worth of evidence to prove this, in the form of the list of prize-winning stories selected by the judges, since the closing of the date of the TRUE STORY Contest terminated February first, last.

First Prize of Five Hundred Dollars to
"TO THE MAN I ONCE LOVED"

First One Hundred Dollar Prize to
"FIRED"

Second One Hundred Dollar Prize to
"ROOM AT THE TOP"

Third One Hundred Dollar Prize to
"EUNICE FINDS HERSELF"

Fourth One Hundred Dollar Prize to
"A RUNAWAY COUPLE"

Fifth One Hundred Dollar Prize to
"WHY I'M GLAD I LEFT MY HUSBAND"

YOU will doubtless remember most of the prize-winning stories—and you'll find the one story thus far unpublished beginning on page 18 of the present issue. You'll not have to read far before you'll learn why this story has been awarded the first and largest prize of Five Hundred Dollars in this contest.

Then, on page 16, you'll find what may prove to you a very interesting announcement — that of TRUE STORY's next free-for-all Life Story Contest. As you'll observe, this announcement asks for the sort of story that any man or woman should be able to write—just the sort of story you've always wanted to write.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Bargain Wonders of the Day!

Send No Money!

The most amazing bargains in America today! We guarantee to refund your money if you can match these sensational values. But see for yourself without risking a cent. Make your selections—send only the coupon—**no money now.** Deposit amount of your purchase with postman on arrival. Then after try-on and examination, if you don't think you have received the greatest bargains you ever saw, return goods and your money will be quickly refunded to you without question. Act quick! Get your order into the first mail to Chicago. Don't miss this great sale.

$2.89 "The Diana" Panama Hat

An Amazing Bargain When you see this beautiful hat you will be amazed that it is possible to secure such wonderful value. We have smashed the price! Let us send you one to see for yourself. Made from genuine fine quality imported Toyo Panama straw—very closely hand woven. Wide Copenhagen blue or black ribbon band in fancy novelty bow. Rolled edge brim; perfectly shaped crown. A style that is becoming to women of all ages. Beautifully made throughout. Regular **$4.00** value. COLOR—white only. STATE COLOR OF BAND.

Mail Coupon NOW! Send no money—just your request brings this big bargain. When the hat arrives deposit sale price **$2.89** and postage with postman. If after examination you are not absolutely satisfied return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

Stunning Embroidered LINENE SKIRT $1.98

"It's a dream—the most beautiful wash skirt I've ever seen, and worth double your price"—says one customer. Absolutely the season's most sensational offer! To prove it we will send it to you on approval. Made of heavy fine quality linene—washes and irons perfectly. Beautifully finished all around with beautiful heavy embroidery. Two pretty novelty pockets with pearl button trim. Wide girdle belt—so popular—skirt drapes nicely on any type figure. **Colors: Harding Blue, Old Rose or White. Sizes: 22 to 36 inches waist measure; 36 to 40 inches length. STATE SIZE AND COLOR.** Send no money—just the coupon brings you this amazing bargain. Deposit $1.98 and postage with postman on arrival. Try it on and compare it with others. **Then if you don't think it a phenomenal bargain, send it back and get your money.**

"Strongheart" PANTS $1.95

Think of it, only $1.95 for these neat, long-wearing Strongheart Pants! This is absolutely a world-beating bargain and we will prove it at our risk! Made of closely woven worsted cloth in neat dark gray striped pattern—looks well with any color coat. Well tailored, firmly stitched throughout, both attractive and durable—suitable for work or dress wear. Four big roomy pockets; watch pocket. Loops for belt—buttons for suspenders. Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay on arrival, $1.95 and postage. If after examination you are not satisfied, send them back and we will return your money. Sizes 30 to 42 waist; 30 to 36 inseam. **Be sure to state size.**

$3.98

The "Anita" VOILE DRESS

Let us send you for approval this beautiful charming voile dress. See for yourself that it is the kind of dress for which you must ordinarily pay at least $7.50. But don't take our word for it. Just send coupon at once—before this amazing advertising offer is withdrawn. It won't cost you a cent to see and try on this wonderful dress. The "Anita" is made in fine quality sheer voile cut in a beautiful style favored by women of all ages. Richly embroidered with allover design with scalloped edging, the long flowing sash of self material adds grace and charm. ¾-length sleeves with daintily embroidered cuffs. Opening on left side. You cannot appreciate the beauty of this exquisite dress until you see it. **Colors: White, Harding Blue or Rose. Sizes:** Misses' sizes, **14, 16 and 18 years;** Women's sizes, bust **36 to 44** inches. **State size and color.**

ACT QUICK! Don't delay a moment if you want to take advantage of this special advertising offer. Send no money now. Deposit only $3.98 and postage with postman on arrival. Try on and examine. **If you then don't think it the greatest bargain you ever saw send it back and your money will be returned to you.**

$2.69

White Oxfords and Silk Stockings

Think of it! Only $2.69 for this pair of fine white canvas oxfords and elegant fiber silk stockings. Oxfords are especially pretty and popular style of excellent quality white canvas with leather soles and heel cap. White Theo tie with one eyelet. Best of workmanship. Stockings are full fashioned style fine quality fiber silk with high lustrous sheen. Seamless with double sole, high spliced heel and re-inforced garter top. Don't miss this big bargain! You save just about half on this amazing offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Deposit special advertising price of $2.69 and postage with postman on arrival. Money back if you're not more than satisfied. Colors: white only. Sizes 2½ to 8; stockings 8½ to 10.

"The Constance" Embroidered LINENE DRESS $3.88

Special Advertising Offer

"My dress is fine, fits perfectly—looks beautiful. I couldn't buy a dress here like it for less than $15," **writes one of our customers.** No wonder! Look at this amazing bargain! Think of getting this stunning, elegant beautifully embroidered Linene Dress for only $3.88. Write quick before this special advertising offer is withdrawn. Newest Style—an exact copy of a very expensive model. Made in excellent quality linene—launders perfectly. Charming one-piece style popular with women of every age. Front richly embroidered with beautiful wool French Knot embroidery—a most striking effect. Two novelty pockets. Sash of self material. Piping of white pique below hips all around brings out richness of material. Latest square cut collar piped with pique. Three-quarter length sleeves. **COLORS: Harding Blue or Old Rose. SIZES:** Women's Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure; Misses' Sizes 14 to 18. **State size and color. Just mail coupon—no money.** Deposit only $3.88 and postage with postman on arrival. **Your money back if you are not more than satisfied.**

Special Offers to True Story Readers

SEND NO MONEY—Just this coupon

DAVID STRONG CO., Dept. X747, Chicago

Send me at once the items I have marked X in squares below. When goods arrive I will deposit sale price and postage with postman. If not satisfied after thorough examination I will return goods and you will refund my money quickly and without question.

☐ ANITA VOILE DRESS—No. R-747—Sale Price $3.98. Size.....

☐ DIANA PANAMA HAT—No. PH747. Sale Price $2.89. Color of Band.....

☐ EMBROIDERED LINENE SKIRT—No. LS747—Sale Price $1.98
Color..... Size.....

☐ "STRONGHEART" PANTS—No. WP747—Sale Price $1.95. Size.....

☐ WHITE OXFORDS AND SILK STOCKINGS—No. OS747—Sale Price $2.69.
Size Oxford..... Size Stocking.....

☐ "THE CONSTANCE" LINENE DRESS—No. LD747—Sale Price $3.88.
Color..... Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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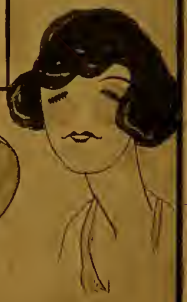


WALSH
W. H. C.

An Amazingly Easy Way to Earn $10,000 a Year

Let Me Show You How Free

TO the average man the $10,000 a year job is only a dream. Yet to-day there are a surprising number of men earning five figure salaries who were merely dreaming of them a short while ago. The secret of their success should prove a startling revelation to every ambitious man who has ever aspired to get into the $10,000 a year class.

There is nothing fundamentally "different" about the man whose salary runs into five figures. He is made of the same stuff as you and I. It is not necessary that he must enjoy the privilege of some influential connection or "pull." For example take J. P. Overstreet, of Dallas, Texas. A few short years ago he was a police officer earning less than $1,000 a year. To-day his earnings are in excess of $1,000 a month—more than $12,000 a year. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa., was formerly a railroad employee on a small salary—last month his earnings were $1,562.

Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

Just stop a moment and think over the successful men of your acquaintance. How many of them are connected with some form of selling? If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who sell, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn big pay?

The man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for $25.00 a week, never increases his value to the firm. Any advance in pay is merely a reward for length of service. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant routine jobs. Once established in the rut, he becomes a cog in the machine—when he is worn out, he can be easily and cheaply replaced.

Why Don't You Get Into the Selling Field?

Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and the others whose letters you see on this page are all successful salesmen. They realized their ambitions by landing $10,000 jobs in an amazingly simple way, with the help and guidance of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Sometime—somewhere back in the past, each one of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship training and Employment Service just as you are reading of it to-day. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity—as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. To-day they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions, for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. trained salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon.

We Train You and Help You Land a Job

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers formed for the express purpose of training men in the science of successful selling. You do not need to know the first thing about selling—for the N. S. T. A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods—in your spare time without making it necessary to give up your present position until you are ready to begin actual selling.

In addition to this remarkably efficient course of training, the N. S. T. A. maintains a Free Employment Service to help its Members to jobs in the lines for which they are best suited. This in itself is of incalculable value for it allows the prospective salesman to make a complete survey of the selling field and to select the work which most appeals to him.

Read These Amazing Stories of Quick Success

Earned $524 in Two Weeks

I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me.—Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

1 Now Earn as High as $100 a Day

I took your course two years ago. Was earning $15 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than $100 in a day. You secured me my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours.—J. L. De Bonis 4615 Warwick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Earns $1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562, and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month.—C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

As soon as I received a letter from you and your literature, I knew that I was on the right track and very soon after I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms whom you informed me were in need of a Salesman and to whom you had recommended me. As soon as they received my application, which was by mail, they wired me to come for an appointment which I did, with the result being that I sold my services to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Denison, Texas.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now!

Get out of that rut! Work for yourself! Salesmanship is the biggest paid of all professions. Just because you have never sold anything is no sign that you can't. We have made Star Salesmen of men from all walks of life, with no previous selling experience. These men have jumped from small pay jobs to big selling positions and handsome incomes. The same training on which they founded their success is open to you. You can follow in their footsteps. Why don't you get in a class with men who make real money? Never before have the opportunities been greater. At least you cannot afford not to investigate the great field of Selling and see what it offers you. It will only cost you a 2 cent stamp and the facts and proof you will receive will surprise you.

Free Book on Salesmanship

Just mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Star Salesman. Let us show you how you can too step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off until to-morrow—write us to-day. Every hour lost keeps you that much farther from success. Mail the coupon at once.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 60-H Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 60-H, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name.....

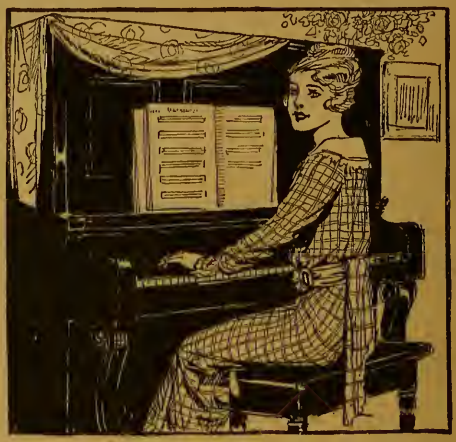
Street.....

City.....T.S.-7-2(

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found An Easy Way To Turn Her Wish Into a Fact

A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 70, have also learned music in the same easy way. A new method that makes singing or any instrument amazingly simple to master. You can try it on approval and see for yourself—no cost whatever unless you are satisfied.



FROM the time I was a child I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I have felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with everyone who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until someone suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been. But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure, it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did amounts to only a few cents a day—and nothing whatever unless you are satisfied.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * * * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 70—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely **by note.** No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear. But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say, or what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy why continue your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book, absorbingly interesting simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact? Just now we are making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post card. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1727 Brunswick Bldg., NEW YORK

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Gentlemen—Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer.

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Please Print Name

Address.....

City..... State.....

FOR BEGINNERS OR ADVANCED PUPILS

Piano	Hawaiian Guitar
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Clarinet	Harp
Cornet	Piccolo
Flute	Trombone
Saxophone	Tenor Banjo
'Cello	

Thousands Write Like This:

"I am delighted to tell you how I am getting on with my lessons. Everything is so plain. I had been going to a teacher for about two months and could not seem to learn a thing. But how quick I understand your lessons."—Eliza Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have already earned enough with my mandolin to pay for the instrument and the course of lessons. Have received many compliments upon my playing."—Lester Plettner, Forestville, Wis.

"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epworth League of M. E. Church, South, after taking your lessons—and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well for your school."—J. G. Castle, Fulton, Mo.

"Have learned more about music and playing in the four lessons received from you than I expected to learn in six months."—D. S. Whitman, Washington, D. C.

"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with me."—Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

Suppose This Happened on YOUR Wedding Day!

Everything is ready for the ceremony. All the guests are assembled. Even the clergyman has arrived. You are taking your last hasty glance in the mirror—when a messenger arrives with a gift. It is an elaborate gift, one of the finest you have received. And it is from some one you have not invited!

What would you do? Would you immediately send a telegram of thanks? Would you write a personal letter offering an apology or an excuse? Would you just send an ordinary card of thanks a few days after the wedding? Would you ignore the incident completely?

And Then After the Ceremony—

How would you acknowledge the congratulations of the guests? What would be the first thing to say to your husband, to his mother, his father? Do you know just how to arrange the reception, and the wedding breakfast? And the cards of thanks, the "at home" cards, the announcements—do you know how to word them and when to mail them?

The wedding day is the happiest day of any man's, any woman's life. But one little blunder, one little unexpected mistake—and that happiest day becomes one so humiliating and miserable that it brings a blush of shame to the cheek whenever one thinks of it.

Perhaps you do not realize how many important little things enter into the planning and preparing of wedding receptions, wedding ceremonies. There are so many opportunities for mistakes, so many chances to do the wrong thing. One must know absolutely, before venturing upon so important an affair as a wedding, just what is right to do and say and wear.

Were These Embarrassing Moments Ever Yours?

Did you ever overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen? If you did, you know what an embarrassing moment it was. Did you know what to do, what to say? Should you have overlooked it? Should you have excused yourself to the hostess? Should you have made an apology to all the company? If you knew the right thing to do and say there would have been no embarrassment, no confusion.

And suppose your engagement were suddenly broken. Would you return the engagement ring? Would you send back any letters? Would you announce the broken engagement to your friends and relatives? If a wedding date has been set and invitations issued, how would you recall them? How would you explain the broken engagement to those who had been invited?

Every day certain unexpected conditions arise, certain awkward and difficult circumstances present themselves. To be able to meet them calmly, without being embarrassed or confused, is to win the admiration and respect of all those with whom you come into contact.

How Do You Introduce People?

If a friend visited you, how would you introduce her to your parents? Would you say, "*Mother, I'd like you to meet Miss Smith,*" or "*Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my mother*"?

If an elderly uncle were present would you say, "*Mr. Jones, meet Miss Smith,*" or "*Miss Smith, meet Mr. Jones*"? And when Bobby comes running in, would you say, "*Bobby, this is Miss Smith,*" or "*Miss Smith, this is Bobby*"?

Now let us pretend that *you* are the one being introduced. Do you know the correct way to acknowledge the introductions? Would you remain seated upon being presented to a gentleman, or would you rise? Would you offer your hand in greeting? Would you use any of these terms, "Pleased to meet you," "How do you do," "Glad to know you"?

Mistakes Made At the Dance

Very often you make mistakes in the ballroom that condemn you as a boor, a person of no culture and breeding. They may be mistakes that you are not conscious of, mistakes that you do not realize you are making—but every cultured man and woman in that ballroom perceives them, and labels you immediately as uncouth, ordinary.

Let us see what *you* know about the etiquette of ballrooms. If you were not asked to dance, do you know how to avoid being a wallflower? Do you know how many times etiquette allows you to dance with one partner? Do you know whether or not it is correct, in good society, to wander away from the ballroom with a fiance?

Or if you are a gentleman, do you know how to ask a lady to dance, and how to take leave of her when the music ceases? Do you know the right dancing positions? Do you know what to do and say if a young lady refuses a dance?

The ballroom is an ideal place to impress by one's culture and delicacy. It is here that the woman is judged as charming or awkward, and the gentleman is judged as well-groomed or hopelessly uncultured.

Encyclopedia of Etiquette In Two Valuable Books

We all know that it is the first impression that counts. The people who meet us and see us every day judge us by our outward appearance, our actions, our manners. They do not wait until they know us before they judge whether we are fine or coarse, cultured or common-place. They judge by their first impressions of us—and first impressions are always lasting.

Then if you want to enter the world of good society, if you want to enjoy the company of brilliant men and women, you must make these first impressions perfect. You must be able to do and say and wear at all times, under all conditions, the thing that is absolutely correct. You must know how to enter a room and how to leave it. You must know how to offer a seat, and how to accept it. You must know how to make introductions and how to acknowledge them. You must know how to meet the most perplexing and embarrassing circumstances with quiet dignity, and poise, instead of becoming flustered and confused.

If you can do these things, if you know the rules of correct conduct—of etiquette—the world will recognize you as a lady, a gentleman, and treat you accordingly.

And that's just what the famous Encyclopedia of Etiquette does—teaches you the right thing to do and say and wear on all occasions, at all times! It solves the problems that have been puzzling you, corrects mistakes, dispels doubt, makes you perfect in the art of etiquette. By knowing and understanding its wealth of valuable information, it brings you dignity, poise, refinement—it prepares you to meet the highest society and command respect wherever you happen to be.

Even the messenger boy saw that she was humiliated, embarrassed, undecided

SENT FREE For 5 Days

Do you know dinner etiquette so well that you can dine with the most cultured people without feeling embarrassed? Do you know the right thing to wear to dances, parties, balls, weddings?

You will find invaluable aid in the splendid two-volume set of the Encyclopedia of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy where you can refer to it again and again. Let us prove it. Let us send you both volumes absolutely free to read, examine and test.

Just the coupon will do. Fill it in with your name and address and send it to us NOW, at once. No money—just the coupon. The complete Encyclopedia of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Keep the books for 5 days at our expense. Read a page here and there. Glance at the illustrations. Notice the table of contents. After 5 days you may send us $3.50 in full payment or return the books, as you please. There s no obligation. You pay for the books only if you are absolutely delighted with them.

But mail the coupon today. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of examining for yourself the famous Encyclopedia of Etiquette. Clip the coupon and mail it NOW.

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Dept. 327, Oyster Bay, New York.

You may send me the complete two-volume set of Encyclopedia of Etiquette. After 5 days, I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. This does not obligate my keeping the books if I am not more than satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

Free Proof that I Can Raise Your Pay

No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make $100—$200, and in many cases even more. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret,"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today, this young man is worth $200,000. He has built a $25,000 home—and paid cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

A Few Examples

Personal Experiences

Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex. U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Ex-Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

$300 Profit from One Day's Reading

"The result from one day's study netted me $300 in cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it for ten times the cost."—Col. A. W. Wilke, Roscoe, So. Dakota.

Worth $15,000 and More

"The book has been worth more than $15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

Would Be Worth $100,000

"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth $100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Texas.

Salary Jumped from $150 to $800

"Since I read 'Power of Will' my salary has jumped from $150 to $800 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

From $100 to $3,000 a Month

"One of our boys who read 'Power of Will' before he came over here jumped from $100 a month to $3,000 the first month, and won a $250 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Private Leslie A. Still, A.E.F., France.

How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer: You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only $3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by I'll be out only the small profit on a $3.50 sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

Pelton Publishing Company
144-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
144-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3.50 or remail the book to you in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

How My Ugly Skin Became Beautiful

Without Self-Denying Diets or Exercises, Without Creams, Lotions, Ointments or Expensive Treatments of Any Kind

BLINDLY I rushed on through that narrow strip of woods between the Grays' house and our little village. My tear-dimmed eyes blotted out whatever little light there was. I stumbled—and fell.

It was Ray Stokes who lifted me to my feet. I knew him right away, in spite of the darkness. He was the new teacher at the high school. But he did not know me.

"I hope you are not hurt," he said, as we started to walk off together.

I knew he was wondering what I was doing alone so late in the evening—but how could I tell him that I had hurried away from the Grays' party because I had been so miserable, unhappy, alone? How could I tell him that there was no one to take me home, no one to notice when I left, never any one to care about me, to comfort me?

And so I was silent as we walked slowly side by side toward the village.

I told them how simple it was—and they were amazed

The Cause of All My Unhappiness

Suddenly as we walked together, Ray and I, in the shadowy half-darkness, I became conscious of a strange new feeling. His very presence seemed to fill me with a strange, overpowering warmth that it is impossible to explain. I wanted to talk to him, to laugh with him. But I remembered—and was silent.

Soon the lights of the village were visible. Oh, if he would only leave me now! If he would only leave me before we reached the glaring lights that would reveal my secret to him! I dreaded the moment when I would have to leave the friendly darkness of the woods.

And then we reached the corner drug store. The cruel glare of the lights revealed me to the full gaze of my companion. He glanced at me and saw my blemished face, just as I knew he would.

But how could I help it? Was it my fault that my skin was unsightly, ugly? For years I had struggled against those disfiguring skin blemishes. I had stood before my mirror hours every evening, testing creams and lotions and salves. I tried every new powder and treatment and "cure." But the more I struggled against it, the more marked and rough my skin became.

We were at my door now. But in my embarrassment the pretty phrases I had planned to say were forgotten. I was glad to get inside—and cry myself to sleep.

I Discover the Source of Beauty

The next morning I determined to find some way to clear up my unsightly skin. But what could I do? I had tried almost everything—creams, lotions, special treatments, even rubber applications. Yet my face remained rough, pimpled.

That afternoon an old school chum from the city called. Her complexion was so delicate and pearly that it was almost transparent. She told me a secret—a secret that had taken her years to discover.

She told me there is beauty hidden in every skin, and that beneath my pimples and blemishes there was a complexion as beautiful and charming as hers. She told me that it required only the correct treatment to bring it to the surface. And best of all, she told me that that treatment was no treatment at all—that all my powders, creams and lotions could be thrown away, forgotten. It was absolutely new—and the simplest thing in the world.

Here's the Secret

Who would ever dream that there are certain food combinations that clear up the pimpled skin and make it firm, smooth and attractive! Yet startling new facts about the foods we eat have revealed an amazing beauty secret. Let me tell you all about it.

You must not confuse this new method with any diet or special food treatment you have ever heard anything about. It is entirely different. It is not ordinary dieting, but a remarkable new discovery based on the combining and proportioning of certain foods—the same foods you eat every day in the restaurant, in your home—but just combining them differently. And the amazing part is that it is so quick to show results. Why, it's almost like magic!

Frankly, I did not want to try this new method at first. I had tried so many things, followed so many people's advice. But then there was Ray. How wonderful it would be if my skin became suddenly beautiful! Yes, I would try it.

And so I gave up medicines and drugs and ointments. I just followed certain simple directions and watched for results. The first few days nothing happened. My skin seemed just as pimply and ugly as ever. But during the second week a remarkable change took place.

First a tingling bloom glowed in my cheeks. Then the pimples dried and disappeared. At the end of the second week my skin was as smooth and soft as velvet. And before I realized it all the hidden beauty of my skin had burst forth with a sudden brilliance. Now when I use powder or cream my skin looks as delicate and transparent as the most exquisite cameo. I know because Ray told me.

And then there was that day at the party when they all asked me for the secret of my "wonderful skin." I told them how simple it was—and they were amazed. That started me thinking. There must be many other girls and women who would like to know about this quick and easy way to gain a beautiful complexion. When one of the guests suggested writing about it for publication, I was only too glad to agree.

An ugly complexion, a skin that chaps and becomes scaly when powder is used, that pimples easily and is never clear—these are all symptoms of wrong eating. If your complexion is rough and sallow, if you always seem to have pimples and blackheads, you can be sure that you are not eating the correct food combinations. And yet by eating these same foods, only at different times, and certain ones together, your blood will be quickly purified and your complexion made soft and smooth.

You have always wanted a smooth, pretty complexion. Here is a way for you to gain a complexion as soft and beautiful as a child's—and without any expensive treatment or self-denial. The startling food revelations contained in Christian's course, "Beautifying the Complexion," shows you how to quickly change your rough, pimpled skin into one of beauty.

Complete Course Sent Free

Mr. Christian has asked me to add here, at the end of my story, that he will send his five-lesson course free to your door, if you just send him your name and address. He asks you to remember that there are no fads in his course—no special medicines or foods, no powders, cream or lotions. Just simple, easy-to-follow lessons that require no discomfort on your part. The cause of all skin "diseases" comes from within, and merely by eating certain correct combinations of food—the same delicious foods you eat every day—these impurities vanish.

I am adding a coupon for your convenience. Fill it in with your name and address and send it to Mr. Christian at once. He will send you the remarkable little lessons in "Beautifying the Complexion by Scientific Eating." Don't send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $2 when the course is in your hand. Your money will be returned if you are not absolutely delighted with results. But act at once, before this offer is withdrawn. Mail the coupon NOW.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. B-1637, 43 W. 16th St., New York

EUGENE CHRISTIAN,
Corrective Eating Society, Inc.,
Dept. B-1637, 43 W. 16th St., New York

Without any money in advance please send me Eugene Christian's complete course, "Beautifying the Complexion by Scientific Eating." I will pay the postman $2 on arrival. My money is to be promptly returned if I am not absolutely satisfied.

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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

The New Wonder Science

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN
Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

MAN has at last found the way of looking into the deep recesses of the Human Mind. This new and wonderful science is termed "Psycho-Analysis." We owe its birth and development to the efforts of the celebrated Viennese Psychologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Psycho-Analysis has enthused the thinkers of every nation, especially those in England, France and Germany, and is fast gaining headway among the thinkers of America.

Psycho-Analysis permits us to analyze the mysteries of the Human Mind, which have perplexed scientists for many centuries. Scientists agree that where formerly we had an insight of less than one per cent into the active channels of the mind, today its doors are thrown wide open to us. Psycho-Analysis enables us to understand human character, and human motive, in a manner we have hitherto never done—scientifically.

What is Psycho-Analysis? This question cannot be answered in a few paragraphs. Briefly, it deals with the Unconscious Mind, or, as it is sometimes called, the Sub-conscious Mind. What is the Un-conscious Mind? Again I must be brief; it represents the mental impressions of every thought, act and experience that has taken place in our lives and in the lives of our forefathers for generations back. For instance, if one of your forefathers in ages past had had a narrow escape from drowning, you may perhaps inherit an Un-conscious fear of the water because of this occurrence. If to-day you should barely escape being run down by an automobile, perhaps some of your descendants several generations hence may have an undue fear of being struck by a moving vehicle, or perhaps a flying machine. Our Un-conscious Mind, thus, keeps an accurate record of every past event, whether experienced by us or by our forefathers. Sometimes these events find expression through the medium of fantastic dreams. Freud specializes in analyzing such dreams, determining by this method the nature of the Un-conscious fears and disturbances that harass the minds of his patients.

Great and learned as Freud undoubtedly is, he is not without his opponents and critics. In England especially, his basic principles have been attacked by physicians and psychologists. His theory, that the sex instinct is the basis of nearly all nerve unrest, has been challenged by them. Personally, I hold that the instinct of self-preservation, and *not* race-preservation, is the most powerful human instinct, and that it is therefore most likely to be the origin of nerve unrest and nerve strain. The instinct of race-preservation (Sex) I consider only a powerful sub-instinct, which together with the greater instinct (Self-preservation) I term "Basic instincts." It must be admitted that all our thoughts and motives are centered upon our fight to live, more so than on our desire to reproduce. Hence Self-preservation is termed "the first law of nature."

Psycho-Analysis has opened up new and wonderful channels for Mind Training. It has furthermore opened up entirely new paths toward the development of our moral life. However, its greatest scope lies in the vast opportunities it offers as a means of restoring SHATTERED NERVES.

Without a knowledge of Psycho-Analysis, it is almost impossible to determine the original cause of Nerve Exhaustion. It has been vaguely understood by us that worry, fear, anxiety, grief and kindred mental strains and shocks have a disastrous effect upon the Nerves, but *why* and *how* this is so, has remained a complete mystery to us. It is only by the aid of Psycho-Analysis that we have finally discovered that the injury inflicted on the body and mind by mental strains is caused by way of the Un-conscious Mind. I will cite an example: let us suppose that an event occurs that gives us a great fright, causing wild beating of the heart, a choking sensation and severe trembling of the knees. As soon as the cause of the fright has passed, all outward effects of the "fear-shock" also disappear. But for a long time thereafter we still feel the presence of a vague *internal* fear which we cannot throw off. It may remain with us for hours, days or months, harassing and undermining the nerves. Our Conscious mental strains, therefore, are enlarged upon in the Un-conscious Mind, just as the explosion of the tiny electric spark in the spark-plug of an automobile causes greater explosions of the gas in the cylinders. Unfortunately, we are absolutely unaware of these powerful internal explosions which involve the Un-conscious Mind, for the simple reason that they *are* unconscious.

Psycho-Analysis has placed the treatment of nervous disorders for the first time in history on a positive basis. By doing so, it has become one of the most important of all sciences, because Nerve Exhaustion is unquestionably one of the most dangerous and wide-spread plagues the world has ever known. There is but one malady more terrible and that is its kin—Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can comprehend the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. Yet nine people out of ten suffer from Nerve Exhaustion in various minor degrees without knowing it. Usually they attribute their weaknesses and miseries to physical causes, while the *real cause* is "NERVES."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show the disease of any particular organ. In nearly every case the real cause is Nerve Exhaustion. The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in the bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies and, in extreme cases, Insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms above mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force. Perhaps you too are a victim of ailments that can be traced back to deep and hidden upheavals in the Un-conscious Mind.

I have for thirty years specialized in the science of building up Nervous and Physical forces in people whose nerves are shattered, and have treated more cases of "Nerves" than any other man in the world. During the last twenty-one years I have treated over 90,000 cases by mail alone, in all parts of the world.

If you are a victim of nervous ailments, or perhaps organic and physical ailments that do not respond to medical treatment or other methods, submit your case to me and I shall tell you definitely whether your condition is due to weak and deranged nerves and whether I can help YOU, as I have helped thousands of others.

Detailed information regarding my methods cannot be given here; I shall state briefly, however, that in addition to the application of special forms of training that reach both the Conscious and the Un-conscious Mind, my treatment also includes every practical physical method known to be of value in the restoration of the nervous powers.

Positively no fee is charged for a Preliminary Diagnosis of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my treatment, if you write me. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you special instructions how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by nerve specialists. I shall also send you FREE other important data on Nerve Culture, which will give you an understanding of your nerves such as you never before had.

If you have read thus far, you will surely be interested in my sixty-four page book entitled "Nerve Force." It teaches how to control the Nerves and prevent Nerve Exhaustion. In order that anyone can profit by the information given therein, it is written in simple and non-technical language. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Over 300,000 copies have been sold during the last two years. I shall also agree to send, without added cost, a copy of my booklet on "Prevention of Colds." This booklet contains some important information on this subject that is not generally known. It is needless to say that if these books do not meet with your fullest approval and expectations, I shall refund your money.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN
110 W. 40th St., Studio 203, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I wish to investigate your system of Nerve Culture and have a Preliminary Diagnosis made of my case. This will not obligate me to take your treatment or pay you anything.

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Enclose 25 cents if you wish the books.

MAY 20 1921

True Story Magazine

The One Thing that Matters

By Bernarr Macfadden

LIFE to most of us is an incomprehensible complication.

We are sometimes lost in the maze of its intricacies.

"It may be beyond understanding in many ways but ONLY ONE THING MATTERS," said my friend. He is a man of considerable wealth and of great culture.

"What is that one thing?" I asked; and he replied:

"A happy home, which means the love of a good woman and a house full of healthy, joyous kiddies."

And he is right. What does wealth amount to if it doesn't ultimately lead you to a happy home? Of what avail is fame and the applause of the multitude, if there is no foundation of rest and contentment in your own soul?

WHATEVER your goal in life may be, however intense your ambitions may be, there must be the home-making instinct back of it all, or it will be aimless, pointless and useless in the end.

Honor is empty, meaningless, sordid and cold, if through your effort to gain it, you crush the home-making spirit. There are times when the struggle required to reach the goal of one's ambition brings great satisfaction in itself. But unless you are working for the fundamental thing—a home and a family—this can be nothing more than a temporary pleasure.

You need a home with a sweetheart in it, and with happy voices resounding through its rooms glad of your homecoming. When you have a wife and a home like this, then indeed you have a divine incentive for work.

Yes, my friend is right. Wealth can buy you a palatial mansion—but alone it cannot buy you happiness. Wealth cannot buy loyalty or love.

THE greatest rewards come with the ONE THING THAT MATTERS.

Don't miss it in the hurry and rush and confusion of your life.

Don't get lost in the intricate meshes of modern living.

Don't take the by-path that leads only to fame, wealth and other glittering, meaningless rewards.

All things are but empty baubles unless they lead to a fruitful contented home.

A home is life's richest, most munificent reward. Whatever mistakes you make, don't forget the ONE THING THAT MATTERS.

Pelham Kills the Thing He Loves

"For each man kills the thing he loves . . . Yet each man does not die."
—The Ballad of Reading Gaol

"THERE is always one woman in every man's life. Often not the woman he respects and marries, but *the woman he can't forget!*"

We were seated beside the fire in the comfortable living-room of Tom Pelham's hunting lodge in the Adirondack mountains, when he broke the silence with this strange remark.

I looked at him with amazement. So far as I knew, my old friend had no reason to bring up such a disturbing sex question. He is one of the richest and most popular men in the real Four Hundred of New York. Apparently, life has given him everything he could want. And he will be married next week to one of the prettiest and most charming girls in his social set.

Yet this is the story he told me in response to my amazed look. And in his face, when the firelight touched it, I could see a whole world of bitter remorse and of desire unfulfilled; and in his voice I could hear a haunting wistfulness and the throb of hopeless passion.

I remember Elsie's face so well on that last night, when she looked straight up into my eyes and said: "You *will* be true, Tom! . . . You'll come back . . ."

"PEOPLE who do not understand the call of youth to youth would call Elsie King bad, but I knew her better than any other man during the sweetest years of her life, and I say she was one of the best women God ever made. Her only fault was that she trusted too much in the rashly given promises of my hot-headed youth.

"She was good to look at, with the sort of beauty that artists rave about. Red-gold hair, dead white skin against vivid red lips and large dark eyes. Her form was slender, with youthful curves, and she had an unusual gracefulness of manner.

"When I first saw Elsie she was confidential secretary to my uncle. Like so many girls in similar positions she had come to feel superior to the young men whom she met in her home environment. She wanted romance and a Prince Charming, like the well-groomed, prosperous men who came in and out of her employer's office. Just a wholesome, normal young girl, with innocently eager eyes and a dream-filled soul.

"I had finished my Junior year at Cornell and had gone out to Chicago to spend my summer vacation with my mother's married sister. Aunt Grace was younger than mother and full of the importance of her social position. Though she made much of me in her way, she was far too busy to inquire very closely into how I spent my time. I honestly tried to make friends with the young people she introduced me to, but the fellows were not my kind, and the girls bored me. I just didn't fit.

"So I was quite ready to be interested when I met Elsie King one day in the anteroom of my uncle's office. I remember just how she looked in that odd little tailored frock of dark blue, touched with bits of colorful embroidery, that brought out the fresh, clear beauty of her. She gave me a very frank and impersonal smile as she took my card, but somehow I felt a thrill which no girl had ever given me before.

Charlotte . . . and a number of other Y girls were running a canteen hut . . . Quite by chance we discovered we were from the same part of the States

"THAT evening one of Uncle Peter's most valued clients was taken suddenly ill and sent for uncle to go over his will. The chauffeur was taking Aunt Grace to the opera with the big car, and uncle asked me if I would mind driving him out to his client's house in the runabout, and then going for Miss King whose assistance would be needed in drawing up the new will. Remembering her smile of the afternoon, I was delighted with the commission.

"After I delivered her at the home of the sick millionaire I waited until she came out to go home. The chauffeur had come in the big car for my uncle. The girl seemed surprised to see me there, and touchingly grateful for my thought of her. Her eyes, in the moonlight, were like clear, bright stars, and there were little trembling cadences in her voice as she spoke to me. The touch of the slim young body there beside me on the narrow seat, brought a wild, sweet joy which I was sure she shared. Both of us were young and inexperienced and wholly unable to account for the attraction that drew us together.

"That was the beginning! The runabout was always at my disposal and for three months we enjoyed each other's company, first as pals and then as sweethearts.

"Elsie's love was as open and pure as a spring morning, but mine was—well, I was a selfish young cub, with no training or experience to guide me through this maze of new, surging emotions and desires. And each time I saw the girl I was more strongly drawn by her physical attractions. I admired the graceful curve of her silken ankles, the softness of her throat and shoulders partly revealed by her dainty blouses, the lines of her body as she walked with a lithe, almost boyish swing.

"Understand, I am not blaming the girl She never was lax or careless in her behavior. She followed her woman's instinct in making herself fair to the eye of the man she honestly loved. And she never doubted that my intentions were honest. But I knew they were not. I was not planning to marry my uncle's secretary. It wasn't done in my social circle. Yet I had no deliberate intention of harming the girl. I was simply drifting, drawn by an urge beyond my boyish control.

"THE summer was nearing its close when we went for a drive, one night, to a small, exclusive inn, a few miles out of the city. We had supper on a little veranda, where we could see the stars, and the scent of the late roses came up to us heavily. Across the candle-lit table Elsie's face was like a flower—she had never seemed so lovely! I could not sit there, passive, and watch her. The moment the meal was over I suggested that we drive again, and in a few moments we were skimming over a smooth road that ran on and on, a white ribbon unrolling in the shadows, leading us—where?

"I stopped the car and took her in my arms. 'Elsie, darling,' I whispered, 'I love you. I worship you. I want you, sweetheart!'

"I tilted back her head and put my lips to hers, all my pent up passion seemed to culminate in that one kiss.

"After a moment I felt her arms steal up around my neck. Her lips responded to mine, and a strange, intoxicating elation came over me, as, without a word, I knew that I had won, that my sweetheart was mine whenever I chose to claim her.

"I didn't delay very long. Unexpected trouble with my car seemed to relieve me of the responsibility of deciding whether I was to be a man or a cad. There was a heavy thunder shower brewing, too. We were near a farmhouse and I took Elsie there. The kindly old people assumed that we were man and wife and urged us to pass the night with them.

"Well, we spent the night at the farmhouse.

"No one questioned us afterward. My relatives assumed that I had stayed at the Country Club as I sometimes did. Elsie's mother thought she had spent the night with a girl friend. We were safe as far as the conventions were concerned. No one ever knew of our trip to the country.

"But strange to say, my night with Elsie in the farmhouse had served to lessen my infatuation, instead of bringing us closer together. I had grasped the fruit of my desire and it no longer tempted me. My sweetheart was outside the pale of good women now, and I tried to make myself believe she had no claim on me.

"OF course I was a coward and a cad. My only excuse is that I was too young to deal with a problem such as I faced. I had promised to marry Elsie, but we both knew that my parents would not consent to a marriage before I finished college, and she did not expect, did not even want me to defy their wishes. She had too much good sense not to see that my future would be wrecked by such a course.

"There was no scene, nothing to make it hard for me when the time came to go back to college. I remember Elsie's face so well on that last night, when she looked straight up into my eyes and said:

" 'You *will* be true, Tom! I've given you all a girl can give, and I'm not sorry, because it was the gift of love. You'll come back, and marry me, and we'll be, oh, so happy, won't we?'

"The spell of the warm, sweet-scented evening, of the moonlight, the blossoming shrubbery, the faint lapping of the waves on the shore of the lake, and of Elsie's glowing eyes, was upon me. I kissed her, and promised everything she asked.

"BUT when I was back in college and in the swim of things there, my friendship with my uncle's stenographer took on a different aspect. I was ashamed of it. I knew my father would never for a moment listen to my marrying her. All the boys talked freely of their summer love affairs and of the various ways in which they broke them off. They seemed to feel that the man who had been too friendly with a girl was doing the honorable thing if he sent her money.

" 'But you can't make it up to a girl, just by giving her money,' I expostulated once with a man several years my senior. He laughed indulgently.

" 'How *would* you make it up?' he asked lightly. 'Money is what these dear girls are out for, my boy. Don't ever flatter yourself that an intelligent girl is throwing away her virtue because she wants your lifelong devotion. She knows that's not the way lifelong devotion is won!'

"What's the matter, Tom? Have you two met before?" My soul froze within me, and still I could not speak

"I believed him, because I wanted to. I wrote a letter to Elsie—a letter that I tried to make friendly and lightly cynical and altogether sophisticated. I explained to her that I felt sure she had taken our little summer affair as lightly as I had. I told her that she understood, of course, that the woman a man married must be above reproach. And I closed by saying that I was instructing dad's attorney to mail her a goodly sum as a token of my appreciation of her delightful companionship.

"I waited, uneasily, for her answer—but it never came. A second letter came back unopened, and a third met the same fate. The attorney informed me that the check came back, uncashed. I was not wholly selfish and irresponsible and I worried about the girl, at first, and was honestly anxious to know if all was well with her.

"THEN the storm that had been brewing for months culminated overnight, it seemed. Our country was at war, and with that announcement everything else seemed far away and unimportant. Through my father's political connections I secured a commission in the army and after a few months' training I sailed with my company for France.

"This isn't the time or place to tell stories about what happened 'over there.' But I do want to say that being there in the thick of the fighting, seeing men cut down every day by the thousands, gave me a new outlook on things. War is hell, all right, but it made a lot of men look down into their own souls and up into the face of God—men who never had looked either place before.

"No, I couldn't marry you, Tom. You don't understand that you killed my love for you"

"It was during those last awful months before the signing of the armistice that I was fortunate enough to form a friendship with Charlotte Harding. She and a number of other Y girls were running a canteen hut near the town where I was stationed during the rest periods, and we struck up a friendship at one of the weekly dances held in the Red Cross building. Quite by chance we discovered we were from the same part of the States and knew the same people. We had a lot in common, and it didn't take long for me to discover what a little thoroughbred she was. In a short time we became engaged.

"We cabled the glad tidings home and both her folks and mine sent prompt congratulations. It seemed to be one of those rare matches where everyone is satisfied.

"BUT even in the first flush of my romance with Charlotte, I was never at peace with myself. Every time I caressed her I thought of another girl, just as good and innocent, to whom my caresses had brought nothing but sadness and regrets. Often in the dead of night I held solemn communion with myself, questioning whether I would be satisfied with the matter of fact devotion I would receive from Charlotte after our marriage. For as soon as the novelty of our engagement had worn off, I knew that my fiancée was rather cold and restrained. Back of her were generations of women and men who had considered a frank display of their emotions as entirely out of place and ill bred. Charlotte had been trained from childhood to keep her emotions under cover, and when I compared her reticences to Elsie's sweet, glad surrender, I felt what was lacking.

"Inconsistent? Of course. But men are like that. We tempt the girl with the full, warm nature until she yields to us. Then we cast her off and marry the 'virtuous' woman—that is, the woman whom training and inheritance has made cold and reserved. And *then* we long for the first girl, the one who was not good enough to become the wife of the cad who ruined her life!

"We were planning to be married during my leave of absence at Christmastime in one of the quaint old cathedrals of Paris, but the signing of the armistice changed our plans. Charlotte was able to sail for home immediately, and we decided to postpone the wedding until I could follow her, and be married in the presence of our families and friends.

"She had been home but a short time when her letters began to be full of a new friend named Eva Dare. Miss Dare was a writer, and her latest (*Continued on page* 69)

Things to Remember

¶ Contest closes December 31, 1921. ¶ Prizes of $100.00 each totaling $1,000.00 will be awarded the ten prize-winning stories. ¶ At least one prize-winning story will appear in each issue of the Magazine until ten stories have been published. ¶ Prizes will be awarded those stories that TRUE STORY'S editors believe most convincing as well as unique and interesting. ¶ Stories of from 3,000 to 10,000 words are preferred, but shorter or longer stories of exceptional merit will be given the same degree of consideration.

$1,000.00 for the Year's Best True Stories

You Can Help Us Prove that Truth Really is Stranger than Fiction, and Share in the Thousand Dollars to be Awarded the Most Convincing and Interesting Life Stories Submitted During This Year.

TRUE STORY'S editors will not be governed in their judgment of prize stories by the past success or even the literary training of the writers of stories submitted in this contest. The Contest is open to every sort of story—whether it deals with Romance, Business, Adventure, or what-not—that is marked by true-to-life qualities.

Sex-problem narratives will be judged upon the ground of the interest of the story they tell rather than upon their subject-matter. No particular theme will obtain preference. Manuscripts that are type-written are especially desired.

TO prove that Truth is stranger than Fiction, it is not essential that morbid, sensational or revolting scenes from life be set down on the printed page—undeniable as the existence of such scenes may be. Yet some lives *are* marked by happenings as stirring and dramatic as the most far-reaching imagination and the most gifted narrator could depict.

While the primary purpose of this particular Thousand Dollar Prize Contest is to secure stories tending to prove Truth stranger than Fiction, no form of life-story will be denied consideration or treated with preference.

IT is merely necessary that contestants set down in as direct and convincing a manner as possible some story from their own or another's life that appeals to them as of particular interest. The greatest sacrifice you've ever known a man or woman to make—the greatest love you've ever observed—the most remarkable example of success wrung from failure you've ever known—the most unusual effect that marriage or parenthood have brought about in every-day men and women like yourself and other TRUE STORY readers—these and a thousand-and-one like themes are open to those who enter this contest.

Human experiences of any sort may serve as the plot for your story.

IT will be of course advantageous to stand prepared to verify the groundwork of your story. But this does not mean that minor details will be subject to investigation or inquiry. It is desirable simply to keep your story true-to-life and not to tax the belief of the reader to such degree as to lessen the appeal of the tale as a life story.

WHATEVER distinctive and outstanding character TRUE STORY may have is due, so its editors believe, to the atmosphere of real life with which its readers invest the stories they submit for publication in its pages. TRUE STORY'S editors value above all else the co-operation and assistance of its readers that makes this possible.

So everyone—this means you, too—is urged to send in a story that will prove so interesting to the editors that you will be quickly assured of a share in the Thousand Dollars in cash prizes to be awarded for the ten most convincing life stories submitted before the close of this year.

Manuscripts may be submitted in any form desired. When convenient to submit them in typewritten form, this will be of distinct advantage.

The story need not be one of your own life. It is not even essential that it be written in the first person. It *should* be a special narrative of human endeavor toward success, or happiness, health or wealth.

Your manuscript should reach the judges before December 31st—the sooner the better.

Let's hear from you *now!*

Putting the True Story Across

NOT so long ago H. H. Van Loan, who here sums up his experience in writing and staging the true story, was a newspaper reporter on a country paper. He rose to an editorial position on a New York daily, and then became a special European correspondent for a syndicate. Returning to America, with a desire to write for the screen, he studied the field while employed as a scenario reader and later he struck out boldly for California—where his many friends hope he and his family will "live long and prosper."

H. H. Van Loan—he bats right-handed with his fountain pen, tho this print doesn't say so—is equally at home in the cycle or other saddle, or at the desk, and at collecting as well as relating true stories

EVERY one of us, who has reached the age of discretion, has lived at least one romance—some of us have lived lots of them—but when we try our hand at writing stories or scenarios we are inclined to wander far afield. The law clerk usually writes of war heroes, the stenographer of society queens, the country boy of financiers, the chorus girl of her country cousin—and the masterpiece naturally falls flat.

Now I've found the richest vein of material for stories and scenarios is right in my own life. The reader may argue—and with some justice, it would seem—that very few people are so lucky as to do work that takes them around the globe and brings them in contact with all sorts of people. My argument still holds, however. The *true story* which you yourself have lived, or of which you have intimate knowledge—that is the material for your tale.

Take up your morning or your evening paper; and you'll find in it true story material galore. Here are some illustrations from my own experience:

Shortly after the Bolshevists assumed the reins of power in Russia, the Soviet at Saratov issued a proclamation that it was unlawful for any man to possess his wife alone if another member of the community desired her. I read of this in the newspapers which printed the story broadcast, and it shocked me so that I finally secured a copy of the original decree and wrote a successful film-story around it.

A CERTAIN "bad" Mexican, in San Bernardino, California, was convicted of murder, on circumstantial evidence. Sentenced to life imprisonment, the Mexican spent his spare time in the San Bernardino jail by drawing upon the plastered walls a reproduction of the scene of the Crucifixion. The sketch drew so much attention that a band of citizens finally secured the parole of the Mexican, and since his release he has been devoting himself exclusively to his art—although he had never drawn or sketched before his incarceration. I said that this was a made-to-order film-story, and I proved it.

DON'T think I am advising you to throw up your job and travel around the world, or to piece newspaper stories together—and thus become a story or scenario-writer. You must use some discretion and discrimination in writing your story—still more in selling it.

To the Man I Once Loved

The Month's Five Hundred Dollar Prize Story

In The Thousand Dollar True Story Prize Contest

HERE'S a genuine human document—a letter written long, long after the happenings related in it have taken place. Despite the lapse of years, its depth of feeling and its vividness breathe the breath of life upon the scenes it brings back. It appears on the printed page in the very words in which set down by the woman who bares in it her heart's secrets and not by the practiced pen of author or journalist.

DEAR BILLIE:

For just this once I will allow myself the old, familiar salutation. I wonder if you have forgotten, Mr. William Henry, the loving girl who called you that name.

You are asking yourself impatiently why I write to you at all, why I cannot let the past remain decently buried, why I thrust myself into your life again, even for the time required to read this letter.

The answer is very simple. It is because I am a woman. When a new interest comes into a man's life he throws off the past with an impatient gesture, sets his face toward the future and rigidly abstains from looking back. It is an intelligent way, a sane and consistent way. But it is not a woman's way! No matter how busy, or happy, or full a woman's life becomes, she stops now and then to look back and remember. For her the old love burns, the old memories throb, the old hate rekindles. If in those old days she was misunderstood, misjudged, wronged, she becomes filled with a passionate desire to be understood and judged rightly.

I have heard of your approaching marriage. After that I shall be silent, forever, so far as you are concerned. So I ask you, just this once, to go back with me to the days when I first knew you.

"Arlene," you said, "you know how much I love you . . . Are you going to turn me out of the brightness of your presence?" . . . I strongly urged you to go . . . and tried to start you down the front steps

YOU were the president of a great steel mill. I was the daughter of a judge of the lower court in a small city near Boston. I was eighteen years old, the eldest of a large family of motherless children. That summer my aunt had taken me with her to Kentucky and through her friends there we met you. You were to all appearances the perfect type of Southern gentleman. No man of your age or position had ever noticed me. Your attentions flattered and delighted me. And when you announced your desire to visit me the next summer, at my home, I was divided between joy and misgivings. I longed to have you come, but I was ashamed of my home.

Our home was a small, simple cottage, set in the midst of large grounds with many trees, in a very attractive section of the city.

I was early in life a thorn in my father's flesh, because I had ideas of pride and style far beyond our means. I despised our cozy cottage. The large number of brothers and sisters I considered a mark of disgrace, belonging on the plane of the wash-woman or the common laborer.

The thought of your visit the following summer continued to worry me. My home looked more commonplace than ever after my summer with aunt. I was more discontented with the quarreling, troublesome brothers and sisters. I was no shirk and did more than my part to keep our home neat and attractive, but to no avail. It seemed as if furniture and carpets were always being worn threadbare by the rough usage of three great husky brothers and three lively healthy girls. Housekeepers were always arriving and departing. Father was often in despair. I felt

I belonged apart from these brothers and sisters and I was foolish enough to think that you would be disgusted with us all if you saw us together.

LAST, but not least, there was my father, a man in a class by himself. He was known all over the city as the sternest judge on the bench and the terror of all evil doers. Simple and honest to the highest degree, he was a true disciple of Thomas Jefferson in his democratic ways.

Our home seemed good enough for him. He loved it, as he often told me when I begged him to move to a more pretentious house. It was the house where he had taken my mother as a bride. It was the roof tree under which his large brood of children had been born. It was down that long driveway he had seen the last earthly remains of my mother carried. His heart broke when she died. People of our family love only once—and for a whole lifetime.

My discontent troubled him greatly, especially as I grew older. Few of the boys in our home city dared pay me much attention, for all knew father's strict ideas and stern countenance. Life to me, a romantic girl, was anything but a bed of roses.

From the time I was sixteen I had been allowed to have one young man caller. My father expected me to marry him and the young man had indeed engaged himself to me without much enthusiasm on my part. I wanted to see the world and choose from a large number instead of marrying the first boy in a small city who asked me. I dared not tell father I was interested in someone else, for he considered me in honor bound to marry the dull, uninteresting, jewelry clerk. I knew father would tell you all about him and you would go away and be lost to me forever. More than one interesting youth whom I had enjoyed as an acquaintance had been frightened away when father told him I was engaged.

You thrust a five dollar bill into his hat and asked him to sing "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"

I DID not dare risk having you visit my home and meet father until I could have time to make some plans. We owned a small cottage at a summer resort in the pine woods. I decided to write you to visit me there. It seemed to me to sound well that I was at our summer cottage. I got a dear old aunt, whom I could twist around my finger, to go to the cottage with me, and it was there you came that first summer. You had a room at a fine hotel in Boston and daily you came down to Pine Grove. We sat under the trees and were so happy we forgot to eat, forgot everything, except that life was wonderful and that we were happy—so happy we seemed to walk on air and not touch old earth at all.

You brought your flute and under the grand old trees you played your favorite old songs, "I Dreamed I Dwelt In Marble Halls" and "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." There were only two people in the world then, just you and I.

Every evening, I walked the mile to the station to see you on the train for Boston to go to your hotel, and to a big dinner no doubt, and I walked back in a dream to the cottage and ate my bowl of bread and milk and went to bed with my dear old aunt just as the birds were settling themselves in their nests for the night.

Ah, those days! Do you remember the old pump where we went for a drink of water? You carved our names on the handle. The night before you went away you slipped a golden bracelet on my wrist, set with nineteen blue sapphires—the color of my eyes, you said—one stone for every year of my young life. I was to wear it as a reminder that you would come again.

TWO weeks slipped quickly by in the golden days of love's young dream and then I had to bid you good-by for a whole year.

You compared yourself to Antony, who dallied at the side of Cleopatra, the siren of the Nile, when he should have been at home

Neither of us had said we loved each other. It was unnecessary to say it in words. When you expressed a wish to meet my father I truthfully said he was away. Of the jewelry clerk, I said not a word.

My father's salary was small and his expenses necessarily large. We had everything we needed for comfort but father frowned on luxuries or extravagances. He preferred simple clothes, and in fact, simplicity in everything. He belonged to an old school, extinct in this generation. I went home and told my father I was going to Boston to earn some money.

I went with his reluctant consent and lived in a hall-bedroom on the third floor of a lodging house in the South End. I secured work as a typist in an office for ten dollars a week and by the utmost economy saved a large part of my salary. I had determined to spend all of my savings for fine clothes to wear during your second visit. I did not want you to think I was a poor girl.

Night after night I lay awake until almost morning planning the different hats and gowns I was to buy. Being a true Yankee I bought summer clothing and a beautiful hat in the fall and laid these things away. I remember the hat now. It was a white leghorn, trimmed with moss-green velvet ribbons, rhine-stone buckles and pink moss roses. I paid fifteen dollars for it and it was marked down from twenty-five dollars—father had never allowed me over five dollars for a hat. I did not sleep any the night I carried it to my room and every little while I got up, lighted the gas, and tried it on. I thought I looked beautiful in it, and I think after all these years that my eyes did not entirely deceive me.

EVERY Saturday night I went home and on Sunday enjoyed some real food. But I did not give them the slightest hint that I was living on insufficient food and sleeping in an unheated hall-bedroom in order to save money to buy pretty clothes. My father advised me to live at the Y. W. C. A., and thought I was doing so, but I could not afford to live there and buy clothes too. During all the months I lived in that lodging house I never saw or became acquainted with anyone in the house and only saw the landlady when I hunted her up once a week to pay the dollar for my room. I took the top floor hall-bedroom because it was a dollar, whereas the hall-room on the floor below was a dollar and a quarter.

I walked back and forth to my work. My watch being broken, I had to lean out of my window and look over to the Odd Fellows' Building, on Tremont Street, to learn the time. I really enjoyed, in a way, this voluntary life of a poor working girl, for all my spare hours were spent in dreaming of you, my fairy prince.

We wrote long letters and the months sped by and summer was again with us. I gave up my work and planned for your second visit. I had not been successful in dismissing my beau, who had presented himself every Sunday night at my home during my week-end visits. So things looked no more promising for you to meet my father. All I could hope for was that you would ask me to elope, so I could be married to you before I told father of my plan to throw over the young man whom he esteemed so highly.

An aunt of mine had a lovely modern home in Hillsdale, one of Boston's delightful suburbs. I told her of my worries and she immediately invited me to entertain you at her home. She was childless and loved me as her own daughter. She advised me to have you meet my father, and considered I was not doing right in deceiving him, but she did not meddle in my affair.

YOU came there and spent several enjoyable days. You asked me to arrange to have you meet my father and I was trying to think how I could persuade him not to tell you about my engagement, but there was little time to think or plan in the happy days which sped by all too quickly.

One night, under the great August moon, as we sat on the white sands at Crescent Beach, you asked me to be your wife. Slipping the beautiful, flashing diamond on my finger, you took me in your arms and held me close to your heart. I could not speak, but if you had asked me to take your hand and walk right out on those silvery waves to where the moon was coming up over the horizon, I should have gone. I felt then I was yours for all time—for eternity.

We told my aunt on our return, and she was happy because we were happy, but worried because I had not taken you to my father. The next day you said it was

fitting we should take a trip to Pine Grove. We both wanted to see the old pump handle with our initials encircled within a heart. We wanted to see that clump of pine trees where we had sung the happy hours away the previous summer. I knew no one was staying at our summer cottage, but another aunt of mine was spending the summer in her cottage, just across the street from ours.

We left the dear aunt at Hillsdale with the understanding we were to be gone over night. I was to stay at Aunt Jane's cottage and you were to go to the one hotel of which the resort boasted.

A golden day it was! We spread the lunch we had carried on the bench beneath the great cathedral pines. It seemed as if the birds sang more sweetly, that the perfume of the flowers was more fragrant, and the sky more blue than ever before.

We rowed on the lake and gathered water lilies and you braided the long stems and made a wreath for my hair. You told me many times how lovely I was, and how wild you were about me; and wished we might run away and be together forever, and never be separated again for one single moment. I wished it more than you, for always you thought of the conventions.

Just as evening appeared we strolled back to the grove and I accompanied you to the hotel so you could register for a room. That task accomplished you went back to the cottage with me to bid me good-night.

OH, on what small events the great things of life hinge!

All that long day we had not been to the cottage to inform my aunt of my intended visit with her overnight, and now we found the cottage closed. Upon inquiring of a neighbor we learned that aunt had been called home that afternoon. The last train had left for that day.

I looked at the two lonely little cottages nestling under the fast darkening trees and then looked at you. I decided to go into our own cottage and remain there alone for the night. I was not afraid, as there were other cottages nearby. I unlocked the door and lighted the big lamp, drew the shades and then looked up into your face, expecting you to give me the good-night kisses and depart for your room at the hotel.

Had I but known that on that moment hung all my future!

You took my face in your hands and our lips met in one long kiss. You looked down into my eyes—you who were so tall and commanding, you who were a man of thirty and I but a girl of twenty—and said:

"Arlene, you know how much I love you, I who have twice traveled hundreds of miles to be with you. Are you going to turn me out of the brightness of your presence into the dark night, to go to a lonely room in a flimsy firetrap of a summer hotel, or are you going to allow me to remain here under the roof with the girl who is to be my wife?"

While I have felt dissatisfied with myself for many things connected with my life, I can look back to that evening with some degree of satisfaction, knowing I strongly urged you to go to the hotel, and even opened the door and took your arm and tried to start you down the front steps.

I REMEMBER now how dark and black it looked out under the great pines and how, returning to the room and closing the door, I said no more. I suddenly felt a pleasant sense of security in knowing I was not to remain alone that night in the little cottage under the pines. When I said the last good-night to you, leaving you to sleep on the couch in the living-room, while I went to the chamber above, the words of Queen Flavia, one of Anthony Hope's heroines, came to me. She had said to her lover, "My king can do no wrong." I felt no fear, no worries; my trust in you was supreme.

The next day you said we must leave the cottage and go back to Boston, but not to live apart as we had been doing. You knew it was out of the question to take me to your fashionable hotel as your wife, when we were not married. Man of the world as you were, you knew better than to suggest it. I did not realize then what a selfish creature man naturally is, always thinking of his own interest and safety. You knew (*Continued on page* 84)

Such a look, enough to blast one . . . "No; I cannot go up to your room. I will bid you good-night here and will call on you to-morrow noon"

Vamping Now, Then and Forever

Paramount Photo

Now
A vibrati
from The
Bronze Bel

Paramount Photo

Very much now—
Nita Naldi and
Richard Barthelmess.

More now than
ever—by that
modern—
Priscilla—Dean

Then
Jean Paige paging Cupid
and
Universal Photo.
Glad is Gladys Walton too.
Forever
For it's Bebe Daniels best bet.

Friend Wife Calls a Strike

And Proves That If Civilized Men Can't Live Without Cooks, Neither Can Tight-Fisted Husbands

PERSONAL problems sometimes lead to amusing experiences—and vice versa. This is a story of a wife whose experiences in the business side of marriage began with tears but ended with—

But the story's too good to spoil—so good we leave unchanged the frank, every-day language in which the wife has told it.

"Here's a dollar. Now remember not to waste your money. Madeline is inclined to be extravagant, you know"

At last I gave up, and cried as hard as I wanted to

AGAIN I had to ask Billiken for money! And, oh, how I hated it. I would rather, much rather, have stayed at home, but Madeline, my sister-in-law, was coming in on the interurban, and I had promised to meet her for a day of shopping and fun. Usually she paid for all the things we did on these play-days, but I had told her this time it was going to be my treat.

Concealing my embarrassment and reluctance at having to go to Billiken's office on such an errand, I told him with assumed gaiety about our plans.

"You are just a couple of kids when you get together," declared Billiken. "How much do you need?" And then, before I could answer, he pulled out a dollar and said, as he turned back to his work, "Here's a dollar. Now remember not to waste your money. Madeline is inclined to be extravagant, you know."

I simply couldn't believe my ears, and looked from that dollar in my outstretched hand to my hus-

And there sat that smirking schoolgirl at the typewriter

band. Surely he was joking! But no, he was calmly running through his mail.

And there sat that smirking schoolgirl at the typewriter. It was too much!

Big, good-looking, capable Billiken is the most lovable human being in the world. And I had soothed over and found excuses for this one dreadful fault of his, many and many a time—but this was the limit. I think I would have only pulled aside my skirts in cold disgust, had a steam-roller appeared and smashed my husband on his office floor.

LIKE cornered mice, my thoughts darted this way and that, as I fled to the elevator and down to the street. I was still trembling when I arrived at the drug store, our appointed meeting place. Luckily Madeline was late, so I recklessly ordered a cup of chocolate. As I sat sipping it I regained my poise but was shocked to realize that at the moment I actually hated Billiken.

Always before, my keen resentment had been followed almost immediately by a feeling of pity for him because of this ugly part in his character. He seemed to have an unchangeable idea that money developed the wings of an eagle in every woman's purse. In the first days of our marriage, how confidently I had planned to show him what a fine business woman I was. Hadn't I kept house for my brothers, Jack and Richard, for several years, and by my economy earned their constant praise? But now I had to show my husband to a penny exactly the amount I could save on my grocery bill by paying cash, before he would allow me to handle even that much money. I could get extra money by asking for each tiny sum I happened to need and explaining what I was going to use it for. Not that he was gruff or fussy about it, usually, but it was maddening to have him act as if he couldn't trust my judgment in things.

Just then Madeline came in and sat at the table while I finished my drink. We discussed plans for the day. She wanted to go to the Savings Bank first as she had saved about twice as much as usual out of her allowance and was going to deposit it. If she could have known how thankful I felt at a solution of my embarrassing position.

"Oh, Madeline," I said, "do lend me ten dollars. Billiken wasn't in the office so I couldn't get any money."

"Surely, I'll be glad to," she answered. "Now let's have a perfectly spiffing time today, Alice."

And we did!

I WAS going to the station that afternoon to see Madeline off, when we stopped at a florist's window to admire a lovely pot-plant which had four large, dark, purple blossoms peeping from its leaves.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Madeline.

She read the reference I handed her twice before she spoke 'My dear, excuse me, but you don't look like a cook.' I begged her not to let that matter

When I got as far as the table—crash went the plate to the floor! There sat Billiken! "Alice!" he gasped, his eyes fairly popping from his head

"Let's go in and ask the price," I suggested recklessly. On learning it was two dollars I found that much left in my purse besides pennies enough to pay my car-fare, so I bought the flower and presented it to Madeline in memory of our delightful day.

I don't know when I had enjoyed myself so much and felt so free. But the reaction came—and I felt like a criminal as I rode home wondering where I would get the money to pay Madeline back. I didn't regret spending a single penny, in fact, it made me dizzy to think how much I had wasted that day—a natural result, I suppose, of two long years of penny pinching. I had refused to let it bother me all day but now the fearful thought of what Billiken would think of me, if he knew, kept whirling around in my mind.

That afternoon when Billiken got home he came back into the kitchen as usual to "rumple me up" as he said. He was all good spirits and loving tenderness. I made it a point to be very busy, yet I felt mean not to offer my lips for his usual kiss, for he was so unconscious that he had hurt me!

"Have a good time?" he asked.

"Uh—um, the best yet!" I said, managing to get a little eagerness back into my voice.

At the supper table he launched forth on the extravagance of Harvey, his boss.

"Think of it! There's just two of them and Harvey says he'll give fifteen dollars a week to a good cook, one who can make good biscuits and cream gravy. Think of it!"

I did think of it. I was thinking how nice it must be to be as independent financially as Harvey's cook would be. And, too, I had just remembered that twenty-five dollars that I had in the bank. I could send Madeline her

money at any time. Though this was a great relief, I was still boiling inwardly with rage at Billiken. I knew it would be utterly useless to try to discuss the incident of the morning with him, but I was determined that something must be done.

THAT night and the next day all kinds of desperate thoughts flew around in my head. In the afternoon as I sat darning Billiken's socks, the tears began to come into my eyes. I tried to blink them away and think clearly. At last I gave up, and cried as hard as I wanted to. And with the tears pouring, the hate vanished from my heart. I wanted awfully to be in Billiken's arms, but I knew I mustn't yet. Billiken must be made to understand. Never again would I suffer the humiliating scenes of the past two years! Things had to be cleared up. He must be made to see my side of the question. I wanted to be his partner, not the brainless subordinate he seemed to think a woman should be. I came to the decision, finally, that the only way I could ever make Billiken realize the seriousness of the situation was to disappear for awhile.

But where should I go? What should I do? The money question again! All I could do was keep house, sew, and cook. And of the three I liked cooking best. Then a thought of lightning brilliancy struck me. Billiken had said the Harveys wanted a cook. I had never met Harvey or his wife. The opportunity seemed heaven-sent.

I BOUNDED from the bed—I was determined to get that job. From what I had heard of the Harveys, I knew they would prove nice people to work for.

I packed my suitcase and dressed. But then—then came the hardest job. I had to write a note to leave for Billiken. It was awfully hard. I started half a dozen times. At last I wrote:

Dear Billiken—

The incident yesterday at your office was the last straw! It was too humiliating—your offering me a miserable dollar when I had told you all I wanted to do. And you cautioned me not to waste it! And your stenographer laughed at me. Oh, Billiken, how can you be like that? I've excused and excused your ungenerous ways so many, many times. But it simply can't go on. I'm beginning to hate that stingy part of you. Oh, Billiken, don't let that awful habit kill our love!

Can't you see it from my point of view? If I held the money, would you like to be compelled to come to me each time for the little you needed for cigarettes, car-fare, dues, and everything?

When you are ready to have me back *on my own terms* put a notice in the personal column of the *News*—"Alice, come." I love you, Billiken.

Your Alice.

P. S. Your darned socks are in right hand corner of shirt drawer.

THE Harveys lived in a big, homey-looking place. I didn't know whether a cook would ring the front door bell or not, but finally I decided to go around to the kitchen. The door was open and I could see a woman working at the sink, which was piled with dishes. She turned at my knock and I saw by her smile that she was as big in heart as she was in size. It was Mrs. Harvey.

She was surprised when I told her that I had heard she needed a cook, and wanted to apply. She read the reference I handed her twice before she spoke.

"My dear, excuse me, but you don't look like a cook."

I begged her not to let that matter.

"Why did you leave this place?" (*Continued on page* 82)

"Peace offerings, Miss Bridget! And—please, may I come in on your own terms?" The next instant I was in his arms

Time's Old Love Stories Told Anew

Photos Ira D. Schwartz

Samson and Delilah

The Delilah by whom Samson was shorn of his locks and power three thousand years ago, relives today in the person of Pauline Lord. Opposite Ben Ami in "Samson and Delilah," she causes an ultra modern and poetic Samson many bad half-hours.

The Queen of Sheba

With her queendom and beauty alike held in her own right, the Queen of Sheba's magnificence overwhelmed even Solomon. Though his thousand wives may have spared her winning his heart, she did gain his undying friendship and aid in regaining her kingdom and overcoming enemies. There's nothing missing in Betty Blythe as Queen of Sheba or of modern screendom.

Anne Boleyn
It's five hundred years since Anne Boleyn won Henry VIII's fickle heart to become Queen Elizabeth's mother and to be ousted in Hal's next adventure in matrimony, as Catherine had been ousted before her. Yet Henry Porten in "Deception" brings back the tragic romance as though it transpired yesterday.

Mary Stuart

The great Drinkwater play in which Clara Eames portrays the love affairs of Mary Queen of Scots' tragic life brings home also her high spirits and wit.

Perhaps it was Mary's power to win the love of the powerful, rather than her own power, that brought her to the headsman's block at Elizabeth's command.

Branded

The Story of a Girl Born an Outcast

The father of Sally Jenkins was branded as a thief because he had given himself up to the law as a scapegoat for a crime of which his brother had been guilty. Not until her mother's death does Sally forgive her father for the taunts and jibs in which her playmates persist and not until long afterward does her father tell her of his innocence of the crime of which all his townspeople yet deem him guilty. Sally feels the odium of her father's unmerited criticism so keenly that when she rescues Gerald Waring from drowning in a mountain torrent she almost tells him that further acquaintanceship between them is impossible.

"I was afraid you would be lonely," he said softly. . . . At the sight of her tears Jerry felt a lump rise in his throat

SALLIE reached the cottage, panting and breathless, her fears clutching at her heart. The people about the gate drew back as she came close, but even in her trouble she could see that the movement was not that of disdain to which she had been so long accustomed; rather there was a note of pity in their manner.

She darted into the house and into her father's bedroom, where she saw a small group of strangers. Her father lay on his bed, a man bending over him silently—a man she recognized as Doctor Lord.

One of the other men put a restraining hand on her arm. She shook off his hand and went close to the bedside. Her father lay there with his eyes closed and his face white and drawn with pain.

She choked back a sob. "What is it?" she breathed.

The doctor turned his head and looked at her. "Quiet!" he said in a warning whisper. "He's hurt."

Peter Jenkins opened his eyes. An expression of gladness came over his face and he opened his arms. "My little girl!" he murmured.

She bent over and put her cheek against his as his arms closed about her. She caught the doctor's compassionate, "Gently," and choked back her desire to cry out.

"Be a brave girl!" her father said in a low tone.

"I'll be brave," she panted. "What is the matter?"

The doctor answered for him. "The mill was on fire; he saved two lives and a beam fell on him."

"Are you badly hurt, darling?" she asked tenderly, forgetting everything but his need for her strength.

"Tell her the truth, doctor," her father said weakly.

"He was very badly injured and may not live," the doctor responded hesitatingly.

"*Will* not live," amended Peter. "Doctor, I want to see her alone. Please!"

The doctor led the other men out of the room; there was nothing he could do.

"It is the end for me, dearest," Peter said when the door closed.

"No, no!" wailed Sallie.

"Yes, and you must be your bravest now. I am sorry to go for your sake, darling, but I can't stay. Be always

Sallie saw a face tha haggard and bitter . . . was as pretty as her, wasn't I, Ma . . . till Dan Jenkins fixed his eyes on me and wanted me"

the good, true, strong girl you have been, and no harm can come to you."

"I will, I will."

"I have made no mystery of anything. You know the dangers that beset girls, and you will be careful."

"Yes, Papa," she wailed.

"You will have to make the fight all alone, but you are well equipped for it. I don't know how to advise you; you must decide as seems best to you. You know where the money is. We owe nobody—a cent. Kiss me—good-by!"

It was his last word. Sallie knew it, but she did not cry out; she simply rested there on his still heart, numbed by the greatness of her grief and the suddenness of the blow. And so she was found when, presently, the doctor returned to the room.

IN the meantime, Jerry went on his way to the Templetons. Miriam Templeton met him on the porch and stared wonderingly at his wet clothes. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"I fell into the river. Lost my gun." He laughed to show the unimportance of the matter.

"Why, Jerry!" she cried, in the maternal manner of girls toward those they care for, "you'll catch your death of cold. Go right in and change your clothes. How did it happen?"

"I tried to cross on some rocks and they were slippery. By the way! I met a pretty girl as I was coming home—grey eyes, curly, brown hair; carried herself like a princess. I wonder who it was?"

"Huh!" answered Miriam scornfully; "I guess that was Sallie Jenkins."

"And who is Sallie Jenkins?" he demanded eagerly.

"Haven't you heard of Sallie Jenkins? She's the convict's daughter. He stole a lot of money from the mill when he was bookkeeper there; and was sent to prison."

"Oh!" he murmured, understanding Sallie's conduct now.

"Yes," Miriam went on; "and nobody around here will have anything to do with her."

"What has she done?" he asked, suddenly belligerent.

"She? She's his daughter. Isn't that enough?"

"SHE couldn't help being his daughter, I suppose," he said, angry that Sallie should be blamed for what her father had done.

"Well," sneered Miriam disdainfully, "you don't want to have anything to do with the daughter of a thief, do you?"

"You're not fair, Miriam," protested another voice. Mr. Templeton had come up unobserved. "Sallie has never done a wrong thing, and she's the cleverest, prettiest girl in town."

"Well, her father's a thief anyhow," retorted Miriam obstinately.

"Yes," agreed her father, "he admitted the theft and went to prison. But that isn't the whole story. Since he came out of prison he has worked hard and has paid back all the money that was stolen; and not a thing can be said against him since that time."

"That was a fine thing to do," said Jerry warmly. "I don't suppose you could have compelled him to do it."

"Yes, it was a fine thing to do," agreed Mr. Templeton; "and it isn't the only fine thing he's done."

"Just the same," cried Miriam, "you wouldn't have him

"I need the work," she said . . . Miss Wright shrugged her shoulders. "You'll get the job, but remember I warned you"

back in the mill; and you know it. Just because Sallie is pretty——"

"Sallie's prettiness," her father interrupted sternly, "has nothing to do with it. Twice I offered to take him back, and he refused. And now he has saved two men from the burning mill, giving his own life in doing it. I hope you'll never speak ill of him again."

He passed into the house, visibly moved by the sacrifice Peter Jenkins had made; and Miriam had the grace to look shocked.

"Oh-h-h!" came in a long sigh from Jerry as he hurried into the house and up to his room. His heart was torn with pity for lonely Sallie Jenkins.

HE changed his clothes, his thoughts all the while busy with the girl who had saved his life. What should he do? What could he do? He wanted her to know that he sympathized with her in her trouble and he wanted her to know that it made no difference to him now that he had been told her story.

He was sure that this was no time to try to see her, but he could not be content to do nothing; so after pacing the floor in indecision for a while, he sat down and wrote her a note:

"Dear Miss Sallie," it read, "I know who you are, and I know of the splendid way your father gave his life to save others; and I must let you know that if it had not been for that sad accident, I would have called on you this evening. I can say nothing to make your sorrow lighter, but I hope you will accept my deepest, sincerest sympathy. If I can serve you in the least way, please believe that I shall be proud to do so. I want to be a friend.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

Jerry."

He wasn't at all satisfied with the words that gave only faint expression to his feelings, but he hoped they would make her understand that he didn't share in the narrow view of the townspeople. He wouldn't trust the letter to the mails, fearing that she might not get or read the letter for several days; so he found a man about the place who, for a half dollar, undertook to deliver the letter at once.

SALLIE received the letter as she waited numbly for others to do for her father's remains what was necessary. She read it and put it in her desk, barely conscious of its purport; she was not yet over the shock of her father's tragic death.

Nothing else seemed to matter as long as he was above ground. That people were kindly and helpful now, after holding aloof for so long, she realized but was not affected by it. But when the funeral was over and she was once again in the little cottage, she could think, and try to adjust herself to this newest and most complete loneliness of all. She had refused to have anyone stay with her and had refused to go home with any of the remorseful women who invited her.

But she knew she must now face life. What should she do? Where should she go? She knew she would not stay there now; but the future looked blank to her. She was alone in the world with not one friend. Jerry's pleasant, merry face rose up before her at that thought. She tried to put it away, but it wouldn't go. It is true he was only

the acquaintance of an hour, not a friend. And yet——

She hesitated for a little while and then went to her desk and took out his little note. She read it carefully and several times over, and it cheered her mightily. He had not been affected by knowing her story, and he had meant to come to her. It was something to know that. When she folded the letter up she put it in her bosom instead of in the desk; it was like having a friend. She read the note several times after that; and constantly his face came up before her to cheer her.

THE next day she went for a walk in the mountains, wanting to be alone and fearing some of the neighbors would come to see her. It was not by accident either that she made her way to the spot where she had met Jerry. She knew she would find more rest there.

And while she sat there, Jerry came. He had gone to the cottage and not finding anyone there had gone in search of her. It was the one place he knew; and somehow he found it.

"Forgive me for intruding," he said, flushing with embarrassment.

"I'm glad to see you," she said frankly; and it flashed into her mind that she had hoped he would come. "Please don't talk to me about him; I can't bear it yet."

"I was afraid you would be lonely," he said softly.

"Yes. Thank you for coming. I received your letter. It was kind of you to write it."

"I wanted to say more, but didn't know how. I was furious when I learned how you had been treated. Your father was splendid."

"He was more splendid than you know. He was the best man in the world; and oh, what a father he was!" The tears started and ran down her cheeks.

At the sight of her tears Jerry felt a lump rise in his throat; but he couldn't think of a word to say that seemed appropriate, so he remained silent. It was she who spoke first.

"They want to be kind to me now that he is dead, but I won't let them; I don't want anything from them. I am going away."

"WHERE are you going? If I could only help!"

"I don't know where I'm going yet. And you are helping. You are the only person on earth I could talk to. Don't mind my crying, please; I wouldn't do it if I could help it."

"It's the cruelest thing I ever heard of," he cried out. "And you so good and so brave. Won't you tell me what you think of doing? Maybe I can help. I want to be your friend, Sallie. You'll let me be, won't you?"

"Yes, Jerry," she answered, speaking his name softly.

"You won't do anything rash, will you?"

"I don't know what I shall do, but I must go away from here," she answered. "I couldn't stay here. If he had lived we would have gone away together. I haven't had time to think."

Jerry had no advice to offer. "I wish you'd let me help," he said wistfully. "Haven't you any friends or relatives?"

"I have no friends. Papa had a brother, but I don't know where he is. He may not (*Continued on page* 74)

He studied her in a way that sent shivers over her. "Sit down. What's your name?" he asked

To Steal or To Starve

In Which a Member of the Down-and-Out Club Meets a Friend and Makes Good

"NO help wanted."

Everywhere I went I got the same old answer. I was getting miserably discouraged. It was in the middle of the winter and I had just one dollar left. A dollar would carry me through one more night—then what?

The next day I searched for work with doubled earnestness. I was desperate, for my pockets were entirely, utterly empty. But again night crept upon me and offices and factories closed, and I had found no work.

Never will I forget how heartless and hopeless and endless that bitter cold night seemed to me. For I had no place to go for rest and food, and I was dead tired from the day's steady tramping all over the city in my search for work.

"Surely," I thought to myself, as I walked along the dark streets with the sleet pricking my face and a strong north wind whistling through my thin coat, "surely in this great city of Christian people a man cannot be left to freeze or starve to death right out in the open street."

THOUGH my whole body ached with fatigue I could not even stand still or lean against a railing in any one place for very long at a time, for passers-by and policemen eyed me with suspicion when I did.

Daylight came at last, and with it increased hunger.

Finally, in sheer desperation, I entered the first lunch room I came to and asked the man in charge for a cup of coffee.

"We don't feed bums here," he snarled at me, and added as an afterthought: "Beat it before I call a cop."

Beat it I did. That stinging rebuke cut deep into my pride and I made a resolve then and there never to ask anyone else for assistance again.

I wandered down to the nearest railroad station, next, in the hope of getting a little warmth. And there I decided to get away from this city and try my luck in Chicago. No other place could be as heartless as this.

AFTER three days and nights travelling on blind baggage and freight trains, during which time I had not tasted a morsel of food, I arrived in the windy city, chilled to the marrow and with both ears frost-bitten.

To make matters worse, it began to snow; I plodded along, dragging one foot after the other up one street and

I crept stealthily up to the waitress and then made a dash for the cash register

down another, not knowing where I was going and so desperately exhausted, both physically and mentally, that I did not care any longer.

Passing down one of Chicago's poorer streets, I heard the old familiar hymn, "Where is my wandering boy tonight," wafted through the door of a mission, which bore a big sign "Welcome" over the door. Forcing back the tears that sprung to my eyes, I entered and took a seat in the rear of the hall and promptly fell asleep.

After the service, the entire congregation was served with hot coffee and rolls and allowed to sleep on the floor near the big stove.

That was "Daly's Mission," and I don't believe until this day that any one there realized that those stale rolls tasted better than angel's food, and the hard floor seemed like a gift from heaven to all those poor fellows gathered there.

In the morning rolls and coffee again, before we were turned adrift for the day.

I fully realized the seriousness of my predicament, and I knew that if I was offered a job, I could not take it, as I had no way of living until payday, unless, perchance, I struck a job with board and room attached, and that was almost an impossibility with the thousands of men out of work that year. I tried and tried to think of a way out. But there didn't seem to be any. And, at last, I could see but one thing left for me to do. I would have to steal enough money to get a start. If I could do it successfully it would be my salvation—if I didn't, well, they would at least feed me in jail.

"You're not the kind of a man that could do that," she said, smiling: "You don't look like a thief"

THIS borrowing other people's property without their consent was an entirely new thing to me; and so, of course, I was in a very undecided frame of mind as I stood in a doorway that night, to avoid the cutting, stinging wind that howled around the corners like a demon unleashed.

I cursed my luck, cursed fate, damned everybody and everything. All feeling of human fellowship was gone. I was filled with a blind rage—a hatred for smug, comfortable people. I felt like stepping out of the doorway at the approach of the first pedestrian and crushing his skull with one blow; I was wild with hunger.

No one who has never felt the pangs of real hunger, the mental agony of a starving man surrounded by plenty, yet unable to get even a piece of bread, can understand what I went through that night. I kept telling myself to "steal! steal!" but I didn't seem to know how to go about it.

Directly across the street from where I was standing was a small dining-room. Near the door was a shelf, on top of which was the cash register.

There was only one waitress in the room, and, as I watched, I noticed that she waited on the customers and also rang up the register. After awhile the few customers straggled out, and the girl was alone.

In a flash it came to me that here was my one chance. What better could I wish for: The streets were deserted, no policeman in sight, a well-filled cash register right by the door, guarded by one lone girl. But still I held back.

A WAFT of browned onions and fried meat came to me suddenly, and then something seemed to snap in my brain. I made a dash across the street, pushed open the door, crept stealthily up to the waitress and then made a dash for the cash register.

"If you make one sound," I rasped between my teeth, "I'll shoot." And then, with a quick movement, I pushed down the first keys my fingers touched and took the bills from out of the outsprung drawer.

"No, you won't," the voice was so surprisingly calm and sweet that it almost made me lose the fine bravado I had worked myself up to. "You're not the kind of a man that could do that," she said, smilingly. "You don't look like a thief."

I WAS, by this time, completely stunned. There was so much sweetness, so much faith in humanity in the expression of her face that it brought me back with a crash

to the man I had been three days before. I stood there, holding the bills in a limp hand, and staring dazedly before me.

"Give me the money," she said, extending her hands. "If you have a mother or sister think of them. You see, if you take this away from me, I'll have to pay it back out of my own wages—you'd never let me do that."

Mechanically I handed the money back to her. I couldn't do otherwise; that sweet, smiling face had me hypnotized. My thoughts wandered back to my old gray-haired mother and my own sister. The kindness in the girl's voice struck a chord somewhere inside me, my emotions welled up until I thought I would burst. Then the flood-gates opened, and I stood there crying like a baby.

"Won't you sit down," she said, gently, "and have a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you," I murmured, feeling terribly ashamed now that the tension was broken, "I am horribly hungry."

SHE hurried away and came back with a large bowl of stew, a cup of steaming hot coffee, and a heaping plate of bread. And then she sat down opposite me and, with sympathy and understanding, drew my story from me.

The cook, busy in the kitchen, was entirely ignorant of what had transpired under her very nose. And it was fortunate that she was, as I learned later that she was a regular village gossip and busybody.

I ate a warm meal, the first in four days, and the taste of it will linger in my memory for the rest of my life.

Needless to state, the waitress paid for the meal and slipped me a dollar when I left, with the warning to be a little more careful in the future. But the thing she emphasized most was that I was to return the following night if I was still out of work and hungry. I hied me to a hotel for a much-needed rest, and there dreamed of a pair of tenderly beautiful brown eyes.

IT wasn't long after that I found work. First I did anything I could get a hold of; but later I began to see the particular notch I wanted to fit into in the business world, and set my mind and all my physical energy on "getting there."

I ate a warm meal, the first in four days . . . The waitress paid for the meal and slipped me a dollar!

And then, when things began to come my way, I went back to that little restaurant. But this time it wasn't for the cash register that I came, but for the little girl.

She waits on my table now and she is such a good little waitress that she has a life contract. She still has that wonderful smile, only, where it was full of sweet patience once, it is all of happiness now.

And I—when I think of what she saved me from and how much she has given me to live for—I cannot find words to express my gratitude and my love.

It wasn't long after that I found work . . . She still has that wonderful smile . . . and it is all of happiness now

Where's Your Life Story?

PERHAPS you have lived a bigger story than any ever told in TRUE STORY'S pages.

Why don't you write it?

It may help you turn an otherwise unprofitable experience into cash.

It matters not whether it deals with romance, adventure or business, you can help others with their life-problems and also earn a sum that will repay you for setting it down.

LEARN all about TRUE STORY'S Prize Contests. February first was the closing date of the most recent one. Results are announced in this issue. All of the five One Hundred Dollar prizes have already been awarded. But watch for the big Five Hundred Dollar prize for the best story of all.

TRUE STORY is a magazine you may get something out of, not only by *reading* but by *writing*.

And—*do it now!*

The Girl Who Wasn't Stage-Struck

She Became the Stage's Greatest Artiste "In Spite Of All"

ONE September morning many years ago, a certain French household buzzed in a very furore, and all because of a girl barely entering her teens. Not that it was at all new for the young lady in the case to create excitement, but the occasion was more serious than usual. This time she had declared her determination as to her life's career and insisted that she would not be persuaded from it. She would be a nun, no less, and would go back to the convent from which she had but recently returned to her home, and join the good sisters there for the remainder of her life.

And there, while her mother and her god-father, for her own father had been long dead, held family council about her career, and planned that she should be sent to the Paris Conservatoire her training to become an actress, the girl hotly rejected the very idea.

BUT Sarah Bernhardt *did* attend the Conservatoire and *did* become an actress, and learned to love above all things on earth the career selected for her against her will. Not that she was to pass with ease the tests for her training, or that she entered upon the career in which she gained fame and fortune without encountering obstacles. "Quand meme"—in spite of all—has been her motto since early childhood; and she achieved fame and won the admiration of three continents chiefly through her persistent purpose and her dominant will.

Nearly a decade ago, Madame Bernhardt wrote to a friend: "They should have cut off my leg on Sunday. But the principal artist in the performance, my right leg, hadn't learned its rôle. It has now learned it, and will be charming". This portrait was made soon afterward

The manager of Madame Bernhardt's American tours can add many a story to the multitude of anecdotes that have been woven around the remarkable personality of the divine Sarah. He recalls, for instance, one occasion on which she demonstrated what a remarkable genius she was. During a sea voyage, she called a rehearsal on board ship.

In the ship's dining saloon, with no stage fixtures of any kind, this remarkable woman rehearsed no less than twenty plays during the voyage across, and by memory was able to tell exactly where chairs, rugs, ornaments and other stage fixtures were supposed to be.

When learning a play, Madame Bernhardt would not merely learn her own part, but she would learn the entire play, including stage directions, property plots, lighting plots and everything connected with the play. In this way it was impossible for anyone to make a mistake and not be caught. It really was uncanny. For instance, the electrician would give too much light during the first act of a play. Madame Bernhardt would cleverly edge toward the wings, call the electrician and tell him his lights were wrong. All this would be done while playing dramatic parts without the audience being any the wiser.

IN 1903, Bernhardt's company was going for a short European tour and the principal cities they were going to visit were Berlin and Vienna. Just previous to the tour, there arose in Paris a discussion regarding the nationality of Bernhardt's parents. Some papers declared she was half German. Bernhardt indignantly replied to this by saying she was born in Alsace of

And here are pictures of Sarah Bernhardt, on the stage and off, made some twenty years or so before the leg incident, let's say in the early nineties, that tell the story of how she has retained her force and individuality "in spite of all"—even Time itself

French parents, and that after 1870 the name had been changed by the German authorities to Bernhardt, whereas her original name was Bernard. She further declared that she despised the Germans and everything German; that they were impossible people and her greatest wish would be to see her dear Alsace once more French. She added that her life's dream was to march into Berlin at the head of the victorious French armies. Mind you, all this previous to a German tour, and in 1903!

When they arrived in Berlin the Berliners were somewhat cold to Bernhardt. None of the papers raved about her genius, merely contenting themselves with saying that the great Sarah was going to play in Berlin for some weeks. They opened with the play "La Sorciere." It was a new production at the time, and Bernhardt was remarkable in it.

When she made her entrance, she always received a big ovation and so it was natural for her to hesitate a few seconds after her entrance so as to acknowledge the audience's greeting. This particular night she was greeted with absolute silence. She was surprised but, nevertheless, played her part in the usual way. At the end of the first act, there was no applause of any kind. The same thing occurred at the end of the second and third acts.

The fourth act is the great act of the play. Bernhardt was in a frantic rage and threatened not to finish the performance. She declared she had never been so insulted in her life. However, in a burst of rage, she said, "I'll show them," and went on.

"I DO not believe," says her manager of that time, "that at any other time in her long career has Bernhardt ever given such a performance as she gave that night. It was wonderful! She seemed inspired."

At the end of the act, the audience could not control itself any longer, and burst into wild cheering and applause. The demonstration must have lasted at least twenty minutes, but Bernhardt refused to make a single bow. The fifth act, which is short, was soon over, and when another demonstration was started by the audience at the end of it, Bernhardt still refused to make a bow. She departed to her dressing-room in a furious rage, and would not talk to anyone. After she was ready to leave the theater, a crowd of students met her at the stage door. They would not let her ride to her hotel, but carried her shoulder high cheering at the top of their voices. It was only then that Bernhardt recovered her good humor.

DURING an American tour, while playing in Texas, no theaters could be engaged with capacity great enough to hold Madame Bernhardt's audiences. So it was suggested that a huge tent might be taken from city to city to overcome this condition. She grew very angry at the very thought of appearing under canvas. Was she a trained animal or a clown, she asked. But once persuaded, the vast crowds that rode in nightly from great distances to see and hear her, made her relish her work even more than in the stuffy theaters she had abandoned. So, as the manager of the tour tells us:

"The next afternoon, after our first performance under the tent, Bernhardt decided that it would be just the thing to be photographed outside the tent. It

would be such a nice picture to send back to Paris. Accordingly, we all gathered outside the tent and were photographed. It was a novel picture, and later, when a proof was sent to Bernhardt, she was so pleased with it that she ordered fifty dozens! The photographer was delighted to receive such an order and promised that the photos would be ready within a week, and that he would send them after us.

"As the photographer departed, Bernhardt's secretary, Pitou, rushed after him and told him that one dozen photographs would be enough. He explained that Bernhardt always gave similar orders without thinking and that she had

Madame Bernhard has earned her place in motion pictures, too, as this scrap of film, enlarged, tells us. Truly "Age cannot wither, or custom stale her infinite variety." . . . . The lower picture, just in from France, is a snap-shot made at sea

ordered fifty dozens merely because that happened to be the first figure she had thought of. Pitou further explained that he wouldn't have been surprised if Madame had ordered a hundred dozens. The photorapher very much regretted that she had not. He refused, however, to cancel the fifty dozens ordered, and, in due course the photographs were delivered to us. If my memory serves me aright, they were left in Dallas, Texas. Naturally, they were paid for."

THERE were other sides to Madame Bernhardt's career. For instance, she was very fond of gambling provided she won. This, of course, applies to all gamblers but to few as to her. She would play poker, and probably win during the first half hour or hour of play, which was generally due to the fact that the people she played with would let her win out of compliment to her. But when these players had lost what they considered enough, they would commence to play real poker in order to retrieve some of their losses. But it always was too late. Madame would notice their earnestness and declare she was exceedingly tired and must retire at once. That meant the game was over and your losses were your own.

Favored not only by the Muse of Drama, Sarah Bernhardt is writer, musician and artist in one. "The divine Sarah," she is indeed, and at an age when many women are old, and have indeed given up hope and interest in life, still charming and fascinating.

Hazel Tries the White Lights

And After Her Adventure in Vamping Finds That There's No Place Like Home

A NOTED English playwright once wrote a play to prove that "We Never Know Our Luck." Perhaps the wife of this story never would have dreamed such a statement would apply to her, but she learned a thing or two ere she flitted far in the butterfly world.

We know you'll enjoy this story.

"Just look at that movie we saw over there. The vamp was supposed to be utterly crushed. But who could be very unhappy with the beautiful home and jewels she had"

"AREN'T they beautiful!" sighed Hazel ecstatically, grasping her friend's arm and drawing her to a show window. It was a display of those exquisite bloom-tinted things that ravish the souls of women—torture those who cannot afford them, and easily break down the weak barriers of those who cannot, but do.

"Heavenly," agreed her friend, Ruth Barlow." Look at that pink satin nightgown, isn't it wonderful? Wouldn't you love to be able to buy clothes like that? Oh, Hazel, if we could go in and buy one, which would you choose?"

Hazel considered the display earnestly.

"I think I would take those georgette pajamas, with the mandarin effect," she said. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful—and the cap to match, too? Oh—o-o-o!"

"Lovely, but it wouldn't last," objected Ruth.

"Just what I like about them," declared Hazel. "I would love to be able to buy something once without having to consider whether it would last or not. I get tired of economizing." She glanced around cautiously and then murmured significantly, "Do you know, we *could* have all those nice things."

"Sure," said Ruth simply, "if we were willing to pay the price."

"I SOMETIMES wonder," ruminated Hazel, as they moved on, "if it is such a terrible price and if it isn't worth it."

"So do I," said Ruth. "It doesn't seem so bad. Just look at that movie we saw over there tonight. The broken-hearted vamp in it was supposed to be utterly crushed. But who could be very unhappy with the beautiful home and jewels she had? I know I wouldn't be.'

"No, nor me," said Hazel. "That last scene where she sat in that elegant room looking through her jewel case, and said, 'Nothing left in life but these and an empty heart.' I couldn't help thinking but that it was a whole lot she had left. And I'll bet she could easy enough find someone to love her with all the money and jewels she had."

"Isn't it funny, that is just the way it struck me," Ruth said. "And I think, lots of times, that we are foolish to sacrifice all our youth and good looks on one man. Do men appreciate it?"

"I should say not," was Hazel's contemptuous rejoinder. "Look at Jim, he doesn't think enough of me to take me to a movie. Sure, he lets me go with you once a week, but he is like a bear with a sore head if I stay out ten minutes longer than he thinks I should. Yes, and if I don't hurry home now he will raise the roof, and never let me go out again."

"Bill's the same way," said Ruth, "and I know I'll catch it tonight for staying out a minute longer than usual. We're fools to put up with it. But I s'pose we'll go right on being slaves and getting no thanks for it. We haven't got any better sense, or gumption, or nerve, or whatever it takes to get away from it."

A half-frightened determination came into Hazel's face. "You tell me how," she said with surprising firmness, "and I'll make the try."

Ruth smiled ruefully. "You tell me how, and I'm game," she said; and then with a sudden nervous movement, "Gee, it's getting late, and I'd better be going home, or I won't have any."

"Me too. Good-night," Hazel cried.

THEY turned and started away in opposite directions. But Hazel could not resist a last lingering look at the coveted garments, as she passed them again. A man was walking down the street just behind her and smiled in amusement at the pathetic expression on her face.

"Anything you want, sister?" he said lightly. "Just say the word and Santa Claus will get it for you."

"But Christmas is a long way off," Hazel answered a bit tartly. Ordinarily she would not have answered a stranger at all, but tonight she felt reckless.

"Christmas may be a long way off, but I know where Aladdin keeps his wonderful lamp," the man said, smilingly.

"I'll bet you do." Hazel was not at all taken in. She had gone to the movies too much for that.

"How much do you want to bet?" he went on. He was walking along by her side now, and though she knew she shouldn't allow it, she did. His flippant talk pleased her and, anyway, she could dismiss him in a minute.

"Say," he took hold of her arm and whispered, "I'm Aladdin myself, and if you just stick with me, you'll get your wish."

She was frightened now, and tried to draw her arm away.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Now, now," he soothed, "don't be foolish, sister. I won't hurt you. I just want to be a friend. Try me and see."

He laughed, such an amused and hearty laugh that Hazel felt suddenly crude and prudish. She surveyed him. He was rather a good-looking man, bordering onto middle-age. His plain, quiet clothes bespoke his prosperity and power. She told herself that she had nothing to fear from so eminently respectable a person. And yet, I am afraid, she rather hoped he was dangerous. In the movies it was so simple to charm men. And the reward—or punishment—was to live in a home of lavish splendor in which one trailed around in silken gowns, and lounged on Turkish couches smoking perfumed cigarettes. Hazel could not see anything very sinful about this; in fact, it appealed to her as being very attractive. That was the life! She thought she would like to try it. And here was her opportunity.

HER struggle was not lost to the stranger who was watching her closely. He saw her hesitancy instantly and was quick to press his advantage.

"Well, how about it? Let's go somewhere and get a bite? I know a dandy place where we can get refreshments 'n everything."

She nodded acceptance, and he took her arm more firmly and turned around.

"I left my machine over here," he explained. A few

"Now, now," he soothed, "don't be foolish, sister" . . . He was helping her very graciously into a big, glittering car

the waiter came bustling in just then.

HER companion insisted on her trying a glass of the wine, which she found very mild to the taste. She was not accustomed to drink and was surprised to feel her spirits rise. She began to lose her nervousness as the supper progressed, and thought she had never met anyone so thoughtful and amusing as this stranger. She could not refrain from contrasting his cultivated voice and polished manners with her husband's uncouth ways. Even when he said daring things, he did it with such grace and cleverness that they did not sound offending. He waited on her, pressing her to try this and the other thing, anxious to please her. Would Jim care whether she tasted of anything or not so long as he got his fill? She thought decidedly not.

Her blue eyes were shining with pleasure, he leaned toward her.

"Do you know you are very pretty?" he said.

She blushed.

"You are really,' he insisted. "You would certainly be a stunner with the right sort of clothes, and some jewels." He picked up her hand and regarded it as one would a masterpiece of art. It was a very shapely hand in spite of the hard work she had done. "This poor little hand was made for diamonds," he said.

She believed so too, but did not answer. His words had set her head in a whirl, it seemed that all of her desires were about to be realized—clothes and jewels such as she had dreamed of would be hers when she married this man. How easy it was to get all these things if one were only brave enough to venture.

"Sure, I'll let you out," the waiter said . . 'Only I get sick of seeing you silly women make fools of yourselves; there are enough fools in the world already"

His rough, honest voice was a balm to her troubled heart after those smooth, false tones she had considered so charming a few hours ago

WHEN they had finished their supper and the waiter removed the dishes, he brought another bottle and placed it on a stand by the lounge and then left the room. The man led her across to the couch, and pouring a drink for both, put his arms around her and tried to draw her down.

"I must go home," she demurred.

"Wait a minute and have another drink and a smoke," he urged.

She disengaged herself from his arms and slid to the other end of the couch. She accepted the drink, but laughingly refused the cigarette; she knew she could not manage that. Slowly she sipped her wine and wished the while that he would not drink so awfully much. He was beginning to show the effects of the liquor and she was getting uneasy. But every time she men-
tioned

moments later he was helping her very graciously into a big, glittering car. He took the wheel and they started off. Her heart was beating at a terrific rate now, but it was too late to back out, so she settled back in the soft cushions determined to see it through.

"Not so bad," he laughed. And the tone of his voice and the expression of his eyes was sufficient proof to her that she must be very attractive, very alluring.

"I'll say not," she answered with nervous bravado. And then after ten blocks of silence: "Lovely night, isn't it?"

"Regular Arabian Night," he agreed. "And you—let's see, who are you?"

"I am 'The Princess in the Tower.'"

"And I your brave rescuer."

"No, you're Ali Baba."

"Now, I say, that isn't fair," he cried. "I must be a hero."

"But Ali Baba was a hero."

"A very bad one. And where would my forty thieves be?"

"Your forty horse power engine which is assisting you in carrying me away."

"Ah, ha, so she has brains as well as beauty," he announced to the world at large. "Never mind, I'll get even with you for this."

When they had finished their supper . . . the man led her across to the couch . . . and tried to draw her down

HAZEL was beginning to enjoy the adventure. She had seen many plays where the beautiful misunderstood heroine meets her lover in just such a manner. Why not she? Her husband was as unappreciative as any movie heroine's ever was. And it would be easy enough to get a divorce, when it came to that. She would not throw away the chance at real love and wealth.

The man was quite distinguished-looking, she observed as she stole covert glances at him, not at all evil. In fact, she could almost make herself believe she was really, strangely attracted to him.

They had been going through the fashionable shopping and theater district and now the lights began to get less frequent and the buildings much shabbier. Hazel was somewhat disappointed as she had had a vague idea that they were going to some gilded lobster palace. She grew uneasy again, but then reflected that drinking was not such a disreputable thing, after all, sporty rather, and quite in keeping with the life she had decided would be hers.

They stopped in front of a large, dark building and the man led her to a side entrance and pressed a button. A man servant silently opened the door, scrutinizing them closely. Evidently he recognized the man for he nodded permission to enter. She experienced a feeling of shame as she followed her escort into the hall. The place was richly furnished, but dimly lighted, giving it an air of secretiveness that somehow did not seem just right. They walked down the hall a little way and were shown into a cozy private dining-room. The man glanced around with a familiar air and pulled out a chair at the table for Hazel. She dropped into it with as much poise as she could [illegible] able.

HE seated himself across from her and smiled at her. "Well, what are you going to have?" he asked in a matter-of-fact way. She recovered her courage a little at his natural manner.

"I don't know," she stammered, "you order."

He turned to the waiter, who was standing pad and pencil in hand, and gave the order, and then added:

"And a bottle of what I had the other night, if you have any more. You know what I mean."

"Oh, yes, monsieur, we have plenty—for you."

"Very good then."

"To be sure, monsieur," answered the waiter deferentially, as he backed out of the room. Hazel could see that her companion was a person of some distinction in the waiter's estimation, and she knew that waiters were a pretty good gauge of a man's standing.

When the door closed, and they were alone in the room, the man reached across the table and took Hazel's hand. She tried to draw it away, but he tightened his grip and laughed a low, taunting laugh, that angered her.

"Not afraid of me, girlie, are you?" he asked.

"Scarcely," she retorted, though she was.

"I think we are going to be good friends. Don't you, Princess?"

"Of course," she answered timidly, and was glad that

Greater Love Hath No Man

Than He Who Will Lay Down His Life for His Friends—And Sometimes Fortune Saves Him from the Sacrifice

WHITRIDGE, leading his young French bride into the *Hotel de la Poste* at Chamonix, could hardly be blamed for feeling scant enthusiasm over the name "Bertrand Favrier," scrawled across the page of the day's *registre*. And while, with attempted unselfconsciousness, he was engaged in inscribing in the space below it: "M. et Mme. Charles Whitridge, Paris," he was inwardly soundly upbraiding Fate for her playfulness in producing a fellow-student from *Julien's* as the first person to be introduced to his wife. Of course it was idiotic. He had been itching for the past week to present Camille to every and anyone. But he was only twenty-three, and Camille was not of the feminine Paris that he and Bertrand had been wont to play with.

In fact, since the day during the recent periodic visit of his Aunt Winifred when, as part of the game of nepotal devotion that made Paris possible for him, he had permitted himself to be led formally and at high noon to the house of Camille's father, he had been almost a stranger to Bertrand and the crowd. For he had fallen hopelessly, paradoxically, respectably in love with Camille.

HE who had never been ashamed of the gay two years in the *Impasse* and their outrageous duplicity toward Aunt Winifred—familiarly known as Aunt Windfall to the *Impasse*—was conscious and ashamed at meeting Bertrand now that he had crossed to the other bank of the river and joined the ranks of the conventional American Colony and the few French homes that his marriage with Camille had opened to him. Could he, who had preached lightly free love, a crust, a cup of wine—and frequent cocatinas—admit to Bertrand and the rest that he had, in order the more certainly to assure the future, gone through with three marriage ceremonies in twenty-four hours? Could he tell of the subletting of the flat in the *Impasse*, so long hilariously shared by Bertrand and Didier, Kaminoff, Ralph Hutton and the rest? How feverishly they had all worked before those visits of his aunt's! For when, after his two years soldiering, Aunt Windfall, convinced of her nephew's remarkable ability at drawing and equally convinced that there was scant chance of his ever doing anything else, had agreed to make him an ample allowance so that he might stay on and study in Paris, it was with the understanding that he was to live decently and domesticatedly, with none of the hit-and-miss of the traditional Paris student. Thence the apartment in the *Impasse*. . . .

HE blotted his signature—*their* signature—and turned to Camille. A flood of carefree memories had already lessened his rancor at Bertrand's intrusion of their mountain honeymoon.

"Bertrand Favrier—you have heard me speak of him, we were in the Legion together—is registered here. Intolerable, isn't it? But I guess we can't expect a monopoly of the Alps! And after all, he is one of my best friends."

Camille smiled deliciously.

"But I want to know all your friends, dear. And we don't need to see anything of him. He could hardly expect to join us on trips!"

The hotel was filled to overflowing. The proprietor could only give them a *chambre meublée*, in a nearby villa, with meals at the *Poste*. They found it a tiny, adorable place, its high-walled garden hanging over the rushing mountain stream that races through the village. A wide balcony, on which their room opened, faced the shining, breath-taking dome of Mont Blanc.

After dinner, which they finished without a glimpse of Bertrand Favrier, they hung over the balcony in each other's arms, drinking in the glory of the vast whiteness, soft now and shadowy in the half-light, and the heavy haunting fragrance of the wall-flowers and roses below them. A little later, laughing like children, they pulled the high carved bed half out on the balcony so they could lie in the moonlight and lose none of the intoxicating beauty. Camille refused to have the lights. Whitridge, leaning against the balcony rail, smoking, alternately watched the mysterious white mountain veiling and unveiling herself in mist, far above him, and the dim white form of the woman he loved as she moved back and forth in the shadowy room beyond, making ready for the night. The soft night wind blew whiffs of roses, then of tobacco, caressingly in to Camille. Throwing on a shimmering little *saut-lit*, she came to Charles on the balcony, took the pipe from his lips, and put her lips to his.

"*O, mon Charlot, mon Charlot,*" she breathed.

A LITTLE Neapolitan street-song, softly but gaily whistled, rose from somewhere below them. They were too absorbed to notice it at first; later Whitridge looked over the edge of the balcony and saw the figure of a man pacing the narrow gravel path, interspersing little snatches of song with puffs on a long, black cigar.

"*Sti Bersaglieri, quanne passene.*"

Camille shot back into the shadow, but something familiar in the somewhat rakish walk made Whitridge lean far over the rail, and, as the man turned so that the moonlight shone full on his face, he recognized him.

"Bertrand, *c'est toi, mon vieux!*" he called out, in involuntary joyous welcome.

As he brushed past Camille, she murmured: "Why need you have? You will not be long?"

But he was already on the stairs, in the garden, wringing Favrier's hands, utterly unmindful now of everything, save that here was a good fellow, who had shared with him to the full the life of the past four years.

Camille, with a little disquiet and her first loneliness, watched them disappear out of the gate into the town, their arms boyishly across each other's shoulders.

"AND to whom did you sublet?" Bertrand reached over to fill Charles' glass again. "God forbid that Aunt Windfall had the breaking up of that flat! Her precious little heir would have had a nice settlement. And a cup of cold water and a snail or two for a wedding breakfast!"

"For that matter," Charles shrugged a shoulder, "Camille is hardly unprovided for. But Aunt Windfall came up to scratch like the trump she is. Of course, she couldn't understand why I didn't want to keep the things, but I assured her I was determined to dispose of everything in the apartment and start with fresh furniture of Camille's choice. After she went back to her hotel, you can just bet I rabbited around and returned all the stuff to its owners!"

They grinned in unabashed appreciation.

"The sideboard was the worst," mused Bertrand. "I always did think that sideboard was overdoing the game a bit."

"Not at all! There's so much stability about a sideboard. Don't you remember the letter she wrote? And all the while we were in the deuce of a panic when the cheque didn't come, and didn't come—and the *Bal des Dieux* only three days off! And then it came! 'My dear Charles! I am delighted that you are so enjoying your studies and the apartment and are settling down with so much interest to making a home for yourself and to the collection of beautiful things. I enclose a cheque for the Empire sideboard, and have made it a little more than you ask, so that you may keep the whole room of the same period.' I *think* we did," he added.

"That was the time she approved so highly of my installing a housekeeper, so that I would not have to go out for all my meals, and liked my delicacy in getting her a room on the fifth floor—Fleurette had the delicacy, by the by, to *stay* on the fifth floor all the time Aunt was in the *Impasse.*" Whitridge lit his pipe. "God!" he murmured, "that she could kick around over half of Europe, and not know that she was supporting two of Paris' prettiest!"

"THREE!" corrected Bertrand, with a reminiscent chuckle, "you forget the 'dresser.' 'Since I am now keeping house, dear Aunt, I need a dresser for the kitchen!' You got one all right! I might say, in passing, that Fifine was one of the best little dressers of her class in Paris!"

Story after story; glass after glass of light red wine. The guides and stage-drivers and scattered tourists were thinning out. A boisterous card game among some peasants at the next table broke up, and one of them, a cheery old guide, placed his hand on Bertrand's shoulder in passing.

"The gentlemen are perhaps contemplating some ascensions? Permit me to suggest myself as a guide, though it is still too bad weather for serious attempt."

"No, no," replied Bertrand. But after the man had gone, "Yet, if I could have found a guide this morning who would have attempted it, I would have made a try for the *Aiguille du Dru.* It's always fascinated me, that mountain! It's like that one you and I did two summers ago, in the Pyrenees—only more so! But they say it's in bad shape. Lots of late snow. Still, I'd chance it."

WHITRIDGE got up quietly and walked to the door. The little street was deserted. The moon had dropped behind the mountains, but the stars glittered in great brilliance. Something of their glitter seemed to have caught in his eyes, as he came back to the table, watch in hand. Or was it the easily roused venturesomeness of youth, or perhaps only the stimulation of red wine?

"Have you togs with you?" he asked eagerly, the wave of irresponsibility which had engulfed him with the renewing of these strong young ties becoming suddenly irresistible. "Ice-pick? And a rope? If we started in an hour, we could get to the rocks by dawn. If the snow is really rotten, we'd be back for *déjeuner.* You see, we are planning to go on to Italy day after to-morrow."

"But your wife? It is *imbecile,* the whole affair! You are not serious, Charles?"

"But perfectly! An anniversary celebration, to the day almost, of our Pyrenees climbs. It is an inspiration, *Bertino! Andiamo!*"

They were off in an hour. Whitridge found his wife sleeping. It was easier to slip a note into her half-closed hand than to wake her and risk dissuadings and beseechings. So, though he longed to embrace her, he changed his clothes noiselessly and scrawled:

"My Angel! Bertrand and I cannot resist one climb together. If we find conditions poor, may possibly be back by noon. Don't worry! *Ton Charlot t'embrasse!*"

CAMILLE spent the twenty-fourth of July in an agony of loneliness and apprehension. From the moment when, waking in the dark from an agitated dream, she felt the crumpled paper in her hand, to *déjeuner,* she had felt only anger and resentment at being thus abandoned, unconsulted, for the first escapade that offered. But when the shadows of the mountains crept to the garden wall, over it and up, up to the balcony where she sat with her eyes fixed constantly on the white peaks that had enticed him, she suddenly missed her husband with a chilling desolation. Snatching up her cloak she hurried to the hotel.

In the *bureau,* a group of tourists and guides were talking.

"No imbecile would think of starting for several days. It is probably snowing up there now."

The remark arrested her, and she drew back into the corridor with her question unasked. Alone on the terrace, it was some minutes before she could gather courage even to summon a waiter and order tea. It was the first time in her life, the cloistered life of a *jeune fille,* that she had ever addressed strangers. And even deeper than her shyness, was her mortification at being alone, at having to confess to the people of the hotel, to the waiter even, that she did not know where her husband was. At that thought a panic seized her. Should he not come soon, a search-party must be sent out. But where? She gazed at the summits now shrouded in clouds.

"It is probably snowing up there now!" She thought. She shuddered. The waiter, bringing her tea, remarked compassionately:

"Madame is alone? Monsieur without doubt makes an excursion?"

She forced herself to answer lightly:

"Yes, with a friend. I expect them back presently," adding almost unconsciously, "for it is probably snowing up there now."

"UP there?" He was undisguisedly amazed. "Surely not a climb? Where would a guide be found who would attempt an ascent these unsettled days?"

"But I do not know that they had a guide!" The temptation to confide her fears overwhelmed Camille. "I do not even know what mountain they are climbing or whether they have food, or anything, save that they left before dawn and are not yet back! I found a note from my husband." It was horrible, Charles' lack of confidence in her!

The waiter spoke soothingly to her, as to a child. But he must have talked of it to others, for soon she became aware of people glancing in her direction and speaking together in low tones. And presently the *patron* came to her and questioned her, kindly enough, and agreed to send out searchers should her husband and the other Monsieur not have appeared by dinner-time—though a search-party would avail little, unless someone had talked to them or seen them leave the valley.

Camille dined alone. Later, on the terrace, an Englishman and his wife spoke to her and lent her a field-glass, though the mountains were nearly invisible. She made her way down to the little villa through a fine drizzle of rain. The window opening to the balcony was shut, the room dismally chill.

Camille lay alone in the great carved bed and slept fitfully. She was too young and healthy to forego sleep altogether. At seven, she could bear the loneliness no longer and rang for coffee. A maid tiptoed in and spoke in hushed tones and discreetly left drawn the curtains to the windows facing the mountains. Camille could have screamed.

At the hotel they told her that some of the searchers had returned. Others were continuing on the chance. The charge would be sixty francs (*Continued on page* 72)

Broadway's Bubbles

The Out-of-Town Girl Finds That Chorus Girls Are Working Women Too

ANY old-fashioned Hibernicism tells us that "half the lies we hear aren't true." The proportion of untruthful misstatements must be even greater on Broadway—for everything else is higher there. In her own language, unaltered for the sake of editorial improvement that might spoil it, the woman who lived this story proves that not all stage-struck girls are pursued by millionaires.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" The colo rushed to my face as th girls turned their apprais ing eyes on me. "I'm looking for a position in a chorus," I almost whispered

I MADE my decision to seek my fortune on Broadway one Spring day on a hilltop in Maine, as I sat, chin on palm, looking down on the panorama of wood, farmland and village that lay spread out before me.

I had loved my husband so utterly. It seemed monstrous that he should lie lost to me forever in Flanders Fields, and that I must go on living. I hated war and those who spoke of its glories. I hated the army. I hated the Government that had taken Jack from me. I hated everyone—and everything.

Then, out of my brooding and my dreaming, came the determination that was to startle all those who knew me. I would tread the primrose path about which I had read so much. I would come to New York and become a *chorus girl!*

I had what others had called a pretty face and a good figure. I could dance and sing. All the stories I had ever read told me I needed nothing more. I could have fame, gold, jewels, wonderful gowns, limousines. Millionaires would wait at the stage door for my appearance. All their wealth would be laid at my feet. I would have to pay, of course. And I *would* pay! Why not?

Why should I be good when life had treated me so unfairly? I would be cold, hard, scheming, reckless. I would trample on men's hearts. And their gifts—I would take them for my baby, my little Jack. He should be reared in luxury, and he should never know the price his mother paid.

MY mother, I decided, would have to know the truth. Would she stand by me? I walked down from the hilltop to the little white cottage that nestled there among the fruit trees, and I put the question to her squarely. She stared at me, aghast.

"A chorus girl! You must be crazy, dear. What would Jack think of such a thing? And—"

"Jack is gone, Mother," I interrupted bitterly. "If God had been interested in me or my future he would have let Jack come back. As it is, I'm here, alone, with my baby to take care of. You know what an easy thing it is for a chorus girl to get along. You know what we read, and what the girl who came up here last summer told us. Those girls have fine apartments on Riverside Drive. They have servants and limousines, beautiful clothes and jewelry."

"But, Mary, dear, think of the price they pay. You don't realize what it means." My mother's face was flushed at the very thought, but I laughed.

"I do know, Mother. I have thought it out and decided. I'm going. The question is, are you coming?"

Of course, a mother could have only one answer to that question. How I admired my own reckless stand, my bitterness and cynicism. We closed the little cottage, shutting in all the mementoes of my honeymoon there, and went to New York.

Far up in the Bronx we found a tiny flat and settled ourselves as comfortably as we could. Then, on a muggy midsummer day, I went out to look for the position that was to bring me the luxuries I craved.

AS I came up out of the subway at Times Square the heat of the streets seemed to rise up and smite me in the face, the tall buildings scowled down upon me, the traffic roared at me. For a moment I stood frightened and trembling. Then I gathered my courage. Here was

New York, waiting to receive me. And Broadway—the wonderful street of enchantment that I had seen in tempting flashes on the screen of the little movie theater back in Maine.

The Great White Way! Somewhere, close at hand, just around a corner, perhaps, it waited for me, with its shining pavements, its brilliant, happy throngs moving up and down before dazzling plate-glass windows and gorgeous theater entrances.

In the middle of the street an officer directed a thin tide of traffic, up one side, down the other. I went out to him timidly.

"Will you please direct me to Broadway?" I asked.

"You're on it now, sister," with a friendly grin. "Broadway and Forty-second."

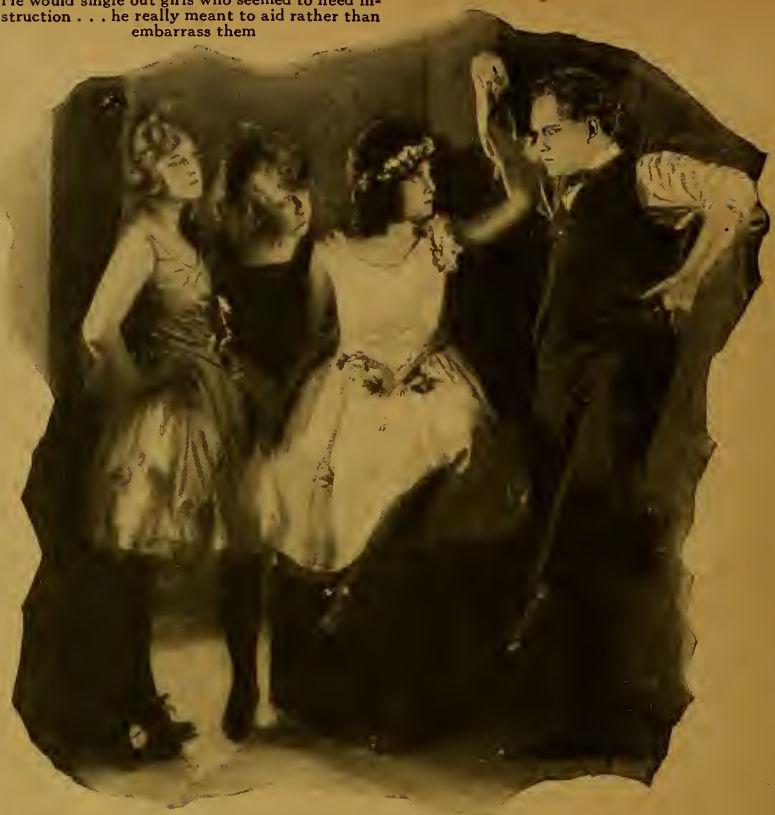
I stared around me, unbelievingly. Where was the rush? Where were the bright lights, the gay crowds, the limousines? Where was *everything?*

"Any particular part of Broadway you want, sister?" the friendly voice broke in on my confused wondering.

"The—the theatrical district," I stammered.

"Right here. You're in the heart of it. And it runs along to Fifty-ninth Street now."

He would single out girls who seemed to need instruction . . . he really meant to aid rather than embarrass them



"Thank you," I answered, miserably, and walked uptown, trying to adjust my mind to the unexpected surroundings. I told myself that it was the middle of a hot summer day, that I had been foolish to expect any liveliness or brilliancy, that everything would be different in the evening, when the millions of signs burst into light.

BUT my first bubble was broken! New York had its dull, uninteresting, tiresome hours, as well as Middleford, Maine.

I had a list of theatrical offices, clipped from a dramatic magazine. My heart was beating very fast as I stepped out of the elevator into the first one. It was a bare little room, with a row of wooden chairs, a few posters on the wall, and a small table at one end. A gum-chewing lad looked up at me with a wink.

"Chorus lady?" he asked, and then before I could speak. "Nuthin' doin'." And turned his attention to his illustrated paper.

I looked around dumbly. Where were the offices I had read about where managers waited for pretty faces? Red-carpeted offices. Velvet hung offices. Offices with mahogany desks and easy chairs and wonderful paintings.

A second bubble had broken. I turned and went away, miserably.

I visited six offices with the same result. At the seventh, a few girls sat in a row, evidently waiting, and I dropped into one of the chairs, glad to rest for a moment. As I waited, I studied the other girls. The little blonde next to me had on a suit of the cheapest blue serge, not nearly so good as my own. Next to her sat a girl in a faded, sleazy georgette frock. The little one with red hair wore a gray cotton voile, quite evidently homemade. Where were the wonderful gowns, the gold-buckled slippers, the flashing rings? These girls were not beginners like myself. They were chatting knowingly about "big time" and "the Subway circuit," with all the intimate, familiar jargon of their kind. They must be real chorus girls. While I wondered, the sharp voice of the office boy interrupted my thoughts.

"WHAT can I do for you, Miss?"

The color rushed to my face as the girls turned their appraising eyes on me. "I'm looking for a position in a chorus," I almost whispered.

"Yuh don't mean it!" he exclaimed. "Hear that, goils! Comes right out with the awful truth, amongst all you folks that's lookin' for a chance to star with John Charles Thomas or Georgie Cohan. Lookin' for a chorus job. I'll say you oughta have it, kiddo, just for being honest about it. What's your name, Miss?"

"Mary Warner," I answered. His pencil was poised over a two-by-four pad now and he wrote as I answered. "Mary Warner . . . hm-m-m . . . Mary, ain't it a grand old name? Well, cheer up, it'll be Violette or Primrose or Petsy-woo, when you get on a programme. Any photograph? Hmm-mm-mm . . ." looking at the two cheap little pictures I handed him, "they really look like you. Now that's not businesslike—handin' out pictures that are just like you! It isn't being done, you know!"

The girls were all giggling and my face must have been red as fire, but he went on. "Any experience?"

"No," I admitted, "but I think I can make good."

"They all think that, little Mary. Well, wait a bit."

I mastered my part of the work sooner than many of the girls and the final days of rehearsal were much easier for me than for many of the others

HE disappeared through a door marked "Private." I waited breathlessly. In a minute the boy came back.

"Come right in," he said to me, ignoring the other girls who sniffed indignantly. I followed him, my head whirling. Now I was to see one of the real offices.

I came into a large room, bare of floor and furnished with a plain oak desk and two chairs. A fat, bald-headed man in his shirt-sleeves puffed violently at a cigar and eyed me through clouds of smoke.

"Sit down, please," he invited, with a nod toward the vacant chair. Then he began to scribble at something on his desk.

I WATCHED the hands of the clock for twenty minutes. I was restless and moved about, looking at the photographs and posters on the wall. Suddenly I realized that the man was watching me all the time, studying my face and figure. Of course I became self-conscious then, and sat up stiffly. With that he laughed and held out a card to me.

"Report to-morrow at ten at the Lynton theatre for rehearsal," he said.

"You mean that I'm engaged!" I asked, in amazement.

"You'll have to make good with the director. Your looks are OK. Don't be afraid to sing out, and kick. And don't say you've had no experience. I wouldn't take a green one but good lookers are scarce this season. Scarce *every* season! Salary thirty-five per if he keeps you. Good-by."

I was so excited now that I forgot my former disappointments. I hurried home to tell mother, and all night I dreamed of myself in spangled tights, dancing before an audience of men who pelted me with thousands of huge red roses.

AT ten o'clock in the morning I found my way to the stage of the Lynton theatre. My first feeling as I looked around was a wild desire to beat a hasty retreat. There were a good many girls there. But their legs, destined later to twinkle behind the footlights in pink tights, were now covered with old silk stockings, of every color of the rainbow. Every chorus girl, I learned, saves her old stockings for practise work.

The theatre itself looked dismal enough with its auditorium empty and dark, its stage bare of all scenery. A man in his shirt sleeves sat at the piano keeping time with his heel.

The director was a fiercely energetic little man who yelled and stamped and danced like a madman. He had no patience at all. A girl must catch his idea instantly and carry it out perfectly or he would pour forth a torrent of warning or even abuse. Most of the girls didn't mind it, but it seemed terrible to me.

IT was two o'clock when he stopped the pianist and turned to us with a gesture of disgust. "Oh, go and eat for an hour, the bunch of you! Maybe then you'll have some pep in your legs even if we can't hope for any bean work. Back at three sharp!"

I was too excited to eat. I was so afraid I was going to fail to make good. But when he finally dismissed us at five o'clock, he said: "Ten sharp in the morning, and that don't mean ten-five, remember!"

"Does that mean we are all satisfactory?" I asked a girl in the dressing-room. She looked me all over before she answered.

"You never can tell. He might rehearse you for months and then drop you out at the last minute. That's a chance you have to take. But it's better than it was before the strike. They gotta pay us for rehearsals, anyhow.

We rehearsed every day now until the middle of August. When I was measured for a costume I knew I was to stay with the show. In time I learned that the director was not such an unfeeling tyrant as I had at first believed him. To the very last day he would single out girls who seemed to need instruction in some step or other, but I realized that he really meant to aid rather than embarrass them. I mastered my part of the work sooner than many of the girls and the final days of rehearsal were much easier for me than for many of the others.

So far, my life in New York had been as uneventful as it had been in the hills of Maine. But I knew my real experience would begin when the show opened.

We had a packed house for the first night and at the last minute I was given a little song to sing, because the director in a fit of nervous temper fired a girl. I put it over and was called back three times. I was jubilant, and the director gave me one of his funny crooked smiles.

"It's your song now, young lady," he said. "It'll mean ten a week extra to you, and a little start up from the chorus."

I WAS so thrilled with my success that I sang and danced through the evening in a maze of ecstasy. The front rows were full of prosperous-looking men and I thought how many they would look, waiting at the stage door, their cars in the background. All the time I was changing into my street clothes I was trembling with expectation. And through it all I was afraid! I thought of Jack. I thought of my baby, asleep in his little white bed. But I hardened my heart, put on a brave face, and went out, flutteringly, following one of the older girls.

"Now!" I thought, as I stepped out to the pavement. Then I stopped and stared around, blankly. The sidewalk was dingy and deserted. The light above the stage door flared drearily. The doorman was the only person in sight.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl ahead, looking around. "Expecting someone to meet you?"

"N-no," I stammered confusedly.

"Go uptown? So do I." She fell into step beside me. "It's a dog's life draggin' back and forth, but I got two kids and you can't do any better 'n the Bronx for them."

I followed her silently. This, then, was the gay life of the chorus girl! Another bubble had broken!

THE weeks went by and no millionaire put in an appearance. I found that none of the girls expected them to. Night after night I came out and saw three limousines waiting. One belonged to the star, one to the leading man, one to the comedian. The chorus all came out tired and drooping and made for the subway. It was home and bed they longed for.

Mother stretched my thirty-five a week so that we lived comfortably on it, but it was a humdrum life. Whenever I stopped to think, I laughed at my daily program as compared to the life of my dreams. I was up at eight to bathe and dress baby. Then I sewed for him or for myself until noon, I ate lunch and hurried off to the matinée, for we played twelve shows a week. There was time to dash home to dinner and back before the evening performance and I usually did it. It was cheaper than eating in a restaurant, and it gave me a few minutes with baby. At eleven every night I went home in the subway, drank a glass of milk and ate the sandwich mother always left for me. That finished every day. No late suppers in fashionable restaurants, no flowers, no temptations at all!

There was a young man who was often on the same train when I went home to dinner. He was good-looking and courteous and I was glad to get the seat which he saved for me. Sometimes he left the train and walked

And just then I saw him coming toward me. He had been waiting at the top of the subway stairs, and there was a new expression in his eyes

with me to the corner. He was the one friend I had made in New York and I liked him, but he was very quiet and reserved. I did not even know his name, nor did he ask mine. Yet sometimes I caught a look in his blue eyes that thrilled me for a moment.

THEN one night my young man of the subway seat failed to appear. I clung to a strap and felt sorry for myself. Probably he had gone back to wherever he came from to marry his old sweetheart. How silly I had been to dream that he liked me. I didn't care for him, anyhow, I was just tired and silly, and my throat ached.

And just then I saw him coming toward me. He had been waiting at the top of the subway stairs, and there was a new expression in his eyes. I looked at them just once, and fell to trembling. He drew my hand through his arm and we turned down the side street toward my home.

"I came up earlier to-night and missed you, so I waited. I have had a wonderful piece of luck handed me to-day, and I have no one but you to tell it to. Nobody who'd be interested, I mean."

"You poor, brave, splendid little thing!" he said. "You've had enough of New York and its broken bubbles. Come back to Maine with me. Will you?"

"Of course I am interested," I told him, "and glad for you."

"I came to New York alone," he said. "I took the first job I could get, which happened to be a hotel clerk. That was three years ago, and you're the only friend I've made." I felt a little thrill of joy go through me at his matter of fact way of depending on my friendship. "To-day I have been offered the management of the Giltmore."

"The Giltmore? I don't seem to know that name, here."

"It isn't here. It's in Portland, Maine. That's the only drawback."

"But that's not a drawback. Portland is a beautiful city. Why, my home town is only ten miles from there."

"What luck! I was so afraid you'd hate to leave New York!"

I LOOKED at him in amazement, but he was not joking. His face was firm and serious, his eyes were searching mine. "Will you marry me, and go with me, next week?" he said, simply.

"But I don't know you. This is the first personal conversation we ever had. You don't know me! It's absurd," I gasped.

"I know you, and I want you," he said. "Will you come?"

"Do you always go after things you want in this manner?" I asked, sparring for time.

"Precisely. That's why I landed this job. I have no relatives, so you take me all by myself if you accept me. And you are alone in the world, are you not?"

"No. I have a mother, and—"

"May I come in and meet her now?" he interrupted. "And won't you say yes, before we go in?"

Again my eyes went up to meet his, and again they fell. A wave of something—was it fright, or surprise, or dawning love—swept over me. "You don't even know my name," I protested weakly, trying not to look at him.

"Tell it to me, then," he demanded, and I answered him meekly:

"Mary Warner."

"And here is mine." He gave me a card on which was engraved "Thomas Boardman." Then he said, "Now that we are introduced, may I come in?"

I felt that I ought to say no but I didn't. I looked up at him as I slipped my key into the lock, and something in my expression must have told him that I didn't want him to go away, for he followed me on into the hall and up to my apartment.

"Did it ever occur to you that I might be married?" I asked, desperately, when we were in the little sitting-room. He looked at me, hesitating a little as he studied my face.

"It did," he said slowly, "but I concluded it was impossible. You would not

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The "Other Woman" Speaks

Her Story, She Says, Is Without a Moral, But It Has Its Lesson

THE Other Woman—what ugly things the words imply. And yet—and yet—I am one of the Other Women.

The Man has a wife and three children.

In cold black and white, the statement is ugly, repulsive. It brands me as one of the Other Women for fair, and The Man, as a cad, and worse.

And yet, The Man is a better man, his family is the happier and I am a better woman for the "guilty" love that came into our lives nearly three years ago. It's hard to believe that, I know it. I myself would be skeptical, if I heard someone else make such a statement. Nevertheless, it is true.

Ours wasn't a case of mad infatuation, of love at first sight. For more than two and a half years I saw The Man every day. I was a reporter—he on the copy desk of the same paper. For nearly three years a nod of the head, a remark about the weather constituted the extent of our daily intercourse.

The Man was considered the office grouch—a taciturn, morose-looking individual. He never smiled. He never mixed with the others, and after one or two attempts at friendliness, the rest of the staff left him severely to himself. He was intolerant of weaknesses, and to all appearances, cold and hard. Add to this a profound and deep-rooted prejudice to my race—I am a Jewess—and you have The Man as I first knew him.

COULD you but read the letter that came to us with this chapter from a newspaper woman's life story, you would understand why we published it. She has found just what the Other Woman always finds when she looks backward over the path she has traveled. All too late she learns that she has missed—but she is well able to tell her own story.

MY surprise, therefore, was complete when, one rainy evening, The Man asked me to have supper with him. Perhaps it was the utter unexpectedness of it that made me accept. Perhaps in the back of my mind was a desire to see this man outside of business and to find out, if possible, what made him so moody. It must have been some such motive that influenced me, for in all my six years of newspaper life up to this time, I had never once broken my rule not to go out, even for a soda or a cup of coffee, with the married men on the staff.

The supper was a rather quiet affair. The Man spoke little. I tried to draw him out once or twice, but did not succeed. I wondered just why he had asked me, but could find no satisfactory answer, either in his words, or in his manner. After we got back to the office, I put The Man and his invitation out of my mind altogether.

A few days later he stopped at my desk for a few words before passing on to his own. And every day after that he always came to my desk for a few moments before beginning his own nightly task. Sometimes he never spoke a word—just stood by a moment, watching me at my typewriter.

It was about a month or so after our first supper that he again asked me to come out and have a little lunch with him. I had fully made up my mind, after that other time, that if he ever asked me again, I would decline. But before I knew it I found myself saying:

"All right. I'll be through in five minutes."

During the meal I looked at my companion more intently than politely, I am afraid. I was angry with myself for going with him against my own volition, as it seemed.

"Anything the matter with me?" he asked, once after I had stared particularly long.

"I was just wondering why I came out with you. I had fully intended not to."

"Why?" He looked at me half-amused, half-puzzled.

"Nothing personal," I told him, "just a fixed rule of mine to steer clear of attached men."

The Man showed signs of being almost human. He looked at me kindly.

"Do you know," he said, "I like you for that."

"Thanks," I replied, and then changed the subject. I spoke of the new reporter, of the old ones. And then I found that he would not discuss the bits of office scandal that floated about at all. I think it was this that first aroused my interest, my curiosity at what might be beneath his gruff exterior.

AFTER that night, slowly, without my really becoming conscious of the drift, the little chats—the occasional cup of coffee—came to be a matter of course with us. Bit by bit—word by word—I discovered under the cold, hard, grouchy veneer of The Man a high sense of honor, an abhorrence of all sham and dishonesty and vulgarity. I found a mind that was free from the putridness that fills the minds of most men. I found a man's man and a woman's man.

I didn't discover all this in a week or two weeks. It was months—months during which he spoke often of his wife, his children, his ambitions, his dead father, his boyhood days.

Never once did he pose as a misunderstood husband. On the contrary, he never lost an opportunity of impressing me with the goodness and the kindness of his wife. His home life, it seemed, ran in a quiet groove. He wasn't unhappy. There was just a sort of blank passivity.

And then, one day, before we knew what was happening to us, there stood love, all rosy and fresh and dew-sprinkled, just as if he were twenty and I seventeen, instead of The Man being nearly forty and having a wife and three children and I a woman past the thirty mark.

Sleep refused to come to me that night. I, who used to hold my head so high in the consciousness of my clean record, was in love with another woman's husband! I, who had looked with scorn on such weakness in others, was now no better! Hot tears stung my eyes, the tightening of my throat hurt. My pride, all my ideals seemed to be in the dust.

THE next morning I found a note slipped into the top drawer of my desk: "The tea-room around the corner at five?" No signature was necessary.

I found him waiting for me at a table in the corner of the room.

"Well, little lady?" he greeted me, smiling sadly.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Not very happy, are you?"

I looked away and shook my head. I couldn't speak my throat was so tight.

"And you?" I asked, after the tightness had relaxed a little.

"I'm the unhappiest and the happiest man in the world. I've fought and fought with myself. I've called myself the hardest names. I've tried to remember every act of goodness, every virtue of my wife. I've thought of my children, of how ashamed they would be of me if tney knew. But it doesn't help. I've thought, too, of what it means to you; of the hurt and the shame it will be to you. But nothing—nothing will alter the fact that I love you as I never knew a man could love."

We walked back to the office in silence. I didn't turn in a very good story that evening. I couldn't think of anything but this wonderful and terrifying love that had come to me.

Common sense, reason, sanity, all urged me to stop then and there. But my heart kept on pleading for just a little while of happiness. What harm would it do? my heart argued, just a few months, and then, perhaps, we would tire of our own accord.

SO we drifted on and on, not bound for any shore, just drifting with the tide and too intensely happy in our sweet madness to break away from it.

We never tired. Our love only grew stronger. It took so little to make us happy. A daily good-morning note of love in The Man's box, one in my drawer, and our hearts would sing all day long.

I had my own code of honor. I never allowed The Man to spend any money on me. A light supper now and then, rarely a dinner. A movie, never a theatre. I made no demands on his time: A short walk along the more deserted streets; a cup of coffee at small, out-of-the-way restaurants where the china was usually thick and chipped and the linen not always spotless. It was enough for me that The Man was sitting there opposite me, clasping now and then my hand, or whispering, "You wonderful, wonderful woman." I was happier then than any frequenter of great hotels. Sometimes there were visions of a little place of our own—but we wouldn't let those thoughts linger for a moment. They were not in our code of honor, not mine and not The Man's.

And The Man? He became a different being. Those who worked with him found him more patient, more tolerant. He was a broader, bigger, better man in every respect. And sometimes, now, he smiled.

There were days, however, when he was very quiet, days when no good-morning note was in my drawer. And I knew what was the matter. I knew, because I, too, had my hours of suffering. Living a lie wasn't easy.

ON one of those rare occasions when we were alone for a little while, I held him off at arm's length and looked at him long.

"Do you know, belovedest," I said, "you look a hundred per cent. better than when I first knew you."

"Feel better, too, and happier," he answered. "I'm happier now than I have ever been in my life. Happier at home, too. Helen and I had long since taken it for granted that neither of us was affectionate. I find now we were wrong. You have taught me how to be affectionate. Sweetheart," here he became very grave. "It's a strange thing for a man to say to his sweetheart, but I want you to know, Helen has found me a more lovable man since I have had you and your love. I'm less irritable, less selfish, more human, easier to live with—thanks to you, Wonder Woman."

I knew it was true, and I thrilled at the knowledge. It compensated for the pangs of conscience I sometime suffered. It was this knowledge that helped me throu what would otherwise have been a very trying positio Helen came to the office one afternoon and The Man brought her over to my desk. As I chatted with her, I felt, not as the Other Woman is supposed to feel—guilty and conscience-stricken—but as if she, instead, were indebted to me. I was taking nothing from her, and I was giving her a better, bigger husband.

The day after Christmas, The Man's white, set fa made me uneasy. Nor did the lines relax when we we alone.

"Was Santa good to you yesterday?" I asked by way of saying something. For a long minute he didn't answer. Then:

"Eleanor, when a man is not happy on Christmas day with his family because he longs to be with another woman—don't you think it is time—" He couldn't finish, but dropped his head on his arms and cried as only a man cries.

Yes—it was time. I realized that we must stop, otherwise I *would* be as one of those Other Women. There was a clear understanding between The Man and myself that if our love re-acted to the unhappiness of his family there would be an immediate break between us. Never once did the idea of divorce enter our minds. And to myself I have taken a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to marry The Man. The Man knows I will keep that vow. I could not go on being happy in our love if we were wrecking other people's lives because of it.

AND now the time had come to renounce our love. Somehow I can't write of that hour. It seems almost sacred. And the ache of it is still with me after these long years.

The weeks that followed seemed eons and eons long. My mind refused to function in its old way. I fell down on several assignments. What was the matter with me, anyway? How could I expect happiness to last when founded on the shifting sands of a married man's affections? I would work harder. I would play harder, oh, much harder.

But I didn't do any of those things; and I was thoroughly disgusted with myself.

"I'm going to leave," I announced to the office, at last. The Man overheard me. Hands clasped behind him he walked up and down the big local room—up and down, up and down—a way he had when agitated or in deep thought. Then he came over to me and asked me if I could slip away for a few minutes.

"Why are you going to leave?" he asked abruptly, as we turned a corner into a narrower, quieter street.

"I'm not making good anymore," I told him.

We walked on in silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Eleanor, I can't go on like this. I can't give you up. I'm not big enough—I thought I was, but I can't, I can't do it. I'm miserable and I'm making life miserable for Helen and the children. Oh, I've tried to fight this thing out by myself, God knows I have. But I've failed. I want you—I need you." And this man who was once so cold and hard nearly broke down right there in the street.

Perhaps I should have been strong enough for both. Perhaps I should have been big enough for both and broken away. But what's the use of perhaps-ing?

I wasn't an iron woman. I was just an ordinary, everyday woman with an immense capacity to love and a longing to have the love that was mine. And back of it all was the satisfying thought that no one was being harmed, so why not be happy? And so I stayed.

Three years have slipped by, wonderful years. The Man is still my ideal of what a man should be—of what I would wish a son of mine to be. Not that he is without faults. That wouldn't be (*Continued on page* 93)

The Kleptomaniac's Story

The Turning Point in the Life of a Girl Who Stole Against Her Will

OUT of the misty haze of events that I remember of my early childhood, one incident stands out clearly throughout all the years. And, some-, it seems to me like the keynote to my later life.

was about five years old. There had been a dinner ..y at our home that evening, and the clinking glasses nd light laughter had kept me awake far into the night. When the last guest had departed, a brooding stillness settled over the house. I crept out of bed and down the great stairway in search of Mother. A kindly light streamed out to me from the dining-room, so I went to the open doorway and looked in.

There stood Mother and Dad near the table in the center of the room. Mother was lovingly fingering an oddly beautiful vase, and caressing it with shining eyes. Dad was watching her with a look of hopeless suffering on his face.

Child that I was, I knew that something was wrong. I could feel the strained silence. I held out my arms and called "Mamma." It was the word that had never failed to give the desired comfort of loving arms.

They both turned and looked at me, but neither of them heeded my cry. I was heartbroken. For the first time in my tiny life I was being ignored. But though my effort did not bring the desired result, it was not in vain. It broke the unbearable silence. My father went to Mother, and putting his hand on her shoulder, forced her to look at him. Then he said:

"After four years, Alice. How I have hoped and prayed that it might never happen again. What of the little one yet to come?"

At this Mother began to sob with her head on his shoulder. And because I felt very much left out of things, and determined to reinstate myself, I commenced to yell with all my might.

They carried me off to bed, and soothed me to sleep, but my mind recorded the scene to the minutest details.

SEVERAL months later my mother died. Daddy was like a stranger to me then. He came and went with bowed head, and eyes that saw not at all. The servants talked in awed whispers. My nurse, Ellen, was my one refuge in that house of death. She petted me and scolded me quite as if nothing terrible had happened.

We left Centralia soon after mother's death, taking with us but a few things from the old home. Nurse Ellen had become a fixture, so she accompanied us. Dad bought a beautiful mansion in Portland, filled it with servants, and a governess for me, and began to increase his already marvelously large horde of dollars with a skill characteristic of but few men.

Soon after we settled in Portland, Dad and I commenced to play a strangely curious game. Whenever I was downtown during the week with Ellen or my governess, Dad wanted me to decide upon something especially desirable which I would like, whether it was to be found in a jewelry store or a modiste shop. Then always without fail on Saturday afternoon he would go with me to purchase what I had chosen. Sometimes my wants were strangely unusual, which seemed to worry Dad more than if they were rashly expensive. He never refused to buy what I had picked out, however.

Dad entertained but rarely except at his club. I had no playmates who were not grown up, and I longed for children of my own age to mingle with. Consequently when Ellen informed me that a new family was moving into the house next door, I secluded myself in the shrubbery in our yard, and watched the proceedings across the fence with much eagerness, hoping to see some children installed as neighbors. But I was doomed to disappointment.

After a prolonged vigil which began during the arrival of the big piano, and ended when the lady of the house herself appeared with her lap dog held tightly in her arms, I gave up in despair. I stepped boldly forth from my hiding place, raced to Dad who was just coming home, and flooded him with my tale of woe.

SEVERAL days later, as Dad and I were about to set forth on one of our regular trips to town, a lady caller appeared upon the scene. She ushered herself into the library, apparently profusely apologetic, although she was serenely confident of a welcome which, though it might be grudged her, would be bestowed upon her, nevertheless.

"Dear Mr. Hunter," she gurgled, as she hastened to Dad with outstretched hands, "how delightful to be near you again." And at Dad's look of uncertainty she hastened to add, "You know, of course, that I have taken the house next door? Such a charming place, to be sure. Oh, there's Alicia. What a dear, sweet child she has grown to be." This she said pretending to see me for the first time, although I knew that she had seen me when she entered the room.

Dad addressed her as Mrs. Denton, and asked her to be seated. The conversation, although very one-sided, did not lag. The dear lady seemed to have an extraordinary amount of conversation at her command.

"Yes, I left Centralia a few weeks ago, and decided to make my home here for the present. And, oh, my dear Mr. Hunter," she continued, as she wiped her eyes with a bit of lace, "I have missed dear Alice so!"

At this last I noticed that Dad's face began to change. "Alice" was my mother's name, so I decided that Mrs. Denton had been her friend.

"Dear Mr. Hunter, do let that sweet child come and kiss me," she gurgled again. Someway I did not feel like being kissed, but at Dad's motion I obediently stepped forward, and undertook the ordeal. I dropped the kiss upon her low forehead swiftly, and then tried to escape. But Mrs. Denton held me off at arm's length and contemplated me carefully. Then she turned to Dad and said:

"She is like her mother. Very much so, my dear friend. She hasn't shown any tendency toward Alice's great weakness, has she?"

Dad said "No," and at the harsh tone of his utterance, and the dark look on his countenance, the lady visitor quailed in spite of herself.

"I must be going," she murmured. "Come to see me soon, both of you," and smilingly, apparently enjoying Dad's discomfiture, she bowed herself out.

Dad paced the floor and cursed softly after she left, but to my questions he returned no satisfactory answers.

Not long after Mrs. Denton's visit I went with Miss Proctor, my governess, to an interior decorator's rooms, down on Washington Street. We were admitted to a room done in a wondrous combination of blue and yellow that was entrancingly alluring. On a window-sill a striking stuffed bird of brilliant blue plumage perched

naturally. I stood looking at this curiosity as the decorator and Miss Proctor passed on into an adjoining room. Suddenly I was moved by a mad impulse to own that bird. As if forced by an unseen hand I took the ornament and concealed it under my coat. Then I followed the others into the next room.

We left soon after, and I hurried my governess along, impatient to examine my treasure at leisure in my own room at home.

THE blue bird was a constant source of pleasure to me. I kept it in hiding, and stole in surreptitiously to gloat over its beauty daily. Not one of my rare jewels or strange assortment of purchased articles had the lure for me that my bird continued to maintain.

Cora Larsen, Ellen's sister, often came to our home to see my nurse. Upon the occasion of one visit she was very excited. I gleaned from her incoherent remarks that her lover had just returned from Africa, where he was employed by the British Government, and had brought her a present. She held the object forth for Ellen and me to admire. It was a gold shell, with a tiny diamond inserted, attached to a locket chain of small irregular-shaped gold particles linked together.

"This shell was shot by Tom, himself, at a native in Africa," she told us, "and those gold bits he dug, himself, when he first went to the Cape."

From that moment on I longed madly for Cora's present—the desire for it became a supreme obsession. One day, down in an ice cream parlor on Broadway, Cora joined Ellen and me as we were sipping a soda. Her present gleamed temptingly across the table from me. I watched my chance, and when we arose I jumped to help Cora with her coat. I unclasped the cause of my torment with unbelievable quickness and hid it in my clothing, while the two women stood transfixed at my unusual solicitude for their comfort.

And about the neck of my blue bird thereafter there hung a rare necklace for my half-fearful enjoyment.

Somehow I lacked interest for our Saturday afternoon expeditions at this time. Dad grew apprehensive when I stated frequently that I had made no choice. With almost feverish energy he would lead me into hitherto unknown quarters in search of some rarity. And often I would pounce upon something just to please him rather than to gratify my own whims.

This state of affairs came to a climax quite suddenly when my treasure store had become rather extensive.

Mrs. Denton was forever inviting me to run over to her house to see her latest purchase. Sometimes it would be a new rug, and again a Persian cat. I believe she ranged her purchases on purpose to try to entice me. I disliked her emphatically, but did not often refuse to view her latest hobby.

ONE day she called me over to see a beautiful cut-glass bowl, which failed to excite even the faintest show of interest from me. While she was extolling the virtues of this rose bowl one of her servants tripped over an umbrella, which had been left conspicuously near the door.

"My dear friend, Mr. Lauden, forgot his umbrella," exclaimed my hostess as she rushed to pick up the fallen article to the surprise of the servant. She brought it to me to show me the handle, and instinctively I felt that this was really what she had wished to show me when she had called me to her house.

The handle was a serpent's head, curiously fascinating, by reason of its very repulsiveness. She deliberately tempted me, I know, as she fondled the thing, telling me all the while a weird story about its origin that wove its net about me.

When her back was turned I took the umbrella, and secured it beneath my loose frock—just as she hoped I would when she artfully tempted me beyond endurance. And then she carefully neglected to miss the thing.

The following day Mrs. Denton hurled her bomb.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter," she began, as she rushed into our house without any of the usual preliminaries, "I must see Alicia at once. Will you call her?"

That was enough for my father. He knew what she wanted—he knew he had hoped in vain. I was summoned to the library. The lady welcomed me with a Judas kiss, while my father watched her with hatred burning in his eyes.

"Dear Alicia," said the lady, "I cannot find the umbrella belonging to my friend, Mr. Lauden. You know, the one with the serpent's head handle. You didn't take it, my dear child? Surely you wouldn't, even though your dear mother—"

"Stop," my father cried, and his tone was so hard that Mrs. Denton subsided momentarily. In another moment, however, she had complete control of herself again.

"Then I must ask you," she flung at Dad with a gleam of triumph in her eyes, "to have Alicia's room searched."

Dad could not refuse. And so it was that a few minutes later the servants, searching my room, unearthed my whole horde of stolen treasures, as well as the umbrella.

I shall never forget the look on my father's face as we three awaited the outcome of the search in the library. The utter hopelessness that lined his dear face made my heart stand still with grief. And yet I felt that all this that I had done had been something outside of me.

After Mrs. Denton had left without even the "I told you so" that trembled on her lips, Dad proclaimed the verdict, in a strangely kind tone.

"You're guilty, little girl," he said. "You will enter the Convent of S——— at once."

I stormed, raged, pleaded, refused. But Dad was adamant for once.

The next morning he took me to the convent, put me under the special care of Sister Angelica, with whom he talked long and earnestly, and then, with tears in his eyes, left me.

FIVE years passed by with hardly a single break in the monotony of the daily routine that I hated so passionately. Dad visited me but seldom, and I nursed a silent bitterness against the best friend I had in the world. If it had not been for Billy I do not know how I would have endured those weary, colorless years.

Billy lived in the village not far from the convent. We met first when I sat huddled up in the comforting arms of an old tree gazing with unspeakable awe at a funeral procession wending its way along the road. When it had passed I noticed a boy leaning against the wall outside the garden. He too had been watching the procession, and his features expressed fear, resentment and sadness. He saw me, now, and drew closer, and we began to talk to each other in awed whispers. And so it was that our clandestine friendship, that lasted nearly four years, began.

Billy brought me many books to read, and I reveled in a secret world of romance. And he told me of life in the public schools, and of the freedom for which I longed.

THEN, one day, Billy informed me that he was paying his last visit for some time, as he was going away to college. I was heartbroken, and after he left I settled into a slough of despondency which threatened to overwhelm me. Fortunately Dad came to see me just then. He asked Sister Angelica about my behavior, and when he seemed favorably impressed with her answers, I drew him away into the garden. There I used all the strength of my will to secure his consent for a change. I told him of the happy days all the girls of my age were having while I was shut up away from everything. I flung my arms around his neck (*Continued on page 94*)

Sauce for the Gander

Which the Third Side of the Eternal Triangle Brings the Other Two Together

SHE'S the kind of girl who can understand or live a romance easier than invent one, is the Pat of this tale.

So, she tells her story to you in the plain every-day form of address, that has made her a successful force in her work-a-day affairs.

"WELL, Pat," said the Chief, "there's a ruction up in Boston—guess you had better pack your bag." He sighed. "I don't doubt that you will patch it up, girl, but I don't see how!"

At the office, everybody calls me Pat, or the Firm Pat. It is an abbreviation for the Firm's Pacifist. I earn my living by patching up squabbles into which human frailty or faulty system betrays our firm. As to how well I do it must be judged by the size of my check on pay-day and from the Chief's frequently expressed fear that I would marry and leave the Firm in the lurch.

"I'm sorry you have to go to Boston before you get rested up from that Chicago job," he said.

I assured him that I didn't mind. It was my first business trip to Boston and I was looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to seeing Dotty Gallagher, a schoolmate I had lost track of for several years.

I ARRIVED in Boston the next morning. The Chief was right when he said I had a tough job on my hands. Mr. Carrigan was the stubbornest Irishman I had ever dealt with, and I had been in the business world for five years. I argued with him and flattered him for endless minutes. And then, at last, he became reasonable.

In my innermost heart I sighed a sigh of great relief and hoped I would never see that man again. But on my face I wore a lovely smile as I told him good-by. And then Fate—or rather Mr. Carrigan—dealt me a blow. The man began to make love to me!

He took both my hands and held them in an intense grip.

I patted myself on the back for keeping my temper . . . but as I turned away . . he suddenly kissed the back of my neck

"You'll come out to luncheon with me, won't you?" he asked in a tone that was very insistent. "I'll get a machine and take you sightseeing—"

I explained as amicably as I could that I meant to spend the afternoon with an old schoolmate.

He released my hands and I patted myself on the back for keeping my temper.

"Well, at least," he began, but as I turned away, instead of finishing his sentence, he suddenly kissed the back of my neck.

The Chief's face rose before me and kept me from blazing forth at this man and undoing in two seconds the friendly relations I had come all the way from New York to establish. I loosed his hands gently, smiled mechanically and closed the door between us firmly.

ONCE safely out in the street again, I went straight to a telephone booth and called Dot Gallagher's home. Her mother answered and told me that Dot had

I almost gasped aloud, for the picture in the frame was of the Mr. Carrigan I had just had such an astonishing half-hour with

been married for nearly a year and lived in Brookline.

Half an hour later, I was sitting in Dorothy's charming little living-room talking for all I was worth and asking a hundred questions. Dot was just as pretty as ever—but there was a difference. It lay in the expression of her eyes, and in the slight droop of her adorable mouth. Something was wrong, I knew, for Dorothy was not happy.

As we chatted about old times and gossiped about old friends I felt that Dorothy was on the verge of confiding to me. I did everything in my power to avert it. I thought she would feel better next time we met, if I didn't allow her to go on an emotional spree. I might have known, however, that I couldn't keep Dot or any other woman quiet, if she had made up her mind to speak.

"I'M desperately unhappy," she said. "Frank and I had a quarrel three weeks ago. It wasn't my fault, but he thinks it was. I decided to go downtown and have luncheon with him. I thought I would surprise him. At the office they told me that he had gone out to lunch with a Mr. Hemingway, an out-of-town business associate, and that he wouldn't be back that afternoon. I called up mother, but she wasn't at home, so I decided to have lunch by myself at Marston's. I had just discovered that I had only fifteen cents in my pocketbook, when along came Bob Ermsturn. I told him that I had missed Frank and he promptly invited me to the Copley Square for luncheon. I wouldn't have gone, if I could have found either Frank or mother, but I couldn't find them and I was hungry. When the crowd thinned out I discovered that Frank and Mr. Hemingway were sitting three tables off. Frank was furious. You see I had met Mr. Hemingway several times and it must have seemed funny to him that Frank and I should be lunching at different tables in the same restaurant I told them about my lack of money and tried to carry the situation off lightly, but I was embarrassed and stammered, and neither of them believed a word of it." She sighed dismally.

"It has been dreadful since. Frank insists that I must have met Bob frequently before that day at the Copley Square. It's dreadful! He keeps begging me to admit it. He says he will forgive me if I will only confess. And there's nothing to confess. I hadn't seen Bob for months before that day I had luncheon with him. You have no idea how desperate it makes me feel to have Frank say over and over again that he is perfectly willing to forgive me; that I had better confess and start over again. He doesn't talk about anything else. It's driving me mad!"

DOMESTIC squabbles are distinctly out of my line, but I am fond of Dot and I hated to see her so wretched. But Dot didn't give me time to speak.

"I'll go crazy if he asks me to confess again," she cried. "Take me back to New York with you."

"Permanently?" I asked.

She nodded. "I hate him—I loathe him."

I felt rather helpless and arose and walked about the room, trying to think.

"I don't seem to get to the inside of the matter," I said after a while, and mechanically picked up an exquisite mosaic picture-frame that stood on a small table.

"How lovely!" I exclaimed, and then I almost gasped aloud, for the picture in the frame was that of the Mr. Carrigan I had just had such an astonishing half-hour with.

"It isn't a very good picture of Frank," said Dot.

When I could control my voice, I asked:

"By the way, Dot, what is your husband's last name? I don't believe I have ever heard it." I wanted to be quite sure, for already there was the beginning of a plan in my head.

"Carrigan," she answered, and then begged again, "you will take me with you back to New York?"

"It is too soon to say," I told her. "The trouble with this whole business is that it is a man's and a woman's problem and we two women can't settle it alone. I'm dining with a business acquaintance this evening. I'll ask him if I can bring you. His point of view might be helpful."

I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock. I kissed Dot good-by. "I'll call you up on the telephone and tell you where to meet me for dinner. Wear your prettiest gown."

GOING back on the car, I laid my plans definitely. What Dot and Frank needed was a roof-raising quarrel, with the odds in Dorothy's favor this time.

I called Mr. Carrigan on the telephone and allowed him to invite me to dinner. Then I called Dot and asked her to meet me at eight-thirty at the same place. This would bring her there half an hour later than Mr. Carrigan, and would give her a good view of the situation as Mr. Carrigan had hoped to have it.

And so it was, that Dorothy came into the big dining-room at the Copley Square and found her husband dining with a woman in a stunning evening gown—after he had 'phoned her that business would keep him away from home.

Dorothy had a good opportunity to study us as she came toward our table. She did not recognize me at first. I could see at a glance that the new, wicked dress, I had bought had gotten in its deadly work. And when she did recognize me, I saw that she no longer wished to go to New York with me. A woman doesn't leave her husband as long as she is jealous

And so it was, that Dorothy found her husband dining with a woman in a stunning evening gown—after he had 'phoned her that business would keep him away from home

of him. It struck me as a good joke that she should be jealous of me. Me! However, it was good for her soul. And Mr. Carrigan's embarrassment was good for his soul too.

But to go back to the entrance of Dorothy. A nod to the waiter and her plate was laid. At first I did most of the talking, but Dot rallied to my support. At last Frank himself joined in the conversation, albeit with blushes and stammering. His face was a strange study of mixed emotions. He was apprehensive, yet he was still more anxious to make his peace with Dot.

IT was a much subdued Frank that attended us to the taxi that carried me to my hotel, and in turn, himself and Dot to their home.

The next morning, bright and early, a 'phone message told me that Dot was on her way to call on me. I had donned my hat and coat for my trip and was about to fare forth to New York.

"He's your business acquaintance, is he?" she blazed out in greeting. She tried to pretend that she was angry with me for tricking her into a meeting with Frank, but I knew that it was jealousy which tormented her. Her husband certainly *had* looked interested in me before he caught sight of her.

"I didn't know he was your husband until I saw his picture on your dressing-table," I volunteered.

"And—and he didn't know that I was coming last night?"

"No, indeed," I told her. "It was a fearful shock to him."

She looked, if possible, more wretched than ever. It was a different kind of wretchedness just now, however. Then, she had been depressed and despairing. Now, she was aroused and ready to act, though just what she was to do, she was still too bewildered to know.

"He will never be able to say anything more about that luncheon episode. You surprised him in a similar situation without even a ghost of an excuse."

"Oh," she said, "that's why you did it! Do you know, I was actually jealous."

I pretended not to believe her.

"Dot," I said, "if I were you, I wouldn't go away to New York to live."

"I won't," she said fervently. "Not now!"

I saw then that they would probably become reconciled without going through a quarrel.

"But it was so unreasonable of him to flirt with you while he was complaining of my flirting with Bob," objected Dorothy.

"Well," I told her, "humans are essentially unreasonable. They are a mixture of prejudice and vanity and habit."

I kissed her and sent her to her husband.

IT has been ten years since I acted as a peace-maker between Dorothy and Frank. They have named two of their children after me. The Chief no longer predicts that I will go off and get married and leave the firm in the lurch. You see he, himself, married me and he is the Firm.

"I don't believe," Dot remarks whenever she sees us, "that you two are any more reasonable than other couples."

"Of course, we aren't," the Chief assures her, "but we are never both of us unreasonable at the same time. It's taking turns that keeps the peace."

Out of the Witch's Cauldron

A Closed but Vivid Chapter in One Wife's Mind

PERHAPS there will be none to believe my story. Up to this time I have told it to but three persons, and of these only one believed it. He was a professor of psychology who has been dead for many years now.

I went to this man because, when I told my lover and his mother of this strange experience, the mother had intimated that there might be something wrong with my mind if I really believed the thing had any truth in it. This worried me, of course, but the professor put me at rest on that point. He assured me that there was nothing wrong with my mind and that the experience was entirely plausible. I was very young and quite ignorant then, so I could not understand all he said. But I do remember the words, "transmigration of the soul" and "subconscious mind."

And so I was married, and have been very happy. The weird experience I am going to tell you about has not had a morbid influence over my later years, but has been put aside—a vivid, but a closed chapter of my life.

HERE'S a story of a strange occurrence—call it a dream, vision, or what you will. It comes to True Story with every assurance from its writer as to its being the real experience of a real woman.

What do you think of it?

I WAS born on the island of Jamaica. My father was an Englishman, my mother a Portuguese. My mother died when I was ten, and when I was sixteen my father sold me to a neighboring planter. Yes, sold me is the right word, for in those days in Jamaica a girl had little to do with the choosing of her husband. And at the time of my marriage there was an exchange of plantation lands, in my father's favor.

Joseph Lorio, in various trips to our plantation, had seen and coveted me. He offered my father a bargain in sugar plantation lands, and the exchange was made.

On the appointed day the priest came, and I was made a bride. I wept and prayed, I even snatched a dagger and threatened to kill myself. But all to no avail! Little cared my father for my grief. He only mixed himself another drink of the rum that made Jamaica famous—or infamous—and calmly read the deeds of his newly acquired lands, the price of my shame. The rum and the lands were truly nearer his heart than I, his only child.

After the ceremony, there was a great feast and heavy drinking between my father, my husband, and the planters who were guests. It was twilight before my husband was at last ready to leave for his own plantation, fifteen miles away in the interior of the island. As we rode I wept and my husband drank. He drank until he reeled in his seat, and I was in terror lest the high-spirited ponies, already jumping and shying at things along the road, should take fright and bolt.

But just as night really came, we reached his plantation gates. A negro boy ran to open them, and we drove up in front of the long rambling house. As my husband reined up the ponies, I jumped out, glad to be safe on the ground once more. I ran up the veranda steps, turned and looked about me. The full moon was just coming up over the great trees. Beyond the clearing I could see the silver sheen of the Black River. A bird sang somewhere in the bottom lands, and there was a scent of honeysuckle and of jasmine in the air. I all but forgot my grief and terror in the beauty of the scene.

There was a touch on my shoulder and I turned. Before me stood an enormous negress. Enormous is the only word that could describe her. She towered over me, and the breadth of her seemed literally to fill the veranda. She could easily have lifted me with one hand. When she spoke I could hardly refrain from laughing. Her voice was shrill and squeaky—not at all the voice one would expect from such a huge body.

"Missie," squeaked the voice, "I'se Josephine, but everybody calls me Phinnie. Lord love yo' and bless yo,' 'cause yo' has shore come to a lonesome place."

This was too much for my already overcharged heart. I burst into tears, and running into the great arms held out to me, buried my face in her ample bosom. And here a curious thought came to me, or rather a conviction. I was sure, I could not explain to myself why, but I was sure that somewhere, somehow, I had met Josephine before. As she patted my back soothingly and quieted me with the foolish, cooing words that only negroes know how to use, I was convinced that this was not the first time she had done so, with me.

Josephine gradually led me into the house, took off my hat, and almost before I was aware of it, I was drinking coffee, and smiling at something she said.

My husband had gone to the stables with the ponies. He came in now, more intoxicated than ever. Josephine greeted him, ignoring the filthy witticisms he began to pour forth, and then took me to my own room.

ONCE away from my husband, the tension snapped. I became wild with terror—a terror I could not explain or reason myself out of. Ordinarily I was a matter of fact sort of girl, without nerves, and free from the fashionable hysterics of that day. But now I was trembling from head to foot. And to add to this I was oppressed by that weird feeling of having gone through this experience before. My teeth chattered, yet my face burned; a cold sweat ran down my quivering back.

And then the thought came to me: To be afraid of one's husband! I had heard other brides speak of the pride and joy they took in their homecoming. And here was I as terror-stricken as a captured ape. I laughed wildly and hysterically.

I noticed that Josephine was regarding me with a queer look on her face. She left the room, presently, and returned with a hot aromatic drink. Without a word she held the cup to my lips, and without questioning I drank. It was wonderful—the quiet that stole over me then. I was to learn that this remarkable woman was a sort of native physician, and concocted healing, soothing medicines from the simple roots and herbs of the Jamaican jungle.

Josephine then prepared me for bed. As she was doing my hair for the night she seemed to read my thoughts. After awhile she said:

"Honey, don't you no ways be skeered of him. It's the rum in him dat makes him bad. Any woman kin manage a man if she wants ter."

Then she tucked me into bed and bid me good-night with a bobbing curtsy.

"Good-night, honey. Don't be skeered now! If you

needs me jest clap yor hands, or holler, or pull de bell cord, an' I'll come a runnin'."

Reassured by her words, and calmed by the drink she had given me, I fell asleep.

SOME hours later I was awakened by rough hands and a rum-reeking breath close to my face. It was my husband—drunk and utterly a beast. A madness of fear flooded every fibre of my being. Clutching the bedclothes about me I whirled over to the back of the bed, and crouched, cowering in the corner. And in that very climax of my terror, I had again that curious feeling that I was acting a part in something I had experienced before. But the thought was indistinct and vague, for fear was uppermost in my brain. My terror and loathing for the man who was my husband was indescribably strong—it was as keen as one's horror of a murderer. In the dim light from the window I saw the bestiality of his face. My heart stopped beating and my throat seemed paralyzed for one long awful moment. Then suddenly I screamed in an utter abandon of terror. The man, with a hoarse chuckle, bade me scream on.

"I like to hear it," he panted. "Scream, yell, fight. I like it! It fires my blood. It warms my heart. Nobody will hear you but the niggers, and they would not dare—"

He stopped suddenly, his voice dying away in his throat. His arms loosened their ape-like hold about me. He dropped back, and as he did, I reeled and fell into the sheltering arms of Josephine. She gathered me close, and I felt her great body quivering with wrath. I looked up into her face, the thick lips were drawn down as in a snarl, and her eyes, staring at my husband, were almost starting from their sockets. The whole force of her huge body and all the power of her mysterious mind seemed to be concentrated on him. And he stood there staring at her. His eyes were full of fear and loathing, like the eyes of a beast that looks into the eyes of a man who has conquered him. And I knew then that Josephine had mastered the man before me.

"Man," she squeaked, "what you done promised me? And now here yo' is! Does yo' want me to—"

"S—stop!" he stuttered. "Don't say it! Not before her!"

"All right, den I won't. But lissen, lissen good!"

JUST then the snarl of some animal came out of the darkness from beyond the open window, a snarl of devilish hate and indescribable malignancy. I cannot explain the sound as it affected me. It chilled my very blood. Josephine felt the tremor that passed through me and held me closer. And my husband, clapping his hands over his ears, and with a coughing, gasping sound, staggered from the room. As he passed us, I saw the sweat starting out upon his livid face.

Josephine laid me back into the bed and gently covered me.

"Lay still, honey, 'til I come back," she murmured. "Noth'n' ain't gwine ter hurt yo'. Lay still and res'."

She followed my husband into the next room, and I heard the mumbling of voices. After a time, she returned.

"He won't no ways worry yo' agin ter-night," she assured me. "Go ter sleep and res'."

But I had been too deeply stirred. I could not bear to stay here without her, and insisted on accompanying her to her cabin and remaining with her until daylight. Josephine demurred at first, but at last consented. In the morning, I determined, I was going to return home and throw myself on the mercy of my father.

IT was but a step from the main veranda to her cabin, but it was like stepping from the present into the past of a thousand years ago. The cabin was a veritable witch's den. The sight of it would have been more than hanging evidence for the old Salem juries of colonial times. On the walls hung snake skins, stuffed and dried. There were "charm strings" of all kinds. A hideous African idol of sweet-scented wood, in the shape of a contorted cat with yellow glass eyes, stood upon a small stand in the rear of the room, and before it was a great priest's begging bowl of earthenware.

In the bowl, curled up and asleep, was the largest, most peculiar cat I had ever seen. As we came in, he uncurled himself, and arching his back, stretched himself and yawned. As he stood up in the bowl, and waved his graceful tail, he was equal in size to a small Airedale dog. He was yellow, with whitish streaks down his sides and back. His ears had small tufts like that of a lynx, and his eyes, a beautiful amber, were inscrutable and fearless.

As Josephine passed the cat to place a chair for me, he leaped from the earthen bowl to her back, and began to rub his head lovingly against her face. She spoke to him in a strange tongue, words that hissed and whistled, which he seemed to understand. Anyway, as Josephine jabbered to him, he turned his head and looked at me, and in the great yellow eyes I thought I saw that he recognized in me someone—something that he knew.

When Josephine came and seated herself in a chair beside me, a few moments later, the cat walked across from her lap to mine. I was afraid of him, but I reached out a friendly hand to stroke him. It pleased him, and he climbed up and rubbed his head against my face, with a low and friendly purr. His inspection of me completed, he leaped back on the table, and curled up again in his bowl.

Josephine looked on with a broad grin of pleasure, and as the cat curled up for sleep, she said:

"Yo' see, honey, ole Juba has took a likin' ter yo'. Dat's a good sign, an' he ain't no ways a bad frien' to have on dis plantation. Some of de white folks, an' all de niggers is skeered of him. Dey say he's a hoodoo cat."

I smiled and looked at Juba. He was looking at me, also, with those curious, yellow eyes. Again I had the uncanny feeling that he understood all that was said.

Josephine then rose and made some coffee. Outside, the dark was still unbroken, but the dawn was not far off. I drank the coffee Josephine brought me, gratefully, because I was tired and nervous, and the air was chilly. It had a peculiar flavor, but was very pleasant. Presently it sent a delightful glow over my body, and my senses were once more lulled to rest. It seemed that I dozed off into a semi-sleep, and that I dreamed. And, oh, what came to me in that dream!

I SAW myself, in my dream, seated in Josephine's cabin, but I had a sense, a feeling, that I was someone other than myself. Because, before me, on a low stool sat a tiny little girl, a dwarf image of myself.

Josephine came up to me, in her hand was a large bodkin. She gazed long into the eyes of the dwarf image of myself, and the image gave back look for look. Josephine muttered and squeaked in the unknown chattering tongue, and the image chattered in reply. And I, sitting in the chair, heard and understood. Josephine said:

"My soul knew your soul, my heart knew your heart. Moons and moons, and yet again moons have waxed and waned since we stood together at the Great King's gate and were torn by the hungry cats, because we would be free of *him*."

AND then before my eyes, as on a cinema screen, rose a great Egyptian temple. Before the Pylon gate, two women, a black one and a fair one, in the robes of priestesses, were being tied to stakes by jeering slaves. And I knew that the women were Josephine and I. After they were tied, some fragments of flesh were (*Continued on page* 66)

(*Continued from page* 65)

thrown on the ground. And then, the women were scourged mercilessly with whips of leather and brass.

And then, from out of the great gate came—my husband!

At least it was a man that had his face and form. He was clothed in what I know now was the gown of authority of a satrap—the governor of an ancient Persian province. With him marched a guard of armed men. The satrap came and stood facing the moaning, writhing women.

"And now, women," he said in a loud voice, "whose god is the stronger? He of Persia, or those cats that you Egyptians worship in the temple yonder? Did this cat-god save you from violation at my hands, when I chose that you should bend to my will? Well, you have chosen death rather than the arms of the Great King's satrap. It shall be given you. Behold you shall go to your god through the bellies of his images here in Egypt."

HE ended with a brutal laugh, and then turned and made a sign to a slave who ran back to the temple, and signalled to those who watched upon the walls. A smaller gate swung open now, and myriads of cats were driven out—cats starved for days. The women at the stakes knew what the plan was: first these hunger-infuriated beasts were to fall upon the bits of raw meat scattered about, and then, with appetites whetted, should be attracted by the blood from the scourging, and falling upon the women should devour them alive. Heedless then of the fast approaching moment of agony, the black woman ceased her moaning, and lifting up her head, she looked the satrap in the eyes, and cursed him with a fearful and an eternal curse. And then, unseen, unknown to the satrap and his guard, there crept from behind the black woman a great cat, and the cat was Juba. For an instant Juba paused, then one of the men of the satrap's guard saw him and shrieked:

"It is the cat-god! He has returned!"

I saw the satrap pale beneath his desert tan. He stepped back, as if to run. But he was too late. Juba, in just that second of time, had sprung upon him, and buried his claws in his face. The satrap fell backwards. The starving cats were upon us, leaping up our limbs, howling and spitting, feasting upon our living, quivering flesh!

I KNEW no more. I could see no more. I had returned to Josephine's cabin, and my dream. But in my heart and memory rang Josephine's parting curse as the great cat fell upon the satrap:

"It is the cat-god's answer to thee, Persian! His claws shall be in thy heart, the fear of him in thy soul! As thou hast dogged his servants, so shall he follow thee from life to life, from death to death!"

Josephine came to me, I know not whether awake or dreaming, and pulled up my loose sleeve, baring my arm. She held my arm tightly, in such fashion until the veins stood out, filled with blood. Then with a bodkin, she stabbed a vein and reaching behind her, Josephine got a saucer from the table, and caught the blood, great drop after great drop. When the saucer had filled she set the dish before Juba. The cat had watched intently every move. Now he looked up into her face. Josephine said:

"Drink and begone!"

Juba leaped from his bowl and lapped up the blood, every drop. Then he looked up at Josephine again.

"Begone!" said Josephine. "With her blood that hates, you must hate! With her blood that fears, you must fear! With her blood that cries vengeance, you must avenge. Begone!"

And the great cat, with that snarl of hate I had heard outside my window early that evening, leaped through the window and was gone.

THEN my other self and Josephine ran from the cabin, across the veranda and into my husband's room, where he lay in a troubled sleep—the same man I had seen in front of the temple gates—the satrap!

My other self climbed nimbly upon the bed, approached the pillow, knelt at my husband's head, and whispered in his ear. His expression changed from a troubled look to one of terror. He started up wildly. It seemed he could not see my other self there beside his pillow. But what he did see, when he turned his face towards the window, was Juba, crouching to spring—Juba with his mouth drawn back from his teeth.

The man and the cat, motionless, stared at each other. Then with a hideous yell of terror, my husband started up, clutching the revolver beneath his pillow. He shot rapidly, wildly, three times at the great cat and missed. Then, snatching at the great sheath-knife at his belt, for he had not removed his clothing, he threw the knife at Juba—and missed again, the blade sticking, quivering in the side of the window.

Not once, from either shots or knife-throw, had the terrible yellow eyes been withdrawn from my husband's face. And now the cat began to creep nearer and nearer to him. Mortal man could bear no more. With a great yell, like a demon shouting in a tomb, my husband sprang from the bed and fled out through the door and into the jungle beyond. The four-legged yellow terror bounded after him in long leaps.

In a brief moment they were lost to sight.

I WOKE up in my bed in the "Big House" burning with fever, and weak, so very weak, and ill. Josephine stood by the bed, with a cooling drink. The sun was shining on the veranda, and stretched out in the sunlight, was Juba.

"Oh, Josephine!" I gasped. "Oh, Josephine! My God!"

"Hush, honey!" she said, looking about her quickly, and putting her finger on her lips. "Don't say it 'case it's jest a dream, a bad dream. Hush now, an' res'."

After a while she left the room. I looked down at my arm, idly at first, and then intently, because there, plain to see, was the wound Josephine had made with the bodkin.

Then there were hurried footsteps on the veranda, a startled, horrified exclamation from one of the servants, and Josephine came swiftly to close the door. But I had heard. I knew what was being brought in and laid on the couch in the other room.

I rose and staggered in. As Josephine's strong arms caught me, I saw the sheath-knife, still sticking in the window, and the revolver lying on the torn up bed. On a couch beyond, covered with a sheet, was the body of my husband.

A terrified bride at night, a free woman in the morning. My husband left his estate, with none to claim it but me. I took it as my due, for, back in another age, who knows what price I may have paid?

In time, with health restored and nerves back to normal, I came away, rich in this world's goods, to America. Josephine came with me and is with me still.

I AM a grandmother now, and in all these years there has never been any talk between us about that other awful night back there in Jamaica, when time seemed to turn backward, and our lives took on other and weird shapes.

As I write this Josephine sits in the next room rocking my small grandson to sleep. I hear him say:

"Sing, Mammy Phinnie, sing. Sing about the frog."

And I wonder. Could this dear old faithful soul have planned and executed my husband's death, to avenge an age-old, ancient wrong he did us both? Or did I dream it all as she insisted I did? I wonder.

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Name..... Address.....

Hazel Tries the White Lights

(*Continued from page* 48)

he always talked her out of it and lulled her suspicions.

Suddenly she heard a clock somewhere strike twelve. She jumped to her feet in alarm.

"I must go home now," she cried.

"Nonsense," he said. "You know you aren't going home."

He reached over and drew her to him again and this time his touch was too familiar and the smell of his wine-laden breath was sickening. His face was revolting, now that drink had made him drop the mask of respectability and refinement. She struggled to free herself from his embrace, but he held her the closer and laughed down into her face.

SHE fought wildly to get away but the more she struggled the madder he grew to keep her. At last she bit him on the wrist and when he loosened his grip in pain, she pulled herself out of those cruel arms, darted to the door, had it open, and fled down the hall She looked back in panic, but he did not pursue her, fearing observation, perhaps. She reached the street door and rattled at the latch, but she could not get it open. The noise drew someone out of an adjoining room—it was their waiter.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly.

"Let me out," she pleaded.

He eyed her suspiciously. "What's the matter with you?" he asked irritably.

"That—that man tried to insult me," she cried ashamedly.

"Well, what did you come here for?" he snapped.

"I—I didn't suppose he was that kind—" she stammered. "He seemed so nice and refined—and respectful."

"Oh, sure, that's their game," the waiter said impatiently. "But you d—n women make me sick. You pick up with some strange man just because he looks like ready money, and then you expect him to treat you with respect. They've got their wives to respect, they only want you for amusement. You know d—n well all they want of you, and then you pretend to be shocked when they tell you. You women are just as bad as the men. All you want is to get something out of them."

"BUT I didn't," she denied, though she knew that she was lying. "I don't care anything about money. I just wanted to have a little fun."

"Oh, no, that's what they all say, but they all have a vision of diamond rings and other things they'll never get. For men like him are quick enough to make promises, but slow on making good."

"Oh, please let me out of here and tell me how to get home. I promise I'll never flirt again," she wailed.

"Sure, I'll let you out," the waiter said, and then advised: "You better take a taxi home. It's late."

"Thank you," she gasped. "You are so kind!"

"No, I'm not, only I get sick of seeing you silly women make fools of yourselves; there are enough fools in the world already."

A few minutes later he helped her into a taxi. He growled disgustedly under his breath when she promised him solemnly this would be her first and last adventure. She meant it, too. She was entirely disillusioned. She didn't know what she could have thought when she started out six hours ago. Of course, she had vaguely expected to pay a price, but she had thought there would a be long, more or less conventional courtship. She had never dreamed that the man who had been attracted by her beauty would wax coarse. She saw now that she really was just what the waiter had said.

SHE almost fainted with happiness when she reached home, and trembled so that she could hardly get her latch-key into the keyhole. She stumbled into the kitchen, sank down on the chair and laid her head on the table.

After a minute or two she raised her head and looked around the room. How bitterly she had railed at the drudgery of her kitchen only a few hours ago—now it seemed a heavenly place of safety and happiness. She got up and tiptoed to the bathroom, ran the tub full, tore her clothes off and jumped in. She felt so contaminated; she scrubbed and scrubbed as though that would cleanse her of her guilt. When she had finished she slipped quietly into a little pink, cotton crêpe gown she had just made. Just then the half-awakened Jim appeared on the scene.

"What you been doing?" he asked sleepily.

"Bathing," she answered.

"My, but you look sweet," he said admiringly, noticing the new gown. "You look just like one of those vampire women."

"No," she cried sharply. "Don't say that, Jim. I hope you wouldn't compare me to one of those wicked women."

"No, of course not," he apologized. "I didn't mean no harm. But you looked so nice, I had to say something. You're too good to be compared to such as them."

"Do you think so, Jim?" she asked eagerly.

"Sure, I do. That's why I love you. As I often said, you ain't no beauty, but give me a good woman every time."

SHE forgave him this blow to her vanity for his belief in her goodness.

"I bet you went to two shows," said Jim.

"Yes," she accepted this as her excuse. "That was it."

"Any good?" he inquired idly.

She shook her head. "No, only for a lesson," she answered thoughtfully.

"I don't like them moral plays," said Jim. "But for the Lord's sake let's go to bed. Remember, I got to get up and go to work in the morning."

His rough, honest voice was a balm to her troubled heart after those smooth, false tones she had considered so charming a few hours ago. She breathed a happy sigh as she slipped into bed and snuggled up in Jim's big, strong arms, and did not even shudder when he calmly resumed the snoring she had interrupted.

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I just wish to let you know in a few words, that your Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your Fairyfoot.

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Pelham Kills What He Loves Best

(*Continued from page 15*)

novel 'The Hope Eternal' was one of the most talked of books of the day. It happened that I had read a number of her earlier stories and had been deeply interested in them. She wrote with a warm sympathy and a deep understanding for the frailties of human nature. Of course I was interested in the friendship my fiancée had formed with so noted a woman, and I grew to look for the paragraphs in her letters that spoke of the doings of Eva Dare.

"AT last I was released from service and sailed for home. When we docked in New York I wired Charlotte, and in a few hours I got off an express train and saw her coming across the platform to meet me—smiling, glad I had come, kissing me, yet the same cool, composed, correct young woman. And as I kissed her, I thought of the way Elsie King had met me once, after a week's absence!

"On the way home in Charlotte's roadster she told me the great piece of news. Eva Dare was engaged to be married to Charlotte's brother Dick.

"'Of course we are all delighted,' Charlotte declared. 'Eva is considered one of the most attractive women in the city. Half the men in our set were in love with her. Mother and dad are giving a dance at the Country Club to-night to announce the engagement. I'm so glad you got here in time.'

"When we got to the house there were lots of guests. I met a number of old friends, and then just before dinner Charlotte called me over to a group of people she was talking to.

"'Tom, I want you to know Miss Dare, my brother's fiancée,' she said. 'Eva, darling, this is Tom Pelham who has been wanting to meet you for ages. I hope you two are going to be especially good friends.'

"The group around Miss Dare broke up and I stepped forward with a polite greeting which died on my lips. I was looking straight into the eyes of Elsie King! For a long eternity I lost all power of speech. Charlotte moved forward, questioning:

"'What's the matter, Tom? Have you two met before?'

"MY soul froze within me, and still I could not speak. What if Elsie King should choose to take her revenge for the cowardly trick I had played her and tell the circumstance of our acquaintance there in the presence of all Charlotte's friends! Then I breathed a sigh of relief. She would hardly care to denounce me there before those people who had met to celebrate her own engagement. She had more to lose than I. I waited for her to reply to Charlotte's question, and she was equal to the situation.

"'Yes, dear, Mr. Pelham and I knew each other a number of years ago. I was Elsie King then, for it was before I began to write and became known by my pen

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-he are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

May Allison, famous Metro Movie Star, says:
"I have heard many famous directors and editors warmly endorse THE IRVING SYSTEM. I am fully satisfied that yours is the ONLY method of writing that really teaches people how to write stories and plays."

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard on turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education! ... to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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name. And you never told me your future husband was one of the New York Pelhams. So you see we were both surprised to meet an old friend.'

"Charlotte was quite satisfied at the explanation. 'I'm so glad you know each other,' she said. 'It saves you all the agony of getting acquainted. Old friends are better than new, aren't they?'

" 'Of course they are,' laughed Eva, and I mentally blessed her for her poise and self-control as she took Dick's arm and led the way to the dinner-table.

"I'll never be able to describe what I endured during that endless dinner. My brain was a whirl of emotions. I could not think clearly. My whole mind was centered on the fact that my former sweetheart was now Eva Dare, the noted writer. I glanced to the head of the table where she sat opposite Dick. The years had only added to her beauty. She was the most poised and attractive woman of all that brilliant company. And Dick would have her—all her warmth and sweetness and tenderness!

"THEN a black rage took possession of me. What right had she to become Dick Harding's wife? She was unclean, not fit to become the mother of his children. I would manage to see her after dinner and convince her that the thing was impossible.

"Yet all the time I knew that I wanted her myself, that I loved her as I never could love another woman, that I longed to take her in my arms and entreat her to forgive the great wrong I had done her. And suddenly I knew I never could marry Charlotte while Elsie King lived. I would fight for her. She was the one woman for me, the woman I could not forget!

"It was late in the evening, when we were at the Country Club, before I managed a word in private with Elsie. When I claimed her for a dance I whispered, 'Elsie, I must see you alone at once!'

"Without a word she led the way into the dimly lit conservatory. We sought a secluded corner by the fountain and sat down. Not until then did she speak. Turning to me she asked simply, 'What do you want of me, Tom?'

"I WAS shaken out of my composure. All my resolutions to use diplomacy were swept away. I had expected tears, anger, a scene of any sort, but not this calm acceptance of an impossible situation. Why, the woman had no shame!

" 'My God, Elsie,' I gasped. 'You can sit there like that and ask me what I want to say to you? You surely must know that this marriage to Dick Harding cannot take place.'

" 'Why not?' she asked quietly.

" 'You know why not. It's not to be thought of. Dick Harding comes from one of the finest families in the country. All the Harding women have been above reproach. No scandal has ever touched their name. And you know what you were to me, yet you dare to think of marrying Dick.'

" 'You think of marrying Charlotte, don't you, Tom? Do you think you are fit to marry into this wonderful family of which you talk? I have loved one man before Dick. That was you, Tom, and you killed my love. I buried it deep and I never cared for another until I met Dick. But you, Tom, do you think I know nothing about you since that summer? You have had half a dozen other affairs. You loved none of those girls. You did not love me, nor intend to marry me, although I believed you did. I gave myself to you in good faith, believing in you, thinking I was to be your wife, glorying in my chance to prove my love.'

" 'I know, Elsie,' I broke in. 'That's just the point. I have come to realize my great mistake. I do love you, and I have a right to you. I want to marry you and make up to you for what you suffered. We will start all over again—'

"THIS time it was Elsie who interrupted. 'You forget, Tom, that you killed my love. In fact, you killed Elsie King when you sent that heartless letter. For weeks I could not believe it, just lived on from day to day, hoping that you would come back. But you never came, and I forced myself to look into the future. I found I could write. I forced myself to work at it at first—gradually I grew stronger and my art finer. At last I became a success. Elsie King was dead. Eva Dare was born. Then I met Dick; he was different; I grew to love him, and for the first time I knew real happiness.'

" 'But you can't marry him now. You must marry me, and I'll spend my life in making you happy.' I tried to take her hand, but she rose and drew away.

" 'No, I couldn't marry you, Tom. You don't seem to understand that you killed my love for you. And now I love Dick ten thousand times more than I ever cared for you. I have grown since then, and I am capable of greater love.'

" 'Have you no shame? Will you force me to tell Dick myself?'

" 'No, Tom, you needn't tell Dick. I told him the whole story long ago. And he's such a queer person that he thinks it was the fault of the *man*. She rose to go now, holding out her hand. 'Dick never asked me the man's name, and I won't tell him, Tom, because I hope you are going to be humble, to remember how far below Charlotte you really are, and to try to make her a good husband. The woman who marries you takes a good deal on trust, Tom, and I don't envy her. Good-by.'

"She was gone, leaving me helpless, hopeless! Since that night I have lived in hell. Asleep or awake, I think of her. My heart cries out for her, my arms ache to hold her. Yet next week I must keep my word and marry the woman to whom I am in honor bound. She won't notice my lack of passionate love. She will be glad I am a gentleman, cool, composed, with my emotions under control.

"But through all my life and through all eternity I shall yearn for Elsie King—the woman I can't forget!"

THE log in the fireplace crumbled as Tom Pelham finished his story, and a shower of sparks fell to the hearth and burned brightly for a brief moment before they turned to bits of charred wood. In that sudden flare I saw the man's face, white and drawn, with eyes like the burnt-out embers. And because I knew that no words could help him, I wrung his hand, and said nothing at all.

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Greater Love Hath No Man

(*Continued from page 50*)

a day per man.

She lunched alone. In the evening, she asked to have her dinner brought to her at the villa. She could not face the glances of strangers and the little attentions of the waiter, who had brought gentians at lunch-time and put them on her table.

After dinner, she went out on the balcony again. . . .

DAWN found Whitridge and Favrier at timber-line; another hour, crossing the high pasture land. Before they reached the first rocks the sun overtook them. They stopped, adjusted their rope, fireman-fashion, smoked a pipe and discussed the best way to attack the mountain. The old snowfields of winter, encircled by wet, black cliffs, lay before them, their treacherous cracks and bridges dusted by a light covering of powdered white that glistened temptingly in the early pink sunlight. The two men were seasoned enough mountaineers to avoid the obvious way, even though they had lost time and the snow looked fairly safe.

Keeping to the rocks, Bertrand leading by a rope's length, some fifty feet—one ropes closer for rock work than for snow—they climbed swiftly, steadily, making sure of each foothold and handhold, looking only at the immediate work ahead, silent with the fascination of the sport. At the top of a difficult chimney they breakfasted on black bread, slices of Bologna, cold tea, and some chocolate. On the terrace far below—Camille was partaking of her lonely *déjeuner*.

An hour or so later, traversing a long and tedious *arrête*, they entered a bank of clouds so dense that they could not see each other. They pushed cautiously on, expecting momentarily to emerge into the sunshine of the other side. Both were fast tiring and not quite sure of themselves. Suddenly their upward way broke off in a sharp cliff. They felt along its edge—sheer drop on every side but the narrow way they had come. Bertrand clutched Charles excitedly.

"The summit! It can be nothing else! We have mounted always. I had thought it harder."

THEY waited eagerly in the hope that the clouds would break and reward them. Break they did, and the view was indeed more than they bargained for. An instant, as if in ironical gloating, the curtain parted, disclosing a giant, frowning pinnacle towering above them seemingly miles into the steely sky, its base, mist-wrapt, separated from the startled climbers by a wide valley of snow and ice.

"The *Dru* has won!" muttered Charles, and without comment or consultation they turned and picked their way back over the slippery bridge, now straddling it, now on hands and knees, testing each stone, one moving at a time while the other, clinging rigid to a secure hold, balanced his weight to the quivering rope—as sensitive in their hands as a trout-line in the hands of a fisherman—that bound their lives together.

An icy ledge, a bit of loose shale, a hoarse scream from Whitridge as, slipping, he shot past his companion, jerked Favrier from his hold, quivered an instant's pause as Favrier caught at a rock, plunged forward again as the rock gave way, both rolling now, passing and repassing each other, clutching at jagged stones, ripping through crusted crunching snow, uttering wild oaths. . . .

CHURCH-BELLS, very faint. . . .

Or were they cow-bells, or the ringing of his brain?

For a long time after these sounds began to throb in his ears, Charles lay listening, his hearing a sense detached, confused. Weariness possessed his uttermost muscle. Other sounds forced themselves on his detachment—running water, a dull cracking somewhere, the shrilling of a bird; other senses—agonizing cold, then a rush of returned consciousness and acute pain in his entire body. He tried to move but found himself held as in a vice, jammed in a crevice of rocks, his arms pinned beneath him. The rope cut cruelly across his chest and cheek, it scraped fitfully from side to side, like a weighted plumb-line. He must stop its swinging, stop its dragging at his lungs. He could breathe then, perhaps hear the bells better. He struggled weakly with the rocks that held him, lapsed again to senselessness, was waked by the clamoring bells.

With a supreme effort, he released his right arm but it was some minutes before he could control it sufficiently to move the rope from across his face, for the rope seemed weighted with the whole mountain. It was the rope, then, that trussed him down like a fowl! With his free arm he tried to follow it, find a knot in it, but ever he lost it over the side of rock. Again and again he started his hand on the rope, where it tugged at his chest, felt outward along it to arm's length, lost it in the air. All the time he could feel it swaying, vibrating, somewhere beyond him. Again and again he sank back exhausted.

A NEW sound roused him, something either very loud, very far away, or very faint, immediately at hand. Not bells this time, for there were words. A great hope stirred in him, then despair. He was talking to himself! Of course it was that! In madness, perhaps. If only he could wet his lips he could talk louder. It would be a comfort. There was a little patch of snow just beyond his reach. He must get to it! Yes, that was it, he was thirsty. He wanted that patch of snow more even than he wanted to know where the rope went to.

The voice again, calling his own name, and God's.

"Charles, *Charlot! O mon Dieu!*"

In an entirely detached, impersonal sort of way, he wondered, as he fought to hitch himself over the few feet that lay between him and the snow, why in stress like this he should use French.

A rock loosened. His shoulders, his arms were free. He nursed them back

from numbness, then raised himself cautiously up and forward. Good perhaps that his legs were pinned still, with that rope pulling so. Nothing mattered but that little white patch ahead. He wriggled and stretched toward it, reached it, buried both hands in it, packed it to his parched lips, scrubbed his face and head with it, reveled in it, forgot the aching agony of his position in its cool relief.

RAISED on his arms, he looked about him. He was himself now, his senses alert. A sharp, upward shelving rock and a crack that formed the top of a chimney had broken his downward plunge and made him prisoner on the very edge of a precipice. Clouds clung close to the mountain, above and below him. But as Charles gazed outward, they drew apart and he saw, far below, the valley of Chamonix, the red roof of the hotel, the river, walls and gardens of cottages. Frantically, before the shutter closed, he tried to discern the little villa where Camille waited. But the cloud crept up and up, drawing his gaze with it. The shutter narrowed to black pines, green pastures, then glistening snow-fields, caught in stray sunshine, edged by a flashing patch of blue—was it sky or gentians? The rope dragged on him intolerably. He grasped it, tried to pull it toward him, failed, sensed suddenly an answering feeble pull, sank back in sickening realization, forced himself up again and, wrenching his body forward to its utmost stretch, peered over the edge of rock.

Silhouetted black against a field of brilliant blue gentians, that glowed serenely in the evening light as from an inner radiance, dangled the body of Bertrand Favrier.

FOR the next few minutes, Charles Whitridge fought the fight of his life—a grim, losing fight with a bit of rope. Then, as faint with the horror and futility of it, he flattened back against the rock, vividly the vision of Camille, waiting for him with her hovering smile, rose before him. As if to offset it, came another feeble tugging at the rope, a whispered,

"*Charlot!*"

"Bertrand! Courage, *mon vieux!*"

"Charles, I cannot. . . ."

"You must."

"Your wife. . . . You must live—for Camille!"

"No, no! Both of us!"

"For God's sake, *cut the rope!*"

"Bert!"

". . . . it is . . . the . . . only way."

Darkness had fallen swiftly. Whitridge's nerveless fingers closed over the cold, hard surface of his hunting knife. For a full minute, the nearness of his freedom tempted his every shuddering sense. Then, leaning out as far as his bondage permitted, he flung the knife from him into the night.

A thousand feet below, it fell to the pasture land, among closed blue gentians.

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patient of lingering snows and cautious guides.

"But," asks one, a young tourist, "how were they rescued? For Charles Whitridge has a painting of the *Dru*, in this Spring's *salon!*"

"Ask old Michel," they say. "It was he who found the American's knife."

The old guide lays down his long, china-bowled pipe.

"Yes," he ruminates. "It is difficult to believe. We had left the rocks and were starting for the valley across a steep pasture, blue with gentians. I stumbled against something. It was a knife, sticking upright among the flowers. I was about to put it in my pocket, when I noticed it was new and shining—with no speck of rust on it. And the ground fresh-wounded, where it had lodged.

"I shouted to the others, and sweeping the crags with my field-glass, made out two huddled specks high above us. Frantically we climbed. We reached Favrier first, dangling at the end of the rope. He was unconscious, as was the American, whose body, wedged in a cleft some forty feet above him, kept both from falling. We lowered them foot by foot. Snow and the contents of my flask brought them around."

The old man stops to relight his pipe; then takes from his pocket a long, silver-mounted hunting knife and passes it round among his listeners.

"A little souvenir," he laughs, "of a fool. But a splendid fool—for this little souvenir was his key to freedom. And he chose to toss it away—and play the game!"

Branded

(*Continued from page* 37)

be alive. If I knew where he was I wouldn't go to him." It was the first time she had thought of her Uncle Daniel since her father's death.

Jerry wished he could make her understand how much he cared. He knew he wasn't just a friend, that he loved her; but he knew too that it was no time to talk about such a thing. She had known him only a few hours, too. And yet if she went away she might slip out of his life.

THEY talked a long time and then went home together. They separated before they reached the cottage so that they would not be seen together and make occasion for gossip, but they arranged to meet the next day in the mountains.

Sallie thought many times of his honest, blue eyes: and her heart lifted when she recalled the expression that was in them when he looked at her. She knew that love lay at the bottom of his friendship; and in spite of her great sorrow she thrilled with happiness.

But Sallie was wiser than most girls of her age, and she knew very well that between him and her was the wall of her father's reputation as a convicted thief. He might love her, but his family would never receive a girl whose father was a thief—a self-confessed thief who had served a term in prison. And she was too proud to go where she wasn't welcome.

And finally she came to the thought of her Uncle Daniel. If she could only find him and make him confess the truth!

SALLIE had always insisted to her father that Uncle Daniel was alive. Perhaps that was the reason she was more than ever sure of it, now that she conceived her own happiness linked up with her father's restored reputation. And that evening something happened that confirmed her in her belief, though it was a small thing in itself.

Mr. Templeton came to see her. He first broke down her icy barrier of pride by telling her of his offer to her father of a position in the mill, and by praising him. Then he offered her a position in his office.

"You are very kind, Mr. Templeton," she answered, "but I have been so unhappy here that I am going away as soon as I can."

"I suppose you will go to your Uncle Daniel," he said.

"Do you know where he is?" she demanded quickly.

"No, don't you? I have only heard a rumor that he is out on the Pacific coast."

"Where could such a rumor have started?"

"Maybe old Mrs. Kane started it. You know her?"

"I know who she is. Why should she know anything about him?"

Mr. Templeton was visibly embarrassed at the question. "I—I don't know that she does," he answered awkwardly. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go see Mrs. Kane tomorrow and find out if she is the one who started the rumor."

Sallie thanked him, but as soon as he was gone, despite the lateness of the hour, she put on her hat and coat and hastened to where she knew the old woman lived. It was in the roughest part of the town. Mrs. Kane, herself, opened the door of the hovel at Sallie's knock.

"OH," she snarled at the sight of the girl, "the thief's brat!"

Sallie shrank as if from a blow.

"Who is it, Ma?" demanded a weak voice from inside.

"Peter Jenkins's girl," was the response.

"Let her in; I want to see her," came in the same voice.

"Come in!" the old woman croaked, "and see some Jenkins work."

Sallie entered with a sense of foreboding. From a little room beyond the one she had entered, the voice came again: "Come in here, can't you?"

"Go on in!" ordered the old woman.

Sallie almost repented of having come.

She went into the little bedroom, and by the dim light of an oil lamp she saw a woman stretched on a cot. The woman raised herself on her elbow and tried to study Sallie's face.

(*Continued on page* 76)

New Discovery Takes Off Flesh Almost "While You Wait"!

A pound a day the very first week without medicine, special foods, starving, baths or exercise. Results in 48 hours!

At last a simple secret has been discovered by the world's greatest food specialist which enables you to eat a pound a day off your weight without the slightest discomfort. In fact you will enjoy your meals as never before.

Thousands of men and women who have tried strenuous diets, special reducing baths, salts, medicine and violent exercising without results have found this new scientific way a revelation. A pound or more a day from the very start can be counted in most cases on and with each pound you lose you will note a remarkable increase in energy and general health.

Women so stout they could never wear light colors or attractive styles without being conspicuous, marvel at the sudden change that has enabled them to wear the most vividly colored and fluffily-styled clothes. Men who used to puff when they walked the least bit quickly—men who were rapidly becoming inactive and sluggish—unable to enjoy outdoor exercise or pleasure, find their return to youthful energy almost miraculous.

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The whole thing about this wonderful new way to reduce, which makes losing flesh a pleasure instead of a task, is a simple system of food combination worked out by Eugene Christian.

Some of us eat food that is immediately converted into muscle, bone and blood. Others eat food that is immediately converted into useless fat. In this latter case, the muscles, bones and blood are robbed of just so much strength and nutrition. That is why fat people succumb first in case of illness.

Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, while engaged in one of his extensive food experiments, discovered the perfect cure for the "disease of obesity" as he calls it. He found that merely by following certain little natural laws, food is converted into essential tissues like bone and muscle, while only enough fat is stored up to provide the necessary energy. Elated with his discovery and what it would mean to thousands of men and women, Christian has incorporated all his valuable information in the form of little, easy-to-follow lessons under the name of "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," which is offered on free trial.

There are no fads in this course, no special baths, no self-denying diets, no medicines, no exercises—nothing but pure common-sense, practical help that will do just what we say—take off flesh "while you wait." Eat all the delicious foods you like, observing of course the one vital rule. Do whatever you please, give up all diets and reducing baths—just follow the directions outlined in Christian's wonderful course and watch your superfluous weight vanish.

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Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where $1.97 plus postage paid to the postman will make it your property.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in a day or two again and notice the wonderful result. Still you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardships, done nothing you would not ordinarily have done. It's wonderful—and you'll have to admit it yourself.

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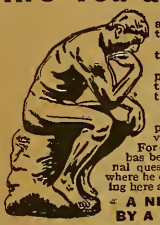

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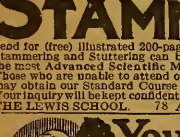

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(*Continued from page 74*)

"Bring the other lamp, Ma," the woman said. The old woman brought the other lamp and held it near Sallie's face so that the woman on the bed could see it. And Sallie stood there uncomfortably waiting for the inspection to end.

"Yes," the woman said finally, "you're pretty. Now, Ma, hold the lamp so she can see me."

THE old woman with a crackling laugh did as she was bidden; and Sallie saw the face of a woman of perhaps thirty-five; a face that was drawn and haggard and bitter.

"I'm not pretty, am I? But once I was as pretty as her, wasn't I, Ma?" she said hoarsely.

"You were the prettiest girl in town, or in the country round; everybody said so."

"You don't believe it, do you Sallie Jenkins?" the younger woman demanded.

"If you say so, no doubt it is true," she answered steadily.

"It's true enough, and Peter Jenkins would tell you so if he could talk."

"Curse every Jenkins dead and alive," the old woman screamed malevolently; "curse them sleeping and waking; curse them standing and lying down; curse them eating and drinking!"

"Yes," cried the woman on the bed, "and curse Daniel Warren, too! Don't let him hide under his lying name. Do you know who I am, Sallie Jenkins? Do you?"

Sallie shuddered. "No, I don't know you," she said.

"And don't want to, I suppose. Well, I'm Lucy Kane, pretty Lucy Kane they used to call me. And I was a good girl till Dan Jenkins fixed his eyes on me and wanted me. He said he loved me, and he promised to marry me. I followed him out to Chicago and stayed with him till he tired of me and left me in the gutter to rot. That's what a Jenkins will do. They'll steal money or ruin a girl. It's all one to them. But I'm not through with Dan Jenkins. When I'm well, I'll follow him to Seattle, and I'll smear his new name with mud. Won't I, Ma? We won't let him get away with it, will we? The richer he is, the less he'll like it."

"WE'LL fix him," the old woman snarled. "He stole my pretty girl and made her what she is. I hope some man will get you and drag you down the same way."

Sallie realized that it would serve no purpose to answer them; nor was there anything she wanted to say. It was horrible to think that her father's brother could have done this; and she had to believe that he had; for if he could treat his brother as he had, he could do this too. She turned to go.

"What are you going for?" Lucy Kane demanded. "Why did you come here? It wasn't just to look at me, was it?"

"I'm sorry for you," Sallie said in a low tone.

"Sorry for me! Did you hear her, Ma? Sorry! I don't want your pity. I want to see you where I am. And I'll see it too. No man will marry you with the stain on your name. You'll have to be some man's plaything as I was. But I could have been married and a decent woman if it hadn't been for Dan Jenkins with his handsome face and oily tongue. But I'll be square with him. You can tell him so if you like. I suppose you're going out to him. Ha-ha-ha! I'll leave the rest to him. You'll be where I am someday."

SALLIE fled from the house; it was too awful to listen to the ravings of the wronged woman. What manner of man could this uncle of hers be? How could he be her father's brother?

She would have liked to forget the things the woman had said, but some of them stuck in her mind and wouldn't be put out. Oftenest it came to her that no man would marry her with the stain on her name. She knew at least that she would marry no man as long as that stain remained. And there was but one way to remove that stain—Daniel Jenkins must publicly make confession of his guilt. And to make him do it must be her task.

She thought of that for many hours as she lay in her bed that night; and all through her thought of that moved the face of Jerry, with its look of sympathy and love. She knew his people were rich and of high social standing; and she knew that they would scorn her. But what of Jerry? No, she couldn't believe that he thought of her as a plaything. He couldn't be like that; he was too clean and fine.

Nevertheless she made up her mind not to meet him on the mountain. She had the excuse that she had a great deal to do, as indeed she had. She had to see Mr. Templeton's lawyer about the settlement of her father's estate. The money that her father had saved, about fifteen hundred dollars, was hidden and was known nothing about. She could use that. Everything else she would leave in the hands of the lawyer to attend to.

She had time enough after this was looked after to go for her walk, but she remained at home. However, she could not keep from hoping that Jerry would come to the cottage to learn what was the matter.

OF course he came. He went by a roundabout way to the cottage.

Sallie opened the door, and cried, "Oh!" as if surprised. "You didn't come," he said reproachfully.

"I had a great deal to do," she answered.

"Will you meet me tomorrow?" he asked, conscious that she wasn't telling him all the truth.

"I can't ask you to come in, Jerry," she said. "I don't want people to talk about me."

"I didn't expect to go in," he said reproachfully. "Will you meet me tomorrow?"

"I mustn't, Jerry. We mustn't meet again. And you must go away now. You might be seen here."

"Oh, Sallie!" he cried in a hurt tone. "And you won't even tell me what is wrong? Ah! it isn't fair. It isn't like you."

Sallie could have been firm against argument, but his grieved tone was too much for her. She knew it wasn't fair to

Then he offered her a position in his office.

(*Continued on page ...*)

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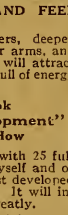

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(*Continued from page 74*)

"Bring the other lamp, Ma," the woman said. The old woman brought the other lamp and held it near Sallie's face so that the woman on the bed could see it. And Sallie stood there uncomfortably waiting for the inspection to end.

"Yes," the woman said finally, "you're pretty. Now, Ma, hold the lamp so she can see me."

THE old woman with a crackling laugh did as she was bidden; and Sallie saw the face of a woman of perhaps thirty-five; a face that was drawn and haggard and bitter.

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"You were the prettiest girl in town, or in the country round; everybody said so."

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"If you say so, no doubt it is true," she answered steadily.

"It's true enough, and Peter Jenkins would tell you so if he could talk."

"Curse every Jenkins dead and alive," the old woman screamed malevolently; "curse them sleeping and waking; curse them standing and lying down; curse them eating and drinking!"

"Yes," cried the woman on the bed, "and curse Daniel Warren, too! Don't let him hide under his lying name. Do you know who I am, Sallie Jenkins? Do you?"

Sallie shuddered. "No, I don't know you," she said.

"And don't want to, I suppose. Well, I'm Lucy Kane, pretty Lucy Kane they used to call me. And I was a good girl till Dan Jenkins fixed his eyes on me and wanted me. He said he loved me, and he promised to marry me. I followed him out to Chicago and stayed with him till he tired of me and left me in the gutter to rot. That's what a Jenkins will do. They'll steal money or ruin a girl. It's all one to them. But I'm not through with Dan Jenkins. When I'm well, I'll follow him to Seattle, and I'll smear his new name with mud. Won't I, Ma? We won't let him get away with it, will we? The richer he is, the less he'll like it."

"WE'LL fix him," the old woman snarled. "He stole my pretty girl and made her what she is. I hope some man will get you and drag you down the same way."

Sallie realized that it would serve no purpose to answer them; nor was there anything she wanted to say. It was horrible to think that her father's brother could have done this; and she had to believe that he had; for if he could treat his brother as he had, he could do this too. She turned to go.

"What are you going for?" Lucy Kane demanded. "Why did you come here? It wasn't just to look at me, was it?"

"I'm sorry for you," Sallie said in a low tone.

"Sorry for me! Did you hear her, Ma? Sorry! I don't want your pity. I want to see you where I am. And I'll see it too. No man will marry you with the stain on your name. You'll have to be some man's plaything as I was. But I could have been married and a decent woman if it hadn't been for Dan Jenkins with his handsome face and oily tongue. But I'll be square with him. You can tell him so if you like. I suppose you're going out to him. Ha-ha-ha! I'll leave the rest to him. You'll be where I am someday."

SALLIE fled from the house; it was too awful to listen to the ravings of the wronged woman. What manner of man could this uncle of hers be? How could he be her father's brother?

She would have liked to forget the things the woman had said, but some of them stuck in her mind and wouldn't be put out. Oftenest it came to her that no man would marry her with the stain on her name. She knew at least that she would marry no man as long as that stain remained. And there was but one way to remove that stain—Daniel Jenkins must publicly make confession of his guilt. And to make him do it must be her task.

She thought of that for many hours as she lay in her bed that night; and all through her thought of that moved the face of Jerry, with its look of sympathy and love. She knew his people were rich and of high social standing; and she knew that they would scorn her. But what of Jerry? No, she couldn't believe that he thought of her as a plaything. He couldn't be like that; he was too clean and fine.

Nevertheless she made up her mind not to meet him on the mountain. She had the excuse that she had a great deal to do, as indeed she had. She had to see Mr. Templeton's lawyer about the settlement of her father's estate. The money that her father had saved, about fifteen hundred dollars, was hidden and was known nothing about. She could use that. Everything else she would leave in the hands of the lawyer to attend to.

She had time enough after this was looked after to go for her walk, but she remained at home. However, she could not keep from hoping that Jerry would come to the cottage to learn what was the matter.

OF course he came. He went by a roundabout way to the cottage.

Sallie opened the door, and cried, "Oh!" as if surprised. "You didn't come," he said reproachfully.

"I had a great deal to do," she answered.

"Will you meet me tomorrow?" he asked, conscious that she wasn't telling him all the truth.

"I can't ask you to come in, Jerry," she said. "I don't want people to talk about me."

"I didn't expect to go in," he said reproachfully. "Will you meet me tomorrow?"

"I mustn't, Jerry. We mustn't meet again. And you must go away now. You might be seen here."

"Oh, Sallie!" he cried in a hurt tone. "And you won't even tell me what is wrong? Ah! it isn't fair. It isn't like you."

Sallie could have been firm against argument, but his grieved tone was too much for her. She knew it wasn't fair to

push him away without a word of explanation. Besides, her heart ached for a little of his companionship.

"There's a lane back of the orchard," she said hurriedly. "Go there and wait for me."

HER heart beat rapidly as she threw on her hat and coat and made her way by the back door toward the lane. Somehow this meeting by night in the lonely lane took on a very lover-like complexion. "I won't stay long," she told herself

"What have I done?" demanded Jerry when she came to him.

"Nothing," she answered; "but it would be so easy to start malicious talk about me. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"But I can't give you up like this," he said. "I can't, Sallie; I can't. I don't want to do anything to hurt you, but if we are careful, nobody will know. Please, Sallie!"

"Jerry," she answered wistfully, "I mind it more than you can. I have no friends. But—but—"

"There is some reason you don't give me," he broke in. "I know there is. Won't you tell me what it is? It means so much to me."

"I can't say anything more, Jerry," she pleaded. "Please don't ask me to."

"And you mean you won't see me anymore?" he cried in such consternation that her heart leaped.

"I—I think it's better so," she said in a low tone.

"I won't have it," he cried passionately. "I won't have it. If anybody has told you anything wrong about me, it isn't true. And you ought not believe it. I won't give you up unless you give me a good reason. I didn't mean to say anything about it, Sallie, because I was afraid you wouldn't understand; and—and the time wasn't right just now; but when you say I am not to see you anymore, I must tell you I love you. Oh, Sallie! I know it's only a little more than four days since we met, but I loved you the minute I saw you. Sallie!"

"Oh, Jerry!" she breathed, carried away by the fervor and passion of his words.

He caught her hand. "You do love me a little, dear," he pleaded.

"You forget who I am," she faltered.

He drew her to him and held her close, raining kisses on her red lips. "You do love me," he cried passionately. "You do."

"Yes," she whispered. "I can't help it."

"Yet you would have sent me away," he murmured, caressing her tenderly.

"I can't forget that I'm Sallie Jenkins," she said in a low tone.

"Think only of our love, dear," he coaxed.

IT was a wonderful evening to Sallie, whose heart had hungered for love all her life. And now it had come in a flood, for Jerry was no half-hearted lover. He poured out his love in burning words, and lavished a wealth of passionate caresses on her.

She quivered with happiness when at last she tore herself away from him. She

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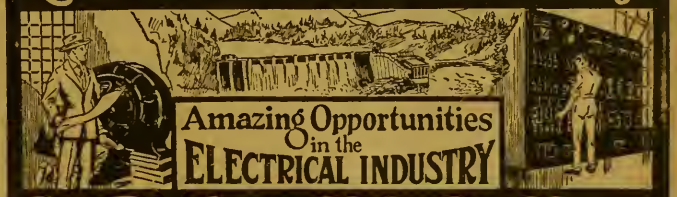

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(*Continued from page* 78)

some new clothes the first thing, and then set about finding her uncle. This was a very easy thing to do, for it seemed Daniel Warren was a man of some prominence.

She found his name in the directory and went to look at his offices. They were in a large building, and the signs on the doors told her that he had many business interests, ranging from lumber to salmon. She went to his residence and found it a splendid mansion in the suburbs. She was more than ever oppressed with the magnitude of her task.

However, she had a definite plan, and she set about putting it in operation, albeit with a heavy heart. She boldly entered his offices the next morning and applied for work as a stenographer. She had taken a course in school, and although she was without experience, she was more than ordinarily expert for a beginner.

She was referred to the office manager, who turned out to be a woman of middle age, who seemed to be a bundle of energy, and one of the sort who resented in others the good looks that had been denied her. Her name was Miss Wright. She looked Sallie over superciliously, noting with equal disfavor her beauty and her good clothes.

"Who sent you here?" she demanded.

"Nobody; I just came," answered Sallie.

"What can you do?" was the next question, asked as if she was sure such an applicant, at once young and pretty, couldn't be worth much.

"Stenography and typewriting," answered Sallie, flushing at her manner; "but I'm willing to do anything. Do you need any help?"

"Where did you work last? Any references?"

"I have no references because I've never worked before."

"Ah!" sneered Miss Wright, "brought up a lady, I suppose. I don't think you'll do. We want workers here."

BY this time Sallie was convinced that there was a place vacant, and she was determined to get it if possible. "I was brought up to work," she said; "and I'm ready to work hard."

"Huh!" snapped Miss Wright scornfully. "What's your name?"

"Sarah Corson," answered Sallie, who had wisely decided on her name beforehand.

Miss Wright eyed her with extreme disfavor, and Sallie knew she had little chance of obtaining anything through her. Just at this juncture, however, a man came out of one of the inner offices and cast one glance at Sallie. Then he walked toward her.

"An applicant?" he asked Miss Wright.

"Yes, sir, but she won't do. She's had no experience and has no references. Anyhow she's too young."

Sallie looked up into the eyes of a handsome man of forty-five. She knew instantly that he was her Uncle Daniel. He bore some resemblance to her father, but there was an evil look on his face that repelled her. She caught an admiring expression in his bold eyes, and looked down.

"It's no crime to be young, Miss Wright," he said with a sneer that must have cut the woman, who knew it was directed at her. "I'll talk to her. Send her in to me when I ring."

He passed on and Miss Wright sharply ordered Sallie to sit down and wait.

"I suppose you're as foolish as you are young and pretty, and I don't expect you to take my advice, but I want to tell you that the best thing for you to do is to get out of here," she said.

SALLIE understood far better than she was willing to betray. She shook her head. "I need the work," she said.

"Of course you wouldn't take my advice." Miss Wright shrugged her shoulders. "You'll get the job, but remember I warned you."

"You are very kind," Sallie said gratefully, "but I must get the position if I can."

"Got any folks here?" demanded Miss Wright.

"No, ma'am; I'm alone."

"Merciful heaven! Do you come from Frisco? You don't belong here, I'm sure."

"I come from Chicago," answered Sallie, who had decided that passing through that city made her claim to it sufficient.

"You'd better take the first train back to it. Haven't your people any sense that they let you go so far from home? There's the bell; and that's Mr. Warren's office." She pointed to the door, on which was printed, "Daniel Warren, Private Office."

With a sensation of wanting to run away, Sallie, nevertheless, went to the door and opened it. Her uncle sat behind a big, expensive desk and he studied her in a way that sent shivers over her.

"Sit down! What's your name?" he asked in a voice whose kindly tones were at variance with his unpleasantly admiring eyes.

SHE sat down in the chair he indicated, almost choked with a sense of loathing. She could only remember that this man had let her father languish in prison and afterward work hard to pay off the money he had stolen, while all the while able to do it himself.

"Sarah Corson is my name," she answered in a trembling voice.

"Are you a good stenographer?" he asked gently, his eyes devouring her fresh, young beauty.

"Pretty good, but I've had no experience," she said.

"Will you try hard to make good if I give you a chance?" he asked. "You are to be a sort of secretary for me. My former secretary had to leave because of illness."

"I'll do my best."

"Good! I think you'll do. I'll try you."

Continued in Next Issue
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Friend Wife Goes On Strike

(*Continued from page* 29)

she asked then. She was plainly puzzled. I'm afraid I wasn't acting the maid quite well enough. "The lady has written you a wonderful reference."

I smiled modestly. Perhaps I had been rather enthusiastic about my qualifications. I had been so determined to get the job.

"The lady has gone off on a visit. She doesn't know just when she will return home," I told Mrs. Harvey truthfully. You see, I had signed the recommendation with my married name, and it was written in favor of Alice Long—Alice was my own name, but Long—a borrowed one.

Of course, I got the job. Mrs. Harvey was monstrously relieved to have someone at last. I began immediately and Mrs. Harvey insisted on helping me clean up the kitchen.

THE work was easy, not half the amount I had been used to doing. They liked simple, well-cooked meals and were both ever so appreciative. They treated me like a friend, and I had a hard time trying to keep the place that I knew a servant should.

Each morning as I brought in the milk before breakfast, I also got the *News* to see if there was word in it from Billiken in the personal column. On the fourth morning I found this:

"Alice, fired Steno."

I could have cried, for already I had been feeling that I could have done almost anything to get back to my husband, and this was as near as he had come to seeing things my way! Several days later there appeared in the same column:

"Alice, where art thou?"

He thought it was funny, I guess. And just for that, I was glad he was getting lonesome.

A week later there was another appeal:

"Alice, can't cook. Restaurant-sick. Starving to death!"

It indicated no break in his obstinacy, and I blinked away tears all day long. How I yearned to slip home. But I knew that if I should give in at this stage of the game, Billiken would just pet me, chide me, and insist that the only thing in the world I would have to do when I needed money was to ask for it.

Billiken evidently thought me unspeakably hard-hearted when I did not respond to this last pitiful appeal of his. At any rate not another notice appeared for five days, although I looked for one every single morning.

THEN one day Mr. Harvey 'phoned that as he must come home for some papers he would stay for lunch. Of course, I told him we would be glad to have him.

I quickly made biscuits, coffee, fried the chicken that I had already fixed for the evening meal, creamed potatoes, and cut the hard head of lettuce which I was going to serve with thousand-island dressing, and made an apple pie.

I don't believe Mr. Harvey ever enjoyed a meal more in all his life.

"Would you believe it, Martha?" he said when they were eating, "our grocery bill came just before I left the office and it's the smallest one we've had in years! How do you do it, Alice?"

"Goodness, I thought I was being terribly extravagant!" I exclaimed.

After Mr. Harvey left, his wife came back into the kitchen.

"Alice, here's a bonus," she said, handing me a ten dollar bill. "You've earned it. And, by the way, Mr. Harvey wants his lunch dittoed, for supper. He is bringing out a friend who will appreciate it."

THAT evening as I was setting the table I heard Mr. Harvey and his guest come in.

"You know, Martha," said Mr. Harvey, laughingly, "this man almost murdered me when I told him what I had for lunch. Threatened to brain me with a paper-weight until I promised to ask him to a dinner just like the lunch I had. Poor man, his wife's away on a visit."

They all laughed, and then the men went out on the porch for a smoke, while Mrs. Harvey came back to see if there was anything she could do to help me.

While they were eating I put the pie into the oven to warm, and straightened the kitchen a bit, and then knowing they must be about ready for some more hot biscuits, I started into the dining-room with them. When I got as far as the table—crash went the plate to the floor!

There sat Billiken!

"Alice!" he gasped, his eyes fairly popping from his head.

I GOT over my surprise as I gathered up the fragments. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Harvey," I apologized, "but there are plenty of biscuits."

"That's all right, Alice. Accidents will happen," she smiled. Then turning to Billiken, who had unconsciously arisen to help me but who sank back dazedly when he realized that here his wife was only the cook, "Do you know Alice?"

I couldn't ignore the S. O. S. in Billiken's eyes and came to his rescue.

"I should say he does know me," I said. "I cooked at his home for some time. Don't you remember the lovely recommendation his wife wrote for me?"

Billiken choked violently. It had caught him between sips of coffee.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Harvey, eyeing Billiken speculatively, as if she wondered if he hadn't sampled some home-brew.

I brought some hot biscuits in and then hurried back to the kitchen and eavesdropped. My heart thumped so hard I was afraid they would hear it. I felt giddy—ready to sing, dance, or weep for joy!

"Man, man, why did you ever let her leave you. She's worth her weight in gold!" declared Harvey.

"Guess I ought to know how much she's worth, if anybody does," began Billiken belligerently. "Er—ah—she wanted more than I—er— Say, Harvey, how did you and your wife settle the money question? It's a nervy thing to ask, but newlyweds don't know much

about such matters, and they sort of get hung up sometimes."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harvey, with a wink at his wife, "we had our ups and downs, too, before we hit on a plan. Didn't we, Martha?"

MRS. HARVEY laughed at the reminiscences. Her husband went on to explain.

"I pay all the bills but Martha keeps them down for me. At any time she needs money the bank has her signature; all she has to do is cash a check. I never ask what she used the money for, any more than she would ask me what I do with money I use. We pay Alice fifteen dollars and she's worth more than that. Felt so indebted to her for her unusual ability as a cook that I had Martha give her an extra ten dollars only this morning, as a sort of bonus."

"Gee—and she gets her board, too. Wonder to me women ever get married." Billiken looked very uncomfortable.

"It is, really," said Mr. Harvey. "Men ought to appreciate the work their wives do. They certainly earn their share of the family income just as well as the men do." I could have hugged him when I heard him say that.

"Guess that's right," said Billiken in a subdued tone. And then, suddenly, "Alice is some little cook, isn't she."

Mr. Harvey snapped at him in mock alarm that he wasn't to try to get his cook away from him. Billiken was beginning to collect his wits again—they had been pretty badly shattered by the shock of finding me there.

"No," he said, thoughtfully, "my wife can cook just as well as that—exactly. And some time when she gets back from her visit, I want you to come and have dinner with us."

The Harveys would be delighted.

AS soon as they left the dining-room I went to work cleaning up—in a perfect whirl of emotions. I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh. I was afraid to hope Billiken was really coming across. Just as I was brushing the floor there was a knock at the back door. I opened it and there in the middle of the dark space of the door was a great armful of flowers and an enormous box of candy flaunting a red bow of ribbon—and behind it all stood Billiken, beaming at me.

"Peace offerings. Miss Bridget! And —please, may I come in on your own terms?"

The next instant I was in his arms and the candy and flowers were on the floor.

"I've been so lonesome." I sobbed.

"So have I, kiddie! Wasn't I a stupid old brute?"

"Oh, Billiken, I'm so glad—" I stopped because I heard Mrs. Harvey coming. "Run, Billiken! Go, quick!"

"Not on your life! I'm going to stay right here." And just then the door opened:

"Why, Alice!" gasped Mrs. Harvey. "What does this mean?" I made futile efforts to tuck up my hair, which only made things look queerer. "How perfectly terrible! I suspected that man had been drinking earlier, now I know it."

Then Mr. Harvey appeared on the scene.

"Please let us explain—" I began.

"Everything's all right—" Billiken protested.

But she ignored us and pointed to Billiken dramatically as her husband came in.

"Right to our kitchen he comes and bribes our cook to leave us. Look!" She pointed to the candy and flowers.

BILLIKEN gathered me into his arms and grinned. "Listen—please," he said, "Alice is my wife."

Then I explained the whole thing to them. They laughed at us, of course, but when I was through Mrs. Harvey looked very distressed.

"Oh, Alice," she wailed, "where are we going to find another cook like you?"

"There ain't none!" replied my husband wickedly, enjoying their loss.

An admiring grin had spread over Mr. Harvey's broad face.

"Say, Martha," he exclaimed. "Did you get that? His wife called a strike—a strike! Can you beat that? The plucky little devil!"

Billiken and I went home *together* that night, and we've stayed together ever since. It's a real home now. Billiken does the outside work and I do the inside work—and our income belongs to both of us.

Broadway's Bubbles

(*Continued from page 55*)

have allowed me even the slight acquaintance we had, if that had been the case. Nor would you have been working in an office."

I took my life into my hands now. "I do not work in an office." I flung at him defiantly. "I am a chorus girl, with 'Winter Blossoms!'"

At that his quiet expression *did* change, but it was surprise, not consternation, that he showed.

"A chorus girl! But I thought they went around dolled up in gew-gaws and war paint. I didn't suppose they ever rode in the subway!"

"I suppose you never thought they might be war widows, and have little babies to support, either," I said, and waited, breathless, for him to turn away.

But he didn't turn. He just looked at me for a moment, and then stepped closer. He held his arms out to me.

"You poor, brave, splendid little thing!" he said. "You've had enough of New York and its broken bubbles. Come on back to Maine with me. Will you?"

And that time I answered "yes."

It was dusky in the room, and a wonderful sense of quiet and peace and happiness came over me when his arms stole around me.

It's five years now since we came back to Maine. Five happy years. Sometimes I read of chorus girls and their gay lives, so full of danger and of snares. I smile, all to myself, then, and say, "Bubbles!"

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To the Man I Once Loved

(*Continued from page 21*)

how easy it would be for my father to locate us in a prominent hotel. You did not want your proud name dragged into the limelight of the newspapers if my family searched for me. You asked me where we could spend the remainder of your vacation, just ten precious days, where no one would find us or no one knew us.

MANY a time in the sleepless nights of after years have I felt the hot flush of shame burn in my cheeks at the thought that I chose the room where we were to live—where I was to say good-by to innocent girlhood and the happiness of a clear conscience. My thoughts travelled no farther than the fact that the opportunity had arrived where I could spend every moment with you, day and night, for ten whole days, before we were separated for another year. We had decided we would not marry until I was of age, which would be the following year.

You had wearied of asking to meet my father and were puzzled by my evasions concerning him. You therefore felt you were taking no chances in waiting until I was twenty-one. This suited me perfectly for I needed a whole year, at least, to prepare for the wonderful wedding upon which I had set my heart.

Many a time, in my fancy, I had seen the account of our beautiful wedding on the society page of all the leading newspapers.

"William Henry, president of the Great Ohio River Steel Mills, of Kentucky, married Arlene Summers Wentworth, eldest daughter of Judge Lovering Wentworth, of Lanehurst."

I fully realized it would cost many hundreds of dollars for the kind of wedding I had planned and it would take a year, at least, to find the necessary money for the elaborate trousseau. Then, I had to break the news to my father, secure his consent and accomplish the dismissal of my shadow, Richard Brockway.

When I had been employed as a typist in Boston I had become acquainted with a woman working in the same office as the head bookkeeper, a Mrs. Meader. She was some years older than I, a widow and a very unhappy woman, according to her convictions. Inexperienced as I was then, I did not know she was not a woman of good moral character, or that her peroxided hair and general appearance told, but too plainly, her status.

She seemed to be very much attached to me and quite often I had spent an evening with her at her room in the South End.

I was told that the landlady of her house was very good-natured and reasonable with her lodgers, and while not experienced in the ways of the underworld, I sensed that she asked no questions as to whether her lodgers had marriage certificates or not. As Mrs. Meader had expressed it, a woman lodger was allowed "one gentleman caller," "her steady," to use the language of the street, and one must never make any noise in the rooms and must pay the rent regularly in advance.

I had seen this so-called ideal landlady several times as she had opened the door for me when I called on Mrs. Meader. She, also, was a peroxide-blonde, and as I picture her now, a coarse woman, whom any experienced person would immediately class for what she was.

To my eyes, then, she was a sweet, lovely, kind woman, who always called me "Dearie" and "Sunshine." She never was introduced to me and I doubt if she knew my name, other than Arlene. I knew she did not know that I belonged to the well-known Judge Wentworth's family, of Lanehurst.

IN going over and over all these incidents, I cannot even today understand how I had the courage and boldness to go with you to her door, introduce you as my husband and engage a room for us for the next ten days.

The cold perspiration has often broken out upon my forehead, picturing what it would have meant to my family, myself and you—whom I put last, as a man never is injured by disgrace as deeply as a woman—if the police had raided that house while we were lodging there. Others no worse than we have been ruined for life by similar occurrences.

As father said later, God spared me for something, and did not allow public disgrace to fall upon me.

I felt no embarrassment in looking you straight in the eyes daily, although I know now I should have hung my head in shame. It seemed as if we had always belonged to each other, and that sin and wrong were things not belonging to our little world of just you and me.

I HAVE never been able to determine how I ordered the first drink of liquor I ever tasted—a whiskey cocktail. I had suggested that we dine in a café, where more liquor than food was consumed. I had not the slightest idea of ordering anything to drink but wished to see the kind of people there and what was going on in a place I knew my father or Richard would refuse to take me to.

While I was studying the menu and reading with curiosity and interest the wine list, I heard the voice of the waitress close to my ears asking me what I would have to drink. I was then reading the words "whiskey cocktail" and unconsciously I said it aloud.

Quicker than I could think, the golden-haired creature, another peroxide, smiled ingratiatingly into your eyes and asked, "The same for you?" You nodded in the affirmative.

As for me, I dared not look up at you. I wanted to sink down through the floor out of sight. Always I have been of the firm belief that Satan himself stood beside me that night and ordered that cocktail through my voice. I was not going to allow you to know I had done anything extraordinary by ordering a drink, so I drank it, although it nearly strangled me. You looked strangely at me and asked me if I wanted another-

which I refused. I don't know how we ever walked to our room but I can still recall the effort I had to keep from falling full length upon the sidewalk. I felt as if I was walking at least a foot or more from the pavement. I was proud and had a wonderfully strong will or I should have been obliged to drop, and to confess that I was intoxicated.

I expected you would scold me when we arrived at our room, and tell me you did not approve of my drinking. Judge my astonishment when you said: "Arlene, you do not know how surprised and pleased I am that you drink. Now we can enjoy our meals together and I shall not have to sneak around to some bar for a drink, whenever your back is turned.

"That I drink!" How the words rang in my ears. I was stunned. I was speechless. I could not frame the words, "I never took a drink before in my life." Well, if you were pleased I must be pleased, for your wishes were mine. But it puzzled me that what pleased you would have been condemned by my father and Richard.

I had a hazy idea that all Southern gentlemen drank but it was a surprise to me to learn that they liked their women to drink also.

WE had to keep out of the hotels and restaurants where the better class of people went because we were afraid of being seen by acquaintances or relatives, and so we went to places where wine flowed freely, and the people were too coarse to concern us in the least.

One day we went to Nantasket Beach and even drank beer out in the open pavilion, within view of the public eye. We ate the strips of salt fish, the free lunch, placed in paper pie plates nailed to the tables so the ocean breezes would not blow them away. Oh, I learned to travel the pace that kills very easily. The trip home on the last boat at night, with one of the most wonderful full moons shining down upon us, has never faded from my memory.

Once during the day, as we were strolling on the sand, I found I had lost you and on looking back I saw you running toward me. You had gone back to drop a bill into the tin cup of a blind beggar who was grinding out horrible sounds on a small organ. I said nothing, for my heart was too full for utterance. I compared your nobility and charity with that of poor Dick. I knew he would not have given the beggar more than a nickel and would have thrown it carelessly into the cup. He would not have gone back, so I should not know of his generosity, as you had done. Ah, poor Dick's star had sunken very low in the horizon at that time, and yours hung high in the heavens, directly overhead. I simply despised him.

YOU sat at my feet coming back on the boat and laid your head in my lap. I patted your thick, wavy black hair and wished we might never reach Boston Harbor, but that the ship would go sailing on and on forever, so that you and I would never have to face any future where partings, and business, and stern parents had a place.

A young boy with a sweet, clear voice sang all the way back, and you asked him to sing one after another of your favorite songs.

When we were entering Boston Harbor you thrust a five dollar bill into his cap and asked him to sing, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." He sang it so beautifully tears came to many eyes besides our own. He kissed your hand and then mine, in true foreign fashion, and then, placing your hand over mine, he cried, "May the blessed Virgin protect you and the beautiful lady from all evil." We were very quiet that night as we reached our room.

You said abruptly: "Arlene, I wish I had met your father and asked his permission to marry you, so we could go back together to my home. A whole year is a long time for us to be separated, dear one."

I answered: "I will marry you and go back without my father's consent, if you wish me to. But I much prefer to have a wedding and go away properly."

You said it would be a serious thing for you to take me away without my father's consent as I was under age, so we said no more.

My father thought I was visiting my aunt at Hillsdale, and my aunt thought I was at home with my father, which explained how I could be away without their knowledge of my whereabouts. The last day of your stay came. Sunday, the day I had always been accustomed to attend church. I often thought afterward that you and I never entered the house of God during our acquaintance.

THAT last day we took our lunch and rode away out to the Blue Hills and ate by the side of an adorable little pond. I was dressed all in white and you took me in your arms and said I looked just like a beautiful bride and that you hoped I would never feel sad nor unhappy in the years to come, on account of the way we had spent those days.

Oh, how surely I felt that nothing would ever change my idea that those were the happiest days of my life, of those that had gone before, of those that were to come after.

You had bought me anything and everything for which I had expressed a fancy. Life seemed like fairyland, with you, the Prince Charming.

You had given me a beautiful watch with a circle of lovely diamonds in the center of the case, and a gold chain with a little heart set with diamonds, dangling against my neck, a silver toilet set with my initials engraved on the different pieces, perfume, gloves, slippers and beautiful embroidered Japanese kimonas. Gifts too numerous to mention, too lovely to describe, you had given me. I had taken them all as a matter of course, accepting all as gifts of love, not as the price of sin.

We did not pretend to waste a precious moment of that last night in sleep. You talked very seriously and urged me to go directly home and to stay there until you came for me the following summer. I gave my promise to do all you asked.

I went with you Monday morning to the railroad station and could hardly see you through my tears as you waved your hand to me from the rear platform of

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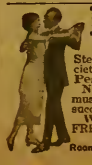

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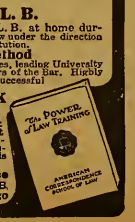

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the car. All through that dreary day after I arrived at my quiet home, I thought, "The train is taking all that I love best in this world miles and miles farther away from poor little me."

TWO whole weeks of the dull routine of life at home. My family were alarmed at my pale appearance and unhappy attitude. When the twilight came and the younger brothers and sisters went to their beds I would wander out under our fruit trees and pace back and forth as a wild animal paces back and forth in an iron cage. I was a jungle woman, yearning for my mate. "A whole year of this." I cried continually to myself, "I cannot endure it!"

The last straw came when Richard appeared and asked me if I had not kept him waiting long enough and would I not marry him at once. I shrieked at him, "I hate you—hate the very thought of you—the very sight of you! I don't want you to ever enter my home again!"

He looked strangely pale and dignified and I had a sense that there was something new and unfamiliar in his appearance. Somehow I knew he was no longer the easy-going, good-natured boy, as he said: "Arlene, I shall always love you, and hope someday to prove it. I'll come to you day or night—anytime—if you ever need a friend." Then he went away.

Your letters came to cheer me. And then, when I was just beginning to try to content myself at home, came a special delivery from you, saying you were already in Boston and would meet me that afternoon.

My father was away and I left a note telling him I had gone to my aunt's at Hillsdale. I put on my white silk, which you liked the best of all my gowns, the string of pearls you had given me, and a white lace hat. I threw a few articles of clothing in the alligator traveling bag you had given me, and hastened to the train. If I had known I was never to see my father, my aunts or any of my brothers or sisters again, I should have gone to you just the same. If I had known I was to spend the rest of my life in sorrow, in pain, in purgatory even, I should have gone just the same. The red blood of youth never counts the cost. When we reach the place where we count the cost of an act before we commit it, life has lost its zest.

Those ten miles seemed to drag so slowly, I felt I could get out and run to you more quickly than the train was carrying me. My heart pounded. The hot blood flooded my cheeks till I looked like a "painted lady." Everything seemed to sing in my ear: "My loved one has come back again to me."

AND then I stepped down from those train steps right into your dear arms, and oblivious to grinning porter and hundreds of people rushing by, our lips met in one long drawn-out union of souls that seemed to lift us away from the commonplace, dingy, noisy train-shed to green fields and silvery waters, and singing birds and sweet-smelling flowers—and then I opened my eyes, and you were looking at me with a frightened look, for I had lost consciousness for just a wee

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moment while in your arms. Too great happiness had overwhelmed my heart.

Then we went to our "cozy nest," as we called the room in the easy-going, low-down lodging house, that I now know it was.

I was so happy to see you again I just laughed and sang and rained kisses on you. You seemed just as happy to see me. You had come more than a thousand miles, not knowing for just how long, but as long as the great steel mills were closed down, during a lull of business.

A Fool's Paradise—that was what we lived in that last week we spent together. We ate again at the different places we had before visited. You ordered all the most expensive foods to be had. You were constantly offering me unusual and expensive liquors, and I never had the courage to say I disliked all the drinks and much preferred the plain cold water to which I had always been accustomed.

ONE day you arrived back from a trip downtown, wearing a mysterious air and carrying a large package under your arm. You opened it with the pleased air of a child who has done some meritorious act for which praise is expected.

"A quart of Mumm's Extra Dry," you cried boyishly. "I wish you to learn to like champagne, Arlene."

You asked me to invite Mrs. Barnett, the landlady, to come to our room to drink with us. For the first time a false note seemed to have been struck. All at once I felt abased and cheap.

Noticing my evident reluctance in calling in Mrs. Barnett you attributed it to the fact I did not want to share the liquor with her.

I was stung into action and rushed out to call the unwelcome guest in. She came in, seeming embarrassed and out of place. She seemed in awe of such an elegant gentleman as you.

For the first time I felt degraded in that room. I looked down at my white fingers, on which glistened the sparkling diamond you had given me. I had no plain band, no wedding ring. That was what caused the dissatisfaction. I felt for the first time that Mrs. Barnett was a low, bad woman to allow us to live there, knowing we were unmarried. Yet I could not bring myself to chide you. You who were so generous and kind, you who could even think of giving pleasure to the humble landlady. Later in life I had a different idea on the subject and knew you could feel no respect for me when you called in a questionable woman to drink with the woman with whom you were living unmarried. You placed me in a class with the woman of the streets. True love never injures the object of its affection.

THEN came that terrible "Black Friday," as I ever after called it. We were eating our late breakfast at a nearby hotel and you were reading the morning papers as usual when I heard you exclaim under your breath, "Oh God!"

I looked up in astonishment for I had never heard you say even one little swear word and my religious home training had impressed me with the awful sin of using profane language. You looked ghastly

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in the pale light of the dining booth, imperfectly lighted by a bulb hidden in a bunch of grape leaves.

You passed me the paper, pushed back your chair from your scarcely tasted breakfast, and arose. I looked at the horrid big headlines. I can see them now:

"Financial Panic Spreads All Over The Country. Banks Closing Their Doors." Then followed the news from all the large cities and in bold type was "Steelcity, Kentucky. Steelcity Banks Fail. Depositors Storm The Doors To No Avail. The Great Ohio River Steel Mills Company Fails For Three Million Dollars. Mills Will Be Closed Permanently."

Something struck terror to my heart. I was so weak I could not rise from my chair. For the first time you seemed to be oblivious of me.

"I am ruined," you repeated over and over. "All the money I had in the world was invested in those mills and deposited in those banks."

At last you saw how white I had grown and assisted me to my feet, paid the check for the untasted food, tipped the waiter and hurried me back to our room.

Oh, what awful hours! You consulted time tables, madly gathered your belongings into your bags and seemed like a man beside himself because there were a few hours before train time.

Over and over you reproached yourself for not being at home. You said you would have had warning of the condition of things and at least could have withdrawn the money from the banks if you had been where you belonged.

YOU seemed to wish to give me everything of yours which I could possibly use. You urged me to take your gold fountain pen, your pearl opera glasses, your books of poetry. When I remonstrated you just summed up all your reasons by saying, "Because I love you so much. You may find a use for these articles, while I shall have done with pleasure, for awhile at least."

You took the great diamond off your finger, the most beautiful white stone that money could buy, and told me to place it on a long chain that it might rest against my heart, out of sight of anyone's eyes.

You said all your plans were demolished. You knew nothing of the future. You compared yourself to Antony, who dallied at the side of Cleopatra, the siren of the Nile, when he should have been at home, protecting the honor and safety of his wife and country.

"Oh, Billie," I cried. "Cleopatra was a wicked woman, was she not? Do you consider me in her class?" I asked, brokenly.

"No, dear heart," came your quick, reassuring response. "You are not like her in being wicked, only in being beautiful, and alluring, and irresistible. But unlike Antony I am going at the first news of danger assailing my interests, for all my father's fortune, like my own, is invested in the steel mills and he will consider me lacking in loyalty to our business to be absent at such a critical time. The mills are his life—and I did not leave my address when I left home."

"Does he know about me?" I asked, for the first time realizing I did not know one thing about your family, or even if you had one.

"No," you replied quietly. "I have not yet told him of my future plans, for I am old enough to do as I wish, without parental consent."

"Unlike myself," I retorted impatiently.

AGAIN I live over that dreary trip to the railroad station. You could not get started on the journey soon enough. I went into the car and stayed with you till the last moment. You bought me a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley on the way to the station. I took a few sprays and tied them together and then, before you were aware of my plans, I snipped a great, golden curl off my head. I took the one you loved the best—your own curl, you called it—right close to my left ear. Kissing the curl, I tucked the stems of the lilies inside, and opening your coat I dropped my last gift into your vest pocket, right over your heart.

The porter came in and warned me I must leave as the time had arrived for the train to depart.

Oh, Billie, if I had had the slightest suspicion that I was really saying a final good-by to you I would never have stirred out of that seat. I would have clung right on to your strong arm and gone back to Steelcity, not caring what hardships awaited me, so long as we had each other and love.

You never forgot the courtesies of life, and as soon as the train had hurried you away from my weeping gaze, a porter told me you had engaged a cab to take me across the city, to the Boston and Maine station, from which I was to return to my home.

The ten miles seemed to speed by all too quickly. There was a numb horror in my soul. Something seemed to tell me all the happiness of our love was ended.

When I left the train at Lanehurst there was Richard standing on the platform, apparently waiting for a train for Boston. Good old Richard! He said nothing of my red, swollen eyes and nose. He smiled as sweetly and casually as if I had just returned from a Sunday School picnic.

THE first week at home seems engraven with red hot irons on my heart. I learned what it was to wait with yearning heart for the postman, eagerly hoping for a letter, only to be disappointed. Life was a torture—an endless waiting and looking forward to the next delivery.

Picturing you as having me on your mind above all else and knowing my anxiety concerning your affairs, I foolishly expected a letter from you by the very first mail which could possibly bring it to me.

A whole week passed before I received a brief letter. Scarcely a word of love. All that the letter contained was of your troubles. You had been told that later on the banks would pay a few cents on the dollar. The future of the steel mills was hopeless. You could not eat or sleep,

(*Continued on page* 90)

Woman's Greatest Charm

HOW IT MAY BE ATTAINED

By Dr. C. S. CARR

The message that follows is of far-reaching importance to every woman reader of TRUE STORY. It is a message of hope and inspiration to thousands of women who crave charm, grace, magnetism and winning personality.

Dr. C. S. Carr, the well-known authority has the following to say in regard to Bust Development: "I hold in my hand a letter from a girl who says she is 24 years of age, good health, good figure, but no development of the bust, which she very much regrets. She asks me if I will tell her what to do that will develop the bust.

"In answering this girl, I will try to answer all other girls who may be asking the same question. I judge there are a great many who may be asking this question, from the number of letters I receive. It is a hackneyed subject.

"First, and foremost, I believe that nature works for practical ends. The busts are provided by nature for practical purposes. Their development naturally begins with the beginning of life. However, either through disappointment, disease, or unnatural modes of living of any sort, the development of the bust is, in a great many instances, arrested.

"I am often asked: 'Does mechanical manipulation assist in the development of the busts?' My answer is that it depends altogether upon the manipulation. The ordinary mechanical means have little or nothing to do with the development of the glands which constitute the breasts. The pectoral muscles underneath the breasts undoubtedly can be thickened and developed by manipulation, by massage and the like, but the mammary glands that give shape and bulk to the breasts cannot be developed in that way. If they are developed at all it will be by mechanical means that excite vital processes the action of the vascular and nervous systems. This is brought about naturally by normal healthy, happy living. It can often be entirely accomplished by the use of a very simple device which will be described later. And in the development of any other part of the body, mental influences play a large part. This is especially true in the development of the busts.

"The bust developers such as are applied to the breasts hoping to enlarge them, may possibly improve the skin and as before stated, develop the muscles of the chest, but every girl who reads these lines and has ever tried any of these breast developers, will recognize I am telling the truth when I say they nearly always disappoint. Perhaps they always do.

"In the natural order of things, development of the bust as a rule, occurs early in life. The development of the busts is greatly dependent, however, on a natural, sane and normal life. Yet, there are a multitude of women who are well developed in other respects, that find to their chagrin that the busts are gradually disappearing."

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You may secure Dr. Carr's valuable article on bust development, by writing direct to the Olive Company, Clarinda, Iowa, who have this article published in booklet form for free distribution among those who are interested in this vital subject.

Dr. Carr in this treatise explains fully the causes of non-development and tells just how every girl and woman may enlarge the breasts in a natural, harmless manner, in the secrecy of her own home, at slight expense. He also tells about the only real bust developer ever devised, giving full instructions how to obtain the most perfect results. His physiological explanation will leave no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the accuracy of his statements. Of this reliable method, Dr. Carr states:

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(Continued from page 88)

and your father was crushed by his great loss.

You were relieved that I was safely at home, thus taking a load off your mind. I must not expect you to write often as you had much to look after and your play-day was over. You were now facing stern realities. You had been a wastrel, but from then on you would have to figure on where you were going to get your daily bread.

I remember how I wrote optimistically, offering to marry you at once, promising to work and sacrifice and be all that a good wife should. The loss of your money made no difference to me, I protested. You answered in your cold, polished way, of which you are past master, that you would never allow a woman to work for you unless you were a cripple, and advised me to put all such impractical ideas out of my mind.

I dare not dwell on those ghastly weeks. Day after day I worked with frenzy, making all the household linens that a bride would need, for I had not given up my dream of marriage with you.

Unable to sleep nights, I walked under the trees in our garden, looking with tear-dimmed eyes at the great moon, wondering if you, away down in Kentucky, were looking up at the same golden orb and giving a thought to poor, deserted Arlene.

OF course, the inevitable happened. I became ill and lay for weeks in bed. A letter came from you the day I gave up. You wrote me not to write any more as your health had broken and you were on the way to Mount Clemens. You had sold everything of value, including your piano and flute. Your banks had paid ten cents on the dollar. You had divided your money in halves and sent me one-half to pay for art lessons. You hoped my interest in painting would enable me to become happy and contented again.

Is it any wonder I did not want to live? I was too stunned at that time to think of returning the money you had sent.

About the first of December, I was well enough to sit at my easel and I became possessed of the idea of painting you a Christmas gift. You had not written me after you went to Mount Clemens. I decided to paint a life-size wall panel of Paul and Virginia. I sent out and ordered a long strip of dull old-blue satin and commenced my work.

Father was so happy to have me out of bed again that he humored my slightest whim. Faithful Richard became my errand boy. I had a teacher come to my home to instruct me in the pretentious work I had undertaken, and a few days before Christmas the beautiful panel was finished and dry enough to send. My teacher said it was a splendid work of art.

I HOPED this gift would soften your heart, but after a week had elapsed you wrote you were very indignant because I had sent such a valuable gift to you. You were accepting it under protest and regretted to state you must cease to correspond with me and you hoped I would respect your wishes and not write again.

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I packed all the lovely gifts you had given me except the sapphire bracelet, and sent them to you. I had been an honest girl when you gave me that gift and I loved it for its sweet associations. In less than two weeks the package returned to me, with a note from you, informing me that you insisted on having me keep everything you had given me. If I did not care for the articles, you wished me to dispose of them in any way agreeable to me, as I was the sole owner.

I was in a desperate mood in those days and Richard decided to do what he could to help me. He and my father had held many conferences regarding me, all unknown to me. Both were greatly alarmed at my ill health and loss of all interest in life.

Richard asked me if I would not like to go to Florida to spend the winter. The warm climate would be beneficial to me, the people I would meet would give me something to divert my mind from my ill health. He never once mentioned my unhappiness nor its cause.

Richard was appearing in a new light. His father had died, leaving him money enough to buy a partnership in the wholesale jewelry firm where he had formerly been a clerk. Richard was becoming a practical business man.

IN less than a week I was on a Clyde line steamer, sailing for Jacksonville. Accompanying me was Richard's sister who was to spend the winter near Lake Worth. When I reached there, friends of Richard's, who owned a hotel, engaged me for the season as governess for their two small children. Of course it was all planned by Richard for my benefit. He was determined I should have a change of scene and hesitated at nothing to get me down in the sunny southland where summer reigned supreme and everything was new and different to me.

I had a wonderful winter. Though my heartache was ever with me, youth is a great healer. I had never been thrown in the company of wealthy society folk before but somehow I seemed to associate with them as to the manner born.

I WALKED by moonlight on the mile-long boardwalk and listened to sweet nothings whispered in my ears by men of wealth and good appearance. Somehow, I did not appreciate their attention nor respond to their ardent love-making. Jokingly I was called the girl with the icy heart.

In the spring I went home, but when winter came again to the North, Richard, who had dropped somehow into the rôle of faithful watch dog as far as I was concerned, urged me to go to Florida again.

I was pleased to go and somehow I began to appreciate Richard, who wrote me a letter every day. I did not pretend to answer more than half of his letters, but his attentions began to have some effect. He was a devoted suitor, and having no interest in anything else except you, I tried to be decent to him out of pure gratitude.

I appreciated how it felt to love and be rejected. Richard suffered in his love for me as I had suffered in my love for you.

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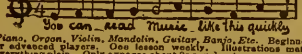

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without ever suspecting the real cause of their trouble—Iron-starvation.

A New York Physician says that MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE POPULATION OF AMERICA PERISHES BEFORE MIDDLE AGE and that one of the chief contributory causes of this terrible waste of human life is the devitalizing weakness brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

THERE ARE 30,000,000,000,000 RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES IN YOUR BLOOD AND EACH ONE MUST HAVE IRON.

An enormous number of people who ought to be strong, vigorous and in the prime of life are constantly complaining of weak nerves, headaches, pains across the back, disturbed digestion, shortness of breath, a general "run-down" condition, melancholy, bad memory, etc., when the real cause of all their suffering is IRON STARVATION OF THE BLOOD.

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Nature put plenty of iron in the husks of grains and the skin and peels of vegetables and fruits to enrich your blood, but modern methods of cookery throw all these things away—hence the alarming increase, in recent years, in anaemia—iron starvation of the blood, with all its attendant ills.

If you are not willing to go back to nature then you should eat more such iron-containing vegetables as spinach and carrots and reinforce them by taking a little organic iron from time to time. But be sure the iron you take is organic iron and not metallic iron which people usually take. Metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron and is therefore an entirely different thing from organic iron. Organic iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. It may be had from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such a highly condensed form that one dose of it is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It's like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. A few doses will often commence to enrich your blood and revitalize your wornout, exhausted nerves. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain satisfactory results. Beware of substitutes. Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters N. I. on every tablet. At all druggists.

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REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."

—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done "if"—"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me."

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of blackheads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women. All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles;
How to develop the bust;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A7063311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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The first of May his sister and I arrived in Jacksonville on our way home. Suddenly I told her I had changed my mind and was not going to New York with her on the steamer, but was going to Cincinnati to see an old girlhood friend of mine.

I went to Cincinnati and was much disappointed when I found my friend had moved to Tennessee. Being so near your city, I felt I must see you once more, hoping against hope that you would be your own self again. So I wrote you I was in Cincinnati and would arrive in Steelcity on the five o'clock train on a certain afternoon. I determined I must make a last try for happiness before I felt compelled to accept Richard.

YOU met me at the station with a stern, cold look on your proud face. You held out your hands and touched the tips of my gloved fingers as if you were contaminated by so doing. You informed me I was to stay at the Riverbank Hotel.

You took me there, told me you would call in the evening, and left me to go to my room and later to eat my dinner alone in the great, magnificent dining-room.

It seemed as if every eye in that vast dining-room was upon poor little lone me as I seated myself at the table. The food nearly choked me, but once again the same pride that kept me from being overcome by the liquors you bought for me, came to my rescue, and I recovered enough to lift my proud head and look every one in the eye, despite my throbbing heart and wounded feelings.

When you called in the evening I thought surely we could somehow break down the barrier of icy reserve that had formed between us.

We went outside to walk and the memory of those minutes is still seared on my brain. Long stretches of silence predominated. You asked me how I happened to be in Cincinnati. I explained, but not without noticing the look of disdain and unbelief in your eyes. You sneeringly asked if the party with whom I had been traveling had deserted me there. I was too shocked and confused to defend myself or explain I had stayed at the Convent of the Sacred Heart while there, as I was too timid to go to a hotel alone.

You chose all the dark, back streets for our walk and I never could remember much of what I saw.

Casually, as if you were asking about the weather or the time of day, you asked suddenly: "There were no unpleasant results from that summer of madness, were there?"

I could not speak for a moment. Everything swam before my eyes. I thought of those weary weeks of suffering and illness I had spent in bed. I needed you to lean upon, but you did not once offer me your arm. At last, feeling as if you had thrust a knife in my heart, I simply answered, "No."

"I am glad of that," you replied. "The affair might have ended very seriously."

SOON after, we passed a basement saloon where men were drinking, and you asked me if I wanted a drink. I hate myself now, that I had not the strength nor inclination to strike you in the face, but instead I answered meekly enough, "No. I do not drink."

You looked at me with a sneer, as if you wanted to ask, "Since when?"

Recalling that incident I often wondered if you intended to ask me into that basement where men of the commonest strata of life were drinking.

Conversation lagging, you suggested we might as well return to the hotel. It was only nine o'clock. The lights were out in the parlor, and standing in the corridor, helpless and desperate, I saw all my chances of becoming reconciled to you slipping away. I felt that never, in this great, high-studded room, could we reach a point of understanding that would give me a chance to talk of the things that were throbbing in my bursting heart.

A porter came along and offered to turn on the lights but you said it was unnecessary, as you were leaving. My heart cried out in agony and I said, "O, please do not go so early. Won't you come up to my room?"

Such a look, enough to blast one, passed over your face.

"No, I cannot go up to your room. I will bid you good-night here and will call on you tomorrow noon," you said coldly.

Not even a handshake, just a quick lifting of the hat, and you were gone.

I went up to the room you had engaged for me and threw myself on the bed, bursting into tears. What had come over you, I asked myself over and over again. Was it the loss of your business and money? What had changed you so?

It was nearly morning when I fell into a troubled sleep and therefore late when I awoke. I went down to eat my breakfast in lonely elegance. You had selected the best hotel in the city for me.

NOONTIME came and your arrival. You sat on the farthest end of the sofa on which I sat and inspected me with disdainful eyes. You told me you were called away on business that afternoon and while you did not wish to hurry me away, you thought perhaps I might find it convenient to leave that afternoon on the two o'clock train for Boston via Pittsburg. God knows I was willing to end the awful visit and said I could go then as well as any time. You told me my hotel bill was paid and that a carriage would call for my baggage and me in time for the train. Then you coldly shook hands with me and departed.

Oh, if I could only have opened my mouth and called you back. But I was struck dumb. I was numb, I was frozen! Oh, Billie, if you had only shown me one glimmer, one little touch of the old kindness, sympathy and understanding—how much we could have saved ourselves of misery and heartache!

Continued in Next Issue
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
On Sale July 10th

The Other Woman Speaks

(*Continued from page 57*)

human. And my beloved is human. Helen is happy in her own way. Her home life is serene, untroubled. To The Man I am still his Wonder Woman—a staunch friend, a bully good pal, and a loyal sweetheart in one. I still thrill to his kiss. He still looks eagerly for his good-morning line of love. To his anxious questioning, I can truly answer that I am just as happy as it is possible for one to be.

But sometimes, when I am alone, and have time to think, I look ahead ten years—twenty years, and am afraid. When I look down the long vista of those empty years to come, a cold hand clutches my heart. For I am clear-visioned enough to know that when the sun of life begins to lower toward the west, the red blood in our veins will begin to cool. It will flow slower, evener, and still slower. Then love will become a passive thing. The urge, the clamor of it will be gone. It will gradually become something to think of reminiscently, something to bring a sigh to the lips, perhaps a sudden blurring of tears to the eyes—but nothing more.

It is then that the Other Woman pays for her brief hour of happiness; pays with loneliness and empty arms and an empty heart. It is then that the ticking of the clock, the swish of the rain against the window, the howling of the wind, the rumble of the cars, all grind out the words: "Did it pay? Did it pay?"

OH, I don't delude myself. I know full well what's in store for me. Unless —unless—yes, there is an alternative. There is another man who loves me and wishes to marry me. He could save me from the bleak years ahead. He doesn't know about The Man. He would never need to know. Still, I hesitate. I've gone away from my work and The Man for awhile. But not for the rest and change I told him I needed. I wanted to be alone while I came to my decision. I wanted to be away from the influence of The Man's glance, the touch of his hand, the sound of his dear voice.

But now I know I need not have gone away. I know what my answer will be when the other comes for it. Put me down for an idealist, a dreamer, a plain fool—but I belong to The Man. I am as much his as is Helen—no—more so, much more so.

I am the Other Woman, but aside from the hurt of the secrecy to which we have to submit, I hold my head high. Aside from the ache of having to live a lie, my conscience is clear. My love has built up—it hasn't destroyed. To me, to marry another man now would be the act of a wanton. Queer, isn't it, for the Other Woman to have such peculiar, such firm ideas of honor?

The moral of my story? There is none.

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What Is CELL-BIRTH?

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The Kleptomaniac's Story

(*Continued from page 59*)

and begged him to take me away.

Dad went to Sister Angelica to secure my release, but she said:

"The girl is only tempted by rarely beautiful articles. We have nothing here to tempt her, which may account for the non-recurrence of her former mania."

Dad went off in a state of uncertainty, telling me that he could not make up his mind what to do. In reality he had determined upon a change for me as soon as he could decide where to send me. But, meanwhile, I was getting almost desperate with loneliness.

A few days later, while Sister Angelica was walking in the grounds, she discovered my book lying face downward under a tree. The wind had treacherously blown it to earth, and fate had chosen that Sister Angelica should walk that way, before I could discover it and hide it away again.

Sister Angelica was very strict, and when the story of my secretive readings was unraveled, I was punished severely. This was the last straw. I determined I would stand no more—I would run away.

I WAS an impulsive girl and did not even know enough about the great world outside the quiet convent to be afraid of it. The very next morning long before daylight I dressed and crept noiselessly out into the garden. I climbed up into the branches of my old tree and slid down on the other side of the wall—into freedom!

No one was in sight as I hurried along toward the village. After I had gone some distance I began to think about the seriousness of my step for the first time. I knew I would have to get work somewhere so that I could make my living. I knew that I was utterly unprepared to do anything but the most common kind of work. But I had no regrets. I was glad, glad, glad I had left the convent!

As I came around a curve in the road at the outskirts of the village, I saw a small wagon, with a bony horse in its shafts, standing before a shabby frame house. A woman of about forty and a bent old man of countless years were carrying out boxes and a few pieces of furniture.

A SUDDEN thought struck me. Perhaps these people would take me with them, and then I would be really safely lost from the convent and from my father who insisted on keeping me there. I stepped up the next time the woman came out and asked her. She was very irritable at first. But something in the fact that I was running away seemed to appeal to her, for in the end she told me to climb in.

I sat on a corner of a trunk all the thirty miles we traveled. And on the way I learned much about this curious, gaudy woman. It appeared that she was a fortune teller. And, I have thought since, that the reason for her moving at this strange hour of the morning may have been that she had a desire to avoid

paying her rent. However that may be, she was a very kind-hearted woman in other respects. Before we arrived at our destination she told me I could live with her if I would help with the work. She couldn't pay me anything, but she would give me food and a place to sleep. That seemed to me all that was necessary, and I accepted gladly.

We moved from place to place a number of times in the next months, and though I was often disgusted with the dirtiness of our ways of living, I was fascinated with the endless variety of places and people we saw.

ONE Saturday evening we came to Eugene, the University town. We got two rooms right in the middle of town. By eight o'clock her sign was attracting groups of University boys and girls who were out looking for some new excitement. I met the people at the door and ushered them in.

Once, as I was standing just inside the hall, a crowd of laughing young people came in. I stepped forward and then started violently—for there stood Billy before me. He was bending over a fair-haired girl, eagerly trying to persuade her to have her fortune told. I started to slip away quietly, but I was too late. My quick movement attracted his attention, and he stepped forward and peered rudely into my face. Then he grabbed both my hands, and cried:

"Alicia! What are you doing here?"

A wave of complete happiness swept over me. What a fitting ending to this romantic life I had been leading in the last months. I gripped Billy's hands tightly and started to speak but my reply was cut short, and my air castles shattered suddenly. The fair-haired girl stepped forward at this moment.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to your gypsy friend, Billy, dear?" she asked sweetly. "I'll leave it to you," she continued, turning to the other young people, "is this quite the way for a man to treat his fiancée?"

At this outburst, Billy dropped my hands as if they were hot coals, and I turned cold with fear. Billy muttered something incoherently as he withdrew, but I turned from him disdainfully. Then a young man, who had been watching us closely, left the crowd and stepped to my side.

"My name is Bert Way," he said politely. "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

I thanked him, but refused his kind offer. As the crowd moved off I heard Mr. Way asking Billy some curt questions to which Billy returned monosyllabic answers.

I spent a miserable night. Madame added to my misery by accusing me of driving her customers away.

THE next evening Bert Way came to our rooms alone.

After we had conversed for awhile, he drew from his pocket a picture and handed it to me. Imagine my surprise when I recognized one of my own photos taken when I was twelve years old. To my anxious queries he elicted no information as to how he came to have my picture. He just begged me to go home. When he told me of my father's grief and suffering at my disappearance I broke down and cried.

The next morning we boarded the train for Portland. In five hours we were in the city. Bert grew more and more hilariously happy as we approached my home. I couldn't imagine why he should care so much.

We stole up to the house and peered in through the library window. Dad was sitting before the fire with his head in his hands. It made my heart ache to see how I had hurt him.

We crept to the door, opened it softly, and tiptoed quietly through the hall, and then I burst into the library and threw myself into my father's arms.

Dad grew young again in the hour that followed. He made me describe my wanderings again and again. At length he drew Bert to him too, and holding us close called us his boy and girl.

I drew apart, a little indignant, and a trifle jealous of the manifestation of affection between them. Then dad told me how he had first met Bert.

"As I was passing through S———, on my way home, after placing you in the convent, I witnessed an automobile accident in which Andrew Way, an old school friend of mine, was mortally wounded. I helped Bert take his dying father to a hospital in the town. Toward the last Andrew rallied enough to recognize me. He asked me if I would not please take care of Bert, his only son, who had no living relative now. I was only too glad to do this for my own sake as well as his, for my life was lonely, and my heart was full of doubts and uncertainties. I brought Bert home, a forlorn little chap of fourteen. He has been here with me constantly ever since, except when he has been away at college." Then father turned and held his hands out to us both.

"My children," he said, "let me introduce you. Alicia this is your brother, Bert. My boy, welcome your sister, Alicia."

THE days that followed were too wonderful to be true. The only flaw in my happiness was when Bert had to go back to college. But when I was alone with Dad I determined not to brood, but to find out something about myself so that I could fight against my hideous weakness, that had already caused so much unhappiness in mine as well as my father's life. I began to study all the books I could find on psychoanalysis and found in the end that through self-understanding a difficulty like mine can be overcome.

A year after my homecoming, Bert and I abandoned the brotherly and sisterly relationship for that of husband and wife. We secured the house next door when Mrs. Denton's lease expired and still claim it as our home. The walls ring daily with Bert Junior's glad cries as he welcomes his daddy, and calls to his grandfather across to the other house.

The old morbid impulse has never returned and I know it never will. I have so much to live for now; and my life is so full and rich that there is no room for a morbid obsession.

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"He Could Make a Mummy Laugh"

BRANN, the Iconoclast

THERE has never been a time in history when men needed laughter as much as they need it now. We are trying to overcome a mangled, battered and shattered condition of life, the result of the bloodiest war in history. And what do we face? Labor fighting reduction in wages, capital fighting high wages; everybody fighting high rents and high costs; a buyers' strike, stagnation, business depression, curtailed credits.

What we all need is something to take us out of ourselves; we need to have our souls cleansed with laughter; we need some master humorist to rattle his cap and bells and make us laugh as light-heartedly as we did when we were children. Brann, the Iconoclast, was just such a heaven-sent genius.

"He Took the English Language By the Tail"

For Brann, many believe, was unquestionably this country's greatest funmaker. It has taken twenty-five years to discover him; because he wrote only for a short time and because he lived in Waco, a little bit of a town that was hidden in the middle of the biggest State in the Union. More and more, as the years go on, his reputation as a humorist is spreading. Elbert Hubbard said of him that he took the English language by the tail and snapped its head off for his own delectation and the joy of the onlooker. He makes you laugh in spite of yourself. He makes you forget your troubles, he will make you forget what the world has gone through in the last four years.

They called him an iconoclast—an image smasher—but after he died the world began slowly to realize that one of America's first humorists had passed on. They called him a wizard of words, and after he died the world began to see he didn't pick his words just for show, but because they were the only words that really expressed his meaning. Although you will marvel at Brann's magic of expression, you will be amazed at the courage of his convictions, the daring of his assault, and the scorpion whiplike fierceness of his attacks.

He Laughed Fakes and Frauds to Shame

We defy anyone to read any of Brann's articles without stretching his lungs with laughter. No matter what you have read, we believe you will be amazed that in the short space of three years one human brain could produce as much humor and fun and satire as Brann packed into these twelve volumes. When you want to get everything off your mind, take down a volume of Brann and see how it clears your brain,—how it puts you in the proper frame of mind for carrying on your own business and your relations with others.

It is true Brann was an iconoclast—an image smasher. He did tear down the sham draperies of virtue,—he did expose the mock modesty of a shameless world,—he did expose the rottenness of some kinds of religion,—he did run down hypocrites of every kind and description. But he did these things in such an uproariously funny way that in his works you get not only the wrath of the genius who stood between fakes and frauds and a gullible people, a genius who made a complacent world blush for shame,—but you also get a rich humor so different from that of anything you have ever heretofore experienced that you will marvel that for twenty-five years this man Brann was practically unknown.

A Good Health Tonic

Brann's range of articles covered almost every conceivable phase of human life. Every business man will find in Brann's works articles and examples and instances that he can use in his everyday business experience. Every traveling man, every salesman can find stories that he can repeat to bring home his arguments and get his prospects in a receptive frame of mind. Every lawyer will find in these twelve volumes an almost inexhaustible fountain of terse, convincing argument, screamingly funny paragraphs that can be used almost every day in the year. Every man and woman who wants to laugh—and everybody wants to laugh—can sit down by the hour and read and laugh and enjoy the works of Brann the Iconoclast because there has never been another just like him, and there probably never will be.

Even when Brann published his little paper, a four or eight-page sheet called The Iconoclast, it attained the largest circulation of any magazine in the country. Although published at Waco, it was read all over the world. He had no circulation propaganda, no circulation managers, no advertising except that of the recommendations of his readers. Yet people all over the country subscribed to his paper because it was the mental tonic that they wanted—because they wanted to laugh—because they wanted to think while they laughed. Brann was, and always will be, an inexhaustible fountain of laughter to whom you can go whenever you seek relief from petty cares of everyday life.

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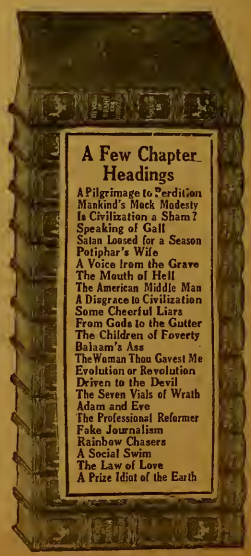

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